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New York, etc. : Harper & Brothers, 1850-

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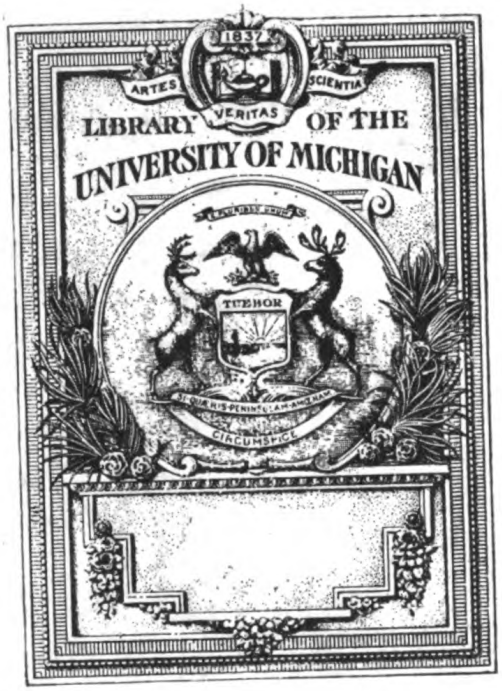
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HARPER'S MAGAZINE



PHILIP GIBBS
What England Thinks of America

Alice Duer Miller
The Beauty and the Bolshevist

Harrison Rhodes
Is There a West?

W. H. Mallock
Memories of Men and Places

Price 35 cents

JUNE

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Forty million tires for 1920 What kind of tires are they



Here is a car that has run too close to the curb. Rubbing up against curbs will grind the rubber off the side of a tire, finally exposing the fabric.

A great many tires would last longer if their owners were only a little more careful not to scrape against curbs.

IF the average motorist could spend an hour or two in a vulcanizing shop—watch the tires coming in for repair with all their weaknesses showing—talk to the shop manager away from the cheers of the tire salesmen—

He would see what comes of thinking too much in terms of "concessions" and "allowances."

* * *

Concessions and allowances are what the irresponsible tire dealer lives on.

He finds it easier to convince a man that he will make good on a tire if it goes bad than to convince him that it won't go bad.

What practical motorists are looking for today is good tires—not tires that may have to be made good.

And they are going more and more to the dealer whose business is based on *quality* instead of on chance.

* * *

The United States Rubber Company stands back of that kind of a dealer with all the tremendous resources at its command.

It has staked a larger investment on quality than any other rubber organization. Its first thought has always been of the tire user—putting his problem before the problem of markets.

Every important advance in tire manufacture has come from the United States Rubber Company—the *first straight-side* automobile tire, the *first pneumatic* truck tire, the *grainless rubber* solid truck tire, for instance.

The U. S. guarantee is for the *life of the tire*, and not for a limited mileage.

* * *

Nearly every man pays for U. S. tire quality, but he doesn't always get it.

If he did the country wouldn't need forty million tires this year.

United States Tires

United States Rubber Company

Fifty-three factories

The oldest and largest Rubber Organization in the World

Two hundred and thirty-five Branches

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HARPER'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOLUME CXLI

JUNE—NOVEMBER, 1920



NEW YORK AND LONDON
HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS
1920

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Painting by C. E. Chambers Illustration for "The Last Room of All"

MADONNA GEMMA SAT BY THE BED ALL DAY

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. CXLI JUNE, 1920 NO. DCCCXLI



WHAT ENGLAND THINKS OF AMERICA

BY PHILIP GIBBS

THE title I have chosen for this article is indiscreet, and, as some readers may think, misleading. At least it needs this explanation—that there is no absolute point of view in England about the United States. England does not think (a statement not intended to be humorous at the expense of my own people) any more than any nation may be said to think in a single unanimous way about any subject under the sun. England is a collection of individuals and groups of individuals, each with different points of view or shades of view, based upon certain ideals and knowledge, or upon passion, ignorance, elementary common sense, or elementary stupidity, like the United States and every country on earth.

It would convey an utterly false impression to analyze and expound the opinions of one such class, or to give as a general truth a few individual opinions. One can only get at something like the truth by following the drift of current thought, by contrasting national characteristics, and by striking a balance between extremes of thought. It is that which I propose to do in this article, frankly, and without fear of giving offense, because to my mind insincerity on a subject like this does more harm than good.

I will not disguise, therefore, at the outset that after the armistice which followed the Great War, huge numbers of people in England became annoyed, bitter, and unfriendly to the United States. The causes of that unkindness of sentiment were to some extent natural and inevitable, owing to the state of mind in England at that time. They had their foundations in the patriotism and emotion of a people who had just emerged from the cruelest ordeal which had ever called to their endurance in history. When American soldiers, sailors, politicians, and patriots said, "Well, boys, we won the war!" which, in their enthusiasm for great achievements, they could hardly avoid saying at public banquets or welcomes-home, where every word is not measured to the sensibilities of other people, or to the exact truth, English folk were hurt. They were not only hurt, but they were angry. Mothers of boys in mean streets, or rural villages, or great mansions, reading these words in newspapers which gave them irritating prominence, said, "So they think that we did nothing in the years before they came to France!" and some mothers

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thought of the boys who had died in 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917, and they hated the thought that Americans should claim the victory which so many English, Scottish, Irish, Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, South Africans, and French had gained most of all by long-suffering, immense sacrifice and hideous losses.

They did not know, though I for one tried to tell them, that all over the United States American people did not forget, even in their justified enthusiasm for the valor of their own men and the immense power they had prepared to hurl against the enemy, that France and England had borne the brunt of the war in the long years when Germany was at her strongest.

A friend of mine—an English officer—was in a New York hotel on armistice night, when emotion and patriotic enthusiasm were high—and hot. A young American mounted a chair, waving the Stars and Stripes. He used the good old phrase, "Well, boys, we won the war! The enemy fell to pieces as soon as the doughboys came along. England and France could not do the trick without us. We taught 'em how to fight and how to win!"

My friend smiled, sat tight, and said nothing. He remembered a million dead in British ranks, untold and unrecorded heroism, the first French victory of the Marne, the years of epic fighting when French and British troops had hurled themselves against the German lines and strained his war machine. But it was armistice night, and in New York, and the "Yanks" had done jolly well, and they had a right to jubilation, for their share in victory. Let the boy shout, and good luck to him. But an American rose from his chair and pushed his way toward my friend.

"I'm ashamed to hear such rant before British and French officers," he said, holding out his hand. "We know that our share is not as great as yours, within a thousand miles."

Those were chivalrous words. They represented the conviction, I am sure, of millions of Americans of the more thoughtful type, who would not allow themselves to be swept away beyond the just merits of their national achievements, even by the fervor of the moment.

But in England people only knew the boast and not the modesty. Because some Americans claimed too much, the English of the lower and less intelligent classes belittled the real share of victory which belonged to America, and became resentful. It was so in France, as in England. It was lamentable, but almost unavoidable, and when this resentment and this sullen denial of American victory became known in the United States, passed over the wires by newspaper correspondents, it naturally aroused counter-action, equal bitterness, and then we were in a vicious circle, abominable in its effect upon mutual understanding and liking.

All that, however, was limited to the masses, for the most part certainly, and was only used as poison propaganda by the gutter-press on both sides of the Atlantic. Educated people in both countries understood the folly and squalor of that stuff, and discounted it accordingly.

What was more serious in its effect upon the intelligent classes was the refusal of the Senate to ratify the Peace Treaty, and its repudiation of President Wilson's authority. I have already dealt in previous writings with that aspect of affairs, and have tried to prove my understanding of the American view. But there is also an English view, which Americans should know and understand.

At the time I am writing this article, and for some months previously, England has been irritated with the United States because of a sense of having been "let down" over the Peace Treaty and the League of Nations by American action. I think that irritation has been to some extent justified. When President Wilson came to London he received, as I have told elsewhere, the most enthusiastic and triumphant ovation that has ever been given to a foreign visitor by

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the population of that great old city. The cheers that rose in storms about him were shouted not only because his personality seemed to us then to have the biggest and most hopeful qualities of leadership in the world, but because he was, as we thought, the authorized representative of the United States, to whom, through him, we gave homage. It was only months afterward, when the Peace Treaty had been signed, and when the League of Nations (Wilson's child) had been established, that we were told that Wilson was not the authorized representative of the United States; that the American Senate did not recognize his authority to pledge the country to the terms of the treaty, and that the signature to the document was not worth ten cents. That made us look pretty foolish. It made France and Italy and other powers, who had yielded in many of their demands in order to satisfy President Wilson's principles, feel pretty mad. It made a laughing-stock of the new-born League of Nations. It was the most severe blow to the prospects of world peace and reconstruction. In England, as I know, there were vast numbers of people who regarded the Peace Treaty as one of the most clumsy, illogical, and dangerous documents ever drawn up by a body of diplomats. I am one of those who think so. But that has nothing to do with the refusal of the Senate to acknowledge Wilson's signature.

The character of the clauses which created a series of international blunders leading inevitably to new wars unless they are altered during the next decade was not the cause of the Senate's "reservations." The American Senators did not seem to be worried about that aspect of the treaty. Their only worry was to safeguard the United States from any responsibility in Europe, and to protect their own traditional powers against an autocratic President. However right they may have been, it must at least be acknowledged by every broad-minded American that we in Europe were put completely "into the cart" by this action, and had some excuse for annoyance. All that is now past history, and no doubt before this article is published many other things will have happened as a consequence of the events which followed so rapidly upon the Peace of Versailles, so that what I am now writing will read like historical reminiscence. But it will always remain a painful chapter, and it will only be by mutual forbearance and the most determined efforts of people of good-will on both sides of the Atlantic that the growth of a most lamentable misunderstanding between our two peoples in consequence of those unfortunate episodes will be prevented.

Another case of popular discontent with the United States was the rather abrupt statement of Mr. Carter Glass, Secretary of the Treasury, that the United States would not grant any more loans to Europe so long as she failed to readjust her financial situation by necessary taxation, economy, and production.

The general (and, in my opinion, unjustified) anger aroused by this statement was expressed by a cartoon in *Punch* called "Another Reservation." It was a picture of a very sinister-looking Uncle Sam turning his back upon a starving woman and child who appeal to his charity, and he says: "Very sad case. But I'm afraid she ain't trying."

Mr. Punch is a formidable person in England, and by his barbed wit may destroy any public man or writing man who lays himself open to ridicule, but I ventured to risk that by denouncing the cartoon as unjust and unfair in spirit and fact. I pointed out that since the beginning of the war the United States had shown an immense, untiring, and inexhaustible generosity toward the suffering peoples of Europe, and reminded England how under Mr. Hoover's organization the American Relief Committee had fed the Belgian and French populations behind the German lines, and how afterward they had poured food into Poland, Serbia, Austria, and other

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starving countries. That challenge I made against Mr. Punch was supported by large numbers of English people who wrote to me expressing their agreement, and their gratitude to America. They deplored the spirit of the cartoon and the evil nature of so many attacks in low-class journals of England against the United States, whose own gutter-press was at the same time publishing most scurrilous abuse of us. But among the letters I received was one from an American lady which I will quote now, because it startled me at the time, and provides, in spite of its bitterness, some slight excuse for the criticism which was aroused in England at the time. If an American could feel like that, scourging her own people too much (as I think), it is more pardonable that English sentiment should have been a little ruffled by America's threat to abandon Europe.

I only wish with all my heart [she wrote] that the *Punch* cartoon is wholly undeserved, or that your kind *apologia* is wholly deserved. I have never been "too proud to fight," but a great deal too proud to wear laurels I haven't earned. Personally, I think the drubbing we are getting is wholesome, and likely to do good. We have been given praise *ad nauseam*, and, to be honest, you can never compete with us on that ground. We can praise ourselves in terms that would silence any competitors. . . .

I wish, too, that I could believe that the "beggars from Europe" had either their hats or their bags stuffed with dollars. I'm afraid you have spoken to the Americans, not to the beggars. I was one myself. I went home in April, prouder of my country than I had ever been, jealous of its good repute, and painfully anxious that it should live up to its reputation. I fear I found that people were not only tired of generosity, but wholly indifferent to the impressions being so widely circulated in the press—that France had been guilty of every form of petty ingratitude, that the atrocities of Great Britain in Ireland outdid the Germans in Belgium and France. A minority everywhere was struggling against the tide, with dignity, and the generosity I had so securely counted on from my own people. But the collections being made for the Serbians, for instance, were despairingly small. Belgian Relief had been turned into Serbian Relief groups, and from New York to California I heard the same tale—and, alas, experienced it—people were tired of giving, tired of the war. In New York I was invited to speak before a well-known women's club—I was "a guest of honor." I accepted, and spoke for ten minutes, and a woman at a table near by begged me to take up an immediate contribution. I was not at all anxious to do so, for it seemed a very base advantage to take of a luncheon invitation, so I referred her to the president. A contribution was taken up by a small group of women, all fashionably dressed, with pearls or "near pearls," and the result was exactly nineteen dollars and forty cents. As there were between two hundred and three hundred women present in the ball-room, I was inexpressibly shocked, and sternly suggested that the president should announce the sum for which I should have to account, and her speech was mildly applauded. All through my trip I felt bewilderment. I had just come from Belgium and France, and the contrast oppressed me. I had the saddest kind of disillusionment, relieved by the most beautiful instances of charity and unselfishness.

Even in regard to the relief of Belgium too much stress is laid on our generosity, and a false impression has gone abroad—an impression nothing can ever eradicate. The organization of the B. R. F. was American, but Mr. Hoover never failed to underline how much of the fund came from Great Britain and Canada. In fact, the Belgian women embroidered their touching little phrases of gratitude to the Americans, as I myself saw, on *Canadian* flour-sacks. During the first year or so the contributions of Americans were wholly incommensurate with our wealth and prosperity, and a letter from Gertrude Atherton a year after the war scourged us for our indifference even then.

Mr. Balfour's revelation that Great Britain had contributed £35,000,000 toward the relief of Austria, etc., made my heart go down still farther. I have tried to believe that my experience was due to something lacking in myself. People were so enchantingly kind, so ready to give me large and expensive lunches, dinners, teas—but they would not be induced to refrain from the lunches and contribute the cost of them toward my cause. . . .

I hope you will pardon this long effusion. Like most Americans who have served

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abroad, I feel we came in too late, we failed to stay on the ground to clear up afterward, and now we are indulging in the most wicked propaganda against our late Allies—France as well as England. Personally, I realize that if we had contributed twenty times as much I should still not feel we had done enough. If you were not so confirmed a friend of America, I could never write as I have done, but just because you reach such an enormous public, because your influence is so great, I am anxious that America should not be given undue praise—which she does not herself credit—and that the disastrous results of her policy (if we have one) should be printed clear for her to read and profit by.

That is a sincere, painful, and beautiful letter, and I think it ought to be read in the United States, not because I indorse its charge against America's lack of generosity—I cannot do that—but because it exculpates England and France of unreasoning disappointment, and is also the cry of a generous American soul, moved by the sufferings of Europe, and eager that her people should help more, and not less, in the reconstruction of the world. The English people did not take her view that the Americans had not done enough or were tired of generosity. It must be admitted by those who followed our press that, apart from two gutter-journals, there was a full recognition of what the United States had done, and continual reminders that no policy would be tolerated which did not have as its basis Anglo-American friendship.

Upon quite another level of argument is the criticism of American psychology and political evolution expressed by various English writers upon their return from visits to the United States, and a fairly close acquaintance with the character of American democracy as it was revealed during the war, and afterward. The judgment of these writers does not affect public opinion, because it does not reach down to the masses. It is confined, rather, to the student type of mind, and probably has remained unnoticed by the average man and woman in the United States. It is, however, very interesting because it seeks to forecast the future of America as a world power and as a democracy. The chief charge leveled against the intellectual tendency of the United States may be summed up in one word, "Intolerance." Men like George Bernard Shaw, J. A. Hobson, and H. W. Massingham, do not find in their study of the American temperament or in the American form of government the sense of liberty with which the people of the United States credit themselves, and with which all Republican democracies are credited by the proletariat in European countries.

They seem inclined to believe, indeed, that America has less liberty in the way of free opinion and free speech than the English under their hereditary monarchy, and that the spirit of the people is harshly intolerant of minorities, and nonconforming individuals, or of any idea contrary to the general popular opinion of the times. Some of these critics see in the "Statue of Liberty" in New York Harbor a figure of mockery behind which is individualism enchained by an autocratic oligarchy and trampled underfoot by the intolerance of the masses. They produce in proof of this not only the position of an American President, with greater power over the legislature than any constitutional king, but the mass violence of the majority in its refusal to admit any difference of opinion with regard to war aims during the time of war fever, and the tyrannical action of the Executive in its handling of labor disputes and industrial leaders during and after the war.

It is, I think, true that as soon as America entered the war there was no liberty of opinion allowed in the United States. There was no tolerance of "conscientious objectors" nor mercy toward people who from religious motives, or intellectual crankiness, were antagonistic to the use of armed might. People who did not subscribe to the Red Cross funds were marked down, I am told, dismissed from their posts, and socially

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ruined. Many episodes of that kind were reported, and startled the advanced radicals in England who had regarded the United States as the land of liberty. Americans may retort that we did not give gentle treatment to our own "conscientious objectors," and that is true. Many of them were put into prison and roughly handled, but, on the other hand, there was a formal, though insincere, acknowledgment that even in time of war there should be liberty of conscience, and a clause to that effect was passed by Parliament. In spite, also, of the severity of censorship, and the martial law that was enforced by the Defense of the Realm Act, there was, I believe, a greater freedom of criticism allowed to the press than would have been tolerated by the United States. Periodicals like *The Nation* and the *New Statesman*, even newspapers like the *Daily Mail* and the *Morning Post*, indulged in violent criticism of the conduct of the war, the methods of the War Cabinet, the action and military policy of leaders like Lord Kitchener, and the failure of military campaigns in the Dardanelles and other places. No breath of criticism against American leadership or generalship was admitted to the American press, and their war correspondents were censored with far greater severity than their English comrades, who were permitted to describe, very fully, reverses as well as successes in the fields of war.

What, however, has startled the advanced wing of English political thought more than all that is the ruthless way in which the United States government has dealt with labor disputes and labor leaders since the war. The wholesale arrests and deportations of men accused of revolutionary propaganda seem to these sympathizers with revolutionary ideals as gross in their violation of liberty as the British government's coercion of Ireland. These people believe that American democracy has failed in the essential principle which alone justifies democracy, a toleration of minorities of opinion, and of the absolute liberty of the individual within the law. They say that even in England there is greater liberty, in spite of its medieval structure. In Hyde Park on Sunday morning one may hear speeches which would cause broken heads and long terms of imprisonment if uttered in New York. Labor, they say, would rise in instant and general revolt if any of their men were treated with the tyranny which befalls labor leaders in the United States.

To my mind a great deal of this criticism is due to a misconception of the meaning of democracy. In England it was a tradition of liberal thought that democracy meant not only the right of the people to govern themselves, but the right of the individual, or of any body of men, to express their disagreement with the policy of the State, or with the majority opinion, or with any idea which annoyed them in any way. But, as we have seen by recent history, democratic rule does not mean individual liberty. Democracy is government by the majority of the people, and that majority will be less tolerant of dissent than autocracy itself, which can often afford to give greater liberty of expression to the minority because of its inherent strength. The Russian soviet government, which professes to be the most democratic form of government in the world, is utterly intolerant of minorities. I suppose there is less individual liberty in Russia than in any other country, because disagreement with the State opinion is looked upon as treachery to the majority rule. So in the United States, which is a real democracy, in spite of the power of capital, there is less toleration of eccentric notions than in England, especially when the majority of Americans are overwhelmed by a general impulse of enthusiasm or passion, such as happened when they went into the war. The people of the minority are then regarded as enemies of the State, traitors to their fellow-citizens, and outlaws. They are crushed accordingly by the weight of mass opinion, which is ruthless and merciless, with more authority and

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power than the decree of a king or the law of an aristocratic form of government.

Although disagreeing to some extent with those who criticize the American sense of liberty, I do believe that there is a danger in the United States of an excess of popular intolerance, and sudden gusts of popular passion, which may sweep the country and lead to grave trouble. Being the greatest democracy in the world, they are subject to the weakness of democracy as well as endowed with its strength, and to my mind the essential weakness of democracy is due to the unsteadiness and feverishness of public opinion. When the impulse of public opinion happens to be right it is the most splendid and vital force in the world, and no obstacle can stand against it. The idealism of a people attains almost supernatural force. But if it happens to be wrong it may lead to national and world disaster.

In countries like England public opinion is still controlled and checked by a system of heavy drag-wheels, which is an intolerable nuisance when one wants to get moving. But that system is very useful when there are rocks ahead and the ship of state has to steer a careful course. Our constitutional monarchy, our hereditary chamber composed of men who do not hold their office by popular vote, our traditional and old-fashioned school of diplomacy, our social castes dominated by those on top who are conservative and cautious because of their possessions and privileges, are abominably hindering to ardent souls who want quick progress, but they are also a national safeguard against wild men. The British system of government, and the social structure rising by a series of caste gradations to the topmost ranks, are capable of tremendous reforms and allow changes to be made gradually, and without any violent convulsion or break with tradition.

I am of opinion that this is not so in the United States, owing to the greater pressure of mass emotion. If, owing to the effects of war throughout the world, altering the economic conditions of life and the psychology of peoples, there is a demand for radical alteration in the conditions of labor within the United States, and for a different distribution of wealth (as there is bound to be), it is, in the opinion of many observers, almost certain that these changes will be effected after a period of greater violence in America than in England. The clash between capital and labor, they think, will be more direct, and more ruthless in its methods of conflict on both sides. It will not be eased by the numerous differences of social class, shading off one into the other, which one finds in a less democratic country like mine, where the old aristocratic families and the county land-owning families, below the aristocracy, are bound up traditionally with the sentiment of the agricultural population, and where the middle classes in the cities are sympathetic on the one hand with the just demands of the wage-earning crowd, and, on the other hand, by snobbishness, by romanticism, by intellectual association, and by financial ambitions, with the governing and moneyed régime.

There are students of life in the United States who forecast two possible ways of development in the future history of the American people. Neither of them is pleasant to contemplate, and I hope that neither is true, but I think there is a shade of truth in them, and that they are sufficiently possible to be considered seriously as dangers ahead.

The first vision of these minor prophets (and gloomy souls) is a social revolution in the United States on Bolshevik lines, leading through civil strife between the forces of the wage-earning classes and the profit-holding classes to anarchy as fierce, as wild, and as bloody as that in Russia during the reign of terror.

They see Fifth Avenue swept by machine-gun fire, and its rich shops sacked, and some of its skyscrapers rising in monstrous bonfires to lick the sky with flames.

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They see cities like Pittsburgh, Detroit, and Cleveland in the hands of revolutionary committees of workmen after wild scenes of pillage and mob passion.

They see the rich daughters of millionaires stripped of their furs and their pearls and roughly handled by hordes of angry men, hungry after long strikes and lockouts, desperate because of a long and undecided warfare with the strong and organized powers of law and of capital.

Their vision is rather hazy about the outcome of this imaginary civil war, but of its immense, far-reaching anarchy they have no doubt, with the certainty that prophets have until the progress of history proves them to be false.

Let me say for myself that I do not pose as a prophet, nor believe this particular prophecy in its lurid details. But I do believe that there may be considerable social strife in the United States for various reasons. One reason which stares one in the face is the immense, flaunting, and dangerous luxury of the wealthy classes in cities like New York. It is provocative and challenging to masses of wage-earners who find prices rising against them quicker than their wages rise, and who wish not only for a greater share of the proceeds of their labor, but also a larger control of the management and machinery of labor. The fight, if it comes, is just as much for control as for profit, and resistance on the part of capital will be fierce and ruthless on that point.

American society—the high caste of millionaires and semi-millionaires, and demi - semi - millionaires — is perhaps rather careless in its display of wealth and in its open manifestations of luxury. The long, unending line of automobiles that go crawling down Fifth Avenue, and rushing down Riverside Drive, on any evening of the year, revealing women all a-glitter with diamonds, with priceless furs round their white shoulders, in gowns that have cost the year's income of a working family, has no parallel in any capital of Europe. There is no such pageant of wealth in London or Paris. In no capital is there such luxury as one finds in New York hotels, mansions, and ball-rooms. The evidence of money is overwhelming and oppressive. The generosity of many of these wealthy people, their own simplicity, good-humor, and charm, are not safeguards against the envy and hatred of those who struggle hard for a living wage, and for a security in life which is harder still to get.

When I was in America I found a consciousness of this among the rich people, with some of whom I came in touch. They were afraid of the future. They saw trouble ahead, and they seemed anxious to build bridges between the ranks of labor and their own class. The wisest among them did not adopt the stiff-necked attitude of complete hostility to the demands of labor for a more equal share of profit and of governance. One or two men I met remembered the days when they were at the bottom of the ladder, and said: "Those fellows are right. . . . I'm going half-way to meet them."

If capital goes anything like half-way there will be no bloody conflict in the United States. But there will be revolution, not less radical because not violent. That meeting half-way between capital and labor in the United States would be the greatest revolution the modern world has seen.

That, then, is one of the ways in which English observers see the future of the United States. The other way they suggest would be a great calamity for the world. It is the way of militarism—a most grisly thought!

It is argued by those who take this line of prophecy that democracy is no enemy of war. On the contrary, they say, a democracy like that of the United States, virile, easily moved to emotion, passionate, sure of its strength, jealous of its honor, and quick to resent any fancied insult, is more liable to catch the war fever than nations controlled by cautious diplomats and by hereditary rulers. It is generally believed now that the great

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war in Europe which ravaged so many countries was not made by the peoples on either side, and that it did not happen until the rival powers on top desired it to happen and pressed the buttons and spoke the spell-words which called the armies to the colors. It is probable, and almost certain, that it would not have happened at all if the peoples had been left to themselves, if the decision of war and peace had been in their hands, and if their passions had not been artificially roused and educated. But that is no argument, some think, against the warlike character of strong democracies. The ancient Greeks were a great democracy, but they were the most ardent warriors of their world, and fought for markets, sea-supremacy, and racial prestige.

So some people believe that the United States may adopt a philosophy of militarism and endeavor to dominate the world by challenging the sea-power of the British Empire, by adding Mexico to their dominions and by capturing the strategic points of the world's trade-routes. They see in the ease with which the United States adopted military service in the late war and the rapid, efficient way in which an immense army was raised and trained, a menace to the future of the world, because what was done once to crush the enemy of France and England, may be done again if France or England arouse the hostility of the American people. The intense self-confidence of the Americans, their latent contempt of European peoples, their quickness to take affront at fancied slights worked up by an unscrupulous press, their consciousness of the military power that was organized but only partially used in the recent war, and their growing belief that they are a people destined to take and hold the leadership of the world, constitute, in the opinion of some nervous onlookers, a psychology which may lead the United States into tremendous and terrible adventures. I have heard it stated by many people not wholly insane that the next world war will be mainly a duel between the United States and the British Empire.

They are not wholly insane, the people who say these things over the dinner-table or in the club smoking-room, yet to my mind such opinions verge on insanity. It is, of course, always possible that any nation may lose all sense of reason and play the wild beast, as Germany did. It is always possible that by some overwhelming popular passion any nation may be stricken with war fever. But of all nations in the world I think the people of the United States are least likely to behave in that way, especially after their experience in the European war.

The men who went back were under no illusions as to the character of modern warfare. They hated it. They had seen its devilishness. They were convinced of its idiocy, and in every American home to which they returned were propagandists against war as an argument or as a romance. Apart from that, it is almost certain that militarism of an aggressive kind is repugnant to the tradition and instinct of the American people. They have no use for "shining armor" and all the old shibboleths of war's pomp and pageantry which put a spell on European peoples. The military tradition based on the falsity of war's "glory" is not in their spirit or in their blood. They will fight for the safety of civilization, as it was threatened in 1914, for the rescue of free peoples menaced by brutal destruction, and they will fight, as all brave people will fight, to safeguard their own women and children and liberty. But I do not believe that the United States will ever indulge in aggressive warfare for the sake of imperial ambitions, or for world domination. Their spirit of adventure finds scope in higher ideals, in the victories of science and commerce, in the organization of every-day life, in the triumph of industry, in the development of the natural sources of wealth which belong to their great country and their ardent individuality. They believe in peace, if we may

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judge by their history and tradition, and non-interference with the outside world. Their hostility to the peace terms and to certain clauses in the League of Nations was due to a deep-seated distrust of entanglements with foreign troubles, jealousies and rivalries, and the spirit of the United States, so far from desiring "mandates" over great populations outside the frontiers of their own people, harked back to the old faith in a "splendid isolation" free from imperial responsibilities. They were perhaps too cautious and too reserved. They risked the chance they had of re-shaping the structure of human society to a higher level of common sense and liberty. They made "reservations" which caused the withdrawal of their representatives from the council-chamber of the allied nations. But that was due not merely, I think, to party politics, or the passionate rivalry of statesmen. Truly, and instinctively, it was due to the desire of the American people to draw back to their own frontiers and to work out their own destiny in peace, neither interfering nor being interfered with, according to their traditional and popular policy.

Apart from individual theorists, of the "cranky" kind, the main body of intellectual opinion in England, as far as I know it, looks to the United States as the arbitrators of the world's destiny, and the leaders of the world's democracies, on peaceful and idealistic lines. There is a conviction among many of us —not killed by the controversy over the Peace Treaty—that the spirit of the American people as a whole is guided by an innate common sense free from antiquated spell-words, facing the facts of life, shrewdly and honestly, and leaning always to the side of popular liberty against all tyrannies of castes, dynasties, and intolerance. Aloof from the historical enmities that still divide the nations of Europe, yet not aloof in sympathy with the sufferings, the strivings, and the sentiment of those peoples, the United States are able to play the part of a reconciling power, in any League of Nations, with a detached and disinterested judgment. It is, above all, because they are disinterested that Europe has faith and trust in their sense of justice. They are not out for empire, for revenge, or for diplomatic vanity. They are supporters of President Wilson's ideal of "open covenants openly arrived at" and of the "self-determination of nations," however violently they challenge the authority by which their President pledged them to definite clauses in an unpopular contract. They are a friendly and not unfriendly folk in their instincts and in their methods. They respond quickly and generously to any appeal to honest sentiment, though they have no patience with hypocrisy. They are realists, and hate sham, pose, and falsehood. Give them "a square deal" and they will be scrupulous to a high standard of business morality. Because of the infusion of foreign blood in their democracy, which has been slowly produced from the great melting-pot of nations, they are subject to all the sensibilities of the human race, and not narrowly fixed to one racial idea or type of mind. The Celt, the Slav, the Saxon, the Teuton, the Hebrew, and the Latin strain are present in the subconsciousness of the American people, so that they are capable of an enormous range of sympathy with human nature in its struggle upward to the light. They are the new people of destiny in the world of progress, because after their early adventures of youth, their time of preparation, their immense turbulent growth, their forging of tools, and training of soul, they stand now in their full strength and maturity, powerful with the power of a great, free, confident people.

To some extent, and I think in an increasing way, the old supremacy which Europe had is passing westward. Europe is stricken, tired, and poor. America is hearty, healthy, and rich. Intellectually, it is still boyish and young and raw. There is the wisdom as well as the sadness of old age in Europe. We have more subtlety of brain, more deli-

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cate sense of art, a literature more expressive of the complicated emotions which belong to an old heritage of civilization, luxury, and philosophy. But I look for a Golden Age of literature and art in America which shall be like our Elizabethan period, fresh and springlike, and rich in vitality and promise. I am bound to believe that out of the fusion of races in America, and out of their present period of wealth and power, and out of this new awakening to the problems of life outside their own country, there will come great minds, and artists, and leaders of thought, surpassing any that have yet revealed themselves. All our reading of history points to that revolution. The flowering time of America seems due to arrive, after its growing-pains.

Be that as it may, it is clear, at least, that the destiny of the American people is now marked out for the great mission of leading the world to a new phase of civilization. By the wealth they have, and by their power for good or evil, they have a controlling influence in the reshaping of the world after its convulsions. They cannot escape from that power, even though they shrink from its responsibility. Their weight thrown one way or the other will turn the scale of all the balance of the world's desires. People of destiny, they have the choice of arranging the fate of many peoples. By their action they may plunge the world into strife again or settle its peace. They may kill or cure. They may be reconcilers or destroyers. They may be kind or cruel. It is a terrific power for any people to hold. If I were a citizen of the United States I should be afraid—afraid lest my country should by passion, or by ignorance, or by sheer carelessness, take the wrong way.

I think some Americans have that fear. I have met some who are anxious and distressed. But I think that the majority of Americans do not realize the power that has come to them, nor their new place in the world. They have a boisterous sense of importance and prestige, but rather as a young college man is aware of his lustiness and vitality without considering the duties and the dangers that have come to him with manhood. They are inclined to a false humility, saying: "We aren't our brothers' keepers, anyway. We needn't go fussing around. Let's keep to our own job and let the other people settle their own affairs." But meanwhile the other people know that American policy, American decisions, the American attitude in world problems, will either make or mar them. It is essential for the safety of the world, and of civilization itself, that the United States should realize their responsibilities, and fulfil the destiny that has come to them by the evolution of history. To those whom I call the People of Destiny I humbly write the words, "Let the world have Peace."

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THE BEAUTY AND THE BOLSHEVIST

A STORY IN THREE PARTS—PART II.

BY ALICE DUER MILLER

SYNOPSIS OF FIRST PART. *Moreton, the young editor of a radical newspaper, learns that his brother, David, has become engaged to the daughter of William Cord, a millionaire, who stands for everything to which he is opposed. In order to prevent this alliance with the despised capitalist class, he hurries to Newport to see his brother. He arrives by boat at two o'clock in the morning, and adventuring through the town, he comes to a great house where a ball is still in progress. He steals up on the veranda where, unobserved, he is struck by the beauty and charm of a girl who is apparently paying little attention to the love-making of her partner.*

Moreton wanders off to the beach at dawn and goes in swimming. He again encounters the girl of the balcony, who is herself out for an early plunge. Each entirely ignorant as to who the other may be, they enter into a conversation. She confesses that she is tired of the empty life she leads, and he promises her a position on his newspaper. They make an appointment for the afternoon, though all he knows of her is her telephone number and her first name, Crystal.

THAT same morning, about ten o'clock, Mr. William Cord was shut up in the study of his house—shut up, that is, as far as entrance from the rest of the house was concerned, but very open as to windows looking out across the grass to the sea. It was a small room, and the leather chairs which made up most of its furnishings were worn, and the bookshelves were filled with volumes like railroad reports and Poor's Manual, but somehow the total effect of the room was so agreeable that the family used it more than Mr. Cord liked.

He was an impressive figure, tall, erect, and with that suggestion of unbroken health which had had something to do with his success in life. His hair must have been of a sandy brown, for it had turned, not gray or white, but that queer no-color that sandy hair does turn, melting into all pale surroundings. His long face was not vividly colored, either, and had acquired the immobility of expression that sensitive people in contact with violent life almost always do acquire. The result was that there seemed to be something dead about his face until you saw his eyes, dark and fierce, as if all the fire and energy of the man were concentrated in them.

He was dressed in gray golfing-clothes that smelled more of peat than peat does, and, though officially supposed to be wrestling with the more secret part of correspondence which even his own secretary was not allowed to see, he was actually wiggling a new golf-club over the rug, and toying with the romantic idea that it would enable him to drive farther than he had ever driven before.

There was a knock at the door. Mr. Cord leaned the driver in a corner, clasped his hands behind his back, straddled his legs a trifle, so that they seemed to grow out of the rug as the eternal oak grows out of the sod, and said, "Come in," in the tone of a man who, considering the importance of his occupation, bears interruption exceedingly well.

Tomes, the butler, entered. "Mr. Verriman, sir, to see you."

"To see *me?*"

"Yes, sir."

Cord just nodded at this, which evidently meant that the visitor was to be admitted, for Tomes never made a mistake and Verriman presently entered.

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Mr. Cord had seen Eddie Verriman the night before at the ball, and had thought him a very fine figure of a man, so now, putting two and two together, he said to himself: "Is he here to ask my blessing?"

Aloud he said nothing, but just nodded; it was a belief that had translated itself into a habit—to let the other man explain first.

"I know I'm interrupting you, Mr. Cord," Verriman began. Mr. Cord made a lateral gesture with his hand, as if all he had were at the disposal of his friends, even his most precious asset—time.

"It's something very important," Eddie went on. "I'm worried. I haven't slept. Mr. Cord, have you checked up Crystal's economic beliefs lately?"

"Lately?" said Mr. Cord. "I don't know that I ever have. Have a cigar?"

Eddie waved the cigar aside as if his host had offered it to him in the midst of a funeral service.

"Well, I have," he said, as if some one had to do a parent's duty, "and I've been very much distressed—shocked. I had a long talk with her about it at the dance last night."

"About economics?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why, Eddie, don't I seem to remember your telling me you were in love with Crystal?"

"Yes, Mr. Cord, I am."

"Then what do you want to talk economics for? Or is it done like that nowadays?"

"I don't want to," answered Eddie, almost in a wail. "*She* does. She gets me going and then we quarrel because she has terrible opinions. She talks wildly. I have to point out to her that she's wrong. And last night she told me"—Eddie glanced about to be sure he was not overheard—"she told me that she was a socialist."

Mr. Cord had just lit the very cigar which Eddie had waved away, and he took the first critical puffs at it before he answered:

"Did you ask her what that was?"

"No—no—I didn't."

"Missed a trick there, Eddie."

It was impossible to accuse so mask-like a magnate of frivolity, but Eddie was often dissatisfied with Mr. Cord's reactions to the serious problems of life.

"But don't you think it's terrible," he went on, eagerly, "for Crystal to be a socialist? In this age of the world—civilization trembling on the brink—chaos"—Eddie made a gesture toward the perfectly ordered shelves containing Poor's Manual—"staring us in the face? You say that the half-baked opinions of an immature girl make no difference?"

"No, I shouldn't say that—at least not to Crystal," murmured her father.

"But the mere fact that she picks up such ideas proves that they are in the air about us and that terrifies me—terrifies me," ended Eddie, his voice rising as he saw that his host intended to remain perfectly calm.

"Which terrifies you, Eddie—Crystal or the revolution?"

"The general discontent—the fact that civilization is tr—"

"Oh yes, that," said Mr. Cord, hastily. "Well, I wouldn't allow that to terrify me, Eddie. I should have more sympathy with you if it had been Crystal. Crystal is a good deal of a proposition, I grant you. The revolution seems to me simpler. If a majority of our fellow-countrymen really want it, they are going to get it in spite of you and me; and if they don't want it, they won't have it no matter how Crystal talks to you at parties. So cheer up, Eddie, and have a cigar."

"They can, they will," said Eddie, not even troubling to wave away the cigar this time. "You don't appreciate what an organized majority of foreign agitators can do in this country. Why, they can—"

"Well, if a minority of foreigners can put over a revolution against the will of the American people, we ought to shut up shop, Eddie."

"You're not afraid?"

"No."

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"You mean you wouldn't fight it?"

"You bet your life I'd fight it," said Mr. Cord, gaily, "but I fight lots of things without being afraid of them. What's the use of being afraid? Here I am sixty-five, conservative and trained to only one game, and yet I feel as if I could manage to make my own way even under soviet rule. Anyway, I don't want to die or emigrate just because my country changes its form of government. Only it would have to be the wish of the majority and I don't believe it ever will be. In the mean time there is just one thing I *am* afraid of—and that's the thing that you and most of my friends want to do first — suppressing free speech—suppress it and then we won't know who wants what. Then you really do get an explosion."

Eddie had got Mr. Cord to be serious now, with the unfortunate result that the older man was more shocking than ever.

"Free speech doesn't mean treason and sedition," Eddie began.

"It means the other man's opinion."

There was a pause during which Eddie became more perturbed and Mr. Cord settled back to his habitual calm.

"Wouldn't you suppress *anything?*" Verriman asked at length, willing to know the worst. "Not even such a vile sheet as *Liberty?*"

"Do you ever see it, Eddie?"

"Read a rotten paper like that? Certainly not. Do you?"

"I subscribe to it." And, bending down, Mr. Cord unlocked a drawer in his desk and produced the issue of the preceding day.

"I notice you keep it locked up," said Eddie, and felt that he had scored.

"I have to," replied Mr. Cord, "or else Crystal gets hold of it and cuts it all up into extracts—she must have sent you some—before I get a chance to read it. Besides, it shocks Tomes. You ought to talk to Tomes, Eddie. He thinks about as you do—"

At this moment the door opened and Tomes himself entered.

"Mr. Moreton would like to see you, sir."

Even Cord's calm was a little disturbed by this unexpected news.

"Mr. Moreton!" he exclaimed. "Not not—not—not?"

"No, sir," said Tomes, always in possession of accurate information. "His brother, I believe."

"Show him in here," said Cord, and added to Eddie, as Tomes left the room: "Well, here he is—the editor himself, Eddie. You can say it all to him."

"I don't want to see such fellows," Verriman began.

"Stay and protect me, Eddie. He may have a bomb in his pocket."

"You don't really believe that he's come to—"

"No, Eddie, I don't. I think he's come like young Lochinvar—to dance a little late at the wedding. To try to persuade me to accept that lazy, good-looking brother of his as a son-in-law. He'll have quite a job over that." Then, as the door opened, Mr. Cord's eyes concentrated on it and his manner became a shade sharper. "Ah, Mr. Moreton, good morning. Mr. Verriman—Mr. Moreton."

Ben was a good-looking young man, but it was his expression—at once illuminated and determined—that made him unusual. And the effect of his night and morning had been to intensify this, so that now, as he stood a moment in the doorway, he was a very attractive and compelling figure.

"I came to see my brother, Mr. Cord," he said, simply, "but I hear he's not here any more. If I could speak to you alone for a few minutes—" He glanced at Eddie, whom he instantly recognized as the man who had not known how to talk to the woman in the world best worth talking to.

"Oh, you may speak before Mr. Verriman," said Cord. "He knows the situation—knows your brother—knows my children—knows about you. In fact, we were just speaking about your paper when you came in. However, I must tell

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you that Mr. Verriman doesn't approve of *Liberty*. At least, I believe I understood you right, Eddie." And Mr. Cord, having thus assured himself a few minutes to regain his poise, leaned back comfortably in his chair.

"What's wrong with the paper, Mr. Verriman?" said Ben, pleasantly.

Eddie did not love the adventure of mental combat, but he was no coward. "It seems to me," he said, "that it preaches such radical changes in our government that it is seditious. To be frank, Mr. Moreton, I think the government ought to suppress it."

"But we don't break the law. The government can't suppress us."

"Then the laws ought to be changed so that it can."

"That's all we advocate, Mr. Verriman, the changing of the law. It isn't any more seditious for me to say it than for you to, is it?"

Of course in Eddie's opinion it was—much, much more seditious. Only somehow it was a difficult point to make clear, if a person was so wrongheaded he couldn't see it for himself. The point was that he, Eddie, was right in wanting the laws changed and Moreton was wrong. Any one, it seemed to Eddie, would agree to that, unless he happened to agree with Moreton beforehand, and those were just the people who ought to be deported, imprisoned, or even perhaps in rare instances, as examples, strung up to lamp-posts. Only each time he tried to put these very natural opinions in words, they kept sounding wrong and tyrannical and narrow—qualities which Eddie knew he was entirely without. In order to counteract this effect, he tried at first to speak very temperately and calmly, but, unhappily, this only had the effect of making him sound patronizing to Ben's ears.

In short, it was hardly to be expected that the discussion would be amicable, and it was not. Each man began to be angry in his own way. Eddie shouted a little, and Ben expressed himself with turns of phrase quite needlessly insulting. Ben found Verriman's assumption that the profits of capital were bound up with patriotism, family life, and the Christian religion almost as irritating as Verriman found Ben's assumption that the government of labor as a class would be entirely without the faults that have always marked every form of class government.

"And suppose you got socialism," said Eddie, at last, "suppose you did divide everything up equally, don't you suppose that in a few years the clever, strong, industrious men would have it all in their own hands?"

"Very likely," said Ben, "but that would be quite a change from the present arrangement, wouldn't it?"

Mr. Cord had a narrow escape from laughing out loud, which would have cost him the friendship of the man with whom on the whole he really agreed. He thought it was time to interfere.

"This is very interesting, Mr. Moreton," he said, "but I fancy it wasn't about the general radical propaganda that you came to see me."

"No," said Ben, turning slowly. He felt as a dog feels who is dragged out of the fight just as it begins to get exciting. "No, I came to see you about this unfortunate engagement of my brother's."

"Unfortunate?" asked Mr. Cord, without criticism.

"I should consider it so, and I understand you do, too."

Cord did not move an eyelash; this was an absolutely new form of attack. It had certainly never crossed his mind that any objection could come from the Moreton family.

"You consider it unfortunate?" said Eddie, as if it would be mere insolence on Ben's part to object to his brother's marrying any one.

"Will you give me your reasons for objecting?" said Cord.

Ben smiled. "You ought to understand them," he said, "for I imagine they're pretty much the same as your own. I mean they are both founded on class consciousness. I feel that it will be

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destructive to the things I value most in David to be dependent on, or associated with, the capitalistic group. Just as you feel it will be destructive to your daughter to be married to a tutor—a fellow with radical views and a seditious brother—"

"One moment, one moment," said Cord; "you've got this all wrong so far as I'm concerned. I do most emphatically disagree with the radical propaganda. I think the radical is usually just a man who hasn't got something he wants."

"And the conservative is a man who wants to keep something he's got," said Ben, less hostilely than he had spoken to Eddie.

"Exactly, exactly," said Cord. "In ideality there isn't much to choose between them, but, generally speaking, I have more respect for the man who has succeeded in getting something to preserve than for the man who hasn't got anything to lose."

"If their opportunities were equal."

"I say in general. There is not much to choose between the two types; but there is in my opinion a shade in favor of the conservative on the score of efficiency, and I am old-fashioned perhaps, but I like efficiency. If it came to a fight, I should fight on the conservative side. But this is all beside the point. My objections to your brother, Mr. Moreton, are not objections to his group or class. They are personal to him. Damned personal."

"You don't like David?"

"Why, he's an attractive young fellow, but, if you'll forgive my saying so, Mr. Moreton, I don't think he's any good. He's weak, he's idle, he entirely lacks that aggressive will that—whether we have your revolution or not—is the only bulwark a woman has in this world. Why, Mr. Moreton, you are evidently a very much more advanced and dangerous radical than your brother, but I should not have half the objection to you that I have to him. There is only one thing that makes a difference in this world—character. Your brother hasn't got it."

For an instant the perfect accuracy of Cord's statements about David left Ben silent. Then he pulled himself together and said, with a firmness he did not wholly feel:

"You hardly do Dave justice. He may not have great force, but he has talent, great sweetness, no vices—"

"Oh, quite, quite, quite, quite," said Cord, with a gesture of his long hand that should somehow have recalled to Ben the motion of a hand he had recently kissed.

"However," said Ben, "there is no use in our arguing about our differences. The point is we are agreed that this marriage ought not to be. Let us co-operate on that. Where could I find Dave? I believe if I could see him I'd have some effect on him."

"You mean you could talk him out of marrying the girl he loves?"

"I might make him see the folly of it."

"Well, I haven't said anything as bad about your brother as that, Mr. Moreton. But you do him injustice. You couldn't talk him out of it, and if you could, she'd talk him right back into it again. But there is one thing to consider. I understand you make him an allowance. How about stopping that?"

"I wouldn't consider that for a moment," said Ben, with more temper than he had so far shown. "I don't make him that allowance so that I can force him to do what I think best. I give it to him because he needs it. I don't believe in force, Mr. Cord."

"Oh yes, you do, Mr. Moreton."

"What do you mean?"

"You were proposing to use a much more pernicious kind of force when you proposed talking the boy out of his first love. However, to be candid with you, I must tell you that the issue is dead. They ran off yesterday and were married in Boston."

There was a short silence and then Ben moved toward the door.

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"I CAME TO SEE YOU ABOUT THIS UNFORTUNATE ENGAGEMENT OF MY BROTHER'S"

"Won't you stay to lunch?" said Mr. Cord, politely.

"Thank you, no," said Ben. He wanted to be alone. Like all dominating people who don't get their own way in an altruistic issue, his feelings were deeply wounded. He took his hat from the disapproving Tomes, and went out to the sea to think. He supposed he was going to think about David's future and the terrible blow his paper had just received.

As the door closed behind him, Eddie turned to Mr. Cord with a world of reproach in his eyes.

"Well," he said, "I must say, sir, I think you were unnecessarily gentle with that fellow."

"Seemed to me a fine young fellow," said Mr. Cord.

"Asking him to lunch," said Eddie.

"I did that for Crystal," replied Cord, getting up and slapping his pockets—a gesture which in some subconscious way he hoped would make Eddie go home. "She's always so keen to meet new people. If she heard that the editor of *Liberty* had been here while she was asleep and that I had not tried to keep him for her to see—whew!— she would have made a scene."

"But she oughtn't to see people like that," protested Eddie, as if he were trying to talk sense in a madhouse. "That was what I was just explaining to you, Mr. Cord, when—"

"So you were, Eddie, so you were," said Mr. Cord. "Stay to lunch and tell Crystal. Or, rather," he added, hastily glancing at the clock, "come back to lunch in an hour. I have to go now and see—" Mr. Cord hesitated for the fraction of a second—"the gardener. If you don't see gardeners now and then and let them scold you about the weather and the Lord's arrangement of the seasons, they go mad and beat their wives. See you later, Eddie," and Mr. Cord stepped out through the French window. It was only great crises like these that

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led him to offer himself up to the attacks of his employees.

A severe elderly man with a long, flat upper lip and side-whiskers immediately sprang apparently from the earth and approached him. He had exactly the manner of resolute gloom that a small boy has when something has gone wrong at school and he wants his mother to drag it out of him.

"Good morning, sir," he said.

"Morning, McKellar," said Cord, gaily. "Everything's all right, I suppose."

McKellar shook his head. Everything was about as far from all right as it well could be. The cook was a violent maniac who required peas to be picked so young that they weren't worth the picking. Tomes and his footman were a band of malicious pirates who took pleasure in cutting for the table the very buds which McKellar was cherishing for the horticultural show. And as for the season—McKellar could not remember such a devastatingly dry August since he was a lad at home.

"Why, McKellar, we had rain two days ago."

"You wouldn't call that little mist rain, sir."

"And last week a perfect downpour."

"Ah, that's the kind doesn't sink into the soil." Looking up critically at the heavens, McKellar expressed his settled conviction that in two weeks' time hardly a blade or a shrub would be alive in the island of Newport.

"Well, that will save us all a lot of trouble, McKellar," said Mr. Cord, and presently left his gloomy gardener. He had attained his object. When he went back into the house, Eddie had gone, and he could go back to his new driver in peace.

He was not interrupted until ten minutes past one, when Crystal came into the room, her eyes shining with exactly the same color that, beyond the lawn, the sea was displaying. Unlike Eddie, she looked better than in her fancy dress. She had on flat tennis shoes, a cotton blouse and a duck skirt, and a russet-colored sweater. Miss Cox would have rejected every item of her costume except the row of pearls, which just showed at her throat.

She kissed her father rapidly, and said:

"Good morning, dear. Are you ready for breakfast—lunch I mean?"

She was a little bit flustered for the reason that it seemed to her as if any one would be able to see that she was an entirely different Crystal from the one of the evening before, and she was not quite sure what she was going to answer when her father said, as she felt certain he must say at any moment, "My dear child, what has come over you?"

He did not say this, however. He held out his golf-club and said, "Got a new driver."

"Yes, yes, dear, very nice," said Crystal. "But I want to have lunch punctually to-day."

Mr. Cord sighed. Crystal wasn't always very sympathetic. "I'm ready," he said, "only Eddie's coming."

"*Eddie!*" exclaimed Crystal, drawing her shoulders up, as if at the sight of a cobra in her path. "Why is Eddie coming to lunch? I did not ask him."

"No, my dear, I took that liberty," replied her father. "It seemed the only way of getting rid of him."

"Well, I sha'n't wait for him," said Crystal, ringing the bell. "I have an engagement at a quarter past two."

"At the golf-club?" asked her father, his eye lighting a little. "You might drive me out, you know."

"No, dear; quite in the other direction—with a man who was at the party last night."

"You enjoyed the party?"

"No, not a bit."

"But you stayed till morning."

"I stopped and took a swim."

"You enjoyed that, I suppose?"

His daughter glanced at him and turned crimson; but she did not have to answer, for at that moment Tomes came, in response to her ring, and she said:

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"We won't wait lunch for Mr. Verriman, Tomes." Then, as he went away, she asked, "And what was Eddie doing here this morning, anyhow?"

"He was scolding me," replied Mr. Cord. "Have you noticed, Crystal, what a lot of scolding is going on in the world at present? I believe that that is why no one is getting any work done—every one is so busy scolding everybody else. The politicians are scolding, and the newspapers are scolding, and most of the fellows I know are scolding. I believe I've got hold of a great truth—"

"And may I ask what Eddie was scolding about?" asked Crystal, no more interested in great truths than most of us.

"About you."

Crystal moved her head about as if things had now reached a point where it wasn't even worth while to be angry. "About me?"

"It seems you're a socialist, my dear. Eddie asked me how long it was since I had taken an inventory of your economic beliefs. I could not remember that I ever had, but perhaps you will tell them to me now. That is," Mr. Cord added, "if you can do it without scolding me—probably an impossible condition to impose nowadays."

"It's a pity about Eddie," said Crystal, fiercely. "If only stupid people would be content to be stupid. instead of trying to run the world—"

"Ah, my dear, it's only stupid people who are under the impression that they can. Good morning again, Eddie, we were just speaking of you."

Mr. Cord added the last sentence without the slightest change of tone or expression as his guest was ushered in by Tomes, who, catching Crystal's eyes for a more important fact than Eddie's arrival, murmured that luncheon was served.



"MORNING, McKELLAR. EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT, I SUPPOSE"

"Well, Eddie," said Crystal, and there was a sort of gay vibration in her whole figure, and her tone was like a bright banner of war, "and so you came round to complain to my father, did you?"

Mr. Cord laid his hand on her shoulder. "Do you think you could demolish Eddie just as well at table, my dear?" he said. "If so, there's no use in letting the food get cold."

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"Oh, she can do it anywhere," replied Eddie, bitterly, and then, striking his habitual note of warning, he went on, "but honestly, Crystal, if you had heard what your father and I heard this morning—"

"I had a visit from David's brother this morning," put in Mr. Cord, "the editor of your favorite morning paper."

"Ben Moreton, here! Oh, *father*, why didn't you call me? Yes, I know," she added, as her father opened his mouth to say that she had left most particular instructions that she was to be allowed to sleep as late as she could, "I know, but you must have known I should have wanted to look David's brother over. Has he long hair? Does he wear a soft tie? Did you hate him?"

"Eddie didn't take much of a fancy to him."

"I should say not. A damned, hollow-eyed fanatic."

"Is he as good-looking as David, father? What does he look like?"

Mr. Cord hesitated. "Well, a little like my engraving of Thomas Jefferson as a young man."

"He looks as if he might have a bomb in his pocket."

"Oh, Eddie, do keep quiet, there's a dear, and let father give me one of his long, wonderful accounts. Go ahead, father."

"Well," said Mr. Cord, helping himself from a dish that Tomes was presenting to him, "as I told you, Eddie had dropped in very kindly to scold me about you, when Tomes announced Mr. Moreton. Tomes thought he ought to be put straight out of the house. Didn't you, Tomes?"

"No, sir," said Tomes, who was getting used to his employer, although he did not encourage this sort of thing, particularly before the footmen.

"Well, Moreton came in and said, very simply—"

"Has he good manners, father?"

"He has no manners at all," roared Eddie.

"Oh, how nice," said Crystal, of whom it might be asserted without flattery that she now understood in perfection the art of irritating Eddie.

"He is very direct and natural," her father continued. "He has a lot more punch than your brother-in-law, my dear. In fact, I was rather impressed with the young fellow until he and Eddie fell to quarreling. Things did not go so well, then."

"You mean," said Crystal, the gossip rather getting the best of the reformer in her, "that he lost his temper horribly?"

"I should say he did," said Eddie.

"Well, Eddie, you know you were not perfectly calm," answered Cord. "Let us say that they both lost their tempers, which is strange, for as far as I could see they were agreed on many essentials. They both believe that one class in the community ought to govern the other. They both believe the world is in a very bad way; only, according to Eddie, we are going to have chaos if capital loses its control of the situation; and according to Moreton we are going to have chaos if labor doesn't get control. So, as one or the other seems bound to happen, we ought to be able to adjust ourselves to chaos. In fact, Crystal, I have been interviewing McKellar about having a chaos - cellar built in the garden."

Eddie pushed back his plate, it was empty, but the gesture suggested that he could not go on choking down the food of a man who joked about such serious matters.

"I must say, Mr. Cord," he began, "I really must say—" He paused, surprised to find that he really hadn't anything that he must say, and Crystal turned to her father:

"But you haven't told me why he came. To see Eugenia, I suppose?"

"No; he hadn't heard of the marriage. He came to talk to his brother."

"For you must know," put in Eddie, hastily, "that Mr. Ben Moreton does not approve of the marriage—oh, dear, no. He would consider such a connec-

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tion quite beneath his family. He disapproves of Eugenia as a sister-in-law."

"How could any one disapprove of her?" asked her sister, hotly.

"Jevver hear such nerve?" said Eddie.

"It's not Eugenia; it's capital Moreton disapproves of," Mr. Cord went on, patiently explaining. "You see it never crossed our minds that the Moretons might object, but of course they do. They regard us as a very degrading connection. Doubtless it will hurt Ben Moreton with his readers to be connected with a financial pirate like myself, quite as much as it will hurt me in the eyes of most of my fellow board members, when it becomes known that my son-in-law's brother is the editor of *Liberty*."

"The Moretons disapprove," repeated Crystal, to whom the idea was not at all agreeable.

"Disapprove, nonsense!" said Eddie. "I believe he came to blackmail you. To see what he could get out of you if he offered to stop the marriage. Well, why not? If these fellows believe all the money ought to be taken away from the capitalists, why should they care how it's done? I can't see much difference between robbing a man, and legislating his fortune out of—"

"Well, I must tell you, father dear," said Crystal, exactly as if Eddie had not been speaking, "that I think it was horrid of you not to have me called when you must have known—"

"Crystal, you're scolding me," wailed her father. "And most unjustly. I did ask him to lunch just for your sake, although I saw Eddie was shocked, and I was afraid Tomes would give warning. But I did ask him, only he wouldn't stay."

Crystal rose from the table with her eye on the clock, and they began to make their way back to Mr. Cord's study, as she asked:

"Why wouldn't he stay?"

"I gathered because he didn't want



"WHY IS EDDIE COMING TO LUNCH? I DID NOT ASK HIM"

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to. Perhaps he was afraid he'd have to argue with Eddie about capital and labor all through lunch. And of course he did not know that I had another beautiful daughter sleeping off the effects of a late party, or very likely he would have accepted."

Very likely he would.

Just as they entered the study, the telephone rang. Crystal sprang to the instrument, brushing away her father's hand, which had moved toward it.

"It's for me, dear," she said, and continued, speaking into the mouthpiece: "Yes, it's I." (A pause.) 'Where are you? . . . Oh yes, I know the place. I'll be there in five minutes, in a little blue car." She hung up the receiver, sprang up, and looked very much surprised to see Eddie and her father still there just as before. "Good-by, Eddie," she said, "I'm sorry, but I have an engagement. Good-by, father."

"You don't want to run me out to the golf-club first?"

"Not possibly, dear. The chauffeur can take you in the big car."

"Yes, but he'll scold me all the way about there not being room enough in the garage."

Crystal was firm. "I'm sorry, but I can't, dear. This is important. I may take a job. I'll tell you all about it this evening." And she left the room, with a smile that kept getting entirely beyond her control.

"What's this? What's this?" cried Eddie as the door shut. "A job. You wouldn't let Crystal take a job, would you, Mr. Cord?"

"I haven't been consulted," said Mr. Cord, taking out his new driver again.

"But didn't you notice how excited she was. I'm sure it's decided."

"Yes, I noticed, Eddie; but it looked to me more like a man than a job. How do you think we'd come out if I gave you a stroke and a half a hole?"

Eddie was too perturbed even to answer.

In the mean time, Crystal was spinning along Bellevue Avenue, forgetting to bow to her friends, and wondering why the car was going so badly until, her eye falling on the speedometer, she noticed that she was doing a mild thirty-five miles an hour. Sooner, therefore, than the law allowed, she reached a small park that surrounds a statue of Perry, and there she picked up a passenger.

Ben got in and shut the little door almost before she brought the car to a standstill.

"When you were little," he said, "did you ever imagine something wonderful that might happen—like the door's opening and a delegation coming to elect you captain of the baseball team, or whatever is a little girl's equivalent of that — and keep on imagining it and imagining it, until it seemed as if it really were going to happen? Well, I have been standing here saying to myself, Wouldn't it be wonderful if Crystal should come in a little blue car and take me to drive? And, by Heaven! you'll never believe me, but she actually did."

"Tell me everything you've done since I saw you," she answered.

"I haven't done anything but think about you. Oh yes, I have, too. I've reappraised the universe. You see, you've just made me a present of a brand-new world, and I've been pretty busy, I can tell you, untying the string and unwrapping the paper, and bless me, Crystal, it looks like a mighty fine present so far."

"Oh," she said, "I think you talk charmingly." She had started to say, "you make love charmingly," but on second thoughts decided that the overt statement had better come from him. "Dear me," she went on, "we have so much to talk about. There's my job. Can't we talk a little about that?"

They could and did. Their talk consisted largely in his telling her how much richer a service she could render his paper through having been unconsciously steeped in beauty than if she had been merely intellectually instructed —than if, as she more simply put it, she

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"I'LL BE THERE IN FIVE MINUTES, IN A LITTLE BLUE CAR"

had known something. And as he talked, her mind began to expand in the warm atmosphere of his praise and to give off its perfume like a flower.

But the idea of her working with him day after day, helping the development of the paper which had grown as dear as a child to him, was so desirable that he did not dare to contemplate it unless it promised realization.

"Oh," he broke out, "you won't really do it. Your family will object, or something. Probably when I go away to-night, I shall never see you again."

"You are still going away to-night?"

"I must."

She looked at him and slowly shook her head, as a mother shakes her head at the foolish plans of a child.

"I thought I was going," he said, weakly.

"Why?"

He groaned, but did not answer.

She thought, "Oh, dear, I wish when men want to be comforted they would not make a girl spend so much time and energy getting them to say that they do want it." Aloud she said:

"You must tell me what's the matter."

"It's a long story."

"We have all afternoon."

"That's it—we haven't all eternity."

"Oh, eternity," said Crystal, dismissing it with the Cord wave of the hand. "Who wants eternity? 'Since we must die how bright the starry track,' you know."

"No; what is that?"

"I don't remember."

"Oh."

After this meeting of minds they drove for some time in silence. Ben was seeing a new aspect of Newport—bare, rugged country, sandy roads, a sudden high rock jutting out toward the sea, a rock on which tradition asserts that Bishop Berkeley once sat and considered the illusion of matter. They stopped at length at the edge of a sandy beach. Crystal parked her car neatly with a sharp turn of the wheel, and got out.

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"There's a tea-basket," she called over her shoulder.

Ben's heart bounded at the news—not that he was hungry, but as the hour was now but little past half after two a tea-basket indicated a prolonged interview. He found it tucked away in the back of the car, and followed her. They sat down at the edge of the foam. He lit a pipe, clasped his hands about his knees and stared out to sea; she curled her feet backward, grasped an ankle in her hand, and, looking at him, said:

"Now what makes you groan so?"

"I haven't meant to be dishonest," he said, "but I have been obtaining your friendship—trying to—under false pretenses."

"Trying to?" said Crystal. "Now isn't it silly to put that in."

He turned and smiled at her. She was really incredibly sweet. "But, all the same," he went on, "there is a barrier, a real, tangible barrier between us."

Crystal's heart suffered a chill convulsion at these words. "Good gracious!" she thought. "He's entangled with another woman—oh dear!—*marriage*—" But she did not interrupt him, and he continued:

"I let you think that I was one of the men you might have known—that I was asked to your party last night, whereas, as a matter of fact, I only watched you—"

Crystal's mind, working with its normal rapidity, invented, faced, and passed over the fact that he must have been one of the musicians. She said aloud:

"I think I ought to tell you that I'm not much of a believer in barriers—between sensible people who want friendship."

"Friendship!" exclaimed Ben, as if that were the last thing he had come out on a lovely summer afternoon to discuss.

"There aren't any real barriers any more," Crystal continued. "Differences of position, and religion, and all those things don't seem to matter now. Romeo and Juliet wouldn't have paid



"I HAVEN'T MEANT TO BE DISHONEST," HE SAID

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any attention to the little family disagreement if they had lived to-day."

"In the case of Romeo and Juliet, if I remember correctly," said Ben, "it was not exactly a question of friendship."

She colored deeply, but he refused to modify his statement, for, after all, it was correct. "But difference of opinion *is* an obstacle," he went on. "I have seen husbands and wives parted by differences of opinion in the late war. And as far as I'm concerned there's a war on now—a different war, and I came here to try to prevent my brother marrying into an enemy influence—"

"Good Heavens!" cried Crystal. "You are Ben Moreton! Why didn't I see it sooner. I'm Crystal Cord," and, lifting up her chin, she laughed.

That she could laugh as the gulf opened between them seemed to him terrible. He turned his head away.

She stopped laughing. "You don't think it's amusing?" (He shook his head.) "That we're relations-in-law, when we thought it was all so unknown and romantic? No wonder I felt at home with you, when I've read so many of your letters to David—such nice letters, too—and I subscribe to your paper, and read every word of the editorials. And to think that you would not lunch with me to-day, when my father asked you."

'To think that it was you I was being asked to lunch with, and didn't know it!"

"Well, you dine with us to-morrow," she answered, stating a simple fact.

"Crystal," he said, and put his hand on hers as if this would help him through his long explanation; but the continuity of his thought was destroyed and his spirit wounded by her immediately withdrawing it; and then—so exactly does the spring of love resemble the uncertain glory of an April day—he was rendered perfectly happy again by perceiving that her action was due to the publicity of their position and not to repugnance to the caress.

Fortunately he was a man not without invention, and so when a few minutes later she suggested opening the tea-basket, he insisted on moving to a more retired spot on the plea that the tea-kettle would burn better out of the wind; and Crystal, who must have known that Tomes never gave her a tea-kettle, but made the tea at home and put it in a thermos bottle, at once agreed to the suggestion.

They moved back across the road, where irregular rocks sheltered small plots of grass and wild flowers, and here, instead of an Arcadian duet, they had, most unsuitably, their first quarrel.

It began as quarrels are so apt to do, by a complete agreement. Of course he would stay over the next day, which was Sunday, and not very busy in the office of *Liberty*. In return he expected her undivided attention. She at once admitted that this was part of the plan—only there would have to be one little exception; she was dining out that evening. Oh, well, that could be broken, couldn't it? She would like to break it, but it happened to be one of those engagements that had to be kept. Ben could not understand that.

At first she tried to explain it to him: She had chosen her own evening several weeks ago with these people, who wanted her to meet a friend of theirs who was motoring down specially from Boston. She felt she must keep her word.

"I assure you I don't want to, but you understand, don't you?"

If she had looked at his face she would not have asked the last question. He did not understand; indeed, he had resolved not to.

"No," he said, "I must own, I don't. If you told me that you *wanted* to go, that would be one thing. I shouldn't have a word to say then."

"Oh yes, you would, Ben," said Crystal, but he did not notice her.

"I can't understand you're allowing yourself to be dragged there against your will. You say you despise this life, but you seem to take it pretty seriously if you can't break any engagement that you may."

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"How absurd you are. Of course I often break engagements."

"I see. You do when the inducement is sufficient. Well, that makes it all perfectly clear."

She felt both angry and inclined to cry. She knew that to yield to either impulse would instantly solve the problem and bring a very unreasonable young man to reason. She ran over both scenes in her imagination. Registering anger, she would rise and say that, really, Mr. Moreton, if he would not listen to her explanation there was no use in prolonging the discussion. That would be the critical moment. He would take her in his arms then and there, or else he would let her go, and they would drive in silence, and part at the little park, where of course she might say, "Aren't you silly to leave me like this?"—only her experience was that it was never very practical to make up with an angry man in public.

To burst into tears was a safer method, but she had a natural repugnance to crying, and perhaps she was subconsciously aware that she might be left, after the quarrel was apparently made up by this method, with a slight resentment against the man who had forced her to adopt so illogical a line of conduct.

A middle course appealed to her. She laid her hand on Ben's. A few minutes before it would have seemed unbelievable to Ben that his own hand would have remained cold and lifeless under that touch, but such was now the case.

"Ben," she said, "if you go on being disagreeable a second longer you must make up your mind how you will behave when I burst into tears."

"How I should behave?"

She nodded.

His hand clasped hers. He told her how he should behave. He even offered to show her, without putting her to the trouble of tears.

"You mean," she said, "that you would forgive me? Well, forgive me, anyhow. I'm doing what I think is right about this old dinner. Perhaps I'm wrong about it, perhaps you're mistaken and I'm not absolutely perfect, but if I were, think what a lot of fun you would miss in changing me. And you know I never meant to abandon you for the whole evening. I'll get away at half past nine and we'll take a little turn."

So that was settled.

(*To be concluded.*)

PAN

BY HARRY LEE

I HEARD Pan pipe, beyond a turn,
High on a windy mountain-way,
And all my soul was mute to hear
What he, half-god, half-man, might say.

I heard Pan pipe, and all my heart
Went leaping, longing to the sound.
But when I turned the rocky way,
A blowing host of bloom I found.

I hear Pan pipe a many times,
Himself, I never, never see.
So is it with the wind that blows,
To feel it near, enough for me.

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THE LAST ROOM OF ALL

BY STEPHEN FRENCH WHITMAN

IN those days all Italy was in turmoil and Lombardy lay covered with blood and fire. The emperor, the second Frederick of Swabia, was out to conquer once for all. His man Salinguerra held the town of Ferrara. The Marquis Azzo, being driven forth, could slake his rage only on such outlying castles as favored the imperial cause.

Of these castles the Marquis Azzo himself sacked and burned many. But against the castle of Grangioia, remote in the hills, he sent his captain, Lapo Cercamorte.

This Lapo Cercamorte was nearly forty years old, a warrior from boyhood, uncouth, barbaric, ferocious. One could think of no current danger that he had not encountered, no horror that he had not witnessed. His gaunt face was dull red, as if baked by the heat of blazing towns. His coarse black hair had been thinned by the friction of his helmet. His nose was broken, his arms and legs were covered with scars, and under his chin ran a seam made by a woman who had tried to cut off his head while he lay asleep. From this wound Lapo Cercamorte's voice was husky and uncertain.

With a hundred men at his back he rode by night to Grangioia Castle. As day was breaking, by a clever bit of stratagem he rushed the gate.

Then in that towering, thick-walled fortress, which had suddenly become a trap, sounded the screaming of women, the boom of yielding doors, the clang of steel on black staircases, the battle-cries, wild songs, and laughter of Lapo Cercamorte's soldiers.

He found the family at bay in their hall, the father and his three sons naked except for the shirts of mail that they had hastily slipped on. Behind these four huddled the Grangioia women and children, for the most part pallid from fury rather than from fear, silently awaiting the end.

However, Cercamorte's purpose was not to destroy this clan, but to force it into submission to his marquis. So, when he had persuaded them to throw down their swords, he put off his flat-topped helmet and seated himself with the Grangioia men.

A bargain ensued; he gave them their lives in exchange for their allegiance. And it would have ended there had not the sun, reaching in through a casement toward the group of silent women, touched the face of old Grangioia's youngest daughter, Madonna Gemma.

From the crown of her head, whence her hair fell in bright ripples like a gush of gold from the ladle of a goldsmith, to her white feet, bare on the pavement, Madonna Gemma was one fragile piece of beauty. In this hall heavy with torch smoke and the sweat of many soldiers, in this ring of bloodstained weapons and smoldering eyes, she appeared like a delicate dreamer enveloped by a nightmare. Yet even the long stare of Lapo Cercamorte she answered with a look of defiance.

The conqueror rose, went jingling to her, thumbed a strand of her bright hair, touched her soft cheek with his fingers, which smelled of leather and horses. Grasping her by the elbow, he led her forward.

"Is this your daughter, Grangioia? Good. I will take her as a pledge of your loyalty."

With a gesture old Grangioia com-

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manded his sons to sit still. After glowering round him at the wall of mail, he let his head sink down, and faltered:

"Do you marry her, Cercamorte?"

"Why not?" croaked Lapo. "Having just made a peace shall I give offense so soon? No, in this case I will do everything according to honor."

That morning Lapo Cercamorte espoused Madonna Gemma Grangioia. Then, setting her behind his saddle on a cushion, he took her away to his own castle. This possession, too, he had won for himself with his sword. It was called the Vespaione, the Big Hornets' Nest. Rude and strong, it crowned a rocky hilltop in a lonely region. At the base of the hill clustered a few huts; beyond lay some little fields; then the woods spread their tangles afar.

Madonna Gemma, finding herself in this prison, did not weep or utter a sound for many days.

Here Lapo Cercamorte, pouncing upon such a treasure as had never come within his reach before, met his first defeat. His fire proved unable to melt that ice. His coarse mind was benumbed by the exquisiteness of his antagonist. Now, instead of terror and self-abasement, he met scorn—the cold contempt of a being rarified, and raised above him by centuries of gentler thought and living. When he laid his paws on her shoulders he felt that he held there a pale, soft shell, empty of her incomprehensible spirit, which at his touch had vanished into space.

So he stood baffled, with a new longing that groped blindly through the veils of flesh and blood, like a brute tormented by the dawning of some insatiable aspiration.

It occurred to him that the delicate creature might be pleased if her surroundings were less soldierly. So oiled linen was stretched across her windows, and a carpet laid for her feet at table in the hall. The board was spread with a white cloth on which she might wipe her lips, and in spring the pavement of her bower was strewn with scented herbs. Also he saw to it that her meat was seasoned with quinces, that her wine was spiced on feast-days.

He got her a little greyhound, but it sickened and died. Remembering that a comrade-in-arms possessed a Turkish dwarf with an abnormally large head, he cast about to procure some such monstrosity for her amusement. He sent her jewelry—necklaces torn by his soldiers from the breasts of ladies in surrendered towns, rings wrested from fingers raised in supplication.

She wore none of these trinkets. Indeed, she seemed oblivious of all his efforts to change her.

He left her alone.

Finally, whenever Lapo Cercamorte met her in the hall his face turned dark and bitter. Throughout the meal there was no sound except the growling of dogs among the bones beneath the table, the hushed voices of the soldiers eating in the body of the hall. Old one-eyed Baldo, Cercamorte's lieutenant, voiced the general sentiment when he muttered into his cup:

"This house has become a tomb, and I have a feeling that presently there may be corpses in it."

"She has the evil eye," another assented.

Furtively making horns with their fingers, they looked up askance toward the dais, at her pale young beauty glimmering through rays of dusty sunshine.

"Should there come an alarm our shield-straps would burst and our weapons crack like glass. If only, when we took Grangioia Castle, a sword had accidentally cut off her nose!"

"God give us our next fighting in the open, far away from this *jettatrice!*"

It presently seemed as if that wish were to be granted. All the Guelph party were then preparing to take the field together. In Cercamorte's castle, dice-throwing and drinking gave place to drinking and plotting. Strange messengers appeared. In an upper chamber a shabby priest from the nearest town—

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the stronghold of Count Nicolotto Muti —neatly wrote down, at Lapo's dictation, the tally of available men, horses, and arms. Then one morning Cercamorte said to Baldo, his lieutenant:

"I am off for a talk with Nicolotto Muti. The house is in your care."

And glumly Lapo rode down from his castle, without a glance toward the casements of Madonna Gemma's bower.

She watched him depart alone, his helmet dangling from his saddle-bow. Then she saw, below her on the hillside, also watching him, the horse-boy, Foresto, his graceful figure hinting at an origin superior to his station, his dark, peaked face seeming to mask some avid and sinister dream. Was she wrong in suspecting that Foresto hated Lapo Cercamorte? Might he not become an ally against her husband?

Her gaze traveled on to the houses at the foot of the hill, to the hut where, under Lapo's protection, dwelt a renegade Arabian, reputed to be a sorcerer. No doubt the Arabian knew of subtle poisons, charms that withered men's bodies, enchantments that wrecked the will and reduced the mind to chaos.

But soon these thoughts were scattered by the touch of the spring breeze. She sank into a vague wonder at life, which had so cruelly requited the fervors of her girlhood.

On the third day of Cercamorte's absence, while Madonna Gemma was leaning on the parapet of the keep, there appeared at the edge of the woods a young man in light-blue tunic and hood, a small gilded harp under his arm.

Because he was the young brother of Nicolotto Muti they admitted him into the castle.

His countenance was effeminate, fervent, and artful. The elegance of his manner was nearly Oriental. The rough soldiers grinned in amusement, or frowned in disgust. Madonna Gemma, confronted by his strangeness and complexity, neither frowned nor smiled, but looked more wan than ever.

Perfumed with sandlewood, in a white, gold-stitched robe, its bodice tight, its skirts voluminous, she welcomed him in the hall. The reception over, old Baldo spoke with the crone who served Madonna Gemma as maid:

"I do not know what this pretty little fellow has in mind. While I watch him for spying, do you watch him for love-making. If we discover him at neither, perhaps he has caught that new green-sickness from the north, and thinks himself a singing-bird."

A singing-bird was what Raffaele Muti proved to be.

In the Mediterranean lands a new idea was beginning to alter the conduct of society. Woman, so long regarded as a soulless animal, born only to drag men down, was being transfigured into an immaculate goddess, an angel in human shape, whose business was man's reformation, whose right was man's worship.

That cult of Woman had been invented by the lute-playing nobles of Provence. But quickly it had begun to spread from court to court, from one land to another. So now, in Italy as in southern France, sometimes in wild hill castles as well as in the city palaces, a hymn of adoration rose to the new divinity.

This was the song that Raffaele Muti, plucking at his twelve harp strings, raised in the hall of the Big Hornets' Nest at twilight.

He sat by the fireplace on the guests' settee, beside Madonna Gemma. The torches, dripping fire in the wall-rings, cast their light over the faces of the wondering servants. The harp twanged its plaintive interlude; then the song continued, quavering, soaring, athrob with this new pathos and reverence, that had crept like the counterfeit of a celestial dawn upon a world long obscured by a brutish dusk.

Raffaele Muti sang of a woman exalted far above him by her womanhood, which rivaled Godhood in containing all the virtues requisite for his redemption. Man could no longer sin when once she had thought pityingly of him. Every

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deed must be noble if rooted in love of her. All that one asked was to worship her ineffable superiority. How grievously should one affront her virtue, if ever one dreamed of kisses! But should one dream of them, pray God she might never stoop that far in mercy! No, passion must never mar this shrine at which Raffaele knelt.

In the ensuing silence, which quivered from that cry, there stole into the heart of Madonna Gemma an emotion more precious, just then, than the peace that follows absolution—a new-born sense of feminine dignity, a glorious blossoming of pride, commingled with the tenderness of an immeasurable gratitude.

About to part for the night, they exchanged a look of tremulous solemnity.

Her beauty was no longer bleak, but rich—all at once too warm, perhaps, for a divinity whose only office was the guidance of a troubadour toward asceticism. His frail comeliness was radiant with his poetical ecstasy—of a sudden too flushed, one would think, for a youth whose aspirations were all toward the intangible. Then each emerged with a start from that delicious spell, to remember the staring servants.

They said good-night. Madonna Gemma ascended to her chamber.

It was the horse-boy Foresto who, with a curious solicitude and satisfaction, lighted Raffaele Muti up to bed.

But old Baldo, strolling thoughtfully in the courtyard, caught a young cricket chirping in the grass between two paving-stones. On the cricket's back, with a straw and white paint, he traced the Muti device—a tree transfixed by an arrow. Then he put the cricket into a little iron box together with a rose, and gave the box to a man-at-arms, saying:

"Ride to Lapo Cercamorte and deliver this into his hands."

Next day, on the sunny tower, high above the hillside covered with spring flowers, Raffaele resumed his song. He sat at the feet of Madonna Gemma, who wore a grass-green gown embroidered with unicorns, emblems of purity. The crone was there also, pretending to doze in the shadows; and so was Foresto the horse-boy, whose dark, still face seemed now and again to mirror Raffaele's look of exultation—a look that came only when Madonna Gemma gazed away from him.

But for the most part she gazed down at Raffaele's singing lips, on which she discerned no guile.

Tireless, he sang to her of a world fairer even than that of her maidenhood. It was a region where for women all feeling of abasement ceased, because there the troubadour, by his homage, raised one's soul high above the tyranny of uncomprehending husbands.

She learned—for so it had been decided in Provence—that high sentiment was impossible in wedlock at its best; that between husband and wife there was no room for love. Thus, according to the Regula Amoris, it was not only proper, but also imperative, to seek outside the married life some lofty love-alliance.

The day wore on thus. The sun had distilled from many blossoms the whole intoxicating fragrance of the springtime. A golden haze was changing Madonna Gemma's prison into a paradise.

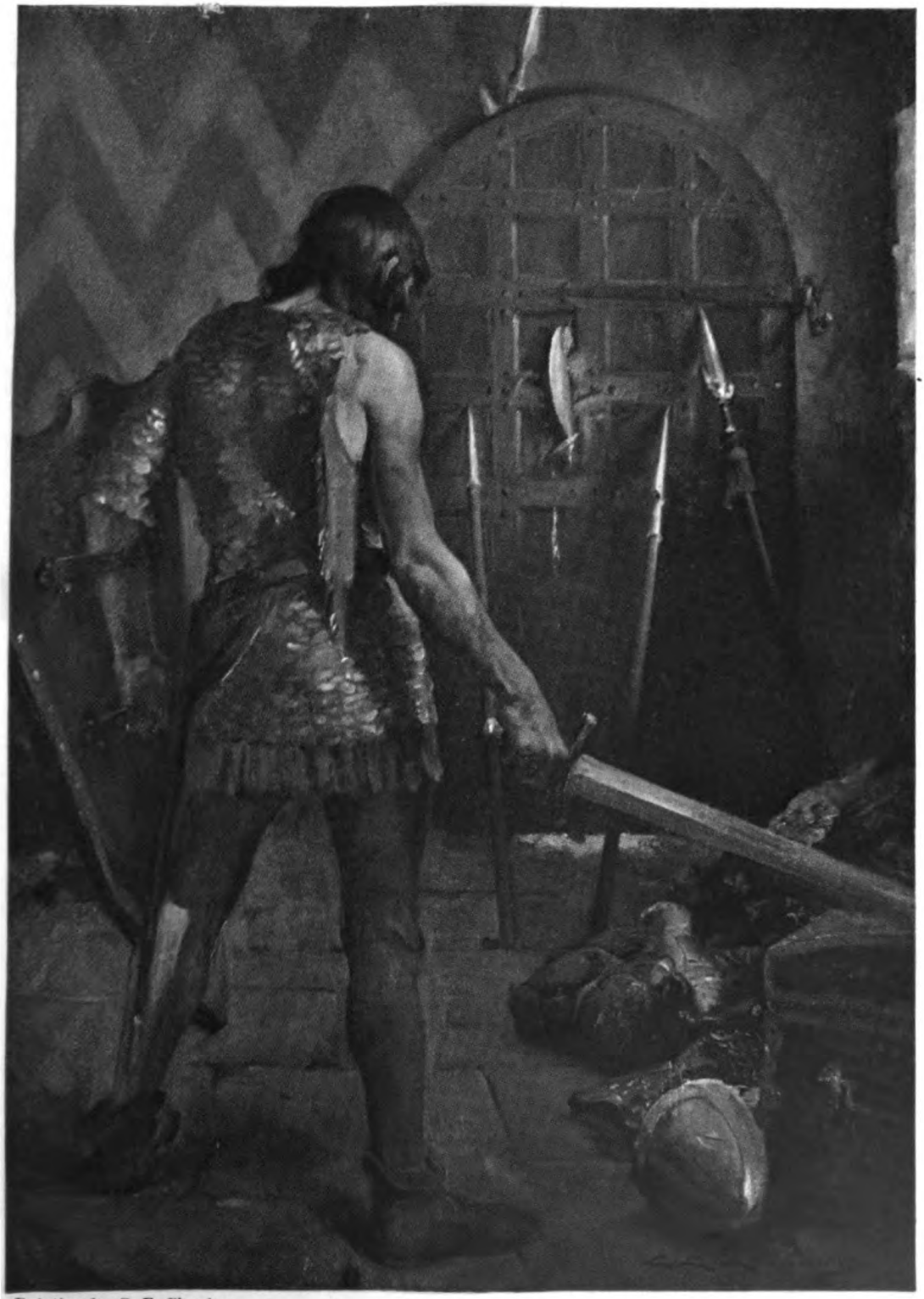
Her vision was dimmed by a glittering film of tears. Her fingers helplessly unfolded on her lap. She believed that at last she had learned love's meaning. And Raffaele, for all his youth no novice at this game, believed that this dove, too, was fluttering into his cage.

By sunset their cheeks were flaming. At twilight their hands turned cold.

Then they heard the bang of the gate and the croaking voice of Lapo Cercamorte.

He entered the hall as he had so often entered the houses of terror-stricken enemies, clashing at each ponderous, swift step, his mail dusty, his hair wet and disheveled, his dull-red face resembling a mask of heated iron. That atmosphere, just now swimming in languor, was instantly permeated by a wave of

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Painting by C. E. Chambers

"WELL, HERE THEY COME, AND THIS DOOR IS A FLIMSY THING"

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force, issuing from this herculean body and barbaric brain. When he halted before those two they seemed to feel the heat that seethed in his steel-bound breast.

His disfigured face still insolvable, Lapo Cercamorte plunged his stare into Madonna Gemma's eyes, then looked into the eyes of Raffaele. His hoarse voice broke the hush; he said to the young man:

"So you are the sister of my friend Count Nicolotto?"

Raffaele, having licked his lips, managed to answer:

"You mean his brother, sir."

Lapo Cercamorte laughed loud; but his laugh was the bark of a hyena, and his eyes were balls of fire.

"No! with these legs and ringlets? Come here, Baldo. Here is a girl who says she is a man. What do you say, to speak only of this pretty skin of hers?"

And with his big hand suddenly he ripped open Raffaele's tunic half way to the waist, exposing the fair white flesh. The troubadour, though quivering with shame and rage, remained motionless, staring at the great sword that hung in its scarlet sheath from Lapo's harness.

Old one-eyed Baldo, plucking his master by the elbow, whispered: "Take care, Cercamorte. His brother Nicolotto is your ally. Since, after all, nothing much has happened, do not carry the offense too far."

"Are you in your dotage?" Lapo retorted, still glaring with a dreadful interest at Raffaele's flesh. "Do you speak of giving offense, when all I desire is to be as courteous as my uneducated nature will allow? She must pardon me that slip of the hand; I meant only to stroke her cheek in compliment, but instead I tore her dress. Yet I will be a proper courtier to her still. Since she is now set on going home, I myself, alone, will escort her clear to the forest, in order to set her upon the safe road."

And presently Madonna Gemma, peering from her chamber window, saw her husband, with a ghastly pretense of care, lead young Raffaele Muti down the hill, into the darkness from which there came never a sound.

It was midnight when Lapo Cercamorte re-entered the castle, and called for food and drink.

Now the shadow over the Big Hornets' Nest obscured even the glare of the summer sun. No winsome illusion of nature's could brighten this little world that had at last turned quite sinister. In the air that Madonna Gemma breathed was always a chill of horror. At night the thick walls seemed to sweat with it, and the silence was like a great hand pressed across a mouth struggling to give vent to a scream.

At dinner in the hall she ate nothing, but drank her wine as though burning with a fever. Sometimes, when the stillness had become portentous, Lapo rolled up his sleeves, inspected his scarred, swarthy arms, and mumbled, with the grin of a man stretched on the rack:

"Ah, Father and Son! if only one had a skin as soft, white, and delicate as a girl's!"

At this Madonna Gemma left the table.

Once more her brow became bleaker than a winter mountain; her eyes were haggard from nightmares; she trembled at every sound. Pacing her bower, interminably she asked herself one question. And at last, when Lapo would have passed her on the stairs, she hurled into his face:

"What did you do to Raffaele Muti?"

He started, so little did he expect to hear her voice. His battered countenance turned redder, as he noted that for the sake of the other she was like an overstretched bow, almost breaking. Then a pang stabbed him treacherously. Fearing that she might discern his misery, he turned back, leaving her limp against the wall.

He took to walking the runway of the ramparts, gnawing his fingers and muttering to himself, shaking his tousled

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hair. With a sigh, as if some thoughts were too heavy a burden for that iron frame, he sat down on an archer's ledge, to stare toward the hut of the renegade Arabian. Often at night he sat thus, hour after hour, a coarse creature made romantic by a flood of moonlight. And as he bowed his head the sentinel heard him fetch a groan such as one utters whose life escapes through a sword-wound.

One-eyed Baldo also groaned at these goings-on, and swallowed many angry speeches. But Foresto the horse-boy began to hum at his work.

This Foresto had attached himself to Lapo's force in the Ferrarese campaign. His habits were solitary. Often when his work was done he wandered into the woods, to return with a capful of berries or a squirrel that he had snared. Because he was silent, deft, and daintier than a horse-boy ought to be, Lapo finally bade him serve Madonna Gemma.

Watching his dark, blank face as he strewed fresh herbs on her pavement, she wondered:

"Does he know the truth?"

Their glances met; he seemed to send her a veiled look of comprehension and promise. But whenever he appeared the crone was there.

One morning, however, Foresto had time to whisper:

"The Arabian."

What did that mean? Was the Arab magician, recluse in his wretched hut below the castle, prepared to serve her? Was it through him and Foresto that she might hope to escape or at the least to manage some revenge? Thereafter she often watched the renegade's window, from which, no matter how late the hour, shone a glimmering of lamplight. Was he busy at his magic? Could those spells be enlisted on her side?

Then, under an ashen sky of autumn, as night was creeping in, she saw the Arabian ascending the hill to the castle. His tall figure, as fleshless as a mummy's, was swathed in a white robe like a winding-sheet; his beaked face and hollow eye-sockets were like a vision of Death. Without taking her eyes from him, Madonna Gemma crossed herself.

Baldo came to the gate. The ghostly Arabian uttered:

"Peace be with you. I have here, under my robe, a packet for your master."

"Good! Pass it over to me, unless it will turn my nose into a carrot, or add a tail to my spine."

The foreigner, shaking his skull-like head, responded:

"I must give this packet into no hands but his."

So Baldo led the sorcerer to Cercamorte, and for a long while those two talked together in private.

Next day Madonna Gemma noted that Lapo had on a new, short, sleeveless surcoat, or vest, of whitish leather, trimmed on its edges with vair, and laced down the sides with tinsel. In this festive garment, so different from his usual attire, the grim tyrant was ill at ease, secretly anxious, almost timid. Avoiding her eye, he assumed an elaborate carelessness, like that of a boy who had been up to some deviltry. Madonna Gemma soon found herself connecting this change in him with the fancy white-leather vest.

In the hall, while passing a platter of figs, Foresto praised the new garment obsequiously. He murmured:

"And what a fine skin it is made of! So soft, so delicate, so lustrous in its finish! Is it pigskin, master? Ah, no; it is finer than that. Kidskin? But a kid could not furnish a skin as large as this one. No doubt it is made from some queer foreign animal, perhaps from a beast of Greece or Arabia?"

While speaking these words, Foresto flashed one look, mournful and eloquent, at Madonna Gemma, then softly withdrew from the hall.

She sat motionless, wave after wave of cold flowing in through her limbs to her heart. She stared, as though at a basilisk, at Lapo's new vest, in which she seemed to find the answer so long denied her. The hall grew dusky; she heard

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a far-off cry, and when she meant to flee, she fainted in her chair.

For a week Madonna Gemma did not rise from her bed. When finally she did rise she refused to leave her room.

But suddenly Lapo Cercamorte was gayer than he had been since the fall of Grangioia Castle. Every morning, when he had inquired after Madonna Gemma's health, and had sent her all kinds of tidbits, he went down to sit among his men, to play mora, to test sword-blades, to crack salty jokes, to let loose his husky guffaw. At times, cocking his eye toward certain upper casements, he patted his fine vest furtively, with a gleeful and mischievous grin. To Baldo, after some mysterious nods and winks, he confided:

"Everything will be different when she is well again."

"No doubt," snarled old Baldo, scrubbing at his mail shirt viciously. "Though I am not in your confidence, I agree that a nice day is coming, a beautiful day—like a pig. Look you, Cercamorte, shake off this strange spell of folly. Prepare for early trouble. Just as a Venetian sailor can feel a storm of water brewing, so can I feel, gathering far off, a storm of arrows. Do you notice that the crows hereabouts have never been so thick? Perhaps, too, I have seen a face peeping out of the woods, about the time that Foresto goes down to pick berries."

"You chatter like an old woman at a fountain," said Lapo, still caressing his vest with his palms. "I shall be quite happy soon—yes, even before the Lombard league takes the field."

Baldo raised his shoulders, pressed his withered eyelids together, and answered, in disgust:

"God pity you, Cercamorte! You are certainly changed these days. Evidently your Arabian has given you a charm that turns men's brains into goose-eggs."

Lapo stamped away angrily, yet he was soon smiling again.

And now his coarse locks were not unkempt, but cut square across brow and neck. Every week he trimmed his finger-nails; every day or so, with a flush and a hangdog look, he drenched himself with perfume. Even while wearing that garment—at thought of which Madonna Gemma, isolate in her chamber, still shivered and moaned—Cercamorte resembled one who prepares himself for a wedding, or gallant rendezvous, that may take place any moment.

Sometimes, reeking with civet-oil, he crept to her door, eavesdropped, pondered the quality of her sighs, stood hesitant, then stealthily withdrew, grinding his teeth and wheezing:

"Not yet. Sweet saints in heaven, what a time it takes!"

He loathed his bed, because of the long hours of sleeplessness. He no longer slept naked. At night, too, his body was encased in the vest of whitish soft skin.

One morning a horseman in green and yellow scallops appeared before the castle. It was Count Nicolotto Muti, elder brother of the troubadour Raffaele.

Lapo, having arranged his features, came down to meet the count. They kissed, and entered the keep with their arms round each other's shoulders. Foresto brought in the guest-cup.

Nicolotto Muti was a thin, calm politician, elegant in his manners and speech, his lips always wearing a sympathetic smile. By the fireplace, after chatting of this and that, he remarked, with his hand affectionately on Cercamorte's knee:

"I am trying to find trace of my little Raffaele, who has vanished like a mist. It is said that he was last seen in this neighborhood. Can you tell me anything?"

Lapo, his face expressionless, took thought, then carefully answered:

"Muti, because we are friends as well as allies I will answer you honestly. Returning from my visit with you, I found him in this hall, plucking a harp and singing love-songs to my wife. I say frankly that if he had not been your brother I should have cut off his hands

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and his tongue. Instead, I escorted him to the forest and set him on the home road. I admit that before I parted from him I preached him a sermon on the duties of boys toward the friends of their families. Nay, fearing that he might not relate his adventure to you, in that discourse I somewhat pounded the pulpit. Well, yes, I confess that I gave him a little spanking."

Count Nicolotto, without showing any surprise, or losing his fixed smile, declared:

"Dear comrade, it was a young man, not a child, whom you chastised in that way. In another instance, as of course you know, such an action would have been a grievous insult to all his relatives. Besides, I am sure that he meant no more than homage to your lady—a compliment common enough in these modern times, and honorably reflected upon the husband. However, I can understand the feelings of one who has been too much in the field to learn those innocent new gallantries. Indeed, I presume that I should thank you for what you believed to be a generous forbearance. But all this does not find me my brother."

And with a sad, gentle smile Count Nicolotto closed his frosty eyes.

Cercamorte, despite all this cooing, received an impression of enmity. As always when danger threatened, he became still and wary, much more resourceful than ordinarily, as if perils were needed to render him complete. Smoothing his vest with his fingers that were flattened from so much sword-work, Lapo said:

"I feel now that I may have been wrong to put such shame upon him. On account of it, no doubt, he has sought retirement. Or maybe he has journeyed abroad, say to Provence, a land free from such out-of-date bunglers as I."

Nicolotto Muti made a deprecatory gesture, then rose with a rustle of his green and yellow scallops, from which was shaken a fragrance of attar.

"My good friend, let us hope so."

It was Foresto who, in the courtyard held Muti's stirrup, and secretly pressed into the visitor's hand a pellet of parchment. For Foresto could write excellent Latin.

No sooner had Count Nicolotto regained his strong town than a shocking rumor spread round—Lapo Cercamorte had made Raffaele Muti's skin into a vest, with which to drive his wife mad.

In those petty Guelph courts, wherever the tender lore of Provence had sanctified the love of troubadour for great lady, the noblemen cried out in fury; the noblewomen, transformed into tigresses, demanded Lapo's death. Old Grangioia and his three sons arrived at the Muti fortress raving for sudden vengeance. There they were joined by others, rich troubadours, backed by many lances, whose rage could not have been hotter had Lapo, that "wild beast in human form," defaced the Holy Sepulchre. At last the Marquis Azzo was forced to reflect:

"Cercamorte has served me well, but if I keep them from him our league may be torn asunder. Let them have him. But he will die hard."

Round the Big Hornets' Nest the crows were thicker than ever.

One cold, foggy evening Lapo Cercamorte at last pushed open his wife's chamber door. Madonna Gemma was alone, wrapped in a fur-lined mantle, warming her hands over an earthen pot full of embers. Standing awkwardly before her, Lapo perceived that her beauty was fading away in this unhappy solitude. On her countenance was no trace of that which he had hoped to see. He swore softly, cast down from feverish expectancy into bewilderment.

"No," he said, at length, his voice huskier than usual, "this cannot continue. You are a flower transplanted into a dungeon, and dying on the stalk. One cannot refashion the past. The future remains. Perhaps you would flourish again if I sent you back to your father?"

He went to the casement with a heavy

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step, and stared through a rent in the oiled linen at the mist, which clung round the castle like a pall.

"Madonna," he continued, more harshly than ever, in order that she might not rejoice at his pain, "I ask pardon for the poorness of my house. Even had my sword made me wealthy, I should not have known how to provide appointments pleasing to a delicate woman. My manners also, as I have learned since our meeting, are unsuitable. The camps were my school, and few ladies came into them. It was not strange that when Raffaele Muti presented himself you should have found him more to your taste. But if on my sudden return I did what I did, and thus prevented him from boasting up and down Lombardy of another conquest, it was because I had regard not only for my honor, but for yours. So I am not asking your pardon on that score."

Lowering her face toward the red embers, she whispered:

"A beast believes all men to be beasts."

"Kiss of Judas! Are women really trapped, then, by that gibberish? Madonna, these miaowing troubadours have concocted a world that they themselves will not live in! Have I not sat swigging in tents with great nobles, and heard all the truth about it? Those fellows always have, besides the lady that they pretend to worship as inviolate, a dozen others with whom the harp-twanging stage is stale."

"All false, every word," Madonna Gemma answered.

"Because ladies choose to think so the game goes on. Well, Madonna, remember this. From the moment when I first saw you I, at least, did you no dishonor, but married you promptly, and sought your satisfaction by the means that I possessed. I was not unaware that few wives come to their husbands with affection. Certainly I did not expect affection from you at the first, but hoped that it might ensue. So even Lapo Cercamorte became a flabby fool, when he met one in comparison with whom all other women seemed mawkish. Since it was such a fit of driveling, let us put an end to it. At sunrise the horses will be ready. Good night."

Leaving her beside the dying embers, he went out upon the ramparts. The fog was impenetrable; one could not even see the light in the sorcerer's window.

"Damned Arabian!" growled Lapo, brandishing his fist. He sat down beside the gate-tower, and rested his chin on his hands.

"How cold it is," he thought, "how lonely and dismal! Warfare is what I need. Dear Lord, let me soon be killing men briskly, and warming myself in the burning streets of Ferrara. That is what I was begotten for. I have been lost in a maze."

Dawn approached, and Lapo was still dozing beside the gate-tower.

With the first hint of light the sentinel challenged; voices answered outside the gate. It was old Grangioia and his sons, calling up that they had come to visit their daughter.

"Well arrived," Lapo grunted, his brain and body sluggish from the chill. He ordered the gate swung open.

Too late, as they rode into the courtyard, he saw that there were nearly a score of them, all with their helmets on. Then in the fog he heard a noise like an avalanche—the clatter of countless steel-clad men scrambling up the hillside.

While running along the wall, Lapo Cercamorte noted that the horsemen were hanging back, content to hold the gate till reinforced. On each side of the courtyard his soldiers were tumbling out of their barracks and fleeing toward the keep, that inner stronghold which was now their only haven. Dropping at last from the ramparts, he joined this retreat. But on gaining the keep he found with him only some thirty of his men; the rest had been caught in their beds.

Old Baldo gave him a coat of mail. Young Foresto brought him his sword and shield. Climbing the keep-wall,

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Cercamorte squinted down into the murky courtyard. That whole place now swarmed with his foes.

Arrows began to fly. A round object sailed through the air and landed in the keep; it was the head of the Arabian.

"Who are these people?" asked Baldo, while rapidly shooting at them with a bow. "There seem to be many knights; half the shields carry devices. Ai! they have fired the barracks. Now we shall make them out."

The flames leaped up in great sheets producing the effect of an infernal noon. The masses in the courtyard, inhuman-looking in their ponderous, barrel-shaped helmets, surged forward at the keep with a thunderous outcry:

"Grangioia! Grangioia! Havoc on Cercamorte!"

"Muti! Muti! Havoc on Cercamorte!"

"God and the Monfalcone!"

"Strike for Zaladino! Havoc on Cercamorte!"

Lapo bared his teeth at them. "By the Five Wounds! half of Lombardy seems to be here. Well, my Baldo, before they make an end of us shall we show them some little tricks?"

"You have said it, Cercamorte. One more good scuffle, with a parade of all our talent."

The assailants tried beams against the keep gate; the defenders shot them down or hurled rocks upon their heads. But on the wall of the keep Cercamorte's half-clad men fell sprawling, abristle with feathered shafts. A beam reached the gate and shook it on its hinges. Lapo, one ear shot away, drew his surviving soldiers back into the hall.

He ordered torches stuck into all the wall-rings, and ranged his men on the dais. Behind them, in the doorway leading to the upper chambers and the high tower, he saw his wife, wild-looking, and whiter than her robe.

"Go back, Madonna. It is only your family calling with some of their friends. I entered Grangioia Castle abruptly; now it is tit for tat."

The crone brought two helmets, which Lapo and Baldo put on. Then, drawing their long swords, they awaited the onset.

The keep gate yielded, and into the hall came rushing a wave of peaked and painted shields. But before the dais the wave paused, since in it were those who could not forego the joy of taunting Lapo Cercamorte before killing him. So, suddenly, all his antagonists contemplated him in silence, as he crouched above them with his sword and shield half raised, his very armor seeming to emanate force, cunning, and peril.

"Foul monster!" a muffled voice shouted. "Now you come to your death!"

"Now we will give your carcass to the wild beasts, your brothers!"

"Let my daughter pass through," bawled old Grangioia; then, receiving no response, struck clumsily at Lapo.

With a twist of his sword Lapo disarmed the old man, calling out:

"Keep off, kinsman! I will not shed Grangioia blood unless you force me to it. Let Muti come forward. Or yonder gentleman dressed up in the white eagles of Este, which should hide their heads with their wings, so long and faithfully have I served them."

But none was ignorant of Cercamorte's prowess; so, after a moment of seething, they all came at him together.

The swordblades rose and fell so swiftly that they seemed to be arcs of light; the deafening clangor was pierced by the howls of the dying. The dais turned red—men slipped on it; Cercamorte's sword caught them; they did not rise. He seemed indeed to wield more swords than one, so terrible was his fighting. At his back stood Baldo, his helmet caved in, his mail shirt in ribbons, his abdomen slashed open. Both at once they saw that all their men were down. Hewing to right and left they broke through, gained the tower staircase, and locked the door behind them.

On the dark stairway they leaned against the wall, their helmets off, gasp-

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ing for breath, while the enemy hammered the door.

"How is it with you?" puffed Lapo, putting his arm round Baldo's neck.

"They have wrecked my belly for me. I am finished."

Lapo Cercamorte hung his head and sobbed, "My old Baldo, my comrade, it is my folly that has killed you."

"No, no. It was only that I had survived too many tussles; then all at once our Lord recalled my case to his mind. But we have had some high times together, eh?"

Lapo, weeping aloud from remorse, patted Baldo's shoulder and kissed his withered cheek. Lamplight flooded the staircase; it was Foresto softly descending. The rays illuminated Madonna Gemma, who all the while had been standing close beside them.

"Lady," said Baldo, feebly, "can you spare me a bit of your veil? Before the door falls I must climb these steps, and that would be easier if I could first bind in my entrails."

They led him upstairs, Lapo on one side, Madonna Gemma on the other, and Foresto lighting the way. They came to the topmost chamber in the high tower—the last room of all.

Here Cercamorte kept his treasures—his scraps of looted finery, the weapons taken from fallen knights, the garrison's surplus of arms. When he had locked the door, and with Foresto's slow help braced some pike-shafts against it, he tried to make Baldo lie down.

The old man vowed profanely that he would die on his feet. Shambling to the casement niche, he gaped forth at the dawn. Below him a frosty world was emerging from the mist. He saw the ring of the ramparts, and in the courtyard the barrack ruins smoldering. Beyond, the hillside also smoked, with shredding vapors; and at the foot of the hill he observed a strange sight—the small figure of a man in tunic and hood, feylike amid the mist, that danced and made gestures of joy. Baldo, clinging to the casement-sill on bending legs, summoned Cercamorte to look at the dancing figure.

"What is it, Lapo? A devil?"

"One of our guests, no doubt," said Cercamorte, dashing the tears from his eyes. "Hark! the door at the foot of the staircase has fallen. Now we come to our parting, old friend."

"Give me a bow and an arrow," cried Baldo, with a rattle in his throat. "Whoever that zany is, he shall not dance at our funeral. Just one more shot, my Lapo. You shall see that I still have it in me."

Cercamorte could not deny him this last whim. He found and strung a bow, and chose the Ghibelline's war-arrow. Behind them, young Foresto drew in his breath with a hiss, laid his hand on his dagger, and turned the color of clay. Old Baldo raised the bow, put all his remaining strength into the draw, and uttered a cracking shout of bliss. The mannikin no longer danced; but toward him, from the hillside, some men in steel were running. Baldo, sinking back into Cercamorte's arms, at last allowed himself to be laid down.

Through the door filtered the rising tumult of the enemy.

Lapo Cercamorte's blood-smeared visage turned businesslike. Before grasping his sword, he bent to rub his palms on the grit of the pavement. While he was stooping, young Foresto unsheathed his dagger, made a catlike step, and stabbed at his master's neck. But quicker than Foresto was Madonna Gemma, who, with a deer's leap, imprisoned his arms from behind. Cercamorte discovered them thus, struggling fiercely in silence.

"Stand aside," he said to her, and, when he had struck Foresto down, "Thank you for that, Madonna. With such spirit to help me, I might have worthy sons. Well, here they come, and this door is a flimsy thing. Get yourself into the casement niche, away from the swing of my blade."

A red trickle was running down his legs; he was standing in a red pool.

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It began again, the splitting of panels, the cracking of hinges. The door was giving; now only the pike-shafts held it. Then came a pause. From far down the staircase a murmur of amazement swept upward; a babble of talk ensued. Silence fell. Cercamorte let out a harsh laugh.

"What new device is this? Does it need so much chicanery to finish one man?"

Time passed, and there was no sound except a long clattering from the courtyard. Of a sudden a new voice called through the broken door:

"Open, Cercamorte. I am one man alone."

"Come in without ceremony . Here I am, waiting to embrace you."

"I am Ercole Azzanera, the Marquis Azzo's cousin, and your true friend. I swear on my honor that I stand here alone with sheathed sword."

Lapo kicked the pike-shafts away, and, as the door fell inward, jumped back on guard. At the threshold, unhelmeted, stood the knight whose long surcoat was covered with the white eagles of Este. He spoke as follows:

"Cercamorte, this array came up against you because it was published that you had killed and flayed Raffaele Muti, and, out of jealous malignancy, were wearing his skin as a vest. But just now a marvelous thing has happened, for at the foot of the hill Raffaele Muti has been found, freshly slain by a wandered arrow. Save for that wound his skin is without flaw. Moreover, he lived and breathed but a moment ago. So the whole tale was false, and this war against you outrageous. All the gentlemen who came here have gone away in great amazement and shame, leaving me to ask pardon for what they have done. Forgive them, Cercamorte, in the name of Christ, for they believed themselves to be performing a proper deed."

And when Lapo found no reply in his head, Ercole Azzanera, with a humble bow, descended from the high tower and followed the others away.

Lapo Cercamorte sat down on a stool. "All my good men," he murmured, "and my dear gossip, Baldo! My castle rushed by so shabby a ruse; my name a laughing-stock! And the Marquis Azzo gave them my house as one gives a child a leaden gimcrack to stamp on. All because of this damned vest, this silly talisman which was to gain me her love. 'In the name of Christ,' says my friend, Ercole Azzanera. By the Same! if I live I will go away to the heathen, for there is no more pleasure in Christendom."

So he sat for a while, maundering dismally, then stood up and made for the door. He reeled. He sank down with a clash. Madonna Gemma, stealing out from the casement niche, knelt beside him, peered into his face, and ran like the wind down the staircase. In the hall, with lifted robe she sped over the corpses of Cercamorte's soldiers, seeking wine and water. These obtained, she flew back to Lapo. There the crone found her. Between them those two dragged him down to Madonna Gemma's chamber, stripped him, tended his wounds, and hoisted him into the bed.

Flat on his back, Cercamorte fought over all his battles. He quarreled with Baldo. Again he pondered anxiously outside Madonna Gemma's door. He instructed the Arabian to fashion him a charm that would overspread his ugly face with comeliness, change his uncouthness into gentility. He insisted on wearing the vest, the under side of which was scribbled with magical signs.

Madonna Gemma sat by the bed all day, and lay beside him at night. On rising, she attired herself in a vermilion gown of Eastern silk. Into her golden tresses she braided the necklaces that he had offered her. Her tapering, milky fingers sparkled with rings. Her former beauty had not returned—another, greater beauty had taken its place.

A day came when he recognized her face. Leaning down like a flower of paradise, she kissed his lips.

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CHEMISTRY FOR EVERY MAN

BY ELLWOOD HENDRICK

LET us begin with a little homily on fashions and styles. They dominate us, and we may as well admit it. Probably not a man of us would be willing to walk down street in a hunter's pink coat, even though the day were cold, the coat warm, and the fit comfortable. We are, all of us, and I confess it for myself, afraid to be different from other people, or even to appear so. We live in the chains of convention, and most of us glory in our shackles. We follow the human bell-wether in his goings-out and his comings-in, in his dress, his habits, his virtues, and his vices; and we follow him in his thoughts.

It is, however, abundantly worth while, I think, to wander off occasionally by ourselves in meditation, and to consider in what kind of a world we might be living if we were to follow other leadings and were to think differently from our accustomed ways of thinking. In what follows it will be my purpose to imagine that it were the fashion to know something of chemistry; that whoever lacked this understanding would be deemed ignorant, and that, being ashamed to acknowledge ignorance, we should all profess to have a chemical conscience. There would doubtless be hypocrites among us—those who, professing a chemical conscience, had no conscience at all. But persons of this sort we have always with us, and if convention required such a profession from them, it might be that even out of their hypocrisy the lesser evil would develop.

Therefore, I shall imagine that chemistry, which has more to do intimately with the processes of life than any other study—it is broader than physiology, which teaches us the functions of organs, while chemistry teaches us their operations—I shall imagine, I repeat, that chemistry were in the public mind, and that the chemical view of things were incorporated in the *mores*, in the customs, in the folkways. This is not the case at present. We study the subject and practise it in the laboratory and in the works; but we do not take it home with us. Let us avail ourselves of some very simple, some very homely examples to make this point clear.

Suppose a chemist's wife or his mother or sister buys a number of yards of cloth to be made into a gown. It is to be a winter gown, and its purpose, as distinguished from a summer garment, is to keep her warm. She wants it to be of wool, because she knows by experience that wool is warmer than cotton or linen. In making the purchase she asks the clerk in the store if it is all wool, and she is assured that it is. The clerk does not know except that the buyer said so, and the chances are that the buyer does not know except that the jobber from whom he purchased it said so. And the jobber does not know except that a manufacturer's agent said so, and he may have been at slight pains to find out. We know very well that if we boil a little sliver of the goods in a test-tube in a solution of caustic soda the wool will dissolve, and the cotton will not; it is one of the simplest tests that can be made, and it can be accomplished in five minutes. But I doubt if one in a thousand chemists does this thing. So the wife or mother may buy goods supposed to be woolen that are in large part cotton, and she may, and often does, catch cold because of this fact.

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Again, suppose the cloth to be all wool, as guaranteed, but to be made of stuff woven and sold and worn and discarded and recovered so many times that the fibers are not long enough to hold the material together, and that the cloth is more like a film of putty than a well-woven fabric. It may have a fine finish and yet lack the strength to hold its shape. A glance through a cheap microscope will reveal this—but how many of us have a microscope in the house for testing fabrics and groceries? The act is simplicity itself, but how many of us practise it?

This may sound like scolding, but, if so, I assure you it is directed as much against myself as against anybody else. We do not make these easy tests because others do not make them. It seems so hard—indeed, almost impossible, to be different from others, and it is so easy to imitate them and to follow after them.

If chemistry were a conscious subject in the public mind, it is probable that one of the greatest of the arts, which is also within the domain of science, the art of cooking, would receive the attention it deserves. Let us imagine ourselves to be beings from another planet —from Mars, for instance—engaged in observing the habits of men and women of this earth. Let us also consider ourselves to be enlightened in science, and without prejudice. Then we might report to our Martian authorities upon American habits in relation to food and clothing in this fashion:

"Our observations in the temperate zone of the North American continent lead us to believe that the people suffer from a confusion of the senses. According to their very curious customs, they fashion their clothes rather with an eye to appearance than for purposes of warmth, or covering qualities, or comfort. More particularly in the eastern and central parts of the great republic their summer weather is of a tropical nature; nevertheless, their men wear clothes of wool throughout the hot season. Now wool is, from the structure of its fibers, the warmest of their fabrics, and it is only with difficulty that it may be made clean. They have other fabrics, of cotton and of linen, which provide easy passage of air, and which, therefore, are much more suitable for hot weather, and they may be washed again and again without deteriorating. Every passing breeze which the wearer of cotton or linen encounters causes his perspiration to evaporate, and by this endothermic process his skin is cooled in the hottest weather. Nevertheless, very few men wear such fabrics. Custom demands wool, which is neither cool nor cleanly in their tropic summers. Therefore, American men, both rich and poor alike, persevere throughout their seasons of extreme heat in wearing these expensive, unclean, and uncomfortable garments.

"More remarkable still are their methods of preparing food. Eating and drinking are the most intimate processes known to man, because what he consumes is about to become a part of his very self. Here we observe that, in relation to food, women care more for its appearance than for its taste, whereas men usually care more for its taste and odor than for its appearance. Nevertheless, the preparation of foods is assigned chiefly to women. Cooking, which is a chemical art, is not generally treated either as a science or as an art, but rather as a trade. Now it is a science and an art at the same time, but we also note that among these curious people science and art are not yet even wedded. Occasionally we have observed cooking carried on as a science, with calories measured and proteins, carbohydrates, etc., duly recorded, but it is nearly always done without the illumination of art, without imagination; and usually it fails to please, because it fails esthetically; because, in a gastronomic sense, it is an ugly thing, offensive both to taste and smell, or else it is, in the same sense, so inert as to be repulsive. Some food chemists, and occasionally some medical authorities on diseases of the digestive

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tract, never seem to realize that the process of eating consists, first, in stimulation; second, mastication; and third, digestion.

"Man is so constructed that he needs the ministration of art on every hand—but he does not seem to realize it, except when he suffers from ennui; and then he usually attributes this to some other cause; he is likely, for instance, to find fault with the proper scientific preparation of his food on the false premise that if it is chemically correct it must be esthetically wrong.

"The kitchen, or laboratory, in which his food is prepared is usually placed in the basement, or back of his dwelling-place, so that it occupies the least desirable part of the house. The women of his family strive to avoid the work entailed in the preparation of eatables, and prefer to pay large sums to have it done badly rather than to do it themselves. Kitchen and scullery are usually combined in the same room, so that all the gross work of cleansing and peeling and cutting up is made part of the cooking. They do not distinguish between the labor of the scullion and the art of the cook. They combine in one the least agreeable and the most honorable duties of the household.

"They have not yet reached the stage in which the master of the house is also the cook, for the reason that he should not intrust this delicate and important art to anybody else. Let us consider the improvement which such a change in their customs would bring about. It is a mistake to declare that the men would not have the time. Most men do not work over eight hours a day in that country, and the claim that when the day's work is over the head of the family is too tired to do anything is an error in psychology. He is not too tired to read his paper or to play a game of billiards at his club or elsewhere, or, as he frequently did until lately, to sit down and drink a considerable measure of ethyl alcohol mixed with water, sugar, and fragrant ethers, esters, and other organic bodies, at some place on his way home.

"Good form would require of him that he be an artist in respect to cookery, and he would therefore be ashamed to be incompetent, or ignorant of its refinements. He would surely be expected to cook the repast if he entertained his friends, because to offer his friends food for the cooking of which he was not responsible would be a confession of his incompetence and ignorance. It would be a far greater social disability for a man of years to be unable to cook than for a young man to be unable to dance.

"Americans are wasting their substance and using up the proper inheritance of their children by the high cost of their living. The reason for this is plain. They do not know how to cook; they do not know the gustatory value of herbs; the women they employ to prepare their nourishment know cooking merely as a trade, and they lack the culture and imagination to make savory dishes of any but the most expensive materials. Under intelligent guidance the cost of food might be reduced in remarkable measure and a better order of living attained. Under such circumstances the kitchen and the dining-room would be one, while the scullery would be a place apart. The scientific householder would insist that his materials be made ready; he would compute a proper balance of food values; he would operate with test-tubes for his flavors and with scales for his proportions; and so great is the possible variety that no two meals would be alike. He could maintain laboratory cleanliness instead of kitchen cleanliness, which would be a marked step in hygienic advance; and of every evening meal he could make a feast.

"In their prehistoric days—when high orders of civilization also reigned—the smell of cookery was so pleasant that burnt-offerings were made to the gods, to the end that they might enjoy the savory incense from them. Americans now claim that the smell of cooking is offensive to them, but with methods available for controlled draughts, and

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electric and gas cooking, the preparation of the evening meal could well be made a pleasurable ceremony.

"The responsibility for artistic cookery on the part of every householder would develop other arts in life, and it is these which are most needed. If a man lacked the intelligence to learn the chemistry of foods and the esthetic capacity to prepare them so as to make life more enjoyable and agreeable, he might well pass for a worthy person, but he would have to acknowledge himself a dullard in the graces of life, and take the consequences."

So much for the comments of the imaginary Martians. Now let us come to earth again, while our visitors fly back to their home planet, and let us proceed to imagine how things would be if we had, all of us, a chemical conscience. What should we say to a high-pressure steam locomotive? As boys, of course, we should want to drive it, but as men we should be irritated by its waste. What should we say to digging coal at the mines—and wasting it in the digging . . . and breaking it in breakers—and wasting some . . . and grading it—and wasting some . . . and transporting it —and wasting some . . . and weighing and storing and loading it on trucks, and reweighing and trucking and delivering —and wasting a lot more—and the stevedore work of storing it in our cellars, and burning it in our wasteful furnaces and grates and kitchen stoves? It would offend us, and we should insist on a better order of things. We know better now, but, I repeat, we lack the chemical conscience to insist that such wasteful methods of exhausting our great heritage of the fossil heat of the sun be abolished. And we should demand better ways.

What should we think of Niagara Falls? I can but reply by using an idea proposed by my friend, Dr. Arthur D. Little, of Boston, who drew a picture of that vast power of falling water put to human use, and beside this another picture—that of a huge bonfire of coal, maintained as an international show, capable of developing the same measure of power to offset it. He visualized the many thousand miners at work, the trains running day and night, and the coal fed to the great fire in chutes, making a colossal, a magnificent, exhibition. But for how long should we allow such a waste to go on, increasing, as it would, the cost of living to us all? That falling water, however, not put to use does have the effect of just such a great, wasteful bonfire, and by our very neglect to use it we do increase our costs of living in the exact measure as if computed in terms of burning coal.

We need a quickened sense of the chemistry of things. We are living in a sort of fool's paradise in which we are increasing prices and rents and wages and costs until, unless we take heed, we shall not be able to sell a cotton handkerchief in competition with any other country that makes them—and we need chemistry to save us, to help us economize. Chemistry aids industries; that is already established, although many industries are laggard in research. But our more immediate need is to bring it into daily life. We must, for instance, find some bleaching agent other than chlorine for the family wash. Chemical industry furnishes the chlorine in one form or another to the laundries, and the laundries can stand it, but the families cannot. A Fellow of the Mellon Institute made some experiments with men's collars to determine the effect of chlorine bleach. He laundered one series with bleach and another control series without it, and the bleached collars broke after seven to nine washings, while the unbleached stood twenty-five washings. Threads which broke when a weight of 1,725 grams was attached to them were washed and bleached twenty times and then a weight of 100 grams broke them. It is economically wrong to go on making and destroying cotton cloth that way—especially when cotton is both scarce and expensive. On the other hand, there is no reason why we should not sprinkle our streets with chlorinated

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water in the interest of good health. That is something we "haven't got around to" yet, although the experiment was tried, once, over a small area, in Philadelphia, for a little while, without keeping any records, and, since nobody noticed anything, the plan was given up. In the mean time we let our streets go foul, and literally we rend our garments with chlorine, in the name of progress!

To wander away from the household, the kitchen, the washtub, and the things of every day, it would be of great advantage to us if chemical thought, or, rather, thoughts in regard to chemistry, were more frequent, more general, more common. I am not singing the praises of chemical jargon; what I have in mind is a more general understanding and imagination in chemistry. In this respect the Postulates of Irving Langmuir bid fair to be of singular helpfulness. They aid us to picture what happens in every chemical reaction, from a lighted candle to the complex problems of laboratory research. We can only touch lightly on this immense work.

Langmuir holds with the brilliant but lamented Mosely, who was killed as a common soldier at the battle of Gallipoli, at the age, as I recall it, of twenty-four, that the atomic number of each element in the Periodic table, beginning with hydrogen as No. 1; helium as 2; lithium, No. 3, etc., down to uranium, No. 92, is also an index of the positive charges upon the nucleus of its atom. The 92 possible elements are numbered from 1 to 92 accordingly as their atomic weights increase. Then the atomic number would also indicate the number of electrons in each atom, because the electrons are negatively charged, and we assume a negative charge to offset each positive charge. Now Langmuir proposes that the habitat of each electron in an atom is circumscribed, and that their positions, one beyond the other, are in layers, and that the outside of every atom, except those of hydrogen and helium, may be considered, as to the average positions of its electrons, as a tetrahedron; as approximating the form of a cube—like a child's toy block. There is a place for an electron at every one of its eight corners. Helium is perfectly balanced with a pair of electrons opposite a pair of positive charges, while all the other inert gases are perfectly balanced, with every available space, both within and at the so-called corners of the outer cubes, taken up by an electron. The atoms of these gases are, therefore, complete symmetrical entities, and for that reason they do not form molecules, and they are inert; they do not combine. In no other element than the inert gases is every one of the eight corners of the cube or spaces in what he calls the outer shell of the molecule occupied by an electron.

He postulates that while electrons normally repel one another, in the presence of positive charges they group themselves in pairs and in groups of eight, and that this drive to frame themselves up into pairs or octets is greater than the electrostatic force which holds them in position on the outer layer of atoms. And he makes this taking and giving of pairs of electrons among atoms and molecules *the basis of all chemical combination and reaction.* When, then, an atom or group of atoms loses or gains electrons, so that its number of electrons is either greater or less than the positive charges upon the nucleus, it becomes an ion. This stands to reason, because under the conditions stated it is bound to be either positively or negatively charged.

Now if this theory works out as well in practice as it promises to do, we shall have some remarkable means of making evident chemical reactions. By the help of these or other theories we shall be able to see in imagination the various and sundry steps of every chemical reaction, and we shall get much farther ahead than we do now. If we could see clearly in imagination the molecules of those organic bodies which produce dyes—in short, if we could develop stereochemistry to such a degree that we could build

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up molecules by means of blocks properly designated to indicate the component atoms, and with hooks affixed for bonds, we should know what we want; we should avoid unnecessary experiment, and we should advance chemistry in a remarkable measure. In the great domain of olfactory phenomena we should, with a better understanding of the forms of molecules and of the forces within them, get beyond the technology of the perfume industry and study the processes of this Cinderella of the human senses.

Of course the chemistry of olfactics is not chemistry for every man. I confess frankly that it reaches clear beyond chemistry for me. But, as we have set forth in another essay, we have in our noses the only human organ whereby we may become cognizant of matter in an extraordinary state of attenuation. If chemists can teach mankind that the human nose is worth while for this very reason, they will have made a far greater contribution to humanity than the discovery of coal-tar dyes or high-speed steel, or anything else that increases wealth without increasing our understanding. Chemistry has made marvelous contributions to technology and to wealth; it has provided important advances in the art of maintaining health and combating disease. Now let us hope that it will make still greater contributions which will aid in the development of the human mind and human understanding.

Still another subject on which we need light is the labile nature of living matter. The reversible status of, for instance, proteins and amino acids, of glycogen and sugar, of the innumerable reversible and irreversible processes of metabolism, should be made comprehensible and opened up to us, so that we may get closer to nature and reach deeper into the processes of life. When the understanding of these things is clear to chemists somebody will be able to explain them. Of course it is not to be expected that every man will comprehend every process, step by step, but if this is done by chemists, then chemists will comprehend also the principles of the reaction, and it is the philosophy of these which every man should know.

A clearer sense of atoms and molecules will also make for a far more clear-cut understanding of things beyond chemistry. We have tried, for instance, to grasp astronomic magnitudes and geologic ages, and in our religious concepts these have influenced us. I want to say, in all reverence, that I believe we have, many of us, tended to push away from us the idea of divinity, the sense of God that we may have, by these very attributes of infinite vastness of space and of power and of might. We have not welcomed into our consciousness the recognition that powers and potentialities clear beyond our grasp are to be found in the infinitely minute as well as in the infinitely great. We shall find high illumination here. I verily believe that as we grow in understanding of nature we shall see deeper mysteries, and that in this knowledge we may approach nearer to Divinity—the Divinity that will always be far beyond us, because of our limited capacities to explore and to understand. I believe there is a nobler, a finer, and a more reverent understanding awaiting us as we approach nearer the Truth.

In other words, we are still too far away from the chemistry of things, and the whole world lacks enough familiarity with it to put it to every-day use in thinking. If we can carry our chemical philosophy home with us it will help to avoid waste, to live better at less cost, and thus to save more, to improve our habits of life and mind, to put an end to public waste and the waste of our national estate; it will help us to add one of our five senses, now sorely neglected, to the development of life and understanding; it will develop the imagination, and give us a more comprehensive sense of religion, the while it also gives us a clearer understanding of life. This is chemistry for every man!

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THE MATCH-MAKER

BY VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN

MISS LANSING was speaking, and young Buller held up his hand as though to compel attention—something is coming; don't miss it.

"In the chord of human experience, while man may be the dominant, woman is certainly the tonic element."

As Miss Lansing's voice, somewhat steely-edged, came to a full, impressive stop, young Buller clapped his hands softly. "Thumb-nail sketches—what!" he gurgled. "Snapped, developed, printed, and framed while you wait—that's Cora."

Miss Lansing looked distinctly annoyed. "You always will be putting in your oar, Bully," she said, coldly, "before you know which way the boat is going. Incidentally, you are due at the Drayton's at five. Go get your hat."

"It doesn't matter in the least—" he began, but Miss Lansing overruled the objection with a wave of the hand.

"Hop in!" she commanded.

The driving wheels of Miss Lansing's roadster bit viciously into the gravel and the car disappeared down the Country Club driveway, with young Buller making fatuous attempts to keep his broad-brimmed straw in place.

"It's a shame the way Cora Lansing treats poor Bully," remarked Alice Appleton, with more warmth than the circumstances seemed to warrant. "People who won't take the trouble to reel in their fish ought to be ruled off the river."

Mrs. Pruyn Maxon, thinking over the matter as she motored homeward, felt inclined to agree with Miss Appleton. The *affaire* Lansing-Buller had been going on now for an unconscionable length of time, and its termination appeared as far distant as ever. The business just dragged along; or, rather, it was young Buller who was being paraded up and down the market-place, bound to the wheels of Miss Lansing's glittering chariot; the scandal was becoming a public one.

Mrs. Maxon's interest in the amatory fortunes of her fellow-creatures was altruistic in nature, but it must be admitted that she enjoyed the playing of the game; we all take pleasure in the practice of an art at which we are accounted proficient. Even kindly disposed people made no bones about calling Mrs. Maxon a match-maker; persons of more ungenerous disposition dubbed her the *Shatchen;* finally, to scores of young ladies and gentlemen, she was their communal "Aunt Lou," a veritable tower of defense against their natural enemies, the tribe of parents and guardians—infallible in counsel, fertile in expedient, a never-failing source of sympathy and understanding. Here now was a situation to test her mettle, and Mrs. Maxon was never one to let a challenger's glove lie unlifted. The very next afternoon she happened to be driving down the High, and so spied young Buller sauntering in a direction undoubtedly Lansingward. With prompt decision Mrs. Maxon annexed the young gentleman and bore him off to the "Cedars," intent upon inaugurating that process of scientific dissection which philanthropists nowadays are pleased to call a survey.

Over the teacups the conversation speedily became confidential.

"Cora Lansing is a nice girl," began Mrs. Maxon.

"Yes," agreed young Buller.

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"Has it ever occurred to you that she is not an altogether happy woman?"

Young Buller stared at his hostess in unaffected surprise. "Cora!" he stammered. "Why—why she's the best comp'ny ever; anybody 'll tell you so."

"Precisely. As she says herself, people invite her to their dinner parties if for no other reason than to take the curse off the Constitutional Amendment; it's quite as effective as cocktails."

"And cheaper."

"She said that, too, didn't she?"

"Yes," admitted young Buller.

"And yet people don't exactly like her."

"Perhaps it's because she's so ar'f'ly quick and clever," suggested the young man. "You know she is always catchin' somebody up. "I don't mind it myself," he added, loyally.

"No, Bully; you understand better than most people. But you don't know everything."

"Unhappy!" pondered young Buller, "Cora Lansing! Why there isn't anything she hasn't got or couldn't have—no end of a good-looker, with oceans of money, goes everywhere! I think you're quite mistaken, Mrs. Maxon.

"And yet even Cora Lansing needs something to round off her life. You know what I mean."

Young Buller colored. "She can drop the handkerchief where she likes," he asserted, doggedly.

"But suppose there is only one man entitled to pick it up. You know she can't exactly hand it to him," continued Mrs. Maxon. "Suppose again that you happen to be that man."

Young Buller found no appropriate means of expression.

"Has that idea never occurred to you?"

"Honest, Mrs. Maxon, I don't know what you're drivin' at. Cora—why Cora always treats me—well, just like any other chap would."

"How about yourself?"

Young Buller considered for a moment; then, frankly: "I give you my word, Mrs. Maxon, I never though of such a thing. It isn't— Why, it *couldn't* be."

"Why not?"

"A girl like Cora! While you know I *am* a bit thick, I dessay I'm useful to her in a way—sort of scenery and background."

"Yes, and orchestra and Greek chorus, and lights and properties, and all the other accessories that help to keep the leading lady in the spotlight. There was a time, John Buller, when I thought Cora Lansing only wanted somebody who would be content to play up to her, that she was satisfied with keeping the center of the stage. I know better now."

"Young Buller was silent again; he took a fresh cigarette.

"There's one more certainty to be established," pursued the inquisitor, relentlessly. "Do you care for her?"

"Yes, I do, Mrs. Maxon. But I didn't realize it myself until just now. Dessay you quite put it into my head."

"Very well; go in and get her."

"No use"; and young Buller sighed miserably.

"See here, Bully, of course you can't expect to bet on a certainty. You couldn't ask one woman to actually betray another."

"Cert'nly not," agreed young Buller with such confiding innocence that Mrs. Maxon almost laughed in his face.

But let me call your attention to one or two things whose significance may have escaped you. It's quite true that Cora Lansing doesn't hesitate to score off you in public. But she won't let any one else make a fool of you. Have you noticed that?"

"Well, there was that English singer-Johnny," said Mr. Buller, meditatively. "Eric Mildmay, you know. Thought he'd get gay with me one night at the Ritz, and I had nothing but a swift punch to hand him back. And then Cora cut in: 'I attended your song-recital last night, Mr. Mildmay. And I thought the audience listened so very—' 'Beg pardon,' says Mildmay, 'but I didn't

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catch that last word.' 'So very politely, Mr. Mildmay?' Wow!" and young Buller laughed heartily at the recollection.

"Secondly," went on Mrs. Maxon, "is Cora in the habit of making engagements with you and then breaking them at short notice, or no notice at all?"

"Not a bit of it. Cora is one good little sportsman, and she wouldn't dream of lettin' a feller down."

Mrs. Maxon smiled cynically. "Women don't bother much about masculine codes when the game is fairly in sight," she said. "If need be, she can doff her sportsmanship quite as quickly and easily as she does her sport-coat."

"Oh, Mrs. Maxon, I wouldn't say that —not really!"

"And yet, now and then, she doesn't hesitate to dump somebody else—I use your own elegant figure of speech—in your favor. For instance, you telephoned at the last minute Saturday asking her to play golf. And she did so, although she had a positive engagement for bridge that same afternoon."

"How do you know?"

"It was *my* bridge," retorted Mrs. Maxon, crushingly.

"But we'll settle this question once and for all," she went on. "Are you free for dinner Friday night?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'll see if I can get Cora to come, and then I'll invite the new curate to balance up. You can listen in on the extension in the library; I may need your powers of persuasion."

Mrs. Maxon took down the telephone receiver and young Buller, wearing a very serious expression, walked into the adjoining library.

"Mrs. Maxon to speak with Miss Lansing. . . . That you, Cora? . . . How do? . . . I'm having the Reverend Mr. Hooper—our new curate, you know—in for dinner Friday, and want you to help square out the party. . . . What's that? . . . You are going to week-end with your sister? . . . That's too bad, for the other man is John Buller, and he was going to make it an opportunity to propose to you—"

Mrs. Maxon smiled as she heard the receiver in the library fall with a crash on the glass-covered table; a moment later it was jammed back on the hook and young Buller, very tense and pale, appeared at the door.

"Wait till I send for you," commanded Mrs. Maxon, and he had to obey.

A few minutes later Mrs. Maxon was listening unmoved to a flood of somewhat incoherent expostulations.

"The answer to all that," remarked the lady, calmly, "is that Cora is putting off her sister and will dine here Friday. Now, don't play the silly goat, Bully. Of course she hadn't the faintest idea that you were listening in—"

"I wasn't," interrupted young Buller, passionately. "The instant I understood what a terrible thing you had said I let the whole business go to Ballyhack; good job, too, if there isn't a crack in your glass table-top. How could you!" he added, in poignant reproach.

"But Cora doesn't know that you are aware of the situation, and so it won't be in the least embarrassing. Honestly, now, is there any earthly reason why you shouldn't ask her?"

"I'll be perfectly straight with you, Aunt Lou— I beg your pardon—I mean Mrs. Maxon."

"Might as well call me that to my face. Besides, I like it."

"Aunt Lou, then. There is one reason —or, rather, there was. Cora is a rich woman and I am a poor man—just my two hundred dollars a month with the motor-car people."

Mrs. Maxon nodded.

"But I needn't hesitate on that account any longer. Jim McPherson put me in on the ground floor with one of those southern oil strikes, and it has turned out big. I could sell to-morrow for six figures."

"To-morrow!" Mrs. Maxon's voice had a peculiar intonation.

"But of course I'm holding on for the

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top. Anyway, it gives me the right to speak to Cora."

"And you will—on Friday night?"

"I don't see how I can get out of it—the way you have me sewed up," grinned young Buller, cheerfully.

"Be quite sure of yourself."

"No fear! I know what I want now, and a thousand thanks to you—Aunt Lou." Young Buller bent for one voiceless, grateful instant over Mrs. Maxon's still very pretty hand; then he was gone.

Mrs. Maxon smiled faintly. This had been almost too easy; something like giving candy to children.

But it wasn't so easy, after all. On that particular Friday night matters had proceeded, at first, with really ominous smoothness. But when Mrs. Maxon, bored to extinction by curatian platitudes, had finally given the reverend gentleman his *congé* and had boldly walked into the library, she found the principals in her comedy sitting in stony silence on either side of the big, empty fireplace.

"Well?" she asked, and looked from one to the other.

"*L'homme propose; femme dispose,*" remarked Miss Lansing, audaciously, as she rose to her feet. "Can I set you down anywhere, Bully? No? Sorry! So good of you, Mrs. Maxon, to have me in. . . . Yes, I am going on to Polly the first thing in the morning." Then she was gone; neither Mrs. Maxon nor young Buller were afterward quite certain how she had managed to get out of the house and into her motor so expeditiously.

Mrs. Maxon turned on John Buller. "Now, then?" she almost snapped out.

"I won't have a word said against Cora," he said, eagerly. "It's just that you and I were horribly mistaken."

"Yes?"

"At first it seemed to be all right. I dessay I didn't speak my piece very well; I *am* such a bonehead. But I did manage to get it out, and she listened with her chin in her hand, turnin' just a bit away. I couldn't help feelin' encouraged, and suddenly—"

"Suddenly!" echoed Mrs. Maxon.

"I leaned over her; I don't know exactly yet what I was intendin' to do—"

"*Will* you go on?" demanded Mrs. Maxon, when the pause, due to young Buller's abstraction, had grown unendurable.

"Why she just *flung* herself away. 'Don't touch me! Don't you dare!' and her eyes were black all over. And then she plump up and told me that she hated me—'I hate you!' were her very words."

"Phooh!" exploded Mrs. Maxon, relievedly. "Is that all?"

"Is that all?" mechanically repeated the stupefied young Buller.

"It just goes to show," ruminated Mrs. Maxon, "that we old hands have still a lot to learn. There's Cora Lansing who boasted that she had never owned a thimble and who dressed as nearly like a man as the police would stand for! Cora Lansing with her polo-playing and her running for alderman, her navy-yeomanning and her birth-controlling—great feminist stuff, wasn't it! And then, the instant that the door opened into the real world, this ridiculous creature who talked deep down in her boots and wore two gold service stripes, made a grab for her hairpins and shouted: '*Place aux dames!*' It's too supremely disgusting!"

Young Buller comprehended but little of this tirade. What could I have done to offend her?" he ventured.

"Offended! Nothing of the sort; just plain scared!" If Mrs. Maxon had been a lady of less exalted social degree one would have said that she fairly snorted out this last word.

"But what frightened her?"

"You."

"I!"

"For the first time in her life Cora Lansing realized that a man was knocking at the gate, and that he intended to come in. Being a woman, she obeyed her elemental instinct to run away.

"Of course, if you hadn't been the right man," continued Mrs. Maxon,

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"HOW COULD YOU!" HE ADDED, IN POIGNANT REPROACH

"she would have acted just as she has always done—told you to go away, perhaps hastening your departure by a bucket of cold water from a hypothetical upper window."

"Then you think—you think—"

"I don't think; I know. Try again the instant that she returns from town; she'll be all door-mat. By this time she is scared to death for fear that she has lost you."

It took much repetition of this sort of argument before young Buller professed himself convinced of the truth of Mrs. Maxon's diagnosis. But finally he departed, somewhat chastened in spirit and yet hopeful. You *had* to believe Mrs. Maxon so long as she had her eye on you.

The *status quo* was destroyed two days later by a note from young Buller to Mrs. Maxon. It read:

DEAR MRS. MAXON, — You've been awfully good to me, but it's no use trying again. Bookwalter Extension—that's my oil stock, you know—has cracked wide open and I'm poorer than ever. That settles it.

Yours faithfully, JOHN BULLER.

Miss Lansing sat opposite to Mrs. Maxon in the inquisitorial chamber.

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"That's the situation," concluded the elder lady, "and now you know what you've got to do."

"*Got* to do," repeated Miss Lansing, defiantly.

"Unless you are prepared to turn him over to Alice Appleton. She is only waiting for an opening."

"To throw myself at a man's head—me!" Miss Lansing tried to speak with stern finality, but in spite of herself her voice trembled; the ultra-masculine stock about her neck was stifling her.

"Why not? It's a truism nowadays that we women do the pursuing."

"I couldn't! I couldn't!"

"Cora Lansing, in another minute I shall shake you! John Buller has offered himself. What more can he do? Remember that Bookwalter Extension has gone to bits. You've read his letter."

Miss Lansing compressed her lips obstinately.

"They say that Alice Appleton is a wonderful manager," remarked Mrs. Maxon, reflectively. "I dare say she could convince Bully that his two hundred a month can be stretched out indefinitely."

"What do you want me to do, Aunt Lou?" asked Miss Lansing in a wonderfully altered tone of voice.

"Would you mind touching that button behind you?"

The two ladies were sitting in the library. On the wall, back of the sofa occupied by Miss Lansing, there was a curious-looking switch; she contemplated it doubtfully.

"What do I do?" she asked.

"Put the switch on the post marked 'On.' That's it; thank you."

No servant appeared to answer the summons, but apparently Mrs. Maxon did not notice the dereliction in duty; she turned commandingly to Miss Lansing.

"Do you care enough for John Buller to marry him?" she demanded. "Yes or no?"

"Yes." (The word was almost inaudible.)

"Louder."

"Y-e-s." (The hesitation was very marked.)

"I want to know."

"Yes, I do." (No mistake about it this time; Miss Lansing meant what she said.)

"He can't propose to you again; you understand that?"

"Yes."

"And so you'll have to ask him. Will you?"

(Silence.)

"And you call yourself a feminist! Will you?"

(Silence.)

"Third and last time of asking."

"I will."

"Good! I'll arrange the same *partie carrée* for next Tuesday night when I believe Mr. Hooper is free. Bully I can always get. That's understood?"

"Yes, Mrs. Maxon."

"After the curate goes you two can have the library to yourselves. Remember that your offer is to be made in clear and unmistakable terms; and, finally, that you will not take no for an answer. Speak up now."

"Yes, Aunt Lou."

"That's all." Mrs. Maxon sauntered over to the sofa, and manipulated the wall-switch with labored unostentation. "We dine at seven. Now run along."

"And don't worry over that presentation speech to Bully," continued Mrs. Maxon as they walked to the door. "I'll guarantee that you'll have no difficulty in getting it off—not the slightest."

"I feel already as though I were going around in my low-necked soul," returned Miss Lansing, smiling faintly. "But I'll do what I said; no fear."

The dinner party for four did assemble on that succeeding Tuesday night, although Mrs. Maxon had rather more trouble with Mr. Buller than she had anticipated. That stiff-necked young man insisted that the fall in his personal fortunes precluded absolutely any further effort on his part.

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SHE FOUND THE PRINCIPALS IN HER COMEDY SITTING IN STONY SILENCE

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"Then Mohammed must go to the mountain," retorted Mrs. Maxon.

Young Buller looked mystified.

"Cora proposes—you understand."

"You're joking, Mrs. Maxon!"

"See here, Bully, did you mean what you said when you asked Cora Lansing to marry you?"

"Cert'nly I did. But you know why I can't say it again."

"Very good; but Cora is not going to allow any outworn conventions to stand in the way of a sensible settlement of the question; she is too big and fine a woman for that. She demands a hearing, and you can't refuse to listen."

"I'm not so sure about the demandin' part of it," said young Buller, acutely. "Aren't you crowdin' her just a little bit, Aunt Lou?"

"Never you mind as to that, John Buller. It's my business to see that two decent people don't make hopeless idiots of themselves. *And I'm going to do it.* I shall expect you Tuesday."

"Yes, I'll be there. But remember that I'm comin' to see fair play. *And I'm going to do that.*" With this enigmatical declaration young Buller marched off. Mrs. Maxon permitted herself the luxury of a quiet smile. "Couldn't be better," she murmured under her breath.

The dinner party was saved by the Reverend Mr. Hooper, who was in the best of spirits and who told several stories with immense gusto at the expense of the archdeacon of Norwich and Norris. After dinner he even favored the company with several extracts from *The Seven Deadly Sins: a Dramatic Apology*—"a little thing of my own," he remarked with honest pride. "I shall do myself the honor of sending you a copy when it is published," he went on, looking expectantly at Miss Lansing.



"AFTER THE CURATE GOES YOU CAN HAVE THE LIBRARY TO YOURSELVES"

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"I TOLD YOU THAT ONE WOMAN NEVER BETRAYS ANOTHER WOMAN'S CONFIDENCE"

"I shall lose no time in reading it," returned the lady non-committally. After that the conversation languished, until, at half after eight, Mr. Hooper was obliged to take his leave, a meeting of the united guilds of the parish, as he explained; he chirped his adieus and cheerfully trotted away.

"For all the world like a respectable young parrot going to preside at a session of the Esperanto Congress," observed Miss Lansing.

"Shall we go into the library?" said Mrs. Maxon.

She led the way and the young people followed meekly.

"Did you ever hear of the magnetophone?" she asked.

Miss Lansing and young Buller both pleaded ignorance.

"Well, it's a rather remarkable variation of the ordinary phonograph. Conversation, even in a low tone, is picked up and transferred, by magnetic induction, to a fine steel wire that runs between revolving spools. Reverse the machine and the record is reproduced. The magneto-phone is extremely compact and can be built into any small receptacle, such as that Russian bonbon box," and Mrs. Maxon indicated a handsome casket made of metal openwork, with malachite panels ornamented in gold filigree. "The machine is set in operation merely by touching an electric button." Mrs. Maxon glanced carelessly at the three-way wall-switch behind the sofa, and Miss Lansing, apparently recalling some inexplicable incident, started and paled.

Young Buller seemed interested; he inspected the apparatus closely.

"Post No. 1, marked 'On'?" he said, inquiringly.

"You put the switch there to start the recording process."

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"No. 2, 'Reverse'?"

"The machine audibly reproduces the record."

"No. 3, 'Off'?"

"Ah, that is most ingenious," smiled Mrs. Maxon. "I don't understand just how it is done—something about inverted magnets, I believe. The effect is to wipe the record completely off the wire, so that the latter can be used again. In that case, of course, the record is never heard at all."

"I see," remarked young Buller, thoughtfully.

"I think I told you once, Bully, that one woman never betrays another woman's confidence."

"You did, Mrs. Maxon."

"I should have added—unless for her own good."

Miss Lansing seemed about to speak. Either she thought better of it or she found herself quite unable to utter a word.

"Now we'll leave Mr. Buller here to finish his cigar," said Mrs. Maxon, briskly. "Come, Cora—but perhaps you'd like to stay and hear how it sounds? No? Come on, then. Hope you'll enjoy the performance, Bully. Remember that it has been arranged for your especial benefit, and that you can't refuse to ' 'blige a lady.' "

In the drawing-room Miss Lansing proceeded to give a wonderfully lifelike imitation of Arethusa dissolving into her fountain. "I can never, never—look him in the face again," she moaned.

"That depends," announced Mrs. Maxon, oracularly.

It may have been five minutes and it may have been fifteen; neither Miss Lansing nor Mrs. Maxon could afterward agree upon that. But when the library door did open it was apparent to the meanest intelligence that something had happened. Young Buller walked determinedly into the drawing-room and straight up to Miss Lansing; his intentions were so obvious that Mrs. Maxon beat a precipitate retreat to the library.

This time it was certainly a full quarter of an hour before Mrs. Maxon's guests rejoined her. Mrs. Maxon turned as they entered and pointed to the instrument board behind the sofa. "So!" she said, accusingly. The switch rested solidly on No. 3 post, the "Off" position.

"John preferred to sacrifice his own pride rather than mine," explained Miss Lansing. The look in her eyes was at once grateful and adoring, a novel expression of feeling for that particularly self-contained young woman, but really not unbecoming.

"A nice boy, and he shall have his reward," said Mrs. Maxon, with surprising coolness. She took a small gold key from the table drawer, unlocked the fatal box, and threw back the lid. Involuntarily the others pressed forward to look.

"You never tasted anything like these Italian chocolates," she went on. "The first I have been able to get since the armistice."

Everybody partook of the sweets; indeed they were delicious.

"But the magneto-phone!" suddenly exclaimed young Buller.

"I never said that I actually possessed one," answered Mrs. Maxon, with entire composure. "There has been some delay at the factory and I am still waiting for my instrument, although the switchboard was installed a month ago. It will be very interesting to experiment with it," she added, smiling.

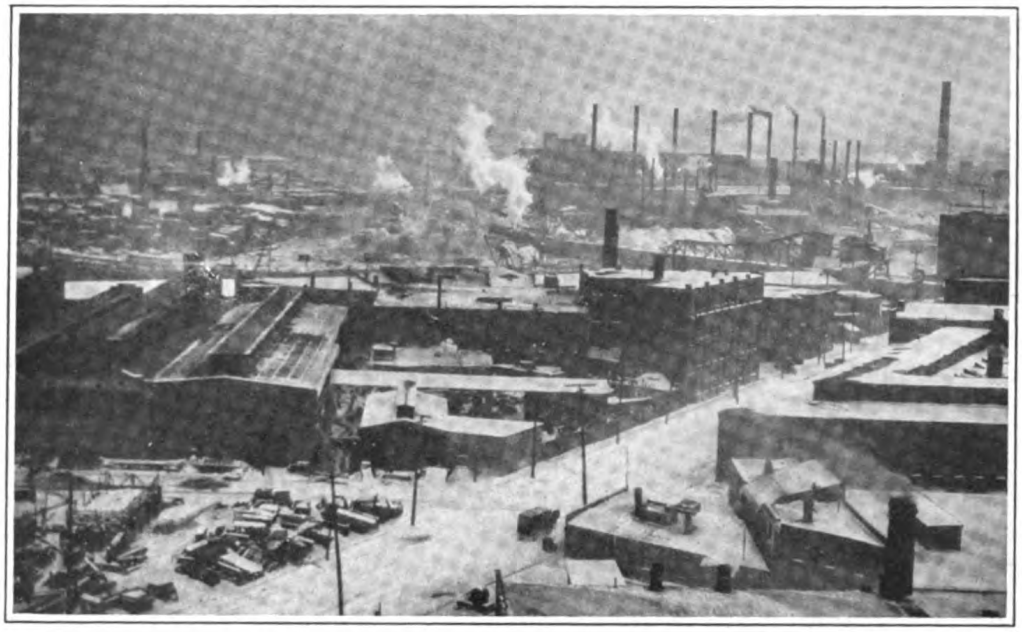
A little later young Buller bethought him of another question. "Suppose I had wanted to hear that record?" he asked. "With the switch on post No. 2—"

"You would have heard nothing at all," interrupted Mrs. Maxon, "but in a minute or so Pomeroy would have brought you your hat and stick."

"Oh, Aunt Lou!" gasped Miss Lansing.

"'Better alone than badly accompanied,'" quoted Mrs. Maxon, sententiously.

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CLEVELAND IS BOTH INDUSTRIAL AND INDUSTRIOUS—AND MORE THAN PROUD OF BOTH

AMERICA GOES BACK TO WORK

II.—INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS ALONG THE GREAT LAKES

BY EDWARD HUNGERFORD

THE young man who carried my heavy suit-case up from the train at Cleveland to the trolley-car commented upon the ancient and worn-out Union Station.

"It's a terrible looking thing, that depot," said he. "We Cleveland folks are more than ashamed of it."

In that last sentence he struck the very key-note of the American community that for ten years past has referred to herself proudly as the sixth city. As these paragraphs are being written the results of the 1920 census are being announced. They may show that Cleveland is the fifth city, or even the seventh—Detroit and some other of our communities have been growing at a tremendous rate—but I do not think that she will now worry much about her exact standing in the great American decennial census race. She has grown too genuinely metropolitan to fret about so-called rival cities, and has begun to gain the poise and the dignity that come, not alone with size, but with maturing years and understanding.

Nevertheless, her ancient Union Station remains something of a real perplexity to her. Personally, I used to confess a certain affection for it. To lie in one's berth as one journeyed from Buffalo over to Chicago on "the Lake Shore road" and to draw aside the curtain at Cleveland long enough to see the interior of that spacious station, lighted by dozens of hissing arcs, which since 1865 had been housing long trains, and many

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of them, was like coming out of the darkness of the night into a warm, bright living-room. A new generation of railroad engineers has pronounced against the high, covered train-sheds which once were quite as distinguishing a feature of our important railroad terminals in the United States as they are of those in England, in France, or in Germany. This new generation has decided that they are too expensive both to build and to maintain; that in an era which counts everything in costs alone they shall no longer exist. And so, not one of them has been built for a full decade.

Yet I cannot help offering a passing word of regret at their going. A railroad journey seems to lose half of its impressiveness when one does not embark in the midst of the dignity of a great and high-arched shed, smoke-filled, steam-filled, noise-filled, if you will, yet which conveys to you no faint idea of the importance of the organism that is preparing to carry you forth upon your way. That is why I hate to see these vast symbols of American transportation disappear. And I felt a definite sense of loss in the case of the ancient stone-bound and fortress-like Union Station of Cleveland with its huge train-shed, where the trains came and went through little arches, like men and boys through tiny doors, when it was finally torn down because the burden of multiplying years was far too much for it. That station without its train-shed now seems to me like a pained and mute *blessé*. But one is pleased to know that the exquisitely carved Lincoln head which formed the keystone of one of the train arches was saved, even before the demolition of the shed, and placed in a position of honor in the new Cuyahoga County court-house up on the bluff just above.

In the mean time Cleveland puts up with its patched-up station, gives a sigh or two of regret each time her folk go to Detroit and see the really superb new terminal in that city, and contemplates the plan for her own new Union Station, to be built whenever building conditions and railroad and civic finances shall permit. For fifteen or eighteen years past she has been trying to create a civic center close to the center of the city and almost upon the edge of the broad plateau upon which she stands. Various units of the comprehensive and symmetrical architectural plan for such a plaza have already been finished—the county court-house, and the federal, the post-office and the city hall. A great civic auditorium, modeled somewhat along the lines of similar institutions in St. Paul, in Denver, and in San Francisco, is now under construction. While it was originally intended that the new Union Station should be built on the lake front, just underneath the level of the bluff but yet so close to the new civic center as to be an important architectural part of it, that plan has been abandoned. The station is now to stand upon a corner of Cleveland's ancient civic heart, her beloved public square, its chief portal resting between twin sky-scraping buildings, a huge office-building and an equally huge hotel.

The huge hotel has already appeared and is in use. That is all of the project visible to-day—outside of the paper of the architects' offices—while Cleveland begins to wonder if the station itself will ever appear, at least in the generation of those who now walk her streets. The station plan is a tremendously ambitious enterprise, with a mile-long tunnel to be bored under that selfsame highest bluff along the lake edge and electrical installation permitting the development of electric suburban service, along the lines of those already working outside of both New York and Philadelphia. Yet I wonder if this last will ever come to Cleveland. Huge as she is—the census returns are supposed to show between 900,000 and 1,000,000 folk resident within her boundaries—she has never developed a real suburban area, tributary to her, such as have these other cities. Even her unneighborly neighbor, Pittsburgh, possesses real suburban territory and traffic. People come to Cleveland, however, from

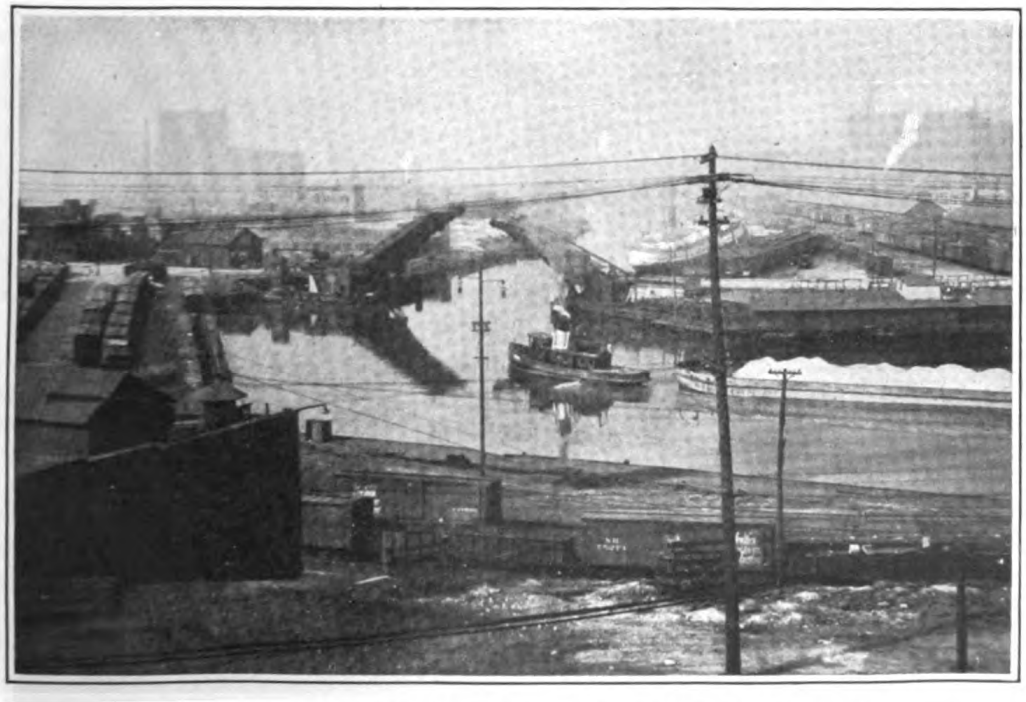
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her fine vicinage either in automobiles or in the interurban trolley-cars, for in Ohio, Indiana, and Michigan the long-distance trolley route has reached its highest development in the United States, east of the Sierras at any rate.

For years Pittsburgh felt herself hampered and constricted by the high hills which line the three rivers that were the cause of her original location. To gain decent and comfortable residence well away from the smokes and gases of her multifold industry, her more prosperous citizens long ago began to seek out hillside homes in the small villages from three to ten miles roundabout; and her railroads sought to foster and to develop this suburban traffic, until to-day it has grown to a really astonishing volume.

In Cleveland the situation was reversed. With the exception of the deep and winding ravine of the Cuyahoga which cuts her nearly in twain, she has had few physical obstacles to retard her growth, and so has spread herself in wide and generous fashion; given herself two decades ago, in the form of Euclid Avenue—in its own day and generation a real *via sacra*—a superb residential street instead of suburbs. But alas for the *via sacra* to-day. The great houses of the steelmasters and the lake captains have grown grimier in the past two decades, and transportation finally has claimed the street as its own. After having been barred for many years from a large part of Euclid Avenue, the street railway system now has its entire length as a main stem for its traffic, while automobile show-rooms have sprung up alongside, and even in front of, those one-time fine houses. Cleveland has moved, to the west a little, and to the east a great deal. Where in 1905 I found the comfortable house and the links of the Euclid Heights Club, to-day are miles of graceful and easy streets and hundreds of homes, fashioned in the easy good taste of modern American house architecture.

And because Cleveland has finally, if



FOR SEVEN MONTHS OF THE YEAR CLEVELAND WATERWAYS ARE BUSY PLACES—THEN WINTER SEALS THEM SOLIDLY

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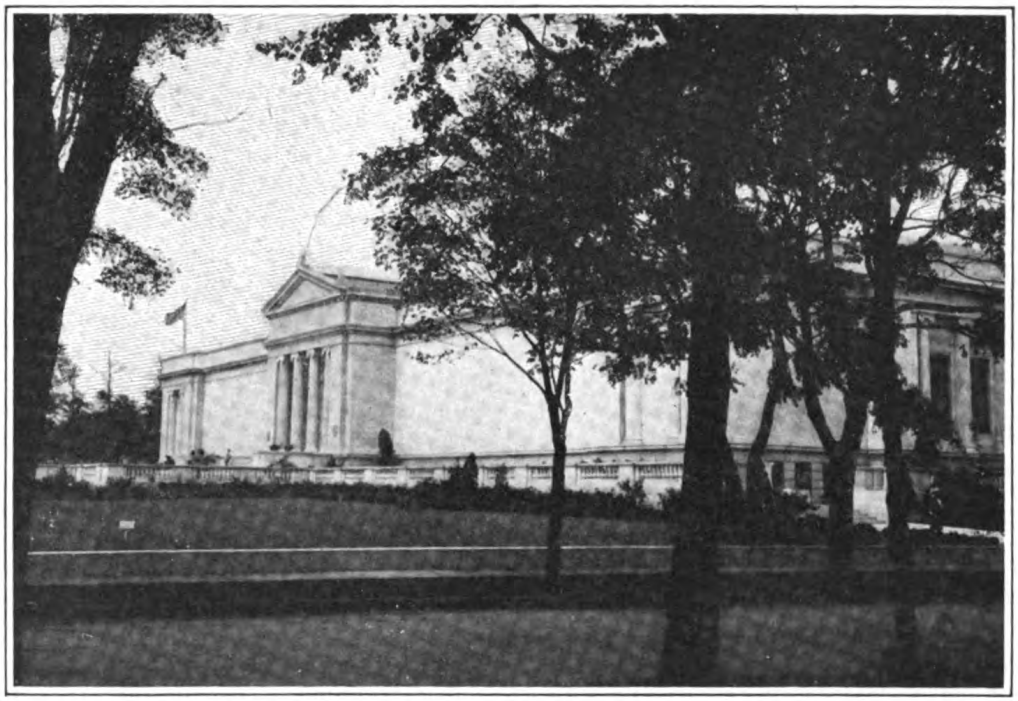
very tardily, attained a genuine suburban development, and with a huge enthusiasm in the attaining, it is nothing whatsoever to her that in order to speed that development a firm of enterprising real-estate dealers recently purchased a sizable steam railroad—extending all the way from Buffalo to Chicago. The railroad is most generally known as the Nickel Plate, and the two real-estate brothers—their names are Van Sweringen, O. P. and M. J.—are to-day its chairman of the board and its vice-president. Twelve years ago these two young men owned a vacant lot east of the city, three miles from the nearest trolley-line. To bring a far-visioned dream of its growth into a real residential section of the new Cleveland good transportation was absolutely essential. A trolley-line was necessary. Yet the only route practicable for such a line had long been preëmpted by the Nickel Plate. There was only one thing to do. The Van Sweringens did it. They bought the railroad.

If I have dwelt unduly upon this recent episode in Cleveland life, rather than upon facts and statistics as to the miles of paved streets or the number of electric lights in the town, or the remarkable figures of the working of her remarkably efficient harbor, it is because this, far more than pavement or illumination or dockage, shows the real timber of these folk who dwell in Ohio's chief city. Even at first sight it is a remarkable community, this Cleveland, with its broad streets, its huge viaducts some of them carrying over that Cuyahoga ravine, and its seemingly endless thousands of small and grimy one-storied wooden houses as a vast contrast to its many elegancies. One looks at these little dwellings and wonders if living is



THE PUBLIC SQUARE—CLEVELAND'S FIRST CIVIC CENTER—IS STILL HER BUSINESS HEART

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ONE OF CLEVELAND'S NEWEST AND FINEST STRUCTURES IS HER PARK-SET ART GALLERY

cheap—comparatively cheap, at least—in the sixth city. Permit me to answer that unspoken question, unhesitatingly—no.

It is not cheap in the big hotel which shows an astounding variety of methods of cooking eggs upon its menu-cards and then charges ninety-five cents for two of them, no matter how plain or how camouflaged they come to you. It is not cheap for the dwellers in those little homes. On a night last January I walked out into one of the poorer quarters of the city with one of the really great leaders of labor in America. He kept calling my attention to the food and meat prices in the windows of the shops as we passed by; finally brought me to one of a chain of four stores which specialized in apples—in fact, sold nothing other than apples—and which by buying in enormous quantities had succeeded in bringing the cost of this important foodstuff down more than two-thirds.

"The man who runs these stores understands apples, if he understands nothing else," said my friend, the chief of the railroad brotherhood; "that is why he can sell close to the mark."

And then he fell to telling me of the elaborate co-operative plans of the brotherhoods for buying and, when necessary, manufacturing the supplies for their homes and for their families. And from this he swung over to the statement of a fellow labor leader—an Englishman who, upon the eve of his sailing for home, had stated with great definiteness that in the future British labor was to cease talking upon the minimum wage and was to demand the minimum cost of decent living as a basis for wage negotiations.

I looked at this man. He was a fine, upstanding sort of fellow, a clear six-feet-two; gray-haired but ruddy-skinned, erect, alert, a product of the educational system of the Buckeye State, if you please. For if there is any one thing that Ohio prides herself upon it is that self-same educational system, just as Cleveland's chief joy and pride is that excellent twin group of schools out upon

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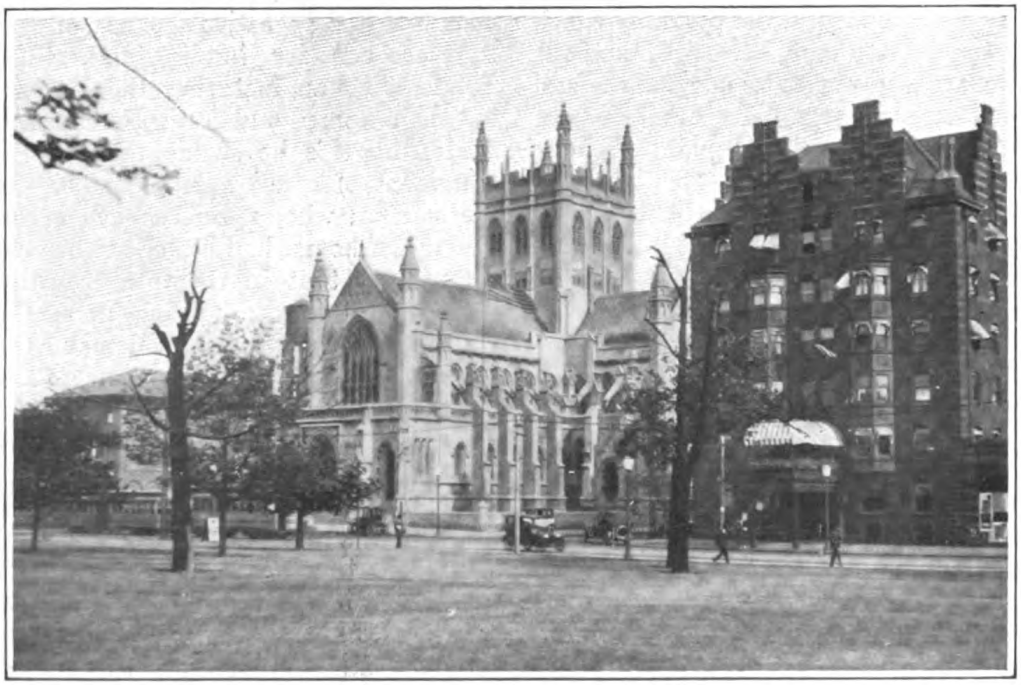
Euclid Avenue, Western Reserve University and the Case School of Applied Science, with some thirty-five hundred students between them.

In many of our Eastern states education is a virtue; in Ohio it is a veritable passion. And to understand why this is so one has to dig back into the pages of history and find the very beginnings of this important American commonwealth —which one of my friends persists in calling "the dumb-bell state," because through its comparatively narrow girth all westbound immigration passed for many years.

"Ohio," he says, "was the state of the three doors. The first of these opened from the northeast, and to it led the ancient pathway through the Mohawk Valley and across the state of New York. The second, situate almost midway upon her eastern border, was reached *via* Pittsburgh, and it let in the Germans (the Pennsylvania Dutch), the Welsh, and the Scotch Presbyterians. If you will go down a few miles south of Cleveland to-day you will see a broad road that runs straight east and west. On the north side of this road you will still see the big houses and the little barns, that typify the New England farmer, and upon its south side the little houses and the big barns of the Pennsylvania Dutchmen. And rightly, too, for this road was once the southern boundary of the Western Reserve.

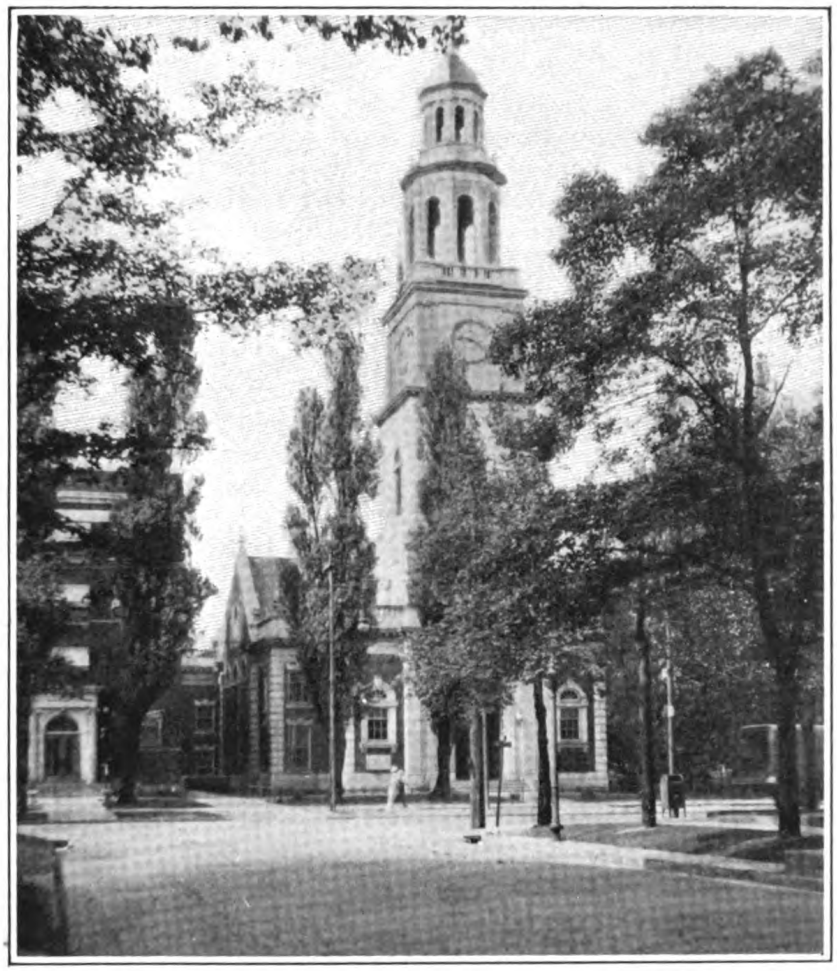
"South of these two broad population bands was a third. Its doorway was spread along the Ohio River. And the pathway to it led across the rough mountains and the passes of western Virginia, through Parkersburg and Wheeling by very much the same route as the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad now reaches these river towns. In early days the typical immigrant who found his way over these roads was the cavalier Virginian, with his own highest notions of culture and of education."

So it was that a great new state was upbuilt—in strata. Not that the strata could always be sharply defined. For where in New England could one find a more New-Englandish town than lovely Marietta, which still sits upon her hills of the Ohio bank and dares



EUCLID AVENUE, CLEVELAND'S ONE-TIME *VIA SACRA*

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THE NEW ENGLAND TRADITION OF THE WESTERN RESERVE SHOWS ITSELF EVEN IN ITS CHURCH ARCHITECTURE

time to mar her charms? And where more German blood than in Cincinnati? Not even in Zoar—ancient Zoar which has permitted time to do his worst and gently sleeps to-day in memories of the day when she was one of the strongest of those old communistic settlements across the land. My own memories of Zoar are as recent as those of Zanesville or of Canal Dover—of its great plain church upon the hill, its fine houses fast going to seed, and of a hotel whose country cook had not yet lost her cunning.

Cincinnati as well as Cleveland has her great civic university. But Marietta, too, has her own college. So have some forty-two other Ohio communities. I think I have just said that Ohio has long had a veritable passion for education. Forty-three colleges to her forty-three thousand square miles of area—and evenly spread, at that, over her entire area—means that in theory, and almost in practice, too, one of her boys or girls is never more than seventeen and one-half miles away from a college education. No wonder that she progresses, intellectually as well as industrially! And even if the ash-cans in Cleveland last January bore broadsides announcing that one hundred thousand of that city's folk could not read or even speak the English language, the leavening influence and the educational spirit of her eight hundred thousand other residents

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are bound to overcome that serious deficiency.

But it is education as it comes home to industrialism—to the workshops of a tremendously busy commonwealth—that interests us for the moment. Because it is in education, the education of the employer as well as of the employee, that the ultimate solution of our vexed labor problem, if ultimate solution there really be, apparently must rest. It was a genuine desire for education which sent Mr. Charles Whiting Williams, of the Hydraulic Pressed Steel Company of Cleveland, into a laborer's overalls and a succession of real working jobs for seven long, hard, informing months. A concern that would back up its vice-president's desire to enter upon such a highly unconventional expedition must be worthy itself of some attention. Here is its president—his name is James H. Foster, but most of the men about the plant speak of him as "J. H." and a few privileged older ones as "Mike"—not only speaking clearly in the public prints about a better understanding and faith being necessary between employer and employed, but adding:

"Give 100 per cent. in the promotion of human relationship as well as in money and you will get 100 per cent. in loyalty and effort. In the old days we had the mill beside the dam. The owner's house was on the hill and the workers lived along the stream in the valley. The owner usually knew every man in the shop by his first name. When there was sickness or a new baby came to the worker's home, it was often the owner's boy who was sent by his dad for the doctor and the owner's wife who took the glass of jelly to that home, and as likely as not sat up all night with the patient.



ROCHESTER—THE CAMERA-MAKING CENTER OF THE WORLD

"Then the mill grew and its buildings spread over several acres. Hand operators gave way to machinery and the scattered homes in the valley became a bustling town. The man who owned the mill had to have more capital to take care of expanding business. The banker in the near-by city refinanced the business, and proprietorship passed from the individual. The corporation was born and management was called in, not only as between the original owner and his men, but as the representative of the new owners, placed there to produce increased

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profits. While this transposition of interests was taking place the worker was largely forgotten. Management was interposed between men and ownership and the old personal relationship between them was gone. Instead of a co-worker in the enterprise, the worker became a machine. His name became a number and there was no one to take a personal interest in his present or his future welfare except as his day's effort might be utilized for the production of profit."

It was with the idea of bridging this gap that Mr. Foster resorted to the public prints—to a series of paid advertisements, direct and informing upon the many phases of this vexed question. In the language of the advertising fraternity, he endeavored to "sell his company to his own people." And evidently has succeeded in his purpose. His concern is but ten years old. It has had neither the experience of a ninety-year-old concern, such as the Baldwin Locomotive Works, nor the practical advantages that come from having worked with labor before it began to be so distant—and so seemingly temperamental.

To make this industrial progress clearer, come with me for a moment from Cleveland to an industrial city, far to the east, Rochester, New York. And yet Rochester, standing but seven miles inland from Lake Ontario, is, geographically at least, very much within any discussion of the industrial problem of the Great Lakes district. She is a city of both varied and fascinating industry, the camera-making center of the entire universe, and to-day almost its optical center as well, a producer in great quantity of shrubs and railroad signals and motor-trucks and shoes and men's clothing. It is with this last that we have to do at this particular moment.

For many years past it has been Rochester's boast that, if it was not an absolutely strikeless town, it was almost one. Yet the men's clothing industry has always been a particular fly in its ointment. For twenty-five years or more the makers of these ready-to-wear garments have engaged in periodic and bitter conflict with their workers. To put it more definitely, in that period there had been six great strikes of the clothing workers. The last of these was six years ago, when, to the bitter chagrin of a fine, conservative, old-fashioned Eastern city, the striking garment-workers marched through its streets with the red flag at the head of their file.

For thirteen weeks—a full quarter of a year—this tedious conflict drew out its almost unendurable strain. For all of this time the garment factories were closed, their workers out of employment. And because pent-up passion cannot too long remain pent-up, there broke out at the end of this time real rioting; a mob of four thousand folk gathered, windows a-plenty were broken, and a girl shot. This was quite too much for Rochester. The dilatory police woke up, came in and ended the fight—with a full show of force. The strike was over; the workers were defeated. The American Federation of Labor which had conducted the long and losing fight closed up its local offices and its leaders left the town.

One might have expected the employers, gloating in their hard-earned triumph, to have reverted to harder and more arbitrary practices than before. As a matter of recorded fact, they did nothing of the sort. Instead, through their central exchange they sought deliberately to reach out for some better understanding. The leaven of education was working in western New York, just as we have seen it working in both Pennsylvania and in Ohio. Sidney Hillman, an expert labor leader who had worked himself up from an apprentice's table in a great Chicago clothing manufactory and who had been of vast value in the settlement of incipient disputes there, was brought to Rochester and asked to try to work out a permanent solution of the labor trouble in that industry there.

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Hillman harbored few illusions. He is a practical man, a man of extremely direct action, and he knew the garment workers. He knew that without union organization they would be far more unreliable and uncertain than with it. But because the Federation had been so badly whipped, it would hardly be possible to ask it to return to Rochester. Instead he organized the garment workers of the town into the Federation's great rival, the Amalgamated, and the Amalgamated began the slow work of the reconstruction of Rochester's labor forces—with the secret sympathy and understanding of the employers of the town—while the most important of them began to secure labor managers for their plants.

"We figure that it takes labor five years to come back after being defeated in a strike," a Rochester clothing manufacturer told me not long ago. Which meant that by 1919 we should be ready for a fight—or a readjustment. By 1919 the war was over. Our workers had loyally stuck by their jobs all through it, and despite the many forms of labor unrest and upsets around about them, and the disturbing living conditions as well. We knew, of course, of the progress of Amalgamated—even though it was practically a crime for one of us manufacturers to be seen in company with a labor leader. And we knew that with our five-year period ended we should have to face squarely the problem of making some definite and scientific arrangement for the future of our industry in Rochester.

"We knew also that we should both have to face and concede some things to gain this arrangement. The biggest thing that we had to concede to our workers was the right of collective bargaining. 'Concede it,' said one of the biggest of our individual manufacturers. 'I for one am sick and tired of having to take orders, without knowing whether or no I am ever going to be able to fill them.' And this was the situation in the only town in the country which had ever steadily and always whipped labor."

Always, at least, until late last summer, when a great and conservative optical plant which had lived for many years at absolute peace with its employees found itself thrown into utter paralysis by one of its workers—a Russian Jew who had barely reached his twenty-first birthday. For four weeks this old-time Rochester concern battled with what was seemingly the inevitable. Rochester—labor and employers—look upon the struggle with horror and great concern. But the clothing industry of the town, ordinarily the most sensitive and sympathetically responsive to troubles of this sort, remained intact and at work.

Why? The easiest answer to that one-syllabled question is to say that the principle of collective bargaining had already been firmly established within it. Hillman, open minded, had from the first insisted that he and the folk he represented wanted a constructive policy—nothing more. With that as his foundation principle, he met the clothing manufacturers of Rochester. If, with the idea of a permanent agreement in mind, the ideas they proffered met his opposition, he would not say, "my union wishes this." It was always: "Gentlemen, we might accept this to-day, but in the long run it would get us nowhere. It would eventually mean trouble and all our efforts of to-day utterly wasted."

Do you remember the age-old parable of the drops of water wearing away the stone? So Hillman worked patiently, but steadily, and in the end he gained from the clothing manufacturers his vital principle of collective bargaining. In the unsigned but carefully observed agreement between manufacturers and workers of April, 1919, it was provided that the unions might have shop chairmen and the manufacturers their own labor managers, but that only with the permission of the individual manager in each instance could a union agent or delegate from outside come into the plant. The

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labor manager, hired with the approval of the workers and paid by the management, was assumed to be thoroughly competent to adjust all except the most extreme differences that might arise. As a matter of fact, that is just what these men have succeeded in doing. In one instance, by foresight, diplomacy, and courage twenty Italian workers tried to organize a distinct I. W. W. union. The labor manager saw it coming and by his own persuasiveness, as well as the adjustment of some minor working conditions, nipped that union in the bud. And the ringleader of the projected revolt is to-day hard at work, respected, a vice-chairman of his shop committee, instead of being, perhaps, a bomb-thrower in the penitentiary.

To gain a big point Hillman needs must concede one. And, frankly and squarely from the outset, he and his conceded to the manufacturers the big principle of the open shop. The one thing balanced the other. Strife ceased; understanding began. And in 1919 the twenty-five important clothing manufacturers of Rochester more than doubled their output.

There is another side to this situation. There generally is to all of these situations. I think that I have said that Rochester is an extremely conservative community. To-day it houses keen and able and experienced captains of industry who still look askance at the clothing agreement. "Bolshevistic" is the phrase which more than one of these has applied to it. Yet—without personally endorsing it in any way—I cannot but feel that somewhere in this plan is a very real germ of a solution of our numerous and expensive labor difficulties all the way across the land. Better collective bargaining on the one hand, better the open shop on the other, than quarrel and riot and starvation, all of them great expenses for which in the long run the consumer pays.

Yet, as a most moderate consumer of men's clothing, I cannot escape from a contemplation of the Rochester situation without a pretty definite feeling that in the long run the consumer pays also for this very armistice of industrial peace. So far the adjustments in the wage scales under the unsigned agreement of the city by the Genesee have all been upward—and the consumer has paid for each. I foresee that when economic conditions shall force prices, and wages also, downward the agreement will have its hardest test.

Yet agreements may be framed, working conditions established, with at least a fair degree of permanency, which will not only bring about increased production, as in Rochester, but production absolutely increased in ratio to wage and material costs. You will recall that in a previous article I spoke of the lessened production in the great Altoona shops of the Pennsylvania Railroad under the two years of their government administration. A saddening ratio that, on average work approximately 40 per cent.—a freight-car repair job, which in 1916 or 1917 required three days to complete, requiring in 1919 five days.

Yet here in Cleveland is another transportation shop, the White Motor Company, originally organized under a slightly different name for the manufacture of sewing-machines, but more recently devoted to the making of motor trucks. Like the Baldwin Locomotive Works, it is a long-established concern and it, too, has a remarkable record of war production. But even in the fourteen or sixteen months of peace production which have followed the signing of the armistice, the war-time efficiency of the plant has been fully maintained. During the past five years its wages have increased 110 per cent., its raw materials anywhere from 50 to 60 per cent., yet the ratio of the cost of labor to the entire production value has increased by a mere 7 per cent., the cost to the consumer but ten. A reference to the records of the company shows that the turnout of trucks per man per year has in-

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creased from the comparatively low level of 1,985 in 1911 to 2,751 in 1919, an increase that is significant—to put it mildly.

In Rochester the concession of collective bargaining on the part of the employers and that of the open shop on the part of the employed has seemingly settled the problem of strike, or walk-out or lock-out, but apparently to the large, if not the entire, cost of the consumer. In this Cleveland plant, with wages up 110 per cent. and raw materials from 50 to 60 per cent., the cost of the output to the consumer is raised but 10 per cent. It is clear as daylight that in this plant there must be an increased efficiency in manufacture. That is evident, without recourse to the tabulations.

Now what is the Cleveland answer? Is it collective bargaining or the open shop? Let me hasten to give it to you—it is neither. Is it piece-work production rather than the flat-time basis that broke down the fine efficiency production records of the Altoona shops? This time my answer shall be more direct. The White Motor Company has never used the piece-work system, or bonuses or profit-sharing.

What, then, is it?

It is, in my opinion, fundamentally good management in the first place—real executive ability, if you please—and in the second a complete understanding between employer and employee, coupled with not merely a fair, but a generous, wage and good working conditions. The White Company has, as I have already intimated, the open shop, without prejudice to race, creed, or organization. But apparently it has progressed some distance beyond this mile-post of industrial understanding. The slight differences which may have arisen between the management and its men have all been easily adjusted, either by the management itself or else by conference between it and its men. Shop committees are elected by the men in secret ballot and in a representation of one for each ten employees in the concern.

The company itself regards this element of labor dispute—either real or potential—as the negative side of a very large and positive question. To understand the positive side more fully, we return to those fundamental goodnesses, management and wages. The quality of the management ought to be fairly evident by this time. It is merely necessary to add that the director of industrial relations of the plant occupies a post of high responsibility, is consulted frequently, and is directly responsible to the production manager of the establishment, who in turn is a vice-president of the company. And as for the wages. . . .

"We pay the best in or about Cleveland," says that same production manager. "We make them consistent to living cost and base them at all times on the buying power of the dollar. As far back as 1914 we decided that it was high time to abandon the ancient factory policy of hiring and firing merely according to the law of supply and demand. We saw that labor was no longer to be considered as a mere commodity. And we then formulated our plans for a steadily increasing wage-scale, designed by automatic periodic advances to keep pace with the increasing cost of living and which therefore would make it possible for our workmen to maintain their standard of living—and not to have to lower them."

To gain the best men, and consequently the best factory efficiency, by paying the best wages and having the best factory conditions and management that are humanly possible to attain, seems to me to be so fundamentally simple as to indicate that after we go around the circle of agreements and collective bargainings and profit-sharings and bonuses we generally arrive at the very same point from which we originally departed. What is the answer? I think myself that all of these other steps are not merely good, but vital, in certain industries and in certain instances in these or other industries, but that they are neither vital nor even necessary under all times

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and all circumstances. Altoona retrograding while Cleveland progresses is by no means to be attributed to a lack of management at the first city. A railroad industry, wide-spread and far-flung, at best is always far more difficult to manage efficiently than a single manufacturing industry, concentrated on one or two or five or ten acres of ground. And when the deadly inertia of government operation for twenty-six months, with its premium upon inefficiency rather than upon efficiency, comes also as a great factor into the problem, comparisons become extremely odious—and bitterly unfair.

In this connection it is interesting to notice that very recently the Erie Railroad finding this same difficulty in efficiently operating the remote shops at Hornell from its New York headquarters, leased them bodily to a corporation of citizens of that town, who will conduct them as a distinct business enterprise with but one customer—the railroad whose tracks they adjoin.

To bring much of this labor situation to a distinct head and focus, the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce, an unusually active and energetic organization, recently formulated a definite labor-relations policy. This took the form of the endorsement by the entire chamber of a platform laid down by its committee on labor relations which included, among others, Paul L. Feiss, the president of the chamber and one of the leading clothing manufacturers of the country, and Warren S. Stone, the extremely able and honest Grand Chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. "Representative negotiations" is the phrase used by this declaration to replace "collective bargaining," and, as it is defined in Cleveland, it provides for negotiations between an employer and a committee of his employees, aided, if they desire, by a competent advocate or adviser of their own choosing.

This plan is not far different from those of the shop committee or of the big railroad brotherhoods in their dealings both with the government and with the private owners of the railroads. If it ended here it might indeed fairly be considered weak. But it goes farther. After opposing compulsion by either employer or employee to maintain a union or a non-union shop, although recognizing the possibility of a mutual agreement of this character; after also recognizing the eight-hour day as a standard for a growing number of industries and establishments, it straightforwardly places the public's right to service well above the employee's right to strike and the employer's right to lockout; advocates uninterrupted service to the public pending settlement of disputes and proposes publication of statements relating to labor controversies in order to inform the public of their merits. No one who reads this declaration carefully and then attempts even a slight analyzation of it will dare to deny that there is real industrial progress along at least one of the lower Great Lakes.

Personally I confess to a sharing of the great American suspicion of all pronunciamentos of this sort. As instruments they seem to be worth the paper that they are written upon—and many times but little else. Deeds, as the average man evidences them, in the White plant, are far, far more convincing. Declarations are puzzling to him. They do not translate for him the huge increase in the cost of this spring's suit over last year's. He feels that there is a sort of combination in all of this, between the employers and the employed; and that, vaguely but unmistakably, the combination works against his own pocketbook. He regards the head-lines in his morning paper to the effect that the miners are to have an increase of 14 per cent.—or 25, or whatever it eventually becomes—as ominous. Increased freight and express rates are equally portended. For translated to him and his—food or fuel or wearing apparel—the wage increases are multiplied, magnificently, marvelously.

This is one of the things that is ailing

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the country now. In this same progressive city of Cleveland a lady at whose house I dined said that she was paying her washwoman eight dollars a week but for two days' work, and that this feminine circuit-rider so managed the eight hours of her employment that they included all three meals—out of her employer's larder. I refused to get excited or concerned, but, turning, asked her:

"Are you making your household schedules so that when all of your house employees come to ask—and receive—the eight-hour day you will be able to handle your establishment at a maximum of efficiency and with the least possible friction?"

She turned upon me and put me in my place with a withering remark—as any such impertinent guest deserved to be put:

"It is an impossibility. Merely to talk of it is an absurdity."

It was quite evident that either the Cleveland newspapers were not printing despatches from Albany, New York, showing the progress of the maximum eight-hour day for women workers in the legislature there, or else milady's morning reading was spent upon less portentous topics.

Another excellent housekeeper of the city by Lake Erie complained that her nursemaid was leaving because of the fare which was served at the kitchen table.

"She says that she gets better food on her days off when she goes visiting to her brother's house. He is a boss plumber and they always have strawberry short-cake. We have good food here and our servants share all of it, but we don't have strawberry short-cake—not while the snow is still thick upon the ground and the berries selling at a dollar a quart. We are not boss plumbers; we cannot afford them."

I have not, of course, the honor of a personal acquaintance with the boss plumber. If I had, he probably would tell me in rebuttal and in the utmost candor, that he does not have four servants hanging around the house. His wife does her own cooking—and the savings that they make in the wages of servants—to say nothing of their livings—makes the strawberry short-cake fling possible even well out of season. That probably would be his line of argument.

This is misunderstanding—trifling, I shall grant you, yet trifles such as these much and often multiplied bring great misunderstandings—open and real disturbances ofttimes. And it is because of such misunderstandings that I wish to say, and to say with all possible emphasis, at the end of this chapter of the progress of America, torn and upset by war conditions and excitements, back to at least a semblance of the old conditions of the before-the-war days, that any industrial protocol, any treaty, any declaration, which is not merely a structure of fine-sounding words and phrases, but which is a distinct contribution to a better understanding between capital and labor, drifting so steadily apart all this long while, is not to be passed idly by. It is needed. If it is needed in such cities of distinct progress as Rochester and as Cleveland, it is needed far more in a thousand other American communities. In my next article I shall show a city of rapidly acquired wealth, and little acquired understanding with it, proceeding along what seems to be an extremely dangerous pathway. As we go farther west we shall see other examples—some discouraging, some highly encouraging—and, unless I am very much mistaken, they will all of them point the way toward the same thing, the need for a far better national understanding, for a return toward the simpler living, and with it the truer democracy of our fathers. Industrial problems will continue to fascinate us. Governmental problems we shall see a-plenty; those of education and transportation and religion and home life tangled among them.

This tangle pessimists all the way across the land began to predict long before the Great War had even begun to

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approach its conclusion. The final effect of sending two million of our young men overseas on so tremendous an expedition was predicted as a national disaster second only to that of war itself. Taken from their offices, their shops, and their schools and sent into the disordered life of the soldier in the open, these young men would gain a spirit of unrest that would unfit them for a return to civil life, for a long time at least. And so we should have achieved another great national liability.

Now what has really happened? I kept asking this question all my way out to the Great Lakes' cities, through Syracuse and Rochester, and back again to New York; through Cincinnati and Pittsburgh and Washington; asked it of merchants and manufacturers and bankers and the folk I met upon the cars. And I firmly believe that the answer of a big Cleveland manufacturer was the most typical I gained for my question.

"Eleven hundred men enlisted out of this plant," said he. "When they went out we said that their jobs would be waiting for them when they returned. We have kept our word—of course. We have hired every blessed one of them back."

"And found?" I ventured.

"That in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred they were as good, if not better, employees than when they went away. This is perhaps less true of our office forces. But it almost understates the situation in our shops. Three days for the boy out of khaki—three hard days of adjustment—and he is ours again, a bigger, broader man for his experience overseas."

This answer bears out the belief which I gained when I was overseas myself and had some slight opportunity to study the nature of the doughboy. I felt then, and to-day feel even more strongly, that for those of them who came home sound in mind and body, the war was a valuable experience indeed. They were bigger men, better Americans, for it. No matter what may have been the national experience after the Civil War, I do not believe that any appreciable portion of the general unrest across the country at the present moment is traceable to the demobilized soldiers. They were not the men who were engaged in striking up prices, either as employers or employed. They were not the men who were responsible for arbitrary, hasty, and ill-considered legislation in immigration or prohibition—or any of the other fads or fancies with which our Congress occupied itself in the precious months which it should have devoted to an intelligent consideration of the great problems of reconstruction—and did not.

On the contrary, these two million men—the greater part of them equipped with the American faculty for observation—saw more things than war on the other side of the Atlantic. They were students in a far-flung university. The results of their education are yet to be felt in the United States. Of this I am sure. They lost nothing in patriotism by their experience, but gained many things—a broader knowledge of other civilizations and the way in which they function, of good taste, of art, of literature. Many of these things they brought home with them, when as good Americans they prepared to go back to work. These things are just beginning to leaven. The full results of many of them we shall not know for a long time yet, but that they will be—in the main, at least—good results, I am quite certain.

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IS THERE A WEST?

BY HARRISON RHODES

THE Eastern heart dilates immediately on crossing the Mississippi. You have been told that the air is freer and fresher; that the old, silly, social stiffness is to drop from you in the warmth of an indigenous bonhomie; that every fellow-passenger is a potential friend, even perhaps for life. And all this really is so; there is a social magic at play even in the Pullman car and the train, flowing westward, leaves behind it a black cloud of Eastern inhibitions, like a trail of smoke. Then gradually you realize that the new friends who have so unconventionally and so hastily clasped you to their bosoms are all also Easterners, intoxicated with the breeziness of the plains. This first gives you pause.

Some cynic of the smoking-room tells you that Los Angeles is the metropolis of Iowa and backs up his paradox by figures proving what a great part of its citizens originate under the government of Des Moines. Once your suspicions are aroused you are, even during the railway journey, intent upon anything which might serve as proof that there really is a West. These indications are not too frequent; the continent was, only lately, crossed with so poor a result as only three prairie-dogs sighted, and one superannuated cowboy of about eighty, who was obviously either a survival, a mere museum piece, or some decrepit Easterner galvanized into this fancy-dress parade by his memories of Buffalo Bill. The West suddenly becomes shadowy and elusive.

There is, of course, a Middle West; it is astonishing to find that it now extends as far as Utah, where in Salt Lake City an enterprising junk company proclaims itself "the largest in the Middle West." The West, if it exists, has already been pushed beyond the High Sierras. It only remains to discover whether or not it has been shoved into the Pacific and safely out of American life.

The West, in the old sense of anything cruder, less civilized, rougher than the East, is unquestionably gone. There is a bathroom to each hotel bedroom, and the younger English poets lecture in all the smallest towns. It takes an eagle's eye to find the traditional lack of cultivation, and few Easterners, at any rate, have eagles' eyes. This question of "culture" may as well be disposed of now and flung out of our way; it impedes our westward progress. As you advance toward the Pacific, "culture," if anything, only takes on a more passionate, almost exacerbated quality, as though its possessors were determined to prove to the scoffing how brightly the piously guarded flame burns on the sunset altar to the muses. For decades daughters of the Californian aristocracy have been educated in Paris at the Convent of the Sacred Heart. The French note is indeed firmly struck in the West. You find small children, who, reared by foreign governesses, are more at ease with the Latin languages than with their own. And, to choose but one very symptomatic example, nowhere did the temporary cessation lately in *L'Illustration* of the publication of the latest plays upon the Parisian stage cause greater discomfort and emptiness of life than in California. As for the volumes of our latest poets and *vers-libristes*, they lie even thicker upon library tables in California than in Kansas. Universities dot the plain, and one of the world's great

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libraries is soon to be among the orange-groves near Pasadena. Culture is certainly not treated rough near the Pacific's shore.

Bret Harte was, and Alfred Henry Lewis. Their West is gone. Yet there remains California, which, though certainly not Western as we once used the word, is most Californian. And Californianism is something as amazing and as different as Westernism can ever have been in that earlier day. It is a subject which would well repay years of loving and intent study, and demands, indeed, space and some epic gift of style, yet must be treated here as briefly and as best may be. The gospel of impressionism is in the end the only defense of any alien writer attempting to describe a social landscape, he sets the thing down *as it looks to him.*

The Californians, in spite of their comparative hauteur in the Pullman, are accessible enough. Many of them, even on the transcontinental trip, may be "met." Indeed, they travel freely, constantly, and easily to and fro, making nothing of four nights out to Chicago, and training their infant progeny, as may richly be observed in the train, to the same happy facility of movement. (It should be said, parenthetically, that as far as that goes, all over the country motherhood seems merely to incite American women to travel, by preference in sleeping-cars.) These returning Californians have been East for various alleged purposes of business or pleasure. But it is really as missionaries that they have gone, to bring the bright gospel of Californianism to those benighted races which still persist in living east of the High Sierras.

The universal delusion of the Pacific slope is that California is heaven. And indeed there is so much to support the theory that it merits calm and judicial examination. The beauty of the Californian landscape is indisputable and heavenly. The combination of sea and mountains with the adorable valleys which diversify it beneath an almost perpetually cloudless sky, the great woodland regions, the majesty and wonder of the High Sierras—all these are unrivaled, unmatched by anything in our land. There is a curious Mediterranean quality in the country; one loses oneself inevitably in golden memories of Greece, of Italy, and of the sunburned coast of Spain. Something classic, too; under that crystalline air everything is sharply modeled. Marble temples should crown the hills, and in the glades nymphs disport themselves. Claude should have lived to paint this land, to do justice to its serene perfection.

Serenity is perhaps the most striking characteristic of the Californian scene—the sun shines, a faint breeze blows gently, and the hills lie in the clear light as if nothing on them had stirred since they were first chiseled in brown or green. There is nothing wayward or mysterious about the landscape. The air is too crystalline to bear upon it tangs and odors. You have moments of thinking that there *is* no air; that all California is broad, kindly vacancy filled with sunlight and no more. To the sense of serenity is added the feeling of remoteness. In certain moods the Californian climate, even at its loveliest, seems wholly impersonal, if one may venture upon that expression.

The Californian dooryards everywhere are a riot of tropical and subtropical blooming plants; perhaps nowhere in the world is there anything like the lushness of their growth and the profusion of their blossoming. To any flower-lover these are gardens in paradise. Yet in no sense is California the tropics. Even when the days are hot the nights are most often crisp and cold. There is no languor in the air. The night breeze does not whisper of the dark magic of the South, of hot passions and unbridled pleasures. It is not, in short, the Californian zephyrs which fill the Californian divorce courts. Instead they seem clean, properly sterilized, even cold-storage airs.

The Pacific, too, a calm, cold ocean

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not much fretted by traffic, adds its curious note of aloofness. It sends forth fogs, but somehow they carry no hint of salt. And in days of sunshine when it sparkles sapphire blue it seems somehow to exhale no breath. You never "smell the sea" as by the Atlantic's verge, and, though you well know that rotting seaweed gives forth that odor, you miss it on this western shore. The oceans you have known seem playful children, by turns gay and irritable, by comparison with this monstrous, lovely, inhuman sea. If you are by fate predestined to Californianism, you find in this eternal changeless quality a suggestion that happiness, too, may be everlasting, and that behind the mountains you have left forever change and whim and anxiety and all the responsibilities of the past.

The first impression of California must be for every one a sense of release, whether it be merely from the winter climate of Iowa or from the carking cares of the eastern seaboard. Every one is, as it were, under a new flag and a new name, ready to forget the past and keep clear eyes fixed only on the future. Here every earthly care may be sloughed off, except, perhaps, the pangs of love. And as for physical ills, these should easily be disposed of. On every hand there are faith healers of all varieties, divine healers, nature healers, and child healers, these last an agreeable novelty ranging from ten to fourteen years in age, but competent, no doubt, as only an American child can be.

The Californian population has been recruited from all parts of the country and, though happy in this new environment, still bears traces of its origin. A Boston lady, lately viewing a parade in honor of the sovereigns of Belgium, said it made her feel at home to "see all them silk hats"; yet she was doubtless a converted and ardent Californian, finding this in her old age a pleasant shelter from the east wind.

One of the pleasantest things about California (perhaps, after its natural beauty) is the simplicity of life so widely prevalent there. Of course there are plenty of enormously rich people, and quite enough extraordinarily gay and fashionable. Yet in the end it is the paradise of the common people and the small income. Even when the immigrant to California comes with work in his mind it is so often some sublimated and poetic industry like orange-growing which has lured; the culture of that golden fruit, with Mexicans or Japanese doing the manual labor, is an ideal, easy, and Arcadian occupation for any one.

The bungalow should be the emblem of California, it represents the state at its simplest and most engaging best. It is the great triumph of native art, triumphantly ugly sometimes, sometimes triumphantly gay and coquettish. When the architects of other states, less bungalowish, need models they visit the Pacific coast for inspiration. Indeed, the Californian bungalow is the prettiest imaginable proof that there is a modest and simple and self-respecting life to be led in Arcadian surroundings, embowered in bloom, and that the servantless home is both decent and agreeable.

In this matter of the elimination of the servant—and so of the servant problem—if one may trust the report of Californian housewives, the state has gone further than others in the direction desired by all advanced and radical advocates of the suppression of class distinctions. Broadly speaking, they will tell you, there are no servants in California. It is hard to believe of the palaces, though you hear yarns of mid-Western millionaires assisting their wives with the dishes or sweeping out the gorgeous corridors of their castles. In the two-room bungalow (three rooms make it almost a house) a servant would only be in the way.

How can one fear any future social convulsions once one has learned how delightful it is to eat in the kitchen, in a charming little stall with benches, like those in the Old Cheshire Cheese in London, only now trig and gay with white and colored paints? Every most

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modern device for the harnessing of gas, water, and the electric current you are apt to find in the tiniest bungalow temple of the simple life. Why dislike washing the clothes when a machine does it? What is ironing but play when the ironing-board lets down from the wall at the touch of a button and an electric iron, ever hot, stands temptingly to your hand?

Of course there are plenty of rich people in California —the sight-seeing automobiles take you past miles of "homes," all the seats of lumber, paper, packing, chewing-gum, or sawdust "kings," as we so delightfully term all our successful business men in America. But the really exciting and significant thing is to go past the hundreds of miles of "homes" of those humble people who are not and never will be "kings," never, perhaps, be masters of anything but their own souls, but are leading a serene, neighborly, American existence. It is in this mood that the bungalow seems the solution of all the difficulties of even a revolutionized future. California seems somehow to offer every tired human creature from that humming, tormented East a refuge and a new chance.



A SUPERANNUATED COWBOY OF ABOUT EIGHTY

The simplicity of life pervades the whole social structure. There are in the Californian cities large general-market stores on the main shopping streets, just next the jewelers' and the picture-palaces and the milliners' *modes de Paris*. There is an enormous deal of marketing in person, and, incredible as it may sound to Eastern readers, there appears to be some attempt to attain low prices in the belief that they will attract Californians as high prices do New-Yorkers. After doing your marketing you may repair to dine, at about five-thirty or a leisurely and fashionable six, to a cafeteria, where again self-service is the desired goal. These establishments are enormous and in that vast, flashing elegance of style which they have borrowed from the hotel "office." There are luxurious waiting-rooms where you keep rendezvous with the party with whom you are to cafeteer. Bands blare away, and in certain advanced futuristic establishments there are balconies with easy chairs where even those not dining are welcome to sit and enjoy the art of music.

Nature-loving is of course a cheap and simple pleasure anywhere, but it peculiarly fits into the scheme of Western frugality and soulfulness. Of course California has no monopoly; even in central Illinois bands of nature-lovers now go forth on Saturday afternoons to caress trees. But probably never before in the same area were so many almost professional devotees of the Great Mother as on the Pacific slope. There is, of course, a vast deal of rather windy

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talk upon the subject, and a strong disposition to dilute it with a vague religiosity. Even rich and fashionable ladies at Santa Barbara are apt to yearn a good deal over the beauty of the landscape, spiritually to fondle Rincon, the local mountain, and, in short, to feel that this close contact with nature is making both soul and body very lovely.

But there is a side simpler and more engaging. There is an extraordinary proportion of the inhabitants of California which knows the wild places—they are always astonishingly near the centers of population—and has been near the mysteries. The coming of the good road and the bad car has facilitated this. The migration in the summer to the High Sierras of thousands of family camping-parties, in overloaded vehicles of the many kinds which may be generically grouped as tin cars, is an epic of democracy. They live long weeks really close to that so famous heart; a young lady was heard in the autumn complaining that she couldn't seem to cook at the sea-level—she had learned the art during a long summer twelve thousand feet up, where water boils at a lower temperature and is much less hot! Camping and all the pioneer crafts are still a real part of the life of a true Californian from childhood on.

Even week-ends and Sundays are used in pleasant outdoor expeditions. In spite of the automobile, the Californians can still walk. Of course they do not use such an old-fashioned expression; they "hike"; this new word, as Boy Scouts have already found, makes a thing that had grown dull a real pleasure. The railway and trolley stations late Saturday afternoon are an amazing sight. They swarm with boys and girls in "hiking"



TO ANY FLOWER-LOVER THESE GARDENS ARE PARADISE

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MEXICANS OR JAPANESE DO THE MANUAL LABOR

costumes of khaki. The young ladies are all in trim, tight knickers, to be distinguished from the young men only by their superior shape, by their beauty of countenance, and by the students' caps in bright colored velvet which surmount them. There are undoubtedly more young ladies in knickers in California than anywhere else in the world. In some cases there is a woman in skirts along; this strange raiment possibly indicates the chaperon, though more often it would appear that the expedition is undertaken in that Arcadian lack of guile which is still so strong a national characteristic. Did Daphnis and Chloe "hike"? The young ladies are almost always, by a mysterious but welcome dispensation of Providence, small and exquisitely pretty—indeed, they look like moving-picture actresses, which is, of course, the highest Californian praise. And the whole scene has a quality of musical comedy which is gay and invigorating.

Indeed, while we touch this point, it may be said that Californian costume, more particularly that of the male, is very free from any conservative or traditional restraint. It may be that in the south the mode is affected by the presence of a great number of actors—a race always sprightly and debonair in dress. For example, it is probable that in Los Angeles there are more black-and-white-check suits per square mile than in any other city in the world. Sartorial imagination seems positively unbridled; what a French tailor would, so accurately, call *costumes de fantaisie* are excessively prevalent, and all that can be done with belts and waists and curves and gussets and gores and strapped and plaited waistcoats is done. Fits are, to display the perfect male figure, alluringly snug—a leading Eastern authority says that the impression he receives is that every one is wearing the suit made for little brother! The note, not universally but still most commonly struck, is not that of stern simplicity. It is actually a fact that in one great Californian city a perfectly plain white dress shirt is not to be purchased in any reputable men's furnishing shop, the mode being for a touch of embroidery or plaiting or piqué. Dashing fellows, these Californians!

As bungalows and dress and the whole

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THERE ARE FAITH HEALERS OF ALL VARIETIES

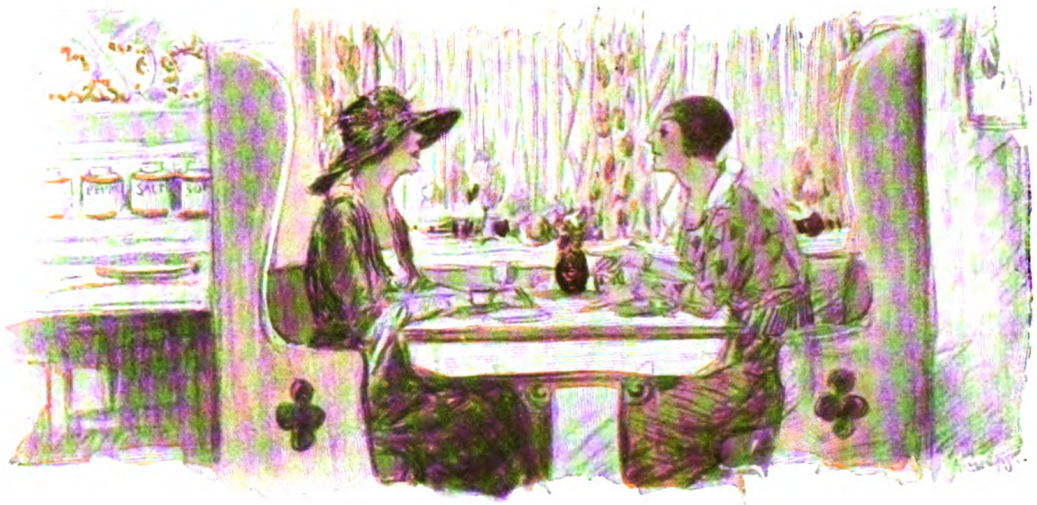
manner of Californian life indicate an eye wholly fixed on the future, so does the Californian language. English as she used to be spoken is in process of being scrapped in California—or perhaps it is only that institutions which never existed before demand names as fresh as themselves. "Cafeteria" has, of course, now a nation-wide use, but there is also an "Eateria" and, in one instance, welling straight from our strange, turgid, national fount of humor, a "Palace of Fine Eats." "Grocerteria" is very much in use everywhere, for a shop where "self-service" is in vogue. "Shoeitorium" and "Shinerium" are delightful and easily understood, as is "Vegeteria" for a wayside vegetable-stall. "Hometeria" as the designation of a real-estate office is perhaps fancy spun rather fine and flung rather far. But for a stroke of individual inventive genius it would be hard to beat "Rabbitorium," the mart for these succulent animals. The language never grows rusty out West.



SARTORIAL IMAGINATION SEEMS POSITIVELY UNBRIDLED

The Spanish past of California, is, of course, much advertised and carefully conserved. The little towns and the string of missions were perhaps not very important in those early days; they must have

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ONE LEARNS HOW DELIGHTFUL IT IS TO EAT IN THE KITCHEN

seemed remote and provincial to the proud City of Mexico. And the relics which one so tenderly and piously visits are, as things go in the world, relatively unimportant—in Spain itself one would perhaps not cross a very broad street to see them. But here in America we are hungry for the past, and the Californian traces of old Spain have a very winning, half-pathetic charm. They complete the romantic illusion that these are Mediterranean lands.

And modern California has done everything to keep the old Spanish province everywhere in mind. There are "mission" plays and "mission" groceries and "mission" garages and, as all America knows to its sorrow, mission furniture. That famous and delightful novel, *Ramona*, has become an authentic part of California history by now, and every event has been given a local habitat so that you can make pilgrimages, pretty and romantic, to every scene of the heroine's happiness and of her final tragedy—a charming tribute to the art of fiction. The town and street names are so many of them reminiscent of that early day, and the Californians, slipshod in their English sometimes, are astonishingly careful of their Spanish, undaunted by such names as La Jolla, for example, and dealing competently with the aspirate j and the liquid double l. The whole system of nomenclature makes for romance, and the presence, as one goes toward the south and the Mexican border, of increasing numbers of a darker, more picturesque race deepens the impression which one has at moments that one is in a foreign land.

The Chinese and Japanese do that, too. No discussion shall here ensue of that Asiatic problem. Not as economist, but as idle tourist, may one be grateful for such memories as that of a carnation-field in bloom tended by a half-dozen pretty little Japanese women, bending caressingly over the lovely brilliant flowers!

This, however, is a digression from Spanishness, and the point to be made was that earthquakes and speculative builders have left little in California of the period between the mission and the bungalow. There is one lady in southern California who is famous because her grandchildren are being brought up in

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the house where she herself was born! There is, in short, nothing mid-Victorian in California, unless it be possibly some aspects of the famous San Franciscan vice—in that city the rows of *cabinets particuliers* which adorn even the humblest oyster-house inevitably make one think of the Third Empire in Paris and the *Bal Mabille*.

Reluctantly shall some space be here given to this same question of Californian morals. It is amusing how cultivated and dashing and intelligent it is always thought in America to attack towns as being puritanical. Los Angeles was once termed "chemically pure," and it still reels from the blow. The Iowan population would like it to be well understood that life has been considerably jazzed up since its transference to the coast. San Francisco has, on the other hand, been perhaps too much advertised by its loving but injudicious friends, for it is quite plain to even the tourist's eye that, instead of being the Isle of Cytherea, the place is congested with good and respectable women (often excessively pretty and smart), and that it goes its way, as a busy, lively city should, with not much more nor much less of undue gaiety than usually falls to the lot of towns of its size. Yet up and down the length of the state you hear philosophical thinkers asserting that California saps the moral sense.

(Here, indeed, one had best not be too sure that the wish is not father to the thought. There are ladies who have not succeeded in being very bad in the East and, arriving at full bloom and California about the same time, have come with the hope of misconductspringing eternal in their very human breasts.)



NATURE-LOVERS GO FORTH ON SATURDAY TO CARESS TREES

It is true that the Californian divorce courts are by way of surpassing old days in Reno, and that life, in many a community proceeds with great freedom and vivacity; that one-piece bathing-suits are the rule, and that, to judge by the photographs which embellish the *chronique scandaleuse* of the local newspapers, neither age nor plainness offers any bar to the liveliness of ladies. But at the risk of defending Californians even against themselves, it must be said if the state saps the moral sense it is only in so far as it weakens *all* feeling of responsibility and of dependence upon the traditions of the past.

The visitor to California will inevitably experience moods in which the whole state will seem to him populated

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YOUNG LADIES ALL IN TRIM KNICKERS READY FOR A HIKE

merely by people who have migrated thither to avoid responsibility. He will forget the industries and the rich agriculture and consider the whole state as an idle community, unproductive and non-creative. He will in imagination see the tributary stream of money from the working East cross the mountains and break into pretty, many-colored spray over the Californian lotos gardens. He will wonder what would happen to the West if the machinery of capitalism ceased to divert this life-giving golden flow. He will revolt at what seems the sterile happiness of a whole people.

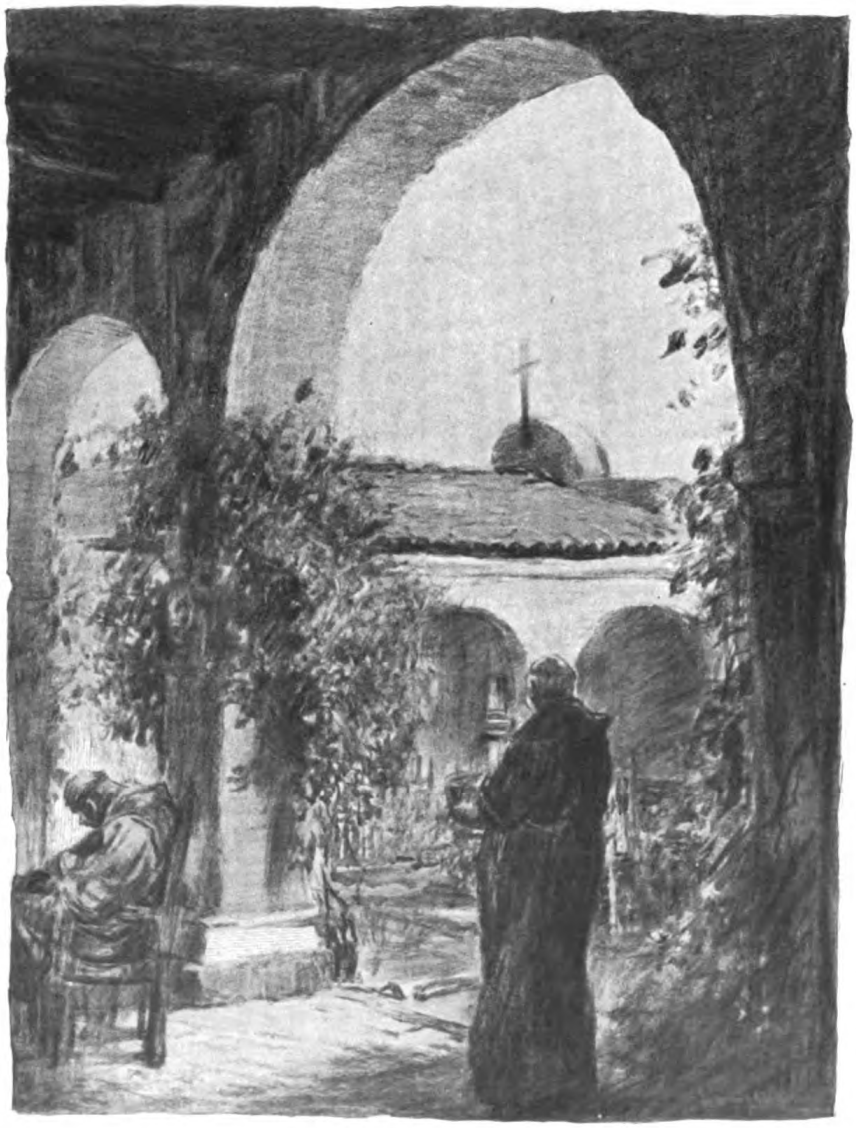
It is in such moods that one believes the worst stories of the slowness with which California awakened to the call of the Great War, forgetting how, at home in the East, one was bitterly impatient at the country's lethargy and neglecting, perhaps, to inform oneself of the splendid achievements of the aroused California. Yet the mood, dissipated, will return, of longing, even in the Californian sunshine and beauty, for the cloudier skies of an older, struggling, suffering world.

Reference has been made earlier to the prevalent delusion that California is heaven. And here something must be said, in all reverence it is hoped, about heaven. The Californian resemblance is to that place of the earlier theologies

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devoted wholly to the mystic and rather static pleasures of worship and praise, which most of the vigorous modern churches reject in favor of an ideal of more activity, more strain, more likeness to the life of this world, though on a higher spiritual plane.

A Californian might, however, well retort that the higher spiritual plane already exists by the Pacific's edge. Indeed, the soil of the state is as fertile of religions as that of great Asia. And, indeed, all the Asiatic cults find a welcome there. In grand and beautiful temples or in dull little frame houses on side streets where a simple home-made signboard gives modest publicity to a new religion devised by the inhabitant himself, all sorts and all doctrines find some shelter. From a Sunday newspaper, which only partially reflects the possibilities of a Californian Sabbath morning, is copied out a list of services which includes, besides the more orthodox names, New Thought, Higher Thought, Metaphysical Theosophy of several different schools, Pillar of Fire, Old Time Orthodoxy, God is Female, and, though



TRACES OF OLD SPAIN HAVE A WINNING, HALF PATHETIC CHARM

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it is more a cultural activity than a worship of the Deity, Raw Food. By the western ocean all these new religionists gather to await the coming of a new day. Some of them believe that from the deep bosom of the Pacific will arise a new continent, like the lost Atlantis. When this happens they will be there to step still farther into the sunset, and to take possession of a newer and better California.

There is more "soul" in California than there has ever been before in the world's history. A tailor advertises "All men wearing tailor-made clothes should insist on getting a soul with them. Every garment made in our shops, including coat, vest, and trousers, is provided with a real soul, the something that lives forever and the something that is not obtainable everywhere"!

All these western religions are religions of optimism; it is only natural that they should thrive best in these remote, untroubled airs. Their practitioners are relentlessly cheerful; you can tell that almost professional smile and that voice dripping with honey even in the crowded street-car. Their lilac crystal domes stand in fantastic loveliness above the western sea. Why, in a land where the present presents no cares and problems, should not the human heart concern itself with some future life?

Is California itself not the future life? We come inevitably to what we earlier called her delusion. Perhaps the Californian serenity is what the world is now trying for. In that case our West is a great mile-stone on the highroad of the human race. And when human cares are adjusted, then, as now, her hills will turn green and brown and then green again. And her sunshine will never have ceased to flood her great calm spaces. And her giant sequoias will have increased in girth an inch or two— Perhaps in time that fabled continent will rise from the Pacific's bosom. But until a great deal is known about it most of us will prefer California.

THE ROOM

BY GRACE FALLOW NORTON

I HAVE seen it, the high, white-curtained room,
And I have seen the flowered chair
And the long blue gown I should wear
And your colors everywhere.
And I have seen my sewing on a little stand
And the clock's eager hand,
And I have held my breath
And heard you coming up the stair.

Now this is strange, as strange as death,
As strange as our defiance and doom—
For I have seen that room,
I have received you there!
And yet it may not be—nor has it been—
Until you, too, have seen
Those undrawn curtains and that waiting, flowered chair.

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THE LATEST NOVELTIES IN LANGUAGE

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

Professor of Dramatic Literature, Columbia University

THE English language is an Inn of Strange Meetings. Its doors stand open always, and it extends a warm reception to travelers from foreign lands. Some of its guests are able to make themselves welcome, and they therefore settle down as regular boarders; while others, finding themselves ill at ease, restless and useless, are to be considered as transients, lodgers for the night only. The demand for accommodation has been so persistent and so imperious that the hostelry has now to keep on enlarging itself to provide for the newcomers, often to the disgust of the older guests, swift to resent what they consider the intrusion of the vulgar herd; and they have cried out indignantly, sometimes against the low-born native and sometimes against the undesirable alien. The vocables who vaunt their descent from the ancient and honorable Anglo-Saxon stock may be justified in their abhorrent contempt for uncouth plebeians, like *gents* and *pants*, and for inacceptable immigrants, like *artiste* and *pianiste*.

A few years ago a British reviewer of the monumental Oxford Dictionary declared that the English language has truly a "marvelous digestion and seems able to feed on almost any kind of nutriment. Popular slang and old pedantries, the dreams of philosophers and the cant of thieves, puns and perversions, forgotten fears and ancient superstitions, have all contributed to its vocabulary; and some of our most respectable words have wild and strange histories; and this gives us warrant to hope that what English has done in the past to nourish its vigor it will continue to do in the future."

We need not be alarmed if, in this first quarter of the twentieth century, as in every quarter of every other century for now a thousand years or more, new words of all sorts and conditions are being added to the language, springing up spontaneously, often from seeds of doubtful origin. There are so many of these verbal novelties and they spread themselves so swiftly and so insidiously that very few of us are conscious of more than a small proportion of them. In the past decade we have learned to use *pep* and *jazz;* we have been taught to feel a hostile contempt for *profiteers* and for *hyphenated* citizens; and we have been told what manner of man a drug-*addict* is and what manner of thing a *fabricated* ship.

Whether these six new words are or are not going to be accepted into standard English and to be employed without the apology of quotation-marks cannot be predicted by any one to-day. Their acceptance will depend on their utility, not on their regularity of construction or their legitimacy of descent. Dr. Henry Bradley, in his most instructive little book on the "Making of English," took occasion more than once to emphasize the fact that the "regard for correctness" is powerless "when it conflicts with the claims of convenience of expression." If a new word is recognized as meeting a need of the language, as providing an easier or a more effective way of saying something that we want to say, then its future is assured; the most perfervid protests of purists and pedants will be unavailing. In a few years or in a few decades only students of the history of the language will re-

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member that the then approved word had once been placed on the Index by the self-constituted defenders of the integrity of the language. The speech of the people belongs to the people as a whole; and the word, the phrase, and the usage which the people persist in employing is certain sooner or later to be used even by the most fastidious of stylists.

Where do all our new words come from, both the feeble vocables destined to an early death and the verbal entities lively enough to force themselves into the vocabulary? Who makes them? How are they made? These are questions to which it is often difficult to find an answer. Sometimes we know who made a word, why he made it, where he made it, and when he made it. Huxley manufactured *agnostic*, from a Greek root, intending it to be a more accurate description of his own attitude toward inherited religious belief than *positivist;* it was aptly and correctly formed; it was needed; it was immediately adopted both by his friends and his foes; and from English it has made its way into most modern languages.

But where did *jazz* come from? Who was responsible for this fit name for misfit music? And when was it that some person or persons to us unknown had a happy inspiration and described syncopated measures as *rag-time?* We can make a guess that *pep* is a curtailing of *pepper* and that *boob* is only a shortened *booby;* but why is a recently invented combination of ice-cream and fruit syrup known as a *sundae?* And why is this name not more simply spelled either *sunday* or *sundy?* Why was the armored tractor which helped powerfully to win the war entitled a *tank?* Here indeed is an instance of the way in which an old word is sometimes applied to a new thing in spite of the fact that it is not at all a good name for this invention. There is no likeness at all between a receptacle for liquids (which was the only meaning of *tank* five years ago) and a caterpillar tractor, steel-clad and bristling with guns (which is what *tank* means to-day even though it retains also its earlier significance).

A score of years ago, during the war in South Africa, we were made familiar with the verb to *commandeer*, a needless novelty since the English language already had its exact equivalent in to *requisition*, and during the recent war were called upon to accept another new verb, to *profiteer*, framed on the model of *commandeer* (perhaps with some memory also of *privateer*) and almost as unnecessary as *commandeer*, since we might have brought into general use the law-term to *forestall*. But *forestall* does not suggest all that we think we recognize in *profiteer;* and a new word justifies its creation even when it conveys only a slight difference in meaning.

The insistent desire to save time and to shorten a polysyllable whenever this is possible has led the British to cut down *cinematograph* to *cinema*, and it has led Americans to substitute the *movies* for *moving-pictures*. These truncated terms seem to have ousted their long-legged progenitors, partly, no doubt, because of the universal appeal of the photographic panorama—the pressure to abbreviate a name being in proportion to the frequency of its use as well to its original prolixity. In like manner have we shortened *taximeter cab* to *taxi*—just as our forefathers exercised the same privilege and cut *cabriolet* down to *cab*. It is amusing to note that these more leisurely ancestors of ours curtailed *cabriolet* to preserve only *cab* whereas they beheaded *periwig* to preserve only *wig*, while we ourselves seem almost as ready to chop the head off *telephone* and the tail off *photograph*.

Rudyard Kipling, always fastidious in his use of English, has no hesitation in employing *photos* (in *Kim*); and the managers of the moving-picture theaters invite us to behold *photo-plays*, a violent barbarism of immediate utility. Kipling cannot escape the ultimate responsibility for another abbreviated word, which

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has taken its place in the technical vocabulary of the so-called "silent drama." His biting lyric on the "Vampire," with its corroding characterization of its heroine-villainess as "a rag and a bone and a hank of hair" has brought about a belief that a vampire is always the female of the species; and as a logical result of this unfounded opinion any fascinating adventuress trying to cajole an innocent hero is now entitled a *vamp*. What is even more picturesque is that this abbreviated noun has also become a verb: "She *vamps* him."

This is an excellent example of that striving for "elliptic brevity" which Doctor Bradley has called a striking characteristic of spoken English. And Doctor Bradley has also pointed out that "the tendency to reduce the number of syllables in words wherever it was possible" can be discovered in our language as early as the fifteenth century. It is one of many forces forever at work to bestow on the English language the simplicity and the directness, the efficiency and the energy, which the English-speaking peoples continually display in the other relations of life.

When we feel that the undue length of a word unfits it for the swift transaction of business, we may now and again seek to find a short, sharp substitute, as when we say *to wire* instead of *to telegraph*. But more often than not the lengthy word is itself mercilessly abbreviated, as when *advertisement* is reduced to *ad*. Then we go a little farther and describe a two-line advertisement under the general head of "Help Wanted" as a "want *adlet*." And there are those who are willing to adventure themselves still further along this path of linguistic efficiency and designate the advertising expert as an *ad-smith*, a novel locution (still unknown to our kin across the sea) which Mr. Howells immediately hailed as "delightful," thereby vindicating his inexpugnable Americanism. True it is, he went on to remark, that "*ad* is a loathly little word, but we must come to it. It's as legitimate as *lunch*," which we condensed from *luncheon* and which we promptly made to serve also as a verb.

Doctor Bradley called attention to a device which has enriched English from time to time and which is not utilized in any other language, so far as I know. This is what is called "back-formation." For example, the word *groveling* was misunderstood as a present participle and the verb *to grovel* was formed from it. So "the noun *peddler* is older than the verb *to peddle* or the adjective *peddling*"; and the noun *editor* seems to have been the parent of the verb, *to edit*. In like manner the adjective *swashbuckling* has been deduced from the noun *swashbuckler*. "Many of the words which have been formed by this process," so the learned but unpedantic linguist assured us, "are so happily expressive that the misunderstanding that has given rise to them must be accounted a fortunate accident."

It is evidence of his freedom from pedantry that Doctor Bradley seemed to be willing to accept *to buttle*, from *butler*, *to bant* from *Banting*, the name of the Englishman who proposed a new method for reducing fat, and *to maffick*—that is, to indulge in a riotous demonstration in the street, like that which took place in London in 1900 when there came the glad news of the relief of *Mafeking*, long beleaguered by the Boers. As Doctor Bradley passes no condemnatory verdict on these three British innovations, it is odd that he failed to mention a fourth which has won as wide an acceptance in the United States as in Great Britain—*to burgle*, a verb back-formed from the noun *burglar*.

In the devising of back-formations we Americans have not lagged behind our British cousins; at least they have accused us of making the verb *to collide* out of the noun *collision* on the erroneous assumption that as *elision* was formed from *elide*, so collision must have been formed from a non-existent *collide*. Because this assumption was erroneous, William Cullen Bryant half a century

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ago put *collide* on his once-famous Index Expurgatorius, the list of locutions which he did not desire to see in the pages of the very respectable evening paper he then edited. But if *to edit* had been made to order from *editor*, why should not *collide* be made from *collision*?

Even a poet whose own English was pure and vigorous could not take up arms against a sea of verbal troubles and by opposing end them. *Collide* seems now to have lived down the scandal about its unhappy past; and so has *talented*, which Bryant also cast into outer darkness, probably because it seemed to imply a non-existent verb, *to talent*. He excluded from his paper another back-formation, *to donate* from *donation;* but he failed to pronounce an edict of expulsion upon *orate* from *oration*. Possibly *orate* may not have reared its grisly head within range of the poet's vision. Even now, *orate* is rarely used, although it has a distinct utility in that it suggests a false and flamboyant speech-making, quite different from the eloquence of a true orator.

I hesitate to conjecture what Bryant would have said if he could have heard one of the most recent of American back-formations—the verb *to be peeved*, derived from the adjective *peevish;* but I make no doubt that Mr. Howells would welcome it as heartily as he did *ad-smith*. Assuredly "he was *peeved*" is a delightful phrase, more subtly suggestive than "he was *peevish*," and even a little differentiated in meaning from its elder brother.

There is, however, an American back-formation that I detest—*to enthuse*. I do not know why I have so bristling a repugnance to this, as I am well aware that it is no worse made than *to be peeved* or *to burgle;* but somehow it seems to me vulgar, and uncouth, bearing the bend sinister of offensive illegitimacy. To my mind it demands immediate deportation as an undesirable citizen of the vocabulary. I know well enough that my prejudice is probably unduly exaggerated; and I can only fall back on "I do not like you, Doctor Fell; the reason why I cannot tell." A friendly British newspaper man who came over here during the war to report on what he called "New America," found stimulation in the "nuggety word-groupings which are the commonplaces in good American conversation" and which "are like flashes of crystal." He noted that "Americans are never tired of bursting the bonds of convention, but when the less disciplined do this they are apt to emerge on a stage where freedom, though delightful, has its disadvantages."

Back-formations are generally caused by the desire to save time, to cut across lots. It is swifter to call a man a *coke-fiend* than to say that he was in the habit of taking cocaine. It is sharper to declare that he is an *addict* than to describe him as addicted to indulgence in dangerous drugs. *Addict* and *coke* are to be companioned with *dope*, a strange flower which bloomed in the American vocabulary only within the last decade or two of the nineteenth century and which, in the first two decades of the twentieth century, burgeoned exuberantly. As it happens, I can recall exactly when I first became acquainted with this linguistic weed. In 1893, at the Chicago Exhibition, I was told that the trained animals in the Hagenbach show were not *doped*. I immediately accepted *dope* as derived somehow from *opium* or *opiate*, although I am still at a loss to understand how it acquired its initial.

In ensuing years I began to hear men assert that they felt *dopy*—sluggish, as though they had taken an opiate. A little later the word took on an enlarged meaning, "I *doped* it out"—that is to say, "I came to a conclusion." After a while I noted that a person seeking information would ask to be supplied with the *dope*. When we went to war with Germany the American ambassador left Berlin carrying a small bag, which he held fast, because, as he explained, it contained the *dope* for the book he intended to write.

Although back-formation has been at

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work in our language for several centuries, it has been more active of late in the American variety of English than in the British, because we are more inclined to take short-cuts. Some of our back-formations are abhorrent and some are appealingly picturesque, even if they are also pert. "The American tongue," we are told by the wandering Briton from whom I have already quoted, "is a potent and penetrating instrument, rich in new vibrations, full of joy as well as shocks for the unsuspecting visitor." *To be peeved* is a joy, even if *to enthuse* is a grief; and it must be confessed that many of our local back-formations still smack of the street where they were born. Only one or two have been invited upstairs into the library for the use of men of letters. Yet if the rest of them may have to linger long on the threshold, or even at last to be turned from the open door, they came into being in accord with the logic of our language, with its eager insistence on energetic efficiency.

New words are derived from all sorts of sources. *To bluff*, for example, which began life as a necessary technical term in poker, spread into general use in the United States, crossed the western ocean and established itself in Great Britain, and has now crossed the English Channel and forced its admission into French and Italian and German. Perhaps *to pass the buck*, having a similar origin, will in time attain to a similar world-wide acceptance. *To spoof*, a Briticism originating in the sporting circles of London, bids fair to be adopted in New York, although its attractiveness is as slight as its utility. Equally unnecessary is *forelady*, which is intended to be a more elegant appellation for a forewoman and which seems to presage a companion *foregentleman*—or would it be *foregent?* In another new word which we owe also to the busy marts of trade we can note again the ability of our language to supply itself easily with a term needed for immediate use. We have long been familiar with *salesman* and *saleswoman*—even, alas! with *saleslady;* and the latest member of the family to whom we have been introduced to, *salesperson*, a name intended to apply to employee of either sex.

These verbal novelties we have made out of our stock, so to speak; and at the same time we have kept on taking over terms from other tongues, in accord with our ancient custom, as a result of which the words of foreign origin in our everyday speech—so a historian of our language has asserted—"far outnumber those of Old English origin." And upon these alien vocables we have worked our will in our own fashion. We have taken two Latin words, *per centum*, cut the second to get *per cent.*, and then melted them together with an English termination to give us *percentage*. We have taken *risqué* and made it *risky*, and we are in the process of taking *brusque* and making it *brusk;* and this is as it should be, since a foreign word which keeps its foreign pronunciation or its foreign spelling is always a menace to the purity of English. The alien words we admit to citizenship in our language ought always to renounce their foreign allegiance. A term from another tongue is more easily made to feel itself at home in our vocabulary when its spelling does not call attention to its original outlandishness. So it was that *cafeteria* and *automat*, as names for special kinds of restaurant, slipped into general use without exciting general notice.

The latest importation from France that I have had occasion to remark is no more than the conferring of a new meaning upon an old word. In English *to intrigue* has always meant to plot surreptitiously, whereas in French it was always used (by extension) to indicate the state of puzzled doubt in which we may find ourselves when we have reason to suspect a surreptitious plot; and this secondary French meaning is now passing over into English, so that we may read in the light stories that run through our magazines, "she *intrigued* me,"

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meaning that she puzzled me, and not meaning that she involved me in an intrigue. This Gallic secondary meaning will probably force itself into our yielding Anglo-Saxon, and we shall have hereafter the privilege of employing *to intrigue* in either of two different intents. I doubt if this will be to the profit of the language; but protest is idle, since the fate of a novelty always depends upon its ultimate usefulness.

It is both futile and foolish for the respecters of the ancient landmarks of language to deny that an old word can have any other than its original content. The real meaning of a word is what it means now to those who utter it and to those who hear it, and not what it meant to their mothers. "There are few true synonyms in literature, none perhaps," said Dr. Clifford Allbut in his illuminating *Notes on the Composition of Scientific Papers*, and he added that "words have not only their stem meanings, but carry upon them also many changes and tinctures of past uses, which blend inevitably in our sentences. The word *apostate*, for example, means far more than an absentee or a dissenter, and a *muscle* is much more than a little mouse; *monks* rarely live alone; your *anecdote* is anything but clandestine; *rivals* contend for other than water-rights; and *hypocrites* are no longer confined to the theater." And we cannot doubt that there were pedants who foresaw the impending degradation and the ultimate destruction of English if *apostate* and *muscle*, *anecdote*, and *rival* were not each of them cribbed, cabined, and confined to the single meaning justified by their derivation.

Perhaps I am playing the part of the pedant when I feel inclined to protest against the unidiomatic wording of the Covenant of the League of Nations. Apparently the phrasing of this agreement was due to a drafting-clerk who had to think in two languages at once and who translated from French into English without due regard to the purity of his native tongue—if this was in fact English. In Article 1 it is prescribed that "declarations must be deposited with the *secretariat*," when it would be purer English to specify the Secretary's office. In Article 10 we are told that the Council shall *advise* upon certain matters, and the content makes it plain that the Council is not to advise some other body but itself to take action (and this is in accord with the meaning of *aviser* in French and not in accord with the meaning of *advise* in English).

In Article 37 we read that German *nationals* in certain territory transferred to Belgium will be entitled to *opt* for German nationality — *nationals* being used for citizens and *opt* for choose. In Article 1 of the annex to the treaty of peace, permission is given to the French to *exploit* certain roads and railways, although *exploit* in English carries a somewhat sinister suggestion absent from the French *exploiter*. In the same article we find *personnel*, meaning the workmen. In Chapter 3 there is provision for a *plebiscite*, which is what we call a referendum; and there is a mention of a *gendarmerie*, which is what we call a police-force. A little later in this document we are told that a special convention will determine the conditions of payment of indemnities "to persons who have been *evacuated*."

By some of its advocates the Covenant of the League of Nations has been likened to the Constitution of the United States; but it would be idle to deny that the new document is far inferior in its wording to the old instrument drawn up by our wise forefathers, shrewd and farseeing men who knew exactly what they wanted to say and who spared no pains to express this with the utmost concision consistent with the utmost clarity. They even went so far as to refer their draft to a special committee on style, with Gouverneur Morris as its chairman. It is greatly to be regretted that those who were responsible for the Covenant did not follow the example of those who were responsible for the Constitution.

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A MASTERPIECE BY MANET

"THE WOMAN WITH A PARROT"

THE figure of a woman, dressed simply in white and holding a cluster of violets to her face, stands against a gray background. At the right a parrot sits on its perch. When first exhibited, in the *Salon* of 1868, under the title of "Young Woman," this frankly painted picture called forth a burst of indignation from the critics because of the introduction of the gay-plumaged bird, which, in that day of classical tradition, was regarded as an inexcusable innovation. Ideas of art have changed since then, and we find it difficult even to realize the bitterness of the war waged over the painting. We see in the parrot only a means of relieving the monotony by the introduction of certain varied tones of color. But at that time art concerned itself with studied arrangements and conventional accessories. Manet, rebelling against scholastic methods, awakened bitter opposition, and in choosing subjects and accessories from contemporary life brought about a new order of things and worked a complete change in modern French art. The whole picture conveys an impression of originality. It takes nothing from the methods of schools, but shows the work of an original observer. Its simplicity, which was in striking contrast to the works of its day, gives it an old-masterly aspect. This simplicity the artist gained from his tour of Spain, whence he returned filled with admiration for Zurbaran, Velasquez, and Goya. In their work he found the inspiration to protest against the excess of detail, the sentimentality and lifelessness of the art then prevailing.

W. STANTON HOWARD.

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THE WOMAN WITH A PARROT, BY EDWARD MANET

Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting

In the Metropolitan Museum of Art

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BLACK MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

BY WILLIAM ASHLEY ANDERSON

LYING off the hot, steaming, and unattractive coast of German East Africa is the island of Zanzibar, the only remaining bit of territory over which the descendants of the Imams of Muscat still assert sovereignty. This sovereignty is merely titular, because within short walking distance of the sultan's palace is a residence in which a white man lives and takes orders from Whitehall, which is in London, and whose orders are law. About all this I do not think the sultan worries much.

He is black and he is handsome, and he rides forth to take the evening air in an open barouche drawn by spirited horses, with liveried servants in attendance. His palace is large and attractive; his gardens rare and bursting with bloom; and his little island one of the beauty spots of the world. Green hills, watered by pure springs and brooks, roll down to the sparkling waters of the Indian Ocean. It is girt with gleaming white coral beaches, and indented with the bluest of bays fringed with feathery surf. The swelling hills are divided among great *shambas*, where cocoanuts, cloves, and aloes are cultivated; and bananas and plantains, mangoes, oranges, and the sweetest and juiciest of pineapples grow in such rank luxuriance that they are looked upon as weeds.

The town of Zanzibar, on a spit of sand near the southern extremity of the island, is the Paris of the east coast of Africa. It is the place of romance, the metropolis of hearts' desires; and its fame is transcendent in the bazaars from Colombo to Ujiji. In it the Arab and the black can find all that makes life attractive. The bazaars hum with life; the moon is large and soft; the island pours its largess upon all who hold out their hands; and the brown wenches, comely and cheerful, are ever ready to dance the long *n'gomas* with a spirited stranger who will woo.

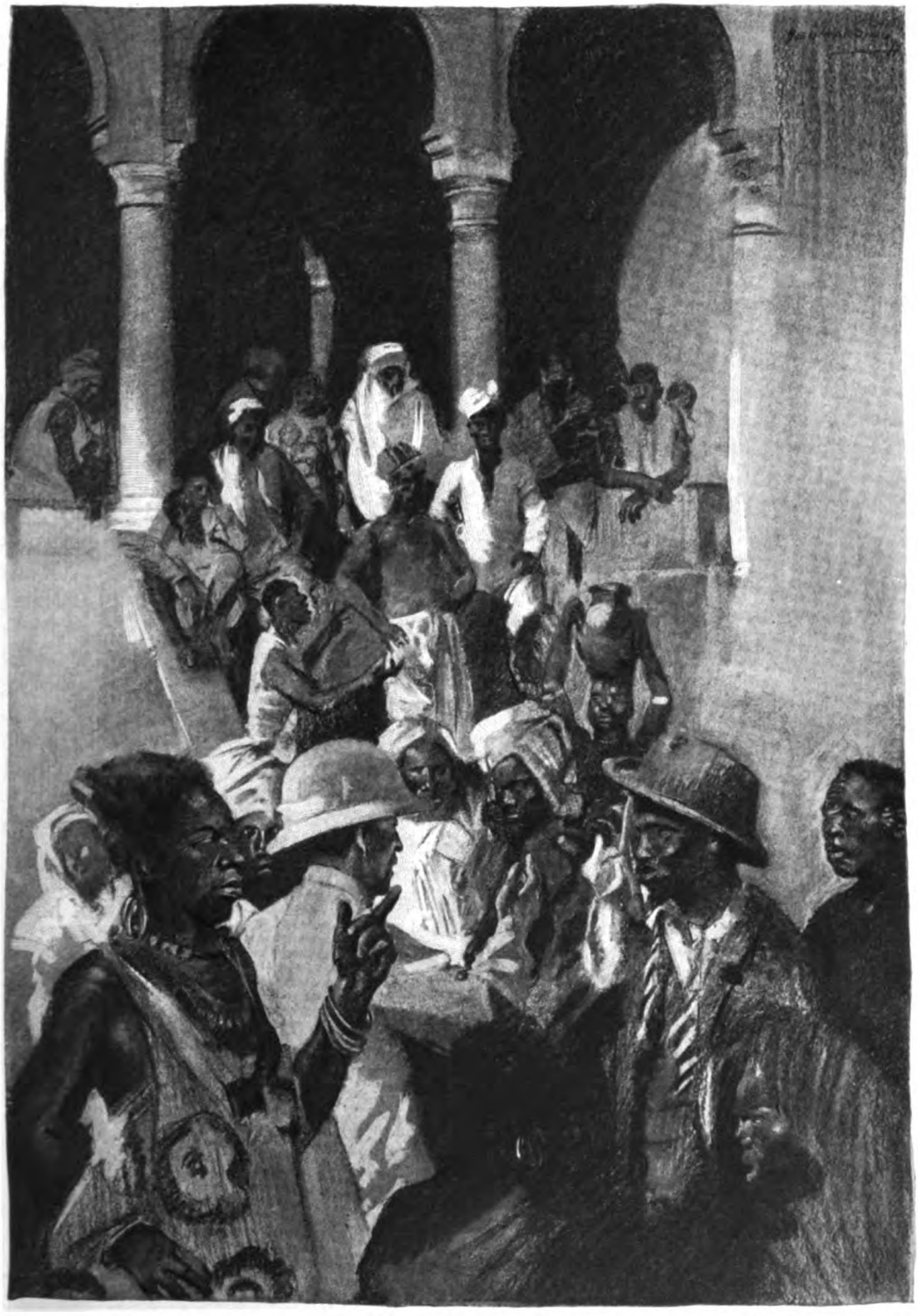
It always seemed to me, therefore, that for those of dusky hue contentment might be found here.

But one evening I noticed a black man staring after the sultan's barouche with an expression of such mixed envy, anger, and scorn that I was promptly interested. Though on my way to take a "sun-downer" with the Only Other American, I paused before his great carven door and watched the black stranger.

The evening was calm and sultry, yet he wore a European suit of blue serge, with a black bowler, leather shoes, and a linen collar. The linen was brown and greasy, the suit stained and shiny, the hat battered, and the shoes ready for the discard. He looked hot, uncomfortable, disgusted, and defiant. About him were a number of small boys in white *kanzas*, like thin nightgowns, and little red tarbushes pushed on the back of their heads. They were laughing and jeering, but the object of their fun stared after the sultan with such intensity that he did not seem to notice them.

Several Swahili women passed with baskets of fruit on their heads, their brown shoulders gleaming in the waning light, and their brightly colored *hodrunks* —modishly printed with designs of battleships, mottoes of "God Save the King," pictures of the flags of the Allied nations, and phrases from the Koran in Arabic lettering—clinging to their swaying hips. They grinned roguishly at the surly stranger. As they passed he turned

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"IN THIS SQUARE," I SAID, "WAS ONCE THE SLAVE-MARKET"

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his head, so that I saw clearly he had a little woolly goatee. When he realized that the women were laughing at him his face suddenly contorted, and he shouted:

"Who yu-all laughin' at, yu dam' black savages? Some day I's sut'nly gona bust yo' haid open! Yu heah me? I's talkin'. I's sut'nly gona do damage!" . . .

He made a dart at them, but they scurried out of reach, squealing and laughing shrilly, while the small boys raised derisive shouts and danced after him. They chased back and forth, the native women and children squealing and shouting and laughing, continuing for a minute or two until the man was hot and steaming perspiration, panting for breath, and exhausted with rage. As soon as he halted he saw me looking at him with interest, for the few phrases he uttered had brought up in a flash many quaint and happy recollections. I felt the same glowing delight that is aroused by a letter from home.

The man, however, simply glared at me for a second with surly defiance, as though annoyed at being observed in his unbecoming conduct. Then, before I had a chance to speak, he turned away, mumbling curses under his breath, and vanished down a darkening alleyway leading into the narrow bazaars. I clutched one of the little devils who had been dancing about and asked who the man was.

"Oah, master," said the little fellow, gravely touching his tarbush, "that is the white black man!"

"He is the what?"

"He is the white black man," insisted the boy. And one of the women, whom I recognized as my washwoman, Fatima, boldly ventured: "Yes, Excellency. The boy speaks truth. He is a white black man!"

I would have got further information from her but at the moment a lattice rattled above me and a soda-water bottle burst at my feet. The Only Other American, attracted by my voice, had come to the window.

"Don't stand in front of my door, *shenzi*, talking to good-looking native women! It's indecent. And you're making my castle a byword."

"Who is your friend, the white black man?" I retorted.

His laughter echoed over the roofs, and a pet lemur somewhere in the dark recesses of the house commenced to scream.

"Why, that is Mr. Rufus Hamilton Osborne, late of Baltimore *and* N' Yawk, seh. Come up, and I'll tell you about him."

So I mounted the dark, dank stairway in his old Arab house until I came to the piazza overlooking the bay where a Castle boat, two little gunboats, and a whole fleet of lateen-rigged dhows from Muscat and Madagascar were silhouetted against the pink glow of the sun plunging behind the gray haze that hung over Africa. The hum of the town rose about us. The lap of the waves sounded softly below. And presently from the direction of the military hospital, screened by a fan of palm fronds, came the soft notes of "La Paloma" played by the sultan's band.

The situation was utterly peaceful; and the O. O. A., moving quietly about, mixing drinks in glasses that clinked musically, added a cheery note of home and comfort.

"Why, that darky," he explained, after we were fixed in long Indian chairs—"that darky is a curious case. He came down here from Egypt—Cairo or Port Saïd—a month or two ago, without papers or credentials of any kind, claiming to be an American. I guess he is, too. They say he came out as a valet for some fool New-Yorker who brought him along to mix mint-juleps, and then got sore at him in Egypt and discharged him. Either that or he deserted or missed ship. Anyway, he got stranded in Cairo and couldn't get anything to do there; so he smuggled himself aboard a ship, at Port Saïd, which he thought was going home. It was an Ellerman freighter, and he had an idea it was going

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to Philadelphia until they picked up the hills of Mombasa, and he got his first sight of the cocoanut-palms. Can you imagine it? Chrisman's friend, Fyffe, was skipper of the boat, you know; and he told me about it.

"When the nigger saw the gray buildings and tile roofs along the waterfront, with palm-trees waving all around, he went shuffling along the deck, snapping his fingers, grinning, and singing out: 'Oh, boy, San Augustan! Law-dee! San Augustan!' . . .

"And the port authorities wouldn't even let him land, since he didn't have the immigrant fee, and he wouldn't work! So Fyffe had to bring him down here and smuggle him ashore when they were unloading. . . . Now he's stranded."

"Pretty tough," I observed, thoughtfully. "What does he do?"

"Tough nothing! It's his own blamed fault! He asked for it. But there's nothing for him to do. There's no consul here; and Merritt, who was then port officer, sent him around to me, to see if I could give him work or something. Of course I was willing to do what I could, because, after all, I guess he *is* an American; but I had no work for him." . . .

"Why not?"

"Well, why should I? I don't want an American valet when I can get two thousand boys right here in town more capable than he, absolutely respectable, and glad to work for twelve or fourteen rupees a month. *He* expects union wages."

"Why doesn't he leave?"

"That's the trouble. He can't. There are no boats to America; no one's going to pay his way *via* England—certainly *I'm* not—and he's not a distressed sailor who can demand his return. If he'd acted decently when he first came here, I might have had more interest in him; but there's nothing doing now! The trouble with him is he must have been spoiled. He's uppish. He was a prize mixer of mint-juleps at some club in Baltimore, he told me, and used to get about five dollars a day—not counting his tips. He's almost white, he is!—and he wants you to understand it! He was so insolent when he came in here that old Ali—who couldn't understand a word, of course, but judged him by his manner—wanted to know if he couldn't take him out and whip him. . . . He asked me if I was the American consul. I said: 'No, but I'm the only American in the place and I do what I can for the consul at Mombasa. What do you want?' 'Humph!' he said; 'it's sut'nly a hell uva country to be a citizen uv, 'f I cyan't have no counsel. Ah wants to git home, an' Ah wants to git home quick!' . . . I had patience enough to tell him that the United States wasn't going to run tours for every one who came along and demanded free transportation. Well, then he got indignant, and said if the United States wasn't going to help its citizens it could go to hell for all he cared."

"He said exactly that?" I asked, indignantly, and struck by a curious thought.

"Yes, just those words. So, of course, in about a minute and a half he found himself down in the alley again rubbing the seat of his trousers, and wondering what it was going to be like to be a man without a country."

"He didn't show much enthusiasm toward me to-day," I observed.

"Oh, that means nothing. As soon as he hears you're an American he'll be around inquiring for newspapers and expecting drinks."

The O. O. A. was not far wrong. Hardly a week had passed before I, too, was honored by a visit. But during that week some interesting news had been coming my way, news that was calculated to make one think seriously of home and nationality, and with rage against traitors and a sham or superficial citizenry. I was in no mood, then, to receive Rufus Hamilton Osborne with open arms.

The announcement of his presence was an altercation on the stairway. I walked across the piazza to investigate. On the

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second landing, outside the kitchen door, was the wash-girl, Fatima, with a reed basket of my clothing on her hip. Rufus, who had run into her just as she was emerging from the door, attracted first by the clothes, paused to investigate. Fatima, fair and buxom, was not averse to a little gallantry; but she would not let him get into my clothes. At this point my compatriot suddenly discovered me at the head of the stairs, looking down at him, and promptly executed a *volte-face.*

"Look heah, yu dam' savage," he exclaimed with an air of reproach and indignation, "whut yu tryin' do? Doan yu *talk* to me! Doan yu talk to *me!*"

Fatima giggled, rolled her eyes at the embarrassed negro, cast a doubtful but amused glance at me, and ran down the stairs, her feet flapping wetly on the stone steps. Rufus made a pretense of glaring indignantly after her; then, tugging at his goatee, he cleared his throat, shuffled uneasily, stole a sly glance at me, and said, coyly, with a shrill quaver:

"It sut'nly beat me, the way these heah savage women carr's on! Ah cyan't unnerstan' it. Yasseh! They's indecent. Yasseh! They's indecent. Doan cover thersel's! Ef that theyeh gal didn' hav' a red sheet tied roun' 'er, she'd be nakkid. Law-dee!"

"What do you want here?" I demanded, sharply.

"W'y, man," said Rufus, querulously, "yu shouldn' talk at me like that. I's Amurican. I's simply come heah to talk home talk."

Having in mind my conversation with the O. O. A., I felt thoroughly exasperated. But I said, coldly:

"Are you the man who said the United States could go to hell?"

Rufus looked inexpressibly shocked and grieved.

"Oh," he said, with a touch of superciliousness, "Ah didn' eggzakly say it *thadaway.* But yu can't expec' me to 'sociate with these heah savage niggers, can yu?"

I walked to the edge of the piazza, a quaint idea forming in my head, and called, sharply:

"Bimzi!"

In a moment my chief *hamal* stood beside me. He was a veritable Hercules, suggesting bronze and dull red rubber, but gentle and playful as a puppy, though a great gash clear across his face, robbing him of the sight of his left eye, a memento of an adventure in Muscat, proved that he might be a dangerous playfellow.

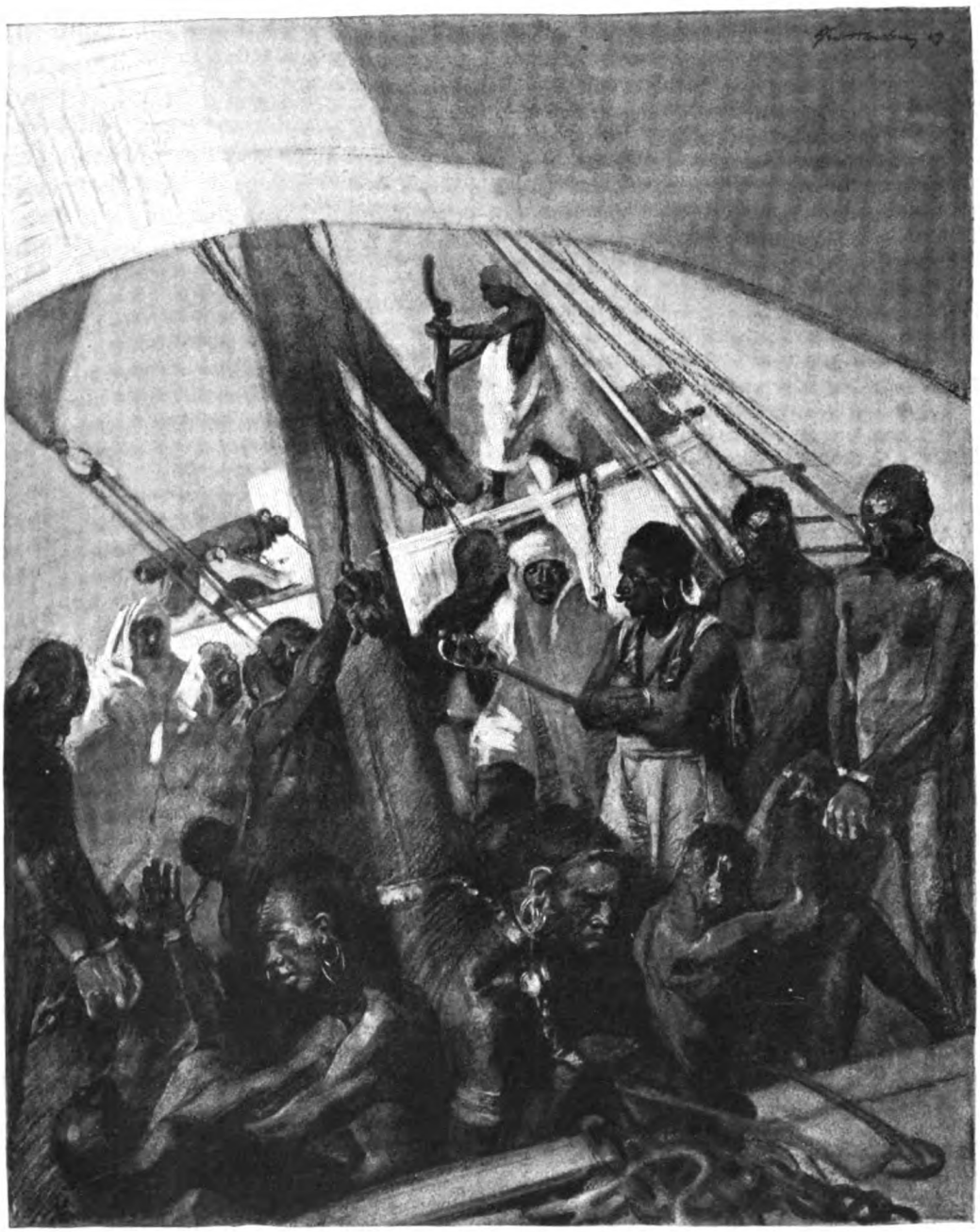
"Bimzi," I said in Kisswahili, "I want to show this black man the old slave-market. Bring him along!" Then in English to Rufus: "I want you to come with my boy here. I have something to show you."

At Bimzi's suggestion—not understood orally, but so plainly indicated that the darky from home could make no mistake—Rufus followed along behind me, protesting querulously, indignantly, plaintively, that he was a citizen and could say what he dam' pleased. Moreover, these savages couldn't frighten *him.* Nevertheless, he came along sprightly enough, keeping within reaching distance of me, but always with a shrewd eye on Bimzi, who grinned at him in a friendly manner, though fearsome to behold.

As we passed through a corner of the bazaar, Rufus made an effort to recover his dignity somewhat, shuffling along with a pensive, bored expression on his face, intended, no doubt, to impress the natives with the idea that he was simply out for a stroll with his friend, the white man—a pretense that carried no conviction in the bazaar. The dark, narrow alleyways were hot and dank under the midday sun, and Rufus steamed odoriferously, and the black bowler sank down to his ears. Eventually, turning a corner, we came to the blazing square beside the old ruined prison over which resplendent creepers were draping the gracious veil of time and oblivion; and here we halted.

Rufus, unaccustomed to exertion in a humid atmosphere, was stifled. He

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"THEY THREW YOUR PEOPLE INTO A DHOW AND PUT CHAINS ON THEM"

mopped his brow, took off his wet collar with trembling fingers, and whistled for air. The heat poured down on us like burning sand.

"Now," I said, sternly, "you listen. There's something here I want you to know about." Rufus was still inclined to appear distracted and aloof, until Bimzi gave him a gentle reminder, and he listened to me thenceforth with painful interest.

"In this square," I said, "was once the slave-market. I judge by the shape of your head and jaw that you're an East Coast product—perhaps your people were Kavirondo and filed their teeth. I'm not sure about that. But, anyway, your great-grandfather or his

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people were savages—not like Bimzi here, who has a lot of Arab in him, but genuine savages. They filed their teeth so they could get a better grip on raw meat; they stretched the lobes of their ears until a rabbit could jump through the hole; they didn't wear any clothes at all; and, when they got the opportunity, I expect they ate babies."

"Oh, Law-*dee!* seh," blurted Rufus. "What yu all *talkin'* about?"

"I'm talking about you, Rufus. Your great-grandfather, or his folks, used to live over there on the mainland. They ran about in the woods, or built little huts of mud and grass, and lived on blood and ground corn mixed together, until some fighting Arabs came along with guns. These Arabs are the same as Jews, Rufus, only they have a different religion, and they like to fight. Well, they caught your people, and put chains on them, and loads on their heads as heavy as steamer trunks, and made them march barefoot and naked in a sun like this with very little food, so that many starved and many died of thirst and many were killed, until they came to the sea, just over there, Rufus. Look where you first saw the sea." . . . I pointed down a lane which opened up a vista across the sea of the dim mainland of Africa. . . . "Do you understand me?"

"Yesseh!" said Rufus, hurriedly, blinking his eyes and shifting about very uncomfortably. A small crowd had gathered about, wondering vaguely at the motive that had drawn me with the black man in attendance in the heat of the day to the center of the old slave-market.

"Well," I continued, "then they threw your people into a dhow, and brought them over here—those who were still alive, because they packed them tight, and lots died in those dhows!—and they put them in stalls like cattle or in crates like chickens, or put chains around their necks and tied them to stakes." . . .

Rufus groaned, and looked furtively at the black, grinning Zanzibaris, the wet, yellow Hindus, the saturnine Arabs, the children of many races who tumbled about his knees—and prayed, no doubt, that no one understood me (which was so), though their laughter and comments made him apprehensive. He looked anxiously about, as though contemplating a move; but Bimzi touched his arm, and he lingered. An armed policeman, his great height exaggerated by a tall, black tarbush, sauntered up majestically, and, suspecting that something was wrong about Rufus, took his stand beside him, and watched curiously.

"Your people," I added, reflectively, as though considering the market price of copra, "were then worth probably a hundred rupees or so, if they were in fair condition. . . . That's less money than *you've* been getting in America in one week for mixing drinks! . . . Well, then some traders bought your folks and sent them to the United States." . . .

"Yesseh! Ah guess that's a fac'!" admitted Rufus, nervously complaisant.

"They put you to work in a new, clean country. Then, after a while, they made you free. They gave you your liberty. They offered you education. You had as good a chance as the white immigrants. The United States made you a man! You could do as you pleased, so long as it was decent, and no one could harm you."

"Yesseh! Yesseh!"

"You have said that that country could go to hell! . . . Now," I shouted, with a sudden show of fierceness, "here you are again, back in the same old slave-market, and I'd like to know what you're worth. The United States civilized you; and now, *what are you worth?*"

My unexpected burst of anger instantly riveted the attention of the crowd on Rufus. The laughter ceased. They looked at him with curious intensity, as though assessing him—the scornful, rejecting Arab, half turned away; the dubious, half-naked Swahilis with savage bill-hooks in their hands; the Hindus with large, soft eyes, but cruel expressions of commercial greed;

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slim Goanese, black, handsome, and cynical; Khojas; Banians; bland Parsees who seemed to suspect a joke; and the solemn little children, awed into silence for the moment. They all looked at home, and fresh, and fitted perfectly into the tropical setting. Startled, Rufus Hamilton Osborne looked directly at me for the first time. My countenance seemed to frighten him, and his glance swept anxiously over the crowd encircling us.

The gray wall towered above; the smell of the bazaar, of copra and cloves and hot fruit, distilled by the great heat, hung about us like a heavy perfume, but mixed with it was the more oppressive odor of humanity, and none so heavy or rank as that of Rufus himself, his heavy clothing being saturated with his own sweat. The sound of shouting *hamals*, the pounding of carts, and the rattle of chains came to us from the direction of the custom-house. But in the little blazing square there was profound silence. . . .

Suddenly terror flashed into the negro's eyes. He saw the tall, black policeman standing by his side, armed, and gazing at him with cold, merciless scorn; while on the other hand was Bimzi, the gash across his face livid in the white light, his one good eye blazing at him. In the white man he saw only anger.



"I'S BLACK, BUT I'S AMURICAN!"

He became grayish, and commenced to shake. The effect of the setting, with my last words reviving the old scenes, was astounding. Being an arrogant negro, and therefore primitive and emotional, Rufus Hamilton Osborne was swept away by his terrified imagination. . . .

It had been the last thought in my head to create a psychological situation—I had merely intended that the information properly presented should get him to see things in their right perspective—but certainly the effect could hardly have been more perfect. He trembled like a trapped and frightened animal.

I was surprised into a change of expression, and I laughed. Instantly the whole crowd, feeling that, after all, the situation must be humorous, and stirred by the ludicrous spectacle that Rufus presented, relaxed, and laughed derisively or with sheer, uncomprehending amusement. I told Bimzi quickly to leave Rufus Hamilton Osborne alone, and said:

"You are free. Here you are where you started. A white man stranded among white men would get out of the fix. Now let's see what you can do—and don't ever let me hear of your cursing the United States again."

Rufus shook himself slowly, as though to get out of a daze. Then, suddenly

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conscious of all that had transpired, he dashed his hat to the ground, glared at me angrily, and, mumbling curses, pushed his way through the crowd. . . .

That was the last time I had anything to do with him directly for several weeks, for in the mean time news reached us of America's declaration of war, and I went off and reported myself to the post commandant for duty. I was told, though, that he had come once to my old quarters, and had succeeded in borrowing five rupees from an assistant. I judged, therefore, that he considered himself neither crushed nor outlawed. Another idea suggested itself, however, when they told me he had abandoned European clothes—probably had sold them to some upstart native—and had taken to a costume consisting of an old undershirt, a pair of cotton trousers, and bedroom slippers.

"Master," said Bimzi, "he looked in truth like an old seedy boy. But his mind is childish. That wench, Fatima, is making roast meat of his heart!"

One evening, when I had dropped in again at my old quarters for a chat with my successor, I heard a call in the alleyway below. Walking over to the parapet, I looked down.

There was Rufus, answering the description I had received of him right enough, looking for all the world like a somewhat wizened boy from one of the *shambas*. But apparently he had not yet lost his assurance, and still held a good idea of his own importance, for at the moment when I discovered him he had stopped at the door of the building as though about to enter, and had fastened his attention on an English sailor who had appeared unexpectedly in the alley.

"Hello, thah, Jack!" Rufus exclaimed. "Whah yu goin'?"

The sailor stopped dead, and studied Rufus Hamilton Osborne with stolid curiosity, not deeming it possible that the words he had heard had come from the lips of the black man, yet willing to ascertain. Rufus, impressed by this calm and apparently not unfriendly scrutiny, added, with cheerful assurance:

"Big news these days, boy! What yu all heah from home, anyway?"

The sailor stared with stupefied amazement.

"Home!" he grunted. His round, pink face began to swell in an alarming fashion; his eyes became small and passionate as those of a mongoose. "Home!" he snorted. "*Home!* . . . What the bloomin' 'ell does *you* know abaht 'ome? *Your* ruddy 'ome's up that blinkin' cocoanut-tree!"

He choked—seemed on the point of bursting—saved himself by wheeling ponderously—and rolled away, grunting explosively, and with increasing vehemence, until he vanished around a corner, pausing first for an empurpled eye to take in the figure of the overwhelmed negro.

Speechless, Rufus watched the square, heavy, uncompromising back swinging down the alleyway, and shivered every time a grunt shook the ponderous frame. When the baleful eye turned back for a parting glare, speculative and incredulous, Rufus looked as though he felt of no account whatever. As soon as he was alone again he heaved an audible sigh and sat down on my step to ponder.

Mumbling and grunting to himself for several minutes, punctuating with long-drawn-out "Phews!" he finally said, "Law-dee! Law-dee!" passed a hand uncertainly over his dazed brow, rose to his feet, and began to shuffle thoughtfully away in the direction of the bazaar. He had not gone many steps, however, before he was overcome by a fresh flood of emotion. He stopped. Glaring back along the dark, empty alleyway, he suddenly shouted:

"Look heah, yu damn lime-juicer! Who yu think Ah is, anyway? I's Amurican; and Ah gona bust yu haid, ef yu ain't kerful. Yu hear me? Ah means trouble! I's gona bust yo haid! . . . There was a solemn silence; nothing but the distant whisper of waves, the

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HEADED BY A VIBRANT FIGURE AND THREE INDUSTRIOUS MUSICIANS

swish of swaying palm fronds, the rattle of a shutter, answered his hoarse challenge. Emboldened by this, and swept with freshly kindling rage, he cried, shrilly, his voice broken with fury: "I's black, but I's Amurican! And, man, I's tellin' yu all de time, Ah'm bad! Bad! Ah cuts! Ah slashes! And I's sure gona raise hell in this town, raight heah. Yu heah me, yu damn savages? Look out!"

The silence was vibrant, but still no answer came to the furious defiance; and Rufus, muttering with rage, the whites of his eyes gleaming as his gaze swept the dark-gray walls of the great Arab buildings that pressed in above him, continued grimly on his way until he disappeared from sight. But before I turned in from the piazza I heard his voice singing in the distance:

"Listen, folks!
Now there's gona be some excitement,
Now there's gona be some fun!
I's gona get a razzur,
An' I's gona get a gun!
Look out, peepul!"

Catchy Boy, the adjutant, was red and choking with helpless rage and disgust.

The battalion was urgently needed for the heavy fighting that was going on across the way. Wounded and convalescent officers in the Zanzibar hospitals and at the club mildly bantered us about the island troops. Were they supposed to be for home defense? . . . Our duty was supposed to be to train and lead them for action, but it had become to recruit them as well. We were pretty sick of it. Every means within our power had been used to bring the force up to field strength; but the prosperity and indolence of the natives, and the interference of civil departmental officials, kept our numbers miserably low. Useless *shamba* boys and discharged house servants occasionally drifted casually in, offering their services half-heartedly for the sake of the wages, but that seemed all we could hope for.

"If I had a week in the Nandi country," declared Catchy Boy, furiously, "I

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could raise two battalions myself. . . . If I had a handful of Nandis here, I'd whip some spirit into the stinkin' bazaars. I'd wake them up. Parades and drums don't have any effect. I wish to God a Hun raider would come along and put some shells into the place. *That* might make them understand. There's good material here, but I can't see how we're to get it out voluntarily."

No more could I. Drilling incessantly with the men we had already received from the mainland, with a good stiffening of old soldiers, we got them, at least, into fighting shape. We were proud of them. But an outbreak of spinal meningitis and the constant nibbling of fever still kept us hopelessly back. . . .

"*Jambo*, Catchy Boy!" an old friend greeted us one evening at the club. "I'm just up from Lindi on convalescent leave. You fellows ought to be in that show down there. But they tell me you've got a cushy job with the local defense." . . .

For the first time in his life Catchy Boy choked over his "sun-downer." Then, in a few trenchant phrases, recognized and appreciated by all within range of a loud and angry voice, he demanded that the devil and his assistants confess that *their* jobs were cushy compared to his. . . .

As our decrepit car felt its way along the dark lane toward camp that night there came to our ears from the direction of the bazaars the snarl of drums. It aroused dangerous reflections in Catchy Boy's mind. He thought of *n'gomas* and other native diversions going merrily along while headquarters persistently called on him (through the C. O., of course) to complete his battalion or explain why it was impossible for him to do so. Eventually he worked himself into such a state that I had to take the wheel so that he could explain, without danger, into the darkness of the night the true state of his emotions. . . .

At orderly-room in the morning his condition was desperate. Another strafing had come to hand, with a cynical request that he name a date when the battalion could move. He said nothing; but, rising from his table, he passed a shaking hand over his very red and moist forehead and went to the window where he could breathe more easily. Here I kept my eyes on him, discreetly saying nothing.

As I watched, however, all at once his expression changed curiously. The smoldering sullenness vanished. Something across the parade-ground had aroused his intent interest. Without turning his head, he beckoned me to the window.

Issuing from the dark shadows under the mango-trees that line the approach to the reservation came a small column marching correctly in fours, and headed by a vibrant figure clad in bright and startling colors. We called the native Arab officer, but he also was puzzled. It certainly was a tattered column; but at the head marched three industrious musicians, one rattling on a drum, another clashing a pair of cymbals, and the third blowing a harmonica; and there was nothing slouchy about the way it moved.

The sentry of the first post halted the column, parleyed, cast a quick look over his shoulder at the orderly-room, grinning, and called the corporal of the guard. Corporal Suedi—six feet two of lean muscle and heavy bone—advanced frowning, listened attentively to the garrulous leader, also cast a glance in the direction of the orderly-room, and grinned in a way that lighted up the whole landscape. Then, inspired, he called two of the guard, fell them in on either side of the brightly clad leader, and the column moved forward.

At this moment I caught the Arab officer looking at me with a significant smile; turning, I caught the same expression on Catchy Boy's face; turning again, I looked more attentively at the column, puzzled for the instant until I grasped the full import of the leader's costume.

He wore a tattered undershirt; a battered red tarbush hung far back on his

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kinky head; his broad sandals flapped on the coralline road with a satisfying smack; and he carried a rattan swagger-stick. The crowning feature of all, though, was the *hodrunk* he had neatly folded around his waist in lieu of hot and senseless trousers. It hung, petticoat-fashion, to his bare knees. It was brightly colored, and the resplendent pattern caught my eye like the first warm glow of spring sunshine. It was the American flag!

At this moment, too, I caught a semblance of the tune to which the ragged little column marched, singing lustily. The words were:

"Nalipigwa na 'mfalme. Wembe mkali!
Kupigana kufa 'zuri. Wembe mkali!
Kupigana kufa 'zuri. Wembe mkali!
Fust b'talyun K—A—R!"

which, being translated, tells its own story—and the story of Rufus Osborne Hamilton:

"I was beaten by the chieftain.
Oh, the sharp razor!
Fighting is a noble death.
Oh, the sharp razor!
Fighting is a noble death.
Oh, the sharp razor!
And the first battalion K. A. R."

The tune was that of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

Rufus drew his column to attention, saluted me with frowning importance, and reported a batch of recruits.

We took them to our hearts. We passed over seventy fit for duty, and swore them in on the Bible, the Koran, and by their tribal marks; and had them on the drill-ground in twenty-four hours. We suggested to Rufus, in a gentle and diplomatic way, that he could go out and get some more—since Rufus was obviously over our stated age limit. We pointed out that every fresh recruit was worth a rupee to him.

His goatee stuck out like a bayonet.

"Damn the rupee! seh," he said. "This man's an Amurican, an' he's a fightin'-man! I's just naturally boun' to go to war."

So we passed him in at the head of the first American contingent.

THE GROPERS

BY GEORGE O'NEIL

THERE is so little that a man may know
After he names the stars and vanished kings!
Year upon year, infinite seasons go
Leaving him puzzled by eternal things.

The careful music of the living heart
Beating the measure for each hour and day,
This song and men have never been apart,
Yet why it was begun no man can say.

The flame which is the soul's strange entity
Consumes the very thing it wears for cloak,
Burns every atom that a man may be,
Yet lives, less palpable than drifting smoke.

And ecstasy awakened when my hand
Has felt another's faltering to speak—
What is in this men so misunderstand—
This simple answer from the truth they seek?

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ON THE LUXURY OF BEING A COLLEGE PROFESSOR

BY ONE OF THEM

A NUMBER of years ago, in my unregenerate days, as I rode down to my office one morning in the street-car —it was before the universality of the automobile, when business men were not afraid to be seen riding on street-cars for fear their credit would be shaken—I sat beside a neighbor, a successful broker, who had evidently tasted the surfeit of the seamy side of competition. With a tone of disgust he related an unpleasant business experience he had just passed through and concluded his narrative by saying, "I wish I could go far away from this dirty city, have a cottage, grow flowers, and go fishing."

There are probably very few active men in business or politics or the more arduous professions who do not, at one time or another, have the same reaction against the goading of modern life—the everlasting urging which brings out the cunning in man, and the craftiness, and culminates in the survival of the slick. To raise flowers around a cottage wall, and to fish! To feel the gentle stimulus of being in partnership with Nature's seasons and in collusion with her laws—or to surrender to the innocent excitement of angling for the noble trout or gamey bass in the great solitudes, far away from the grimy sordidness of man! It's a primitive impulse and not an ignoble one.

To have time to muse, to think things through, to be your own boss, to live calmly and quietly, to read what you please, to write or speak what is in your mind—all these alluring possibilities flashed before me, like a dancing procession of bewitching temptresses, when a letter came, some years after the confessional of my world-tired neighbor, inviting me to become a college professor. When I succumbed to the temptation, my business and professional acquaintances said good-by to me with long faces, as if I were going out of the world, or on a very dangerous journey from which I probably would not return, the kind of a journey life-insurance companies refuse to sanction.

But I was bound to have my cottage, my flowers, and my fishing—my time, my books, my dreams, fancies for which the ruthless city had no patience. The campus was to be my half-way station between heaven and earth.

I soon discovered that being a college professor was a luxury, a very great luxury. You had not merely a garden and a cottage to yourself, you had a whole world to yourself—the college world; its green fields, the complacent campus with swaying elms; its landmarks, the staid old buildings, ivy-covered and souvenir-laden; its traditions, stories of absent-minded scholars and their innocent misdoings; its heroes, the great quarterbacks and oarsmen that wrought victory in the dim past, and alumni whose college pranks formed the prelude to great achievements; its cycles, four brief years, that compass the experiences of each class; its spirit, the buoyant soul of youth; its aura, the mellow light of learning, which knows neither age nor sex nor race nor jealousy, and only one passion, the zeal to know. A little world, an offish, impractical world, a world that smells of musty books and is noisy with the chatter of smug theorists, says the cynic. It's just

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as large a world as you choose to make it. It has possibilities. It is as wide as your sciences, which embrace the universe; as broad as your philosophies, which include all mankind and the angels and their gods: as varied as your literatures, which analyze all passions and disturbances; and as practical as your laboratories, which are the corner-stone of all industry.

I soon discovered that I had not only my student world; I had *the* world, the whole *orbis terrarum*, as my own! From our college hill the world doesn't look flat, as it does to those who live on it; it looks round; so far are we away, so does perspective reveal the truth. I had the whole world, not in my pocket, to be sure, but "in my mind," as the children say. It was mine, not by the vulgar right of purchase, but by the truer and subtler title, the right of possession. I possessed it because it did not possess me.

When we can get far enough away from the whole thing, and see the cities as ant-hills scurrying with the instinct to kill, and the factories as dung-heaps where battling beetles thrive, the possessive case acquires a new meaning.

"There is one privilege a college professorship brings denied most men," a prominent statesman of studious habits once told me. "You have time to read everything. I envy you that opportunity." Of course no one, least of all a professor, wants to read "everything," but there is time. This is the great luxury of being a professor—you have time. I mean, of course, that you have time to do what you want most to do, to follow an intellectual bent through all its curvatures. A scholar is always a pathfinder for his professional routine. He absorbs, discusses, analyzes, synthesizes, only to pass on his learning in homeopathic pellets it may be, though not always sugar-coated, but to pass on, nevertheless, to others the fruitage of his toil. So he is a slave, not to a business, or to a corporation, or to a convention, but only to himself and to his absorbing tasks. If a man has not the ingenuity, the patience, and the passion for weaving time and thought into the fine fabrics of knowledge, then he is not chosen for the luxury of scholarship.

And this requires a much more powerful engine than the average occupations of life. A mind, without the requisite momentum to carry it through these self-imposed handicaps, slows down, and sooner or later comes to a complete standstill. Intellectual dry-rot follows. It takes a much more powerful will, a more luminous mind, to live up to the possibilities of the professor's luxuries than to succeed in heaping up a pyramid of dollars. The competition of the market-place has a thousand artificial nostra which stimulate the worldling's nerve. The scholar's push is all from within—and from above.

It is, after all, only the elect who can be given the luxury of wallowing in time and in long vacations. For a luxury soon softens the average human into uselessness, just as necessity goads him to sin.

Now all luxuries are costly in proportion to their rarity and intrinsic value, like antique Oriental fabrics and peach-blow vases. The professor must pay for his luxury, and pay high. The law classifies colleges with hospitals, asylums, and poorhouses as "eleemosynary institutions." There is much more than dry legal humor in this. Of course no one expects a professor to live on his salary in these days of war profiteers and profiteers' prices. When he turns his pockets inside out, looking for his vacation money, he reflects, "What does it profit a professor though he gain the whole world and have no bank-account?" At the risk of impairing the value of his luxury, he turns to one or two adventitious pursuits to increase his income. He writes, but there is only a limited market for high-brow stuff. He lectures—ah, these professorial lectures! "We shall be glad to pay your expenses," the

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invitation generously says. But it soon turns out that this means the traveling expenses to and from the *locus operandi*, and a cold bed in the spare room—not the expense incurred in gathering experience and wisdom enough to prepare the lecture. Sometimes an organization —usually a school or women's club— offers more than expenses—a little bit more. But your commercial organizations, your Chambers of Commerce, your Manufacturers' Associations and Rotary Clubs, you are happy if they are really "glad" to pay your expenses, for it does denote some eagerness on their part to hear your carefully culled wisdom. As to rich men's annual dinners— why, are you not fed and wined as you cannot be fed at your own table? and are you not in intimate companionship for a whole evening with the Men Who Have Made This City, who now condescend to hobnob with you! How often it comes over me, that I have been invited to a commercial dinner for the same reason that the emerald parsley is put upon the meat-platter, to garnish the occasion with a touch of vegetable freshness.

When I was a worldling and participated in these affairs, I used to be greeted cheerily by the beneficiaries as one of their number. Often an old acquaintance would slap me on the back and say: "Hello, old man! How are you?" Not so since I have become a professor. Who dares slap a professor on the back? The greeting is still quite cordial, but it has an undertone of respect, cold and formal respect. That, too, is part of the honorarium. So much for expenses, the rest in honor and respect!

For some reason or other professors are not presumed to need money. They are supposed to feed on an ethereal nectar, a divine distillate, that eludes the money-getter. Of course this is true, and they do not ask for very much money. But professors have bodies, and usually they have families. In this latter respect these mendicant monks of modern medievalism differ from their homologues of the "dark ages."

It is indeed a great luxury to be a professor. Only a few can afford it. And this material stress has already shown its debilitating effect in American colleges. The cult is being recruited from a none too promising class—the genteel and penitent sons of the rich who wish to expiate the sins of their bucaneering ancestors. Occasionally a charming daughter of means, with a passion to equalize the process of distribution, marries an instructor, thereby satisfying a feminine craving for vicarious economic sacrifice.

Already one of our leading universities, situated in a leading city, by repute of college gossip, employs only professors with a private income in order that they may keep up "proper social standards." It chooses its faculty, not by what the suspect has under his hat, but under his hand. Of course I cannot vouch for the truth of this report— Heavens, no! But there is a great deal of circumstantial evidence to bear it out—and stern necessity, too, for who can live in a great city these days on a professor's salary? And somehow professors must live, though "proper social standards" are difficult to define. "Proper" for what? Is it proposed to weld the snobdom of the library to the snobdom of the drawing-room? Then indeed will the professor's be a perilous journey between the Scylla of intellectual dry-rot and the Charybdis of wealth.

There is no denying that this genteel poverty to which the scholar is condemned for a life servitude is having its effect upon the professorial quality. Every one who has had anything to do with graduate seminars knows that the brightest boys shun the Ph.D. highway. An alumnus of one of our oldest and richest and finest universities, who, in spite of a successful business career, has kept his mind fresh and buoyant, said to me not long ago: "When I go back to visit the old place I declare that I almost tremble for the future of the uni-

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versity. Most of the younger teachers, the instructors and assistants, seem to me to be by no means of the caliber from which professors are made."

Our specialized civilization now opens to the man of intellectual bent many new avenues of delightful research. It is no longer true, for instance, that chemists or physicists must resort to university laboratories for pursuing their specialty. Great expectations await these scientists at the threshold of industry. Engineering, in all its branches, lures the inquiring mind. Forestry and scientific agriculture have given the botanist and entomologist a new lease of life. Mines and oil-fields have called to the geologist. Even the "sociologist," that amorphous hybrid of economics, politics, and what not, becomes a "welfare" specialist, or runs an employment bureau, or metamorphoses into a municipal-research bloodhound on the hot scent for supposed misdeeds.

Our state, municipal, and federal governments are relying more and more every year on the work of the specialist, who must be a college-trained man, and who not infrequently is a professor turned into a mild sort of bureaucrat. Every great industrial enterprise employs experts, not alone in the sciences that form its basic activities, but in their social and economic organizations. Great banks now lean, perhaps lightly, on economists and statisticians. And exporters now employ geographers, ethnologists, and naturalists to pave the way for wise investments. The reader can easily call to mind, in his own experience and observation, some unique field newly opened to the college-trained specialist.

Even the call of politics has not entirely avoided the professor's quiet. Wonder of wonders, a college professor has become President of the United States and a former President of the United States became for a time a college professor! This, I admit, is the greatest academic swap on record.

So does the world, simultaneously, stimulate and rob the scholar. It stimulates him by enriching the market value of his product, the college student, a thousandfold. It robs him of his choicest heirs, those who are best fitted to carry on his investigations where he lays them down. The seriousness of this loss is just beginning to be recognized by thoughtful men, who realize that you cannot have chemists without great teachers of chemistry, or economists without fearless pioneer minds to explore the sordid details of the doings of the "economic man," or engineers without masterful mathematicians, or physicians without inquiring biologists.

In fact, you cannot have civilization—of any sort—without the professor!

There is one further price the professor is being asked to pay for the luxury of his existence, in some of our universities, and it is the last farthing. He is asked to surrender his autonomy to a board of trustees, who, being largely factory-made, are keen on applying factory standards to scholarship. This they do in their haste to make the college "efficient." No sin will bear so heavily on the Hun, not his atrocities and his abominations, as this cursed efficiency-hunting he taught the world. The mania is now among us, and the consummation of its evil is the standardization of scholarship. It can't be done. The moment, Mr. Trustee, that you begin to standardize scholarship, scholarship vanishes. There are no outward norms by which a board of overseers, no matter how well intentioned, can identify the scholar.

When factory methods are applied to professors, they will unionize themselves and demand factory pay and factory hours. For factories are run for making dollars, and for that alone. Then, of course, you will have a factory, and not a college—a producer of things, and not of persons. It is conceivable that you may contrive a mental machine, and run its routine by steam. But its output will be pitiful human sausages, walking

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wieners, stuffed to the limit by machinery.

Muck-rake the college and the professor; they can stand it! Some years ago a notorious muck-raker tried it. But it was apparent that he had followed the trail of political and commercial skunks for so long that he could not smell a violet when he came across one. Muck-rake the scholar; he will only smile. But don't "survey" him. Your crass theodolite and sextant will kill the spirit of learning. He is willing to pay every other price you exact for the luxury of his chosen existence, but he won't pay this price. Because he can't. This is not merely extortion; it is murder. You may exterminate, but you cannot measure, scholarship by the methods of commercial Bolshevism.

After all, the professor's relation to the world is reciprocal. If the world wants scholars, it must pay for them, and the price is cheap in currency, but exacting in spiritual values. He must be let alone. He is willing, in turn, to pay the price of his luxury, a very great price as the market-place measures values, but he is content to pay it. For he deals in precious utilities. He is even hardened to the spectacle of seeing a rambunctious and megaphoned athletic coach paid twice or three times the salary, and a hundred times the acclaim, received by the profoundest scholar. For he knows that this is merely one of the evidences of the perversion of values of the civilization of the golden calf. He dreams on, in the great hope that his own country will some day exalt its savants, as do the French, who have learned, by dramatic experiences, to value the subtler utilities of the spirit, and for whom, therefore, the actinic sunlight of wisdom has turned the starch of materialism into the sugar of refinement.

When all has been said and done, the ultimate optimism of mankind lies in the fact that there will always be a handful of men, of philosophers, poets, professors, who are willing to lose the whole world, and yet possess it. "For the poor always ye have with you."

A SONG IN SUMMER

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

WHEN the days are on fire from the lamp of the sun,
And the long afternoons heal the heart with their peace,
I dream of a time when my life will not run
On these highways of joy where the flowers increase.

Oh, I think of a day when the clouds will drift by
In lordly procession above yonder hill,
While I shall be sleeping beneath the hushed sky,
But dreaming, still dreaming, though lying so still.

Yet well I shall know of this pageant of green,
This splendor that thrills through the wide, aching world;
And see once again what my glad eyes have seen,
When June's splendid banners are proudly unfurled.

The pomp and the glory of summer I'll know;
I shall see the moon rise on the crest of the hill;
And I shall be happy when soft the winds blow,
And smile in my sleep, though I lie there so still!

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THE "VENDOO"

BY MARY ESTHER MITCHELL

ARLINDA CRAWFORD, tall and gaunt, stepping along the road which stretched solitary and indeterminate in the foggy atmosphere, drew her coat collar closer about her neck and pulled her damp and clinging veil from her moist face.

"I declare," she exclaimed to herself, "I didn't remember it was so fur! It 'll be a mercy if it don't rain 'fore I git there. I wish to goodness I'd got somebody to bring me over!" There was a note of peevishness in her exasperation which betrayed the habitual attitude of the abused.

At that very moment the creak of wheels caused her to look around, and an old wagon, drawn by a white horse, drew up at her side.

"Want a lift?" inquired the driver.

The dilapidated vehicle groaned and gave under Arlinda's weight as she clambered onto the muddy step, and in her effort to preserve her balance she was precipitated into the seat with considerable violence. It took her a moment to regain her breath sufficiently to pour out her gratitude.

"All right, all right!" acknowledged her benefactor, cutting her thanks short. "Ain't this the dumbest spell? I don't know when there's bin a reel clear mornin'. It 'll burn off, I reckon, but it's mighty hard on the bones to start in every day soaked. I say gov'ment better let liquor alone fur a spell an' give us some dry-weather laws!" This bit of wit so cheered the speaker into his native good humor that he chuckled.

"You don't reely think it would do any good, do you?" asked Arlinda, in a tone carefully modulated to give no offense while it deprecated.

She had put aside her limp veil and the driver's mild blue eyes met an entirely serious gaze. He stared at the long, serious, unhumorous face for a moment, a trifle disconcerted at having his innocent joke returned to him unopened, but his curiosity got the better of his chagrin.

"Bin in these parts before, ma'am?"

His companion made no answer.

"Ain't canvassin' nor nothin'?"

"No, oh no," returned Arlinda, hastily.

"No harm intended," assured the man. "I guess it was thet black bag made me think so. Some reel nice women go out on the road. Gosh! they can git me, every time! My wife says, ''Lonzo Rawson, you're softer 'n butter!'" He struck his knee in gleeful reminiscence. "I take it you're headed fur the vendoo?"

At the mention of her companion's name, Arlinda gave a swift, startled glance at the face by her side. The eyes under the shaggy brows met hers without a gleam of recognition and she regained her composure.

"Well," she admitted, "I thought I'd take a look. I'm feered it 'll be over 'fore I git there."

"Scott! *thet* needn't trouble you. It 'll last all day. Thet house 's full to bustin'. Them folks never give away much 's a pin's wuth. Ever know any of them?"

"I've—seen some of them, years agone."

"They warn't much fur mixin'. Kept to themselves, old folks an' all; helt thet they was better 'n the common. Nobody 'ain't hed a charnce to git inter the house fur I dunno how long, an' now the women folks are fair crazy to see what's there. My wife's consider'ble put out

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not to come, but Sary's over frum Phipsburg with the young uns."

Arlinda said nothing in response, and after a pause the man took up the burden of the conversation once more.

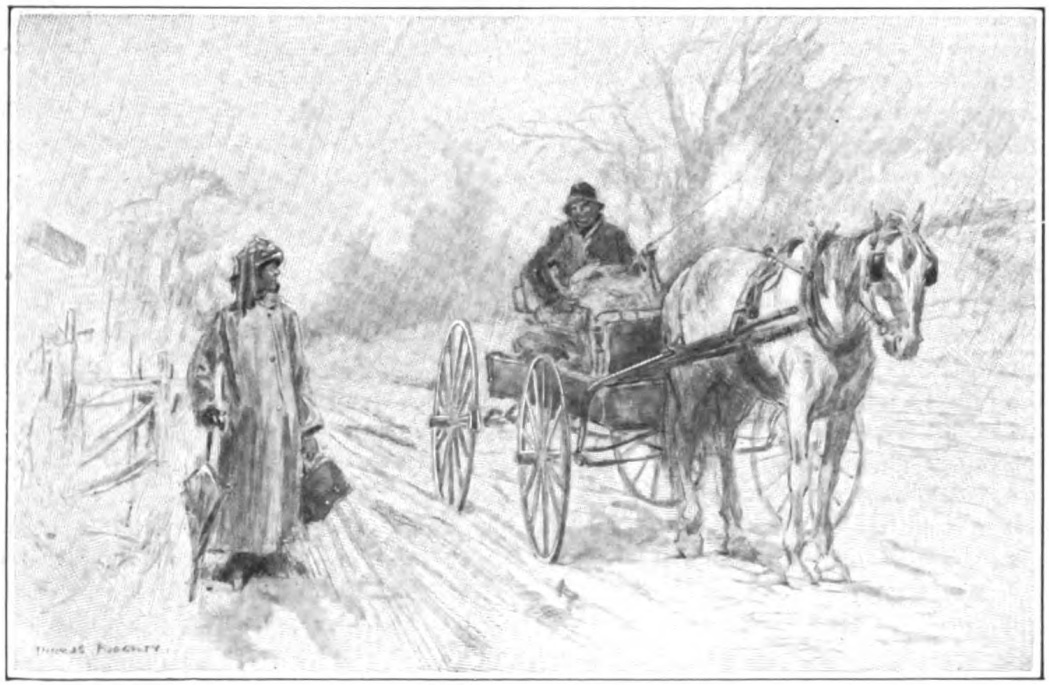
"Funny how things come round, ain't it? Hull property's gone to a nephew an' niece, an' I guess they're the last ones as would 'a' bin favored willin'ly. The old folks fetched 'em up an' then they cleared out. I dunno as I blame 'em; 'twarn't easy livin' with the old lady. The old man warn't so bad, but she led him round by the nose, if all I hear 's so. I uster know the niece; she was reel pritty, but she never dared to say her soul was her own—an' I guess it warn't. One time I liked her reel well, way a young feller does." The speaker gave a conscious laugh. "Well, as I say, the young people cleared out an' she never forgive 'em. An' now they've got it all. Serves 'em right, *I* say."

By this time the horse was reluctantly climbing the slope which led to the high lands.

"Come, come, girl!" encouraged the driver, slapping the reins. "If you go to sleep now we may slip down-hill ag'in. Step up!" Alonzo turned to his passenger in apology. "I hate shovin' her. You can't drive a mare faster 'n she'll go!"

The fog was lifting from the uplands and the autumn colors were starting out, brilliant with the varnish of the mist.

"There'll be some lively biddin' by what I hear," continued the sociable Alonzo. "Dealers git wind o' such times an' run up things so we don't stan' much charnce. Don't seem jest fair. They pay 'most anythin' an' *then* make good money. You can't tell what city folks 'll buy. Gosh! there was an old table out in our barn. Bin there sence I dunno when. I uster cut up meat on it. Two women boarders over to Avery's, they got sight of it. Lord! you'd thought they was crazy! Nothin' but they must hev it. Said it was a chip, or somethin'. Well, I reckon it was, but I don't see what there is in chips to hev a fit about, 'specially chips frum a meat-ax! I was goin' to tell 'em to take it an' welcome, but my wife choked me off. 'It's the only table like it in the county,' says she, an' I guess she was right, by gum! 'I see a



"WANT A LIFT?" INQUIRED THE DRIVER

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HE WAS NEVER STILL A MOMENT

sideboard over to the Center,' says she. 'Reel oak an' a lookin'-glass an' brass knobs. I'll swap,' says she. Bless your soul, they jumped at the charnce. The sideboard come round the very nex' day. We ain't allers so green, up here in the country, as some would make out."

Arlinda's bony hands in their loose black gloves were nervously clasping and unclasping the catch of her black bag. The road over which she was traveling was familiar to her, but she gave no sign of having seen it before. At every turn recollection sprang up with startling clearness. Even the unsuspecting man at her side had place in her past. Once his young eyes had held in them admiration for her girlish prettiness. Now, grown dim, they stared at her with no spark of remembrance. In a manner relieved that her identity was secure, Arlinda was, at the same time, conscious of a vague feeling of resentment.

"I guess I 'ain't aged more 'n he has!" she thought. "An' it warn't long 'fore I spotted *him!*"

The two at last gained the little village on the hilltop and drove along the one wide street under the tall elms which met overhead and sent down yellowing leaves in tribute to a vanished summer. "Here we be," announced Alonzo, turning into the grassy yard of a large white house which stood back from the road. Wagons, open and covered, stood about, their steeds hitched or unhitched according to their owners' confidence in their respective dispositions. A few automobiles gave distinction to the gathering; motor-cycles were propped against trees, and men, women, and children crowded around the space in front of the big barn allotted to the auctioneer and his wares.

Arlinda trembled as Alonzo helped her to alight. A sense of unreality and of the past overwhelmed her; a feeling of restriction swept over her. She was a girl once more, shrinking and timid under the iron rule of discipline. With an effort she brought herself to the present and fumbled in her bag.

"Lord, no!" said Alonzo, shaking his

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head at the small coin tendered him. "I ain't runnin' no stage. If it hadn't bin me it 'd bin somebody else. Hull county's out fur this here picnic."

Arlinda Crawford and her brother Richard had been brought up by an uncle and aunt in this very house, standing, then as now, aloof and remote from its neighbors—not so much in the matter of actual distance as in the air of reserve with which it drew its figurative skirts about it in conscious superiority. Their youth had not been happy, especially that of the girl on whom the inflexible hand of her aunt had rested heavily. The uncle was a mild, good-tempered soul, entirely under the rule of his wife, and a negligible quantity in the household. The woman was bound to dominate any situation; when that situation was embodied in the meek and fear-filled form of Arlinda the control was complete. The girl's rearing had put an emphasis on her native timidity and indecision. She was of the kindly, hesitating type, and her conciliatory and apologetic bearing was her armor against the hostility of a suspected universe.

"How anybody as mild-natered as 'Lindy can think the world gone to perdition 's more 'n' I can git the reckonin' of," her brother, the Captain, would remark. "That notion 'n' her housekeepin' are the two things she seems to holt onter. Otherwise she steers a muddled course, yawin' an' jibin' all over creation 'fore she hits anchorage."

Richard was a sturdy boy and fared better than his sister. As soon as he was grown he ran off to sea. Later, when he was mate on a coaster, he sent for Arlinda and established a home at his port. He prospered and finally owned the small schooner of which he was master. Neither he nor Arlinda married, and when the Captain, crippled by rheumatism, was forced to leave the water, they settled into a placid existence. Now, through a series of unlooked-for deaths, they had fallen heir to the house of their youth. They decided—or at least the Captain did, for Arlinda seldom assisted in a decision—to sell the old home and its contents. As it was necessary that one of the two should personally attend to the business details, and as Richard was helpless under a sharp attack of his enemy, it fell to Arlinda to travel to the little town near the village in which the lawyer who had charge of the property resided.

The idea of his sister, astray without a pilot, struck the Captain with dismay. "I dunno what she'll git afoul of," he thought, gloomily. "If there's a rock in the channel she'll hit it, mark it as I may." There was nothing else to do, however, and the Captain tried to provide advice for all emergencies.

"When you git through with the lawyer, why don't you take soundin's at the old place? Mabbe there's some furniture you'd like to git holt of 'fore the sale."

But Arlinda was tremulous at the very thought. "I wouldn't hev one of Aunt's things in the house!" she declared. "The quicker they're sold an' out o' my knowledge the easier I'll be. As fur seein' the place, it ha'nts me as it is. I don't want to lay eyes on it!"

"Well, well," soothed the Captain. "There ain't nobody goin' to make you do nothin', so ca'm down!"

Thus it was that the inwardly trembling Arlinda summoned the courage of necessity, packed a few articles, pinned her ticket to her handkerchief, stuffed her handkerchief into her ample wallet —borrowed from the Captain — hid the wallet in the bottom of her bag, and started, very helpless and flurried. Under the immediate supervision of the lawyer she committed no indiscretion, but when the business was completed she was seized with one of those sudden changes of mind to which her vacillating nature was liable.

"I'd kinder like to see the auction," she said to herself. "I wouldn't let on to nobody who I be, an' it would be reel int'restin' to be unbeknownst."

She wrote a scrawling postal card to tell her brother that she would be gone

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another day, the intended information becoming so involved and circuitous under her hand that the Captain gave up its solution with a sigh. "She's either comin' or she ain't!" he concluded. "Lindy's wind never blows stiddy frum one quarter."

This particular whiffle of Arlinda's impulse bore that individual on the little ferry which crossed the mile-wide river running between the town and the farm lands beyond. "Ain't no need wastin' money on a team," thought Arlinda, as she stepped onto the ferry-slip, and she started out on foot. She was wearily regretting her venture when Alonzo, out of her long past, had driven up to the rescue. Now she was standing before her old home, and the many years had vanished. She looked furtively about, as if expecting a word of reproof or command. The house stared at her with all its old, cold austerity; its windows were uncurtained, its gaze blank and unveiled.

"Land!" cried Arlinda to herself. "Can't nobody shet them blinds? There ain't nothin' so fadin' as a fog-burnin' sun!" Then she remembered, with a curious pang, that in that shell of the past there was nothing to be hurt by the brightest glare.

The furniture of the house was distributed in groups on the piazza, on the grass, in the barn, the big doors of which stood wide to the gaze of the inquisitive. People were everywhere, examining, appraising, criticizing. There was something inexpressibly pathetic about this ruthless exposure of home secrets. Arlinda drew down her veil and walked slowly toward the scene of action. She halted by a forlorn little heap of articles which had been thrown on the grass. A young girl called her comrade's attention to a faded, worsted tidy, pointing a derisive finger. Arlinda shivered, even in the warm sunshine; there was profanity in such public abuse.

Suddenly the whole scene took on a tragic aspect; it was the degradation of



"GONE AT FIVE TO THE LADY WITH THE VEIL!"

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a dwelling, the laying to waste of a citadel. Arlinda could not have put her feelings into words, but she was shaken by a strange indignation. She realized for the first time that her girlhood held memories which were neither bitter nor rebellious. An unexpected affection for these surroundings of her youth came over her, bringing with it an impulse to shield them from irreverent gaze. A work-basket was standing on a little table by her side; from it a bit of sewing straggled helplessly, the needle still threaded. An old sofa was lying in the gravel of the path, its worn and patched top mercilessly revealed. There was nothing too intimate, no economy too private to be dragged out to the careless jeers of a rude world. "I wisht I hadn't come," thought Arlinda.

A decrepit rocking-chair stood under an apple-tree. In its rightful corner it had fitted comfortably, a dignified and friendly article of family faith, its shabbiness but an endearing badge of service. Wrenched from its environment it was but a broken bit of truck to be knocked down to the chance bidder. There was something cruel, indecent in such exposure. Arlinda blinked her eyes against a sudden rush of tearful emotion. "Seems if I could see Uncle settin' in it this very minute!" she said to herself. "I guess I'll hev to git holt o' thet somehow." She felt guilty, responsible for the ignominy of such a display. Shades of the past seemed to gaze at her with reproachful eyes. "I'm glad there ain't nobody thet knows me," she thought.

The country "vendoo" possesses an atmosphere never to be found in the city rooms of auction; the setting is as different as that of the amateur out-of-doors performance is to the stage drama. The clear blue sky is the roof, the grass the floor. The birds crowd the green-hung galleries and the heaven-born breeze wafts a refreshment never obtained from the electric fan. Also there is an interest in the actors and the properties. The auctioneer is a man of parts, known far and near. Each article put up is full of association to its purchaser. Mrs. Riggs, perchance, obtains the churn which she last saw in the now lifeless hands of her neighbor; her husband bids for the hoe he has so often borrowed. Mrs. Pierce gratifies her curiosity in regard to the best bedroom set, and the village gossip has—and takes—the opportunity to count the patches in the sitting-room carpet. All that was hidden is made known and nothing is sacred from scrutiny. The patron of the city sale takes his toll with entire indifference to the personal equation; the bidder of the "vendoo" has, along with property gained, material for hours of reminiscence and conjecture.

From a vantage-point of the piazza, Arlinda could watch every move of the auctioneer. He stood on a hacked but trusty carpenter's bench which brought him well above the crowd. The dusky shadows of the big, open barn formed a good background for his tall figure and iron-gray head. His personality was commanding and he held his audience easily. Even the little boys recognized the impossibility of familiarities. The sun was blazing now and the crowd perspiring. The auctioneer had removed his coat and loosened his tie and collar; he repeatedly ran his fingers through his thick, upstanding hair as if impatient of its warmth. But even the fierce autumn heat did not make him relax his efforts. He was never still a moment. His shrewd eyes were everywhere, gathering up the slightest indications of interest and translating them into bids. His ears were tuned to the faintest whisper. Many of those present, formulating an inward comment by a slight motion of their lips, found themselves, to their great surprise, possessors of some undesired acquisitions. There was scarcely a break in the monologue. "Dollar twenty-five—twenty-five. Who'll give fifty? Fifty. Who'll give fifty? Dollar fifty. Who'll give seventy-five? Do I hear seventy-five? Going at fifty. Last chance at seventy-five! Fifty, fifty! Gone at fifty!" The rapid phrases took

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"I'LL PAY YOU REEL WELL IF YOU'LL LET ME HEV IT"

on a rhythm emphasized by the swaying of the big, strong body. As the bidding quickened, time was kept with hands, arms, shoulders; the whole figure was raised and lowered in perfect tune with the patter. It was a fantastic dance of the muscles, which the children, fascinated almost to the point of hypnotism, unconsciously imitated.

To the casual observer this seller of other people's goods maintained a strict impartiality in regard to the taking of bids. Those accustomed to such scenes might possibly have noted that the quick eyes never lost sight of two or three apparently indifferent men who were scattered among the crowd. To such, scarcely perceptible manifestations might be detected, passing between these bored-looking individuals and the auctioneer—a slight drooping of the eyelid, the faintest suggestion of a nod. It might be only fancy, for the man on the bench never ceased his rhythmic motions, never hesitated over a bid, never mistook an offer.

Suddenly Arlinda caught her breath in a little gasp. "If there ain't Uncle's leetle old burrer thet he kep' his papers in!" she cried inwardly. "Seems 's if I couldn't let anybody hev thet!"

A small, plain, pine chest of drawers, once, perhaps, bright in its red paint, now dingy and dilapidated—but it proved a touchstone to memory! "Time so complained of" must have brought to Arlinda some "undimmed hours," for her heart grew tender, and a smile of recollection trembled on her lips. "I'd furgot all 'bout thet burrer," she thought.

It was a motley lot of incapables which were on the bench now—a broken-down chair, an old lamp, a ragged rug, a dented and leaky tin pail, and the little

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red chest of drawers; the collection drew out a mild joke from the crowd and a laugh ran around. The auctioneer ceased his dance and brought his voice down to a conversational, confidential pitch, jocular and friendly:

"Well, now, they ain't so shipshape as they might be, that's a fact. They make me think of a time I was down Canton way. There was an awful row in the church 'cause one man said another man warn't any better 'n he should be. The man he said it of was a deacon in the church an' he was rip-roarin' mad. Folks took sides an' the hull lot was jest fightin' an' scratchin' back an' forth till it bid fair to bust up the parish. Funny, ain't it, what fierce scrappers churches be! Well, bymby the minister he took it up an' called a meetin' to see if it couldn't be settled 'fore everybody was clean clawed up like them Killikenny cats we've all heered on. 'Now,' says he to the fust man, 'I'm goin' to ask you what you meant by slanderin' Deacon Peters?' ''Fore I answer that I'd jest like to ask a question myself,' says the fust man. 'All right,' says the minister. 'Bein' a Yankee, I guess you can hev the privilege.' So the fust man he faces Deacon Peters an' he says, 'Will you kindly repeat the words I says about you?' Deacon Peters he was red hot fur fury an' he says, 'You said I warn't no better 'n I should be!' 'Well,' says the fust man, 'be yer? That's all I ask, *be* yer?' The deacon he jest glared; he couldn't say a mortal thing. 'Course he couldn't tell folks he *was* better 'n he should be! An' after a long time the fust man he says, kinder easy-like, 'I guess there ain't anybody, even the minister, who's any better 'n he should be!' That was all there was to it. The whole fuss fell flatter 'n a pancake; not the kind our women round here make, but the kind you buy all mixed. Now these things here, you may say they're no better 'n they should be, but what is? I ask you, what is? Them nice mahogany burrers I'm goin' to offer bymby has their faults. I ain't goin' to tell you 'bout 'em till I've knocked 'em down to you, but they've got 'em. You mustn't despise this little chist o' drawers here 'cause one of it's little feet is off an' one of its drawers seems to be gone, an' 'cause it ain't so shiny as it was onct. There's lots o' service left in it still. Come, now!" The auctioneer suddenly fell into his professional chant. "What am I offered fur this little chist o' drawers?"

"Thirty cents." called some one. The crowd laughed.

Arlinda flushed red behind her veil. It was as if mockery had been turned upon her. A flame of protection which was almost maternal started up in her virginal breast, inspired by the dumb appeal of that shabby little chest of drawers.

"Thirty, thirty! I'm offered thirty!" The voice was like thunder in her ears. Summoning all her courage, she lifted up her voice in a shrill protest. It was the supreme effort of the timid which so often overshoots the mark.

"Five dollars!" she shrilled. "I'll give five dollars!"

The auctioneer's jaw was arrested half-way in its professional activity, but only for an instant. "Five dollars!" he announced. "I'm offered five. Goin' at five! Gone at five to the lady with the veil!"

The gaze of the crowd quickly centered on Arlinda, as she stood, conspicuous upon the edge of the piazza, but the thick gray veil screened the deep crimson which surged to her cheeks. For the first time in her existence Arlinda had entered, as it were, into public life. For the first time her decision had swayed a situation. Not only had she rescued the chest of drawers from the ignominy of a ridiculous valuation, but she had stepped over a psychological boundary. The thrill due to the controller of the market, however, was denied her. She was conscious only of a strange, new tenderness for the associations of her youth, and a sense of protectorship of family traditions. The critical or indifferent eye of

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the world, as it appraised the poor, stripped relics of a dead past, cut her to the quick.

"Ef there ain't the spare-room bed!" exclaimed Arlinda to herself. "I uster admire them pineapple tops, but they was hard to dust. I allers longed to sleep in thet bed under the risin'-sun quilt. Seems 's if I'd got to hev it."

A shrewd-faced man in a derby hat cast a quick look at Arlinda as she wildly, foolishly raised the first bid; then a hardly perceptible glance passed between him and the auctioneer as the former, with apparent nonchalance, offered a slight advance. "I guess he ain't anxious fur it," thought Arlinda, and in this assurance her next offer was less rash. Bit by bit the value of the four-poster grew, until Arlinda's voice, as well as her courage, quavered. Her eyes filled, and as she wiped them she lost her chance. In spite of her disappointment she felt a certain relief. "I dunno what Richard would 'a' said," she thought. "I guess I got kinder crazy."

The country folk now had a turn with kitchen furnishings and small articles. "I guess I better git out," said Arlinda. "I might git carried away ag'in." But as she turned to push her way through the little throng her eyes were caught by a small footstool held aloft in the auctioneer's hand. Its once polished sides were scratched and dull, and its worsted-worked top was faded and worn. Arlinda stopped short. "Land!" she cried to herself. "I've seen brother in his little short trousers an' roundabout settin' on thet cricket time an' ag'in! Aunt allers put him there when he was up to mischief. I can see his little tow head this minute, an' his eyes all red with cryin'."

"I guess that woman knows something about antiques if she does bid a bit wild," remarked the man in the derby to a companion, as the footstool was knocked down to Arlinda.

But Arlinda neither heard nor cared for comment. The past had suddenly opened to her, all its austerities softened by the gracious hand of time. "Seems 's if I could see 'em now," she thought. "Uncle with his pipe an' Aunt sewin'. She made me some pritty clothes, Aunt did. I guess I tried her a lot. It would 'a' broke her heart if she 'd known thet all her things were goin' to be turned out this way," she added.

It may be that Arlinda's eagerness put a fictitious value upon some of the articles, which drew on even the astute individual in the derby. At any rate, sure of a good profit in the future, the man bid on. Arlinda wavered not from her purpose. Gone was the shrinking consciousness of self, gone her fear of her own voice. The Captain would not have recognized his sister in this undaunted bidder who steered straight in her course. Arlinda's only thought was to save what she could from the cold, black gulf of indiscriminate possession. She even forgot her desire to remain unknown, and pushed aside the concealing veil which hindered her sight and speech. But there was no recognition in the eyes which stared at her.

At twelve o'clock there was an intermission, but Arlinda took no thought for food. She sat in the sunshine on the piazza steps while a portion of the crowd went home to dinner and the rest picnicked on the worn grass, or in the barn. Aloof from the sociability of the moment, she leaned her head against a pillar and closed her lids. Figures from the past pressed upon her inward sight; when she opened her eyes the ruins of a family life cried out to her in their desecration. She looked down upon the little hand-bag clutched tight in her grasp.

"It's lucky I made thet lawyer give me the price o' the cattle sale in cash," she thought. "I didn't know I'd want to use it, but I allers did suspicion checks. I dunno what Richard 'll say to my spendin' so much," she added.

Noon-hour over, the crowd slowly gathered. At first, interest, dulled by a hearty meal combined with the vertical rays of the sun, lagged, but under the skilful manipulation of the auctioneer,

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who never lost control of his audience, never relaxed in effort, never missed a chance to raise a laugh, the bidding got under way again. Arlinda, impelled by the strange, inward voice of emotion, again took part in the contest, only to be overridden by the man in the derby. Arlinda's cheeks burned hot with excitement.

"I dunno what he wants all them things fur," thought she, "unless he's goin' to housekeepin'."

When it was all over, and the last lot of goods disposed of, Arlinda suddenly found herself faint and dizzy. "Mercy sakes!" she said to herself. "I'm fair tuckered out. I wisht they'd put up a good meal o' victuals; I'd bid high fur 'em, I'm thet sharp set." She gave a little gasp. "I reckon I've got to settle up now. I dunno what brother 'll say!" she repeated. But she had danced and she must pay the piper.

Arlinda stepped down from the sheltering piazza and walked across the trampled grass straight to the man in the derby.

"I wisht you'd let me hev thet green painted chamber set you got," she said. "The one with posies onto it. Seems if I couldn't let it go."

"Seems if I couldn't neither!" returned the man, laughing good-naturedly. "These painted chamber sets are getting all the rage for summer cottages. I've got to soak somebody to pay for your running me up so!"

Arlinda laid a trembling hand on the rough coat sleeve. "I'll pay you reel well ef you'll let me hev it. I—I uster know some one who had one like it onct." Her voice was pleading.

The man regarded Arlinda with calculating eyes. Pathos had no appeal for him, but his soul was attuned to a bargain. "If you've got sentiments about it I suppose I can't deny a lady," he answered, gallantly, naming a price



"WHAT CALL HED YOU TO SPEND, ARLINDY CRAWFORD?"

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which caused Arlinda to gasp. But she took from her bag a fat roll of bills.

"My word!" exclaimed the man as Arlinda turned away. "I didn't think I could stick her for that! She's a crazy collector, sure."

Meanwhile Arlinda had gone over to the group of articles which she had acquired. "I'll ask 'em to let the things stand in the barn till I send fur 'em," she thought.

Captain Crawford had not been particularly happy since his sister's departure. Arlinda, vague as she might be in personality, shiftless as were her mental processes, was strong on all points of domestic comfort.

"You wouldn't think I'd miss her vaporin's so," the Captain had remarked to himself. But when Arlinda did appear all he said was: "Glad to see yer. Did yer git inter any trouble?"

"'Course I didn't!" returned Arlinda, indignantly.

Arlinda gave the report of her business dealings, but she steered clear of all allusion to the auction.

"Well," asked the Captain, "thet all?"

"We'll hev to send fur—the things, soon, Brother," returned Arlinda, with some hesitation.

"What things?"

"The things from the house, Brother"

The Captain stared at his sister from beneath his bushy brows. "Now what do you mean, Arlindy? You said you never wanted to set eyes on 'em."

"I didn't till I went there. You never know how you're goin' to feel."

"Speak fur yerself," retorted the Captain. "So yer went over?"

"Ef you'll give me charnce I'll tell you 'bout it," said Arlinda. "I went to the auction. When I see the things I couldn't help biddin'."

The Captain sat up in his chair. "*Biddin'?*"

"I was afeered you wouldn't like my spendin' so much." Arlinda's voice was tremulous.

"*Spendin'!*" repeated the Captain. "What call hed you to spend, Arlindy Crawford?" The house an' everythin' in it was ourn."

Arlinda stiffened. "You hev to bid at an auction, Richard."

Suddenly the Captain threw back his head and laughed. "Thet's the best I ever heered!" he shouted. "Biddin on yer own!" Then, seeing the hurt look on his sister's puzzled face, he added: "Well, it ain't no matter. It 'll all come back. What did you git?"

In the interest of her subject Arlinda lost her sense of offended dignity.

"An', best of all, Brother, I got my own leetle chamber set A man got it fust, an' I could see he didn't want to part with it, but he was reel understandin' an' gentlemanly 'bout it. I hed to pay high, though, to buy it back."

"Buy it back?"

"Land, yes! Me an' thet man was bound fur the same things. There was a lot I didn't git, though I bid as high as I darst 'fore he got 'em. But he didn't holt no grudge. He was reel 'commodatin' in regard to the set. Said he wouldn't hev give it up fur anybody but a lady."

For a moment the Captain was speechless. Then he roared. "Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!" he gasped. "I dunno when anythin's done me so much good! Did you let anybody know who you was?"

"I guess I knew what I was about. I didn't let on even to 'Lonzo Rawson. An' I didn't give no name or address; jest said I'd write where to send the things."

The Captain pounded the floor with his cane in sheer delight. "It's lucky you didn't, 'Lindy! There wouldn't 'a' ben much left o' you if they had got holt of it! Land o' love! You couldn't 'a' done more to fill your pocket if you'd ben born a shyster!"

Arlinda rose, her head high. She was more bewildered than ever, but she felt secure in her sense of her perspicacity. "I dunno what you mean, Richard," she said as she left the room.

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MEMORIES OF MEN AND PLACES

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, LECKY, DEAN STANLEY, "OUIDA," FROUDE, LORD LYTTON, CARDINAL MANNING

BY W. H. MALLOCK

COMPARING London society as it was when I first knew it with what it has since become, I should say that its two most distinguishing features were its then comparative smallness and its practically unquestioned position. Its position was founded mainly on the hereditary possession of land, its nucleus being the heads of more or less ancient families whose rent-rolls enabled them to occupy London houses and play an agreeable and ornamental part in the business of entertaining and being entertained for the few months called "the season." Certain qualifications in the way of family being given, mere personal charm and accomplishment would often secure for their possessors a high place in its ranks. Indeed, such qualifications were by no means always necessary, as was shown in still earlier days by the cases of Moore and Brummel; but on the whole the social conditions then prevalent in London coincided with what, in the country, I had known and accepted, when a child, as part of the order of nature. Our society was represented by a definite upper class; the basis was still inheritance in the form of inherited land.

This was no mere accident. It was a fact definitely explicable in terms of statistical history. At the time of the battle of Waterloo, outside the landed class there did not exist in England five hundred people whose incomes exceeded five thousand pounds a year. The landed class was typically the rich class of the country, and the condition of things since then has in this respect been reversed. During the sixty years succeeding the battle of Waterloo, business incomes exceeding five thousand pounds a year had increased numerically in the proportion of one to eight, while since that time the increase has been still more rapid. On the other hand, not only has the number of the large agricultural landlords shown no increase whatever, but since the year 1880 or thereabouts their aggregate rental has suffered an actual decrease, having fallen in the approximate proportion of seventy to fifty-two. This shrinkage in the fortunes of the old landed families, except those who were owners of minerals or land near towns, and the multiplication of families newly enriched by business, were, when I first knew London, proceeding at a rate which had never been known before. It was, however, slow in comparison with what it has since become, and the old landed families, at the time to which I am now alluding, still retained much of their old prestige and power, as is shown by the fact that the leaders of both political parties were still mainly drawn from the limited class in question. It is shown with even greater clearness by facts more directly presenting themselves to the eye of the ordinary observer.

One of these is the aspect which thirty years ago was presented by Hyde Park during the season at certain hours of the day. Thirty years ago, for an hour or two before luncheon and dinner, its aspect was that of a garden-party, for which, indeed, no invitations were necessary, but on which as a fact few persons intruded who would have been visibly out of place on the lawn of Marlborough

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House. To-day this ornamental assemblage has altogether disappeared, and its place has been gradually taken by a miscellaneous crowd without so much as a trace even of spurious fashion left in it. Thirty years ago Piccadilly in June was a vision of open carriages brilliant with flower-like parasols, high-stepping horses, and coachmen, many of whom still wore wigs. To-day these features have been submerged by a flow of unending omnibuses which crowds fight to enter, or from which they struggle to eject themselves. Fashionable hotels have succumbed to the same movement. Of such hotels thirty years ago the most notable were commonly described as "private"—a word which implied that no guests were received who were not known to the landlord, either personally or through fit credentials. Claridge's, until it was rebuilt, was an establishment of this description. An unknown and unaccredited stranger could, by the mere chance latch-key of wealth, no more obtain access to such hotels as these than he could make himself to-day a member of some exclusive club by placing the amount of the entrance fee in the hands of the hall porter.

But society, as it was in this relatively recent past, did not differ from that of to-day merely in the fact of having been absolutely less numerous and of less multifarious origin. It differed in the effects which a mere restriction of numbers, coupled with inherited wealth and a general similarity of antecedents, has on the quality of social intercourse itself. In societies which are small, and yet at the same time wealthy enough to secure for their members as a whole a monopoly of varied experience, and invest them with a corporate power which cannot be similarly concentrated in any other cohesive class, these members are provided, like the believers in some esoteric religion, with subtle similarities of tastes, behavior, and judgment, together with daily opportunities of observing how far, and in what particulars, individuals belonging to their class conform or do not conform to them. These are constant provocations to refinements of mutual criticism which give life and conversation a zest not attainable otherwise. Finally a society which is small enough to possess such common standards, and whose position is so well established as to pervade it with a sense that no standards are superior to its own, tends to make manners perfectly simple and natural which could otherwise be approached only by conscious effort or affectation.

The seriousness with which society was taken, and the fear of its judgments entertained even by many of its most conspicuous members, was illustrated in a way now oddly belated by the celebrated "Lady A.," as she was called, who occasionally lent her house in Hertford Street for the month of August to her niece, Mrs. Marcus Hare. To this act of kindness she attached one strict condition—namely, that the blinds of the front windows should always be drawn down, lest any one should suspect that she—Lady A. herself—was guilty of remaining in London when the fashionable season was over. A well-known social philosopher, Lady E—— of T——, gave me in my early days an ultra-serious lecture on the principles by which a young man should be guided when beginning to form acquaintances in a world like that of London. Her advice was almost identical with that which, in Bulwer Lytton's novel, *Pelham*, is administered to the hero by his mother. "You should be specially careful," said Lady E—— to me, "as to people with whom you dine. Some are remarkable for their chefs, some for the importance of their company. There are all sorts of differences which a young man has to learn. There are some evening parties," she said, "at which it will be enough for him to be merely seen; and, with very few exceptions"—this was her concluding counsel—"you should never be seen at a ball in a two-roomed house — a house, for example, like the houses in Eaton Place."

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Another sort of social philosopher, in his own way equally typical, was Hamilton Aïdé, who united to the life of society the cultivation of art, and was equally serious in his combined devotion to both. He was a musician, a poet, a singer of his own songs in a voice perfectly modulated. He was also as a painter in water-colors, one of the most distinguished amateurs of his time. His landscapes, indeed, and his sketches of old houses and gardens, Scotch castles and the seclusions of Italian villas, were in themselves poems; and when he entertained the world—a world very carefully chosen—the attention of his guests was divided between his music and his great portfolios. His bachelor's quarters provided him with an appropriate background. His writing-table was dominated by something resembling an altar-piece—namely, a large and ingenious rack, on which was arranged a battalion of invitations to balls and dinner-parties; and his blotting-book was flanked by two delicate volumes, one being a *libro d'oro* in the shape of a bulky visiting-list, the other being a list of his engagements from day to day. He and his accomplishments were a finished work of art between them. But in a larger world his development would have been no more possible than the development of an orchid in the middle of a crowded street.

And the same is the case with regard to society generally. There are certain accomplishments which a small society tends to develop, and which a larger society does not. Among these the art of conversation is prominent, especially when it takes the form of wit, or becomes the vehicle of certain kinds of humor.

Certain examples of conversational art occur to me which I associate with a form of entertainment now a thing of the past. Of London life as it had been long before I knew it, a notable feature, constantly referred to in memoirs, had been the breakfast-party. It had before my time nearly, but had not quite, disappeared. It was so far kept alive by Lord Houghton, at all events, that a breakfast at his house in Bruton Street is one of my own early recollections. The repast began at ten and lasted for half the morning. There must have been about twenty guests. Two of them were "lions," whose hair was more remarkable than their speech. The rest were men of some sort of social eminence, who seemed to find the occasion not wholly congenial; and, in spite of the efforts of the host, conversation had a tendency to languish till a topic turned up which was then attracting public notice. This topic roused one of the guests—a seasoned man of the world—from a mood of apparent apathy into one of such humorous animation that soon the rest of the company were holding their breaths to listen to him. The topic in question was a volume of scandalous Memoirs which had lately been published by Rosina, wife of the first Lord Lytton, for the purpose of attacking a husband from whom she had long been separated. The guest to whom I am now alluding caught the attention of everybody by confessing to an intimate acquaintance with the ways of this caustic lady, and proceeded to illustrate them by a series of amusing anecdotes of which I recollect the following.

Bulwer Lytton, as he then was, was candidate for one of the divisions of Hertfordshire, and speeches were being delivered from the hustings by supporters of local influence—among others by Lord Cowper. Lord Cowper was still speaking when something appeared at his elbow in the likeness of the candidate's wife. "Now, Billy Cowper," she said, "we've listened to you long enough. Sit down, and let *me* speak. You propose, gentlemen, to send my husband to Parliament. I am here to tell you that Parliament is not the proper place for him. His proper place," she said, pointing to the ground, "is below; and when you have sent him there he will learn something of what he at present knows nothing. That something is Justice."

On another occasion, speaking in more moderate tones, she observed to a circle

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of acquaintances: "My husband is a man who has been born out of his due time. He ought to have been born nineteen hundred years ago. Had he been born then, he would have been Judas Iscariot. He would have betrayed his Master; he would have taken the thirty pieces of silver; but then he would not have hanged himself—far from it. He would have sat down and written the Epistle to the Ephesians."

On another occasion she told the following story of him. He was, so she said, in London, and she, having been left in the country, had written to propose joining him. He had at once replied begging her not to do so, but to leave him a little longer in the enjoyment of philosophic solitude. "When I heard that"—so she confided to a friend—"I set off for London instantly; and there I found him with Philosophic Solitude, in white muslin, on his knee."

"Perhaps," added the narrator, "even less agreeable to the delinquent would have been, had he heard it, her description of his physical appearance. Alluding to the fact that his head was undoubtedly too large for his body, she said, 'My husband has the head of a goat and he has the body of a grasshopper.'"

But of all the men who, in the way of conversational wit or otherwise, figure in my memory as types of a now vanished generation, the most remarkable still remains to be noticed. This was the second Duke of Wellington. Even to those who knew him only by sight he was memorable, on account of his astonishing likeness to the portraits or statues of his father. He had not, or he had not chosen to cultivate, the talents which mainly lead to distinction in public life, but by the small circle of those who were intimate with him during his later days he was known for a humor, a polished wit, and a shrewdness which made him, of all possible companions, one of the most delightful. I knew him intimately myself so far as my age permitted. I often stayed with him at Strathfieldsaye, not only when he had parties, but also when, as sometimes happened, we were together for a week alone. On these latter occasions I had all the mornings to myself, and every afternoon I took with him long walks, during which he poured forth his social or other philosophies, or else told me stories of his father so pointed and numerous that, had I written them down, I might then have compiled a life of him which would form a very interesting supplement to those which exist already. I never in the course of these walks experienced a dull moment.

The only great entertainment at which I ever encountered him was a dinner-party of his own given at Apseley House. During one of such visits which I paid him at Strathfieldsaye he told me that the following week he would have to give a party in honor of the king of the Belgians. The party was to be a large dinner, and he asked me to be one of the company. The time arrived. The king of the Belgians for some reason failed to come, but everything had been arranged in an appropriate manner for his reception. As a spectacle the table was noteworthy. It was covered with gold plate—a historic monument to the great hero of Waterloo—which consisted of figures of soldiers, horses, palm-trees, camels, artillery, and other military objects symbolical of his various campaigns, and gold plate at intervals all round the table was supplemented by triumphal wreaths. The duke told me afterward that all these decorations were due to his own forgetfulness. He had for years been accustomed to celebrate the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo by a banquet to certain officers who had been present at it, and who still survived; but the number of these had already been so reduced that he had determined to discontinue the celebration. In fixing, however, a day for the dinner now in question, he had entirely forgotten that the date ultimately chosen was none other than the day of the great battle. His servants had concluded that, in honor of Belgian royalty, he was giving

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one more repetition of the Waterloo banquets of the past. Everything had been arranged accordingly, and I was thus present at a function which will never take place again.

But it was not on occasions like this that his real character displayed itself. This only came out in intercourse of a much more private kind, as would happen at Strathfieldsaye when he entertained parties of not more than ten people. When I was present on such occasions I was usually the youngest—by far the youngest—member of the company. Of the rest I may mention as examples Lady Dorothy Neville, Alfred Montgomery, Sir Hastings Doyle, Lord Calthorpe, Sir St. George Foley, Lady Chesterfield, and Mr. Newton, the courtly police magistrate, called by his friends "the beak." And here—to repeat in substance the observation which I have made already—what always struck me was the far greater polish of manner that prevailed among these my elders than any which was cultivated among my own, the then rising, generation. In such an atmosphere the duke's special gifts were at home. He never strained after effect. His words seemed to crystallize into wit or poignant humor before he had time to reflect on what he was going to say. But these qualities were perhaps seen at their best in *tête-à-tête* encounters or correspondence. At all events, it is from such occurrences that illustrations of them can be most readily drawn.

He had often spoken to me of his dislike of anything in the nature of jobbery, and this was once brought out in a very characteristic way by a passage at arms between himself and Lady St. Helier. Lady St. Helier had written to him to ask him if, as Lord-Lieutenant of Middlesex, he would make one of her friends a magistrate. The duke promptly replied that her friend was an entire stranger to him, and that he never made appointments of that kind as a favor to some third party. There the matter rested for a week or two, at the end of which period she received the following note from him:

DEAR LADY ST. HELIER,—You have treated me extremely ill. I have made inquiries about your friend, and I find he is part proprietor of [here he named a certain place of amusement] which I learn is frequently used as a place for assignations of a very reprehensible kind.

Lady St. Helier's immediate reply was this:

MY DEAR DUKE,—I have nothing more to say. You are acquainted with such matters so much better than I am.

Not long afterward he met her on somebody's door-step, and she, who was taking her departure, greeted him with some slight frigidity. He merely looked at her with a momentary twinkle in his eye, and said, "I think you had me there." Some days later she received yet another letter from him, which consisted of these words:

DEAR LADY ST. HELIER,—The deed is done. God forgive me.

A further encounter took place of something the same kind—the duke himself told me of this—from which he emerged the victor. He had, he said, received a letter from Lady Herbert of Lee, in which she begged him to contribute one hundred pounds toward the total required for the restoration of some Catholic church, and his answer had been as follows:

DEAR LADY HERBERT,—I shall be very happy to give you the sum you name, for a purpose so excellent as yours. At the same time I may say that I am myself about to restore the Protestant church at Strathfieldsaye, and I do not doubt that you will aid me by sending me a similar sum. Only, in that case I think no money need pass between us.

In a kindred vein was his answer to another application, addressed to him, in formal terms, by a committee of the inhabitants of Tiverton. When the duke was known merely as a soldier, the Tivertonians had begun to erect, on a

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neighboring hill near Wellington, a monumental column in his honor; but subsequently, when he came to show himself to the British public, not as a great general, but as an obstinate and intolerable Tory, the Radical Tivertonians refused to carry on the work farther. The column was left unfinished, as it stands at the present day; and the second duke, many years later, was petitioned, for the credit of the neighborhood, to finish it at his own cost. His answer to the petitioners was, so he told me, this:

GENTLEMEN,—If I were to finish that monument it would be a monument to nothing. As it stands, it is a monument to your own ingratitude.

The few portraits and anecdotes which I have just sketched or recorded are sufficient, let me say once more, to illustrate two general facts. They indicate the way in which society owes much of its finer polish to the relative smallness of the number of those belonging to it. They emphasize the fact that, when I first knew it myself, it was very much smaller than it has since then become, and, though divided into sections even then, was very much more cohesive. Let me pass from this latter fact to some of my own experiences as connected with it.

For young men who are already equipped with influential friends or connections, a society which is relatively small and more or less cohesive is in some ways more easy of access than one which is more numerous, but in which, unless their means are ample enough to excite the competitive affection of mothers, they are more likely to be lost. In this respect I may look on myself as fortunate, for my circle of acquaintances very rapidly widened as soon as, having done with Oxford, I began to stay in London for more than a week at a time, and secured a habitation, more or less permanent, of my own. While I was first looking about for one which I thought would be suitable, Wentworth, the grandson of Byron, returned the hospitality which I had previously shown him at Oxford by putting me up for a fortnight at his house on the Chelsea Embankment, and during this visit an incident took place which, if merely judged by the names of the few persons concerned in it, might be thought picturesquely memorable.

Students of Robert Browning may recollect a short poem of his which begins with the following lines:

> And did you once see Shelley plain,
> And did he stop and speak to you
> And did you speak to him again?
> How strange it seems and new!

My own answer would be, I did not see Shelley plain, but I did the next thing to it. Sir Percy and Lady Shelley—the poet's son and daughter-in-law—were Wentworth's neighbors, though he never had met either of them. Lady Shelley had been an old friend of my mother's, and I took him one day to tea with her. To the wife of Shelley's son I introduced Byron's grandson. What event could seem more thrilling to any one whose sentiments were attuned to the music of Browning's verses? What really happened was this: Lady Shelley said to me some pleasant things about my mother; we all of us then lamented the prevalence of the east wind, and then, having recommended her crumpets, she discussed with Wentworth the various large houses then being built in the neighborhood. At this juncture the drawing-room door opened and the son of the author of *Prometheus Unbound* entered. He was a fresh-looking country gentleman, whose passion was private theatricals. Close to his own house he had built a little private theater, and the conversation turned thenceforward on the question of whether a license would be necessary if the public were admitted by payment to witness the performance of a farce in the interest of some deserving charity.

By the time I left Wentworth's roof I had arranged to share with two Catho-

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lic friends a suite of rooms at a private hotel in Dover Street. Both belonged to well-known Catholic families, and had ready access to the world of Catholic gaiety, especially in so far as this was represented by balls. One of them, through his skill as a dancer and his buoyant vivacity in conversation, was in much wider request. By the agency of Augustus Savile and others—of "social fairies" (as Lord Beaconsfield called them) such as the Duchess of Sutherland, whom I had known well at Torquay), cards for balls and parties, in quickly increasing numbers, found their way to myself likewise, while in other directions doors were opened also which led to a world of a more serious aspect and character.

Many interesting people I used to meet at the house of Mr. Froude, the historian. Among these were two relatives of Mr. Froude's second wife—namely, Henry Cowper, one of the most charming conversationalists of his time, Lady Florence Herbert, and, through her, her well-known husband, Auberon.

Through the Anthony Froudes I also made acquaintance with Lecky, whose nervous shyness in conversation was in curious contrast to his weighty style as a writer, and also with Dean Stanley and Whyte Melville, the novelist. Between the latter two there might seem to be little connection, but I was asked to meet them at a little dinner of four, Whyte Melville being specially anxious to ask the dean's advice. This was not, however, advice of any spiritual kind. Whyte Melville was thoroughly at home in the social world and the hunting-field, and had made himself a great name as an accurate describer of both, but he was now ambitious of achieving renown in a new territory. He was planning a novel *Sarchedon*, a story of the ancient East, and was anxious to learn from the dean what historical authorities would best guide the Homer of Melton and Market Harborough in reconstructing the world of Bel and Babylon.

In speaking of novels I am led on to mention an authoress whose fame was concurrent with Whyte Melville's, and whose visions of modern society were not altogether unlike his own visions of Babylonia. This authoress was "Ouida." Ouida lived largely in a world of her own creation, peopled with foreign princesses, mysterious dukes—masters of untold millions—and of fabulous English guardsmen whose bedrooms in Knightsbridge Barracks were inlaid with silver and tortoise-shell. And yet such was her genius that she invested this phantom world with a certain semblance of life, and very often with a certain poetry also. In some respects she was even more striking than her books. In her dress and in her manner of life she was an attempted exaggeration of the most exaggerated of her own female characters. For many years she occupied a large villa near Florence. During that time she visited London once. There it was that I met her.

She depicted herself to herself as a personage of European influence, and imagined herself charged with a mission to secure the appointment of Lord Lytton as British ambassador in Paris. With this purpose in view she called one day on Lady Salisbury, who, never having seen her before, was much amazed by her entrance, and was still more amazed when Ouida, in confidential tones, said, "I have come to tell you that the one man for Paris is Robert." Lady Salisbury's answer was not very encouraging. It consisted of the question, "And pray, if you please, who is Robert?" In a general way, however, she received considerable attention, and might have received more if it had not been for her reckless ignorance of the complexities of the London world. In whatever company she might be in, her first anxiety was to ingratiate herself with the most important members of it, but she was constantly making mistakes as to who the most important members were. Thus, as one of her entertainers—Violet Fane—told me, Ouida was sitting after dinne. between Mrs. ——, the mis-

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tress of one of the greatest houses in London, and a vulgar little Irish peeress who was only present on sufferance. Ouida treated the former with the coldest and most condescending inattention, and devoted every smile in her possession to an intimate worship of the latter. When, however, she was in companies so carefully chosen that everybody present was worthy of her best attention, and so small that all were willing to give their best attention to *her*, she showed herself, so I was told, a most agreeable woman. Thus forewarned as to her ways, I found that such was the fact. I gave for her benefit a little luncheon party at the Bachelors' Club, the only guests whom I asked to meet her being Philip Stanhope and Countess Tolstoy (now Lord and Lady Weardale), Lord and Lady Blythswood, and Julia, Lady Jersey. Ouida arrived trimmed with the most exuberant furs, which, when they were removed, revealed a costume of primrose color—a costume so artfully cut that, the moment she sat down, all eyes were dazzled by the sparkling of her small protruded shoes. In a word, she quite looked the part, and, perceiving the impression she had made, was willing to be gracious to everybody. As we were going up-stairs to the luncheon-room, this effect was completed. Lady Jersey laid a caressing hand on her shoulder and said: "You must go first. The entertainment is in honor of you." Ouida was here at her best. No one could have been more agreeable and less affected than she.

Her latter years were overclouded by poverty. This was due to her almost mad extravagance—to her constant attempts, in short, to live up to the standards of her own heroines. Had she acted like a sensible woman, she might have realized a very fair fortune. She had many appreciative friends, who gave her considerable sums to relieve her at various times from the pressure of financial difficulties; but they realized in the end that to do this was like pouring water into a sieve. Somebody gave her two hundred and fifty pounds in London to enable her to pay her hotel bill, but before a week was over she had lavished more than a hundred in turning her sitting-room at the Langham Hotel into a glade of the most expensive flowers. She died in what was little better than a peasant's cottage, at Lucca. Among the ladies to whom she had been introduced in London was Winifred, Lady Howard of Glossop. A year or so later Ouida wrote me a letter from Florence, saying, "Your name has been just recalled to me by seeing in the *Morning Post* that you were dining the other night with Lady Howard of Glossop, one of my oldest friends." This is an example of the way in which her imagination enabled her to live in a fabric of misplaced facts, for the person through whom she became acquainted with Lady Howard was none other than myself. The next letter I had from her was to say that she was dedicating one of her later books—a volume of essays—to me. The letter did not reach me till after many delays, and I often regret the fact that before I was able, or remembered to answer it, she was dead.

But of all the worlds which, within the world, were more or less self-cohesive and separate, that in which I felt myself most at home was the Catholic. At any entertainment given at a Catholic house the bulk of the guests—perhaps three-fourths of them—would be Catholics. These would be people so closely connected with one another by blood or by life-long acquaintance as to constitute one large family. Well-born, well-bred, and distinguished by charming and singularly simple manners, they were content to be what they were, and the Darwinian competition for merely fashionable or intellectual brilliance, however prevalent elsewhere, was, with few exceptions, to them virtually unknown. Yet whenever anything in the way of formal pomp was necessary, they were fully equal to the occasion. The well-known dinners given by Mrs. Washington Hibbert, at which four-and-twenty

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guests would be seated round a huge circular table, would fill Hill Street with swaying family coaches, on whose hammer-cloths crests and coronets maintained an eighteenth-century magnitude which the modern world was abandoning, while on certain ecclesiastical occasions Catholic society could exhibit a stateliness even more conspicuous.

On one of these latter occasions I was, as well as I can remember, the only non-Catholic in the company. This was a great luncheon-party given by the then Lord Bute in honor of Cardinal Manning. Lord Bute, who was in many ways the most learned of the then recent converts to Catholicism, was, as is well known, the original of Lothair in Lord Beaconsfield's famous novel. Lord Beaconsfield's portrait of him was disfigured, and indeed made ridiculous, by the gilding, or rather the tinsel, with which his essentially alien taste bedizened it; but, apart from such exaggerations, there were elements in it of unmistakable likeness, and the entertainment to which I am now referring was, apart from its peculiar sequel, like a page of *Lothair* translating itself into actual life.

The Butes were at that time living at Chiswick House, which they rented from the Duke of Devonshire. The house is a good example of that grandiose classicality which we associate with the eighteenth century, and the salon in which the guests were assembled provided them with an appropriate background. They were something like thirty in number, and comprised some of the greatest of the then great Catholic ladies. Lord Beaconsfield himself could not have chosen them better. Indeed his Lady St. Jerome was actually there in person. When I entered there was a good deal of talking, and yet at the same time there was something like a hush. I divined, and divined correctly, that the cardinal had not yet arrived. The minutes went slowly on; the appointed hour was past. At length a sound was heard which seemed to emanate from an anteroom, and presently a figure was solemnly gliding forward—a figure slight, emaciated, and habited in a long black cassock. This was relieved at the throat by one peeping patch of purple, and above the throat was a face the delicate sternness of which was like semi-transparent ivory. The company parted, making way for the great churchman, and then a scene enacted itself which cannot be better described than in the words written many years previously by the author of *Lothair* himself: "The ladies did their best to signalize what the cardinal was and what he represented, by reverences which a posture-master might have envied and certainly could not have surpassed. They seemed to sink into the earth, and slowly and supernaturally to emerge."

When the banquet was over and the guests were taking their departure, our host begged me to remain, so that he and I and the cardinal might have a little conversation by ourselves. We were presently secreted in a small room or closet, and our little talk must have lasted till close upon six o'clock. I half thought for a moment that this might be a planned arrangement so that then and there I might be received into the Roman fold. Matters, however, took a very different course. Under the cardinal's guidance the conversation almost immediately—how and why I cannot remember—turned to the subject of spiritualism, and he soon was gravely informing us that, of all the signs of the times, none was more sinister than the multiplication of spiritualist séances, which were, according to him, neither more nor less than revivals of black magic. He went on to assert, as a fact supported by ample evidence, that the devil at such meetings assumed a corporal form—sometimes that of a man, sometimes that of a beautiful and seductive woman, the results being frequent births, in the prosaic world around us, of terrible hybrid creatures half-diabolic in nature, though wholly human in form. On this delicate matter he descanted in such unvarnished

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language that the details of what he said cannot well be repeated here. Of the truth of his assertions he obviously entertained no doubt, and such was his dry, almost harsh solemnity in making them that, as I listened, I could hardly believe my ears. Our host, though a model of strictly Catholic devoutness, was, so he told me with a smile when the cardinal had taken his departure, affected very much as I was. The impression left on both of us was that, in the cardinal's character, there must have been a vein of almost astounding credulity—a credulity which would account for the readiness with which, as a social reformer, he adopted on many occasions the wildest exaggerations of agitators.

I was subsequently invited to call on him at the archbishop's house in Westminster. During the interview which ensued he revealed intellectual qualities very different from those which had elicited a furtive smile even from a Catholic such as his host at Chiswick. We spent most of the morning in discussing the ultimate difficulties, philosophical, historical, and scientific, which preclude the modern mind from an assent to the philosophy of Catholicism. He displayed on this occasion a broadness and a balance, if not a profundity of thought, in which many theologians who call themselves liberals are wanting. He spoke even of militant atheists, such as Huxley and Tyndall, without any sarcastic anger or signs of moral reprobation. He spoke of their opinions, not as sins which demanded chastisement, but simply as intellectual errors which must be cured by intellectual refutation rather than by moral anathemas, and the personal relations subsisting between him and them were relations—so I have always understood—of mutual amity and respect.

REBELS

BY LOUIS UNTERMEYER

STIFF in midsummer green, the stolid hillsides
March with their trees, dependable and stanch,
Except where here and there a lawless maple
Thrusts to the sky one red, rebellious branch.

You see them standing out, these frank insurgents,
With that defiant and arresting plume;
Scattered, they toss this flame like some wild signal,
Calling their comrades to a brilliant doom.

What can it mean—this strange, untimely challenge;
This proclamation of an early death?
Are they so tired of earth they fly the banner
Of dissolution and a bleeding faith?

Or is it, rather than a brief defiance,
An anxious welcome to a vivid strife?
A glow, a heart-beat, and a bright acceptance
Of all the rich exuberance of life.

Rebellious or resigned, they flaunt their color,
A sudden torch, a burning battle-cry.
"Light up the world," they wave to all the others;
"Swiftly we live and splendidly we die."

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THE LION'S MOUTH

A CHAIR OF NONSENSE

BY BURGES JOHNSON

IT is easy to talk sense! As babes we link up words into sentences that express reasonable ideas. It is true that the human animal in his primitive days, before he has come into his lingual heritage, often babbles in words of his own creation, or for a year or two shapes old words into strange, uninherited phrases. My dear, the child is talking nonsense! Sometimes he croons his nonsense to tunes—nonsense tunes—of his own making. But all this is an art that he soon forgets and too often never regains.

Yes, it is easy for grown-ups to talk sense; quite as easy as for you now to retort, "Well, then, why don't you do it?" Man's more obvious thoughts have all been formulated so many times that they have taken unto themselves fixed forms of expression which our tongues can instantly utter in response to the slightest impulse: "How do you do?" "Many happy returns of the day," "Trust in an over-ruling Providence," "Truth is stranger than fiction," "It's all for the best"—easy to say and easy to listen to because the tasks of formulation and interpretation were performed long ago by those pioneers who did our thinking for us. In any conversational barter between you and me these crystallized forms of speech are not good, hard currency of ideas. They are drafts upon a bank-account which I claim to possess. You may cash the check if you like—but why bother? Pass it along; it may serve you in turn as currency when bartering with another.

So dominated are we by a reasonable world that it is actually hard to talk nonsense. Try it, and, willy-nilly (a great-great-great-grandfather of mine was Willy Nilly), you find yourself conveying a meaning! The very effort to avoid the conventional symbols of thought is forcing upon you a most unusual form of mental activity.

Whether axioms and maxims and other crystallized forms of commonsense be a symptom or a disease, inevitably they increase as the race grows older and lazier, and everything gets to be said. It is high time that we should attack them by a powerful antidote. With this aim in mind I propose the establishment of Chairs of Nonsense in our colleges and universities—those innermost sanctuaries of the Accepted Truth and the Undisputed Thing. And I stipulate that there should be courses offered to teachers as well as to students.

The ideal university, we are told, is Mark Hopkins at one end of a log and a boy at the other—wisdom on one side of the desk, inquiry and challenge on the other. If wisdom becomes arbitrary, challenge becomes impertinent and useless. If challenge ceases, wisdom deteriorates into dull formula. But a little nonsense on that log, and what a difference!

We know what Lewis Carroll was in daily life [writes Gilbert Chesterton]; he was a singularly serious and conventional don, universally respected, but very much of a pedant and something of a Philistine. Thus his strange double life in earth and in dreamland emphasizes the idea that lies at the back of nonsense—the idea of *escape*, of escape into a world where things are not fixed horribly in an eternal appropriateness, where apples grow on pear-trees, and any odd man you meet may have three legs. Lewis Carroll, living one life in which he would have thundered morally against any one who walked on the wrong plot of grass, and another life

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in which he would cheerfully call the sun green and the moon blue, was, by his very divided nature, his one foot on both worlds, a perfect type of the position of modern nonsense. His Wonderland is a country populated by insane mathematicians. We feel the whole is an escape into a world of masquerade; we feel that if we could pierce their disguises, we might discover that Humpty Dumpty and the March Hare were Professors and Doctors of Divinity enjoying a mental holiday.

Escape! The word is crowded with joyous suggestion—escape and revolt. Listen to Algernon Charles Swinburne escaping from the slavery of dull poetic sense:

From the depth of the dreamy decline of the dawn through a notable nimbus of nebulous noonshine,
Pallid and pink as the palm of the flag-flower that flickers with fear of the flies as they float,
Are they looks of our lovers that lustrously lean from a marvel of mystic miraculous moonshine,
These that we feel in the blood of our blushes that thicken and threaten with sobs from the throat?

And hear Bishop Corbet escaping from theology in the seventeenth century:

Like to the fiery tombstone of a cabbage,
Or like a crab-louse with its bag and baggage,
Or like the four-square circle of a ring,
Or like to hey ding, ding-a, ding-a, ding;
E'en such is he who spake, and yet, no doubt,
Spake to small purpose, when his tongue was out.

It is easy to prove that great men of all times have found in nonsense a refreshment of mind or a challenging test of mental vitality. "He must be a fool indeed who cannot at times play the fool; and he who does not enjoy nonsense must be lacking in sense," wrote Rolfe, the great Shakespearean scholar. "None but a man of extraordinary talent," said De Quincey, "can write first-rate nonsense." Wisdom, grown wiser than its own formulas, turns from introspection in healthful outbursts of self-contempt. Nonsense is in fact perpetually challenging Sense. "It's better not to know so much than to know so many things that ain't so," says Josh Billings, defiantly. "Truth is stranger than fiction," says Old Saw. "It is, to most people," says Mark Twain. "No man is too poor to own a dog," Conventional Thought murmurs, sentimentally. "I have known men so poor they owned three," retorts Billings.

I never nursed a dear gazelle,

softly quotes Tom Hood,

To glad me with its dappled hide,
But when it came to know me well,
It fell upon the buttered side.

"*Think!*" cries Nonsense. "Your common-sense is clogging the machinery of ratiocination; your axioms soft pedal the vibrating strings of the mind." Thoughts are not stimulated by any final statement of concrete fact; they are set at rest. But a statement which apparently means nothing at all will at once set them going.

But I am not content to quote De Quincey or Samuel Johnson or Lord Tennyson in praise of nonsense, or to cite the fact that Ruskin placed Edwin Lear at the head of his list of one hundred best books. To justify my Chair of Nonsense we must scrutinize the subject-matter itself and find in nonsense intrinsic values sufficient to entitle it to a place beside the Dead Languages, Higher Mathematics, Household Economics, Paleontology, and others of that sacred company.

First of all, Nonsense bears some peculiar and mysterious relationship to Truth. Perhaps it is fourth-dimentional truth. Perhaps it is the truth of to-morrow; undoubtedly, if Professor Einstein's theories hold good, many of the truths of to-day are nonsense. Perhaps it is truth upside down and classes must stand on their heads to study it. Greater sacrifices have been made in the pursuit of wisdom.

But my theory is that Nonsense embraces All-Truth, even as infinitude embraces the universe. All of the sermons worth preaching could find their texts in

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Mother Goose, or in Lear, or in those other Bibles, the Alice books. Mr. Don Marquis, in a recent essay extolling the virtues of nursery rhymes, says that he himself forever thinks of royalty in terms of the King who was in his counting-house and the Queen who ate bread and honey. And I dare say that the Old Lady Who Lived in a Shoe has wielded upon rising generations an indirect influence compared to which Froebel is negligible. Students might well devote much time to the study of Madam Goose to discover what it is that makes her sayings applicable to all sorts and conditions, generation after generation. Is it merely her simplicity of utterance—a lost art with so many of us—that gives her a cryptic and subtle sound? Edwin Lear testified that he had a most difficult time after he wrote his Nonsense Books, trying to prove that they were not political pamphlets, or at least satires upon current life and manners. Hundreds of readers were certain that they knew personally the "Bong with the Luminous Nose."

It occurs to me that Nonsense does not mean anything because it means everything. If this is the case, what field offers so great opportunities for endless research? "What is it that I mean?" wrote Charles Battell Loomis:

> What is it that I mean,
> Oh, potent soul of mine?
> Oh, ecstasy divine
> In luscious meadows green!
>
> When from the void of things
> (What is it that I mean?)
> I sense the joys unseen
> And memory backward flings;
>
> When I encounter doubt
> And flee th' unquiet scene—
> (What is it that I mean?)
> Friend, hast thou found me out?
>
> A charnel-house at e'en,
> A dusky, reddened sky,
> A tomb where none is nigh—
> (What IS it that I mean?)

This questioning spirit is the basis of all true education. But it must be questioning in all honesty of heart, and where is there less evasion and equivocation than in nonsense?

> Not understood? Take me hence! Take me yonder!
> Take me away to the land of my rest—
> There where the Ganges and other gees wander,
> And uncles and antelopes act for the best,
> And all things are mixed and run into each other
> In a violet twilight of virtues and sins,
> With the church-spires below you and no one to show you
> Where the curate leaves off and the pew-rent begins!

So writes Barry Pain, and W. S. Gilbert echoes, in a burst of perfect frankness:

> His gentle spirit rolls
> In the melody of souls,
> Which is pretty, but I don't know what it means.

Neither do I know what it means, but I recall that in my own college days, as I painfully struggled through the pages of the *Anabasis*, I was assured that I should value the experience in after life not for the information which Xenophon had written down, but for the mental training which I had gained in trying to find out what he meant. Why, then, in all of these impressive curricula—set forth in many pages of college catalogues—is there no course deliberately entitled, "Nonsense, Its Literature, Its Uses and Its Philosophy"? True, now and again some such course exists fortuitously, but its conductor is probably a prophet unawares. Surely I may be permitted to base my appeal for my Chair of Nonsense upon the established arguments of the upholders of higher education as it is. If the Curriculum Committee will but be persuaded that nonsense is the chaos out of which all truth was created, they will at once grant that an intensive study of its elements may be a means of finally discovering the very secret of life; at any rate let them think of the mental training acquired by the student in trying to find out!

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That a straight line is the shortest distance between two points is a statement containing one truth, and one only. What a regrettable paucity of content! Think of those beautiful lines of the Icelandic poet as set down by George Ade:

To hold is not to have—
Under the seared firmament
Where Chaos sweeps, and vast Futurity
Sneers at these puny Aspirations—
There is the full Reprisal.

In this statement there may be a thousand truths, for all I know. The fact that I cannot point out any of them at the present moment of writing is not significant. I am not so conceited as to consider that an argument.

Or consider those other lines by Charles Battell Loomis:

As one who cleaves the circumambient air
Seeking in azure what it lacks in space,
And sees a young and finely chiseled face
Filled with foretastes of wisdom yet more rare;
Touching and yet untouched—unmeasured grace!
A breathing credo and a living prayer—
Yet of the earth, still earthy; debonair
The while in heaven it seeketh for a place.

So thy dear eyes and thy kind lips but say—
Ere from his cerement< Timon seems to flit:
"What of the reaper grim with sickle keen?"
And then the sunlight ushers in new day
And for our tasks our bodies seem more fit—
"Might of the night, unfleeing, sight unseen."

While I am not able even in this second instance to point out the meaning any more clearly than the author himself has stated it, yet I am somehow reminded of my own early metrical translations from the ancient poets. Doubtless any one skilled in the examination of undergraduate literal translations could gain much from it at a single glance.

Certain apologists for our higher education measure everything in terms of service. All studies are of value in so far as they teach man to know his fellowman. Then let Nonsense establish herself triumphantly. I may utter sense to a passing stranger and we pass as strangers—but let me recite nonsense to him, and at once our relationship becomes positive. A common knowledge of current literature makes conversation at afternoon teas. An equal acquaintance with Egyptian scarabs makes for envy, hatred, and all malice; but the discovery of a common familiarity with "Sylvia and Bruno" and "Gentle Alice Brown" will cause two hearts to beat as one.

I have discovered that if Jones's conversation consists in nothing but a succession of exact truths, I do not necessarily get to know Jones. I merely get to know the truths. But if Jones says something which means nothing at all, I feel that I must know him better. If Robinson tells me all his exact symptoms since he was sick, I know the symptoms, and do not need to know the man. If he offers to tell me how he was since before he was sick, I study him with an aroused curiosity. "Don't tell me," said William Pitt, "of a man's being able to talk sense. Every one can talk sense. Can he talk nonsense?"

We devote the best hours of our youth to an examination of the wisdom of the dead, in order that we may better know the living. Why should we not, then, more systematically immerse the minds of our young in the penumbra of ideas, and let them work their way by natural processes of mental creation into All-Knowledge?

WHAT EVERY CRITIC KNOWS

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

EVERY critic knows that his first duty is not to be dull. You might suppose that was the first duty of the author or the dramatist, also—if you didn't read books or go to plays. A certain amount of comfortable dullness, however, is not only tolerated in books and plays, but it is even welcomed by

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the public. A complete lack of it, indeed, is rather disconcerting. One instantly suspects the author is either clever or full of new ideas, and so, in either case, a little unreal. But the critic is not permitted this margin of dullness, because the average reader wouldn't read criticism at all unless it either confirmed all his previous conceptions (such confirmation being never dull), or controverted them all (also never dull), or made him laugh. Strictly analytical criticism, dictated solely by a passion for truth, soberly sought wherever the trail leads, would find as few readers to-day (perhaps it was ever thus) as true news finds to-day, meaning by news an impartial account of what happened, not what we wish to believe happened.

Such being the case, the critic has, obviously, a threefold choice. He can confirm the mob opinion, like a popular lecturer; he can contradict the mob opinion, like G. B. Shaw (perhaps!), or he can be a clown. If he does the first, he is faced with the horrible likelihood of being made a press agent. If he does the second, he will run amuck of the managing editor about the third day, and lose his job. So he becomes a clown. That is the reason for the extraordinary exhibitions of acrobatic humor in our literary criticism of the hour.

The poor author or dramatist or actor, of course, doesn't always relish it. When you have spent a year writing a novel, or six months writing a play, and put into it as much thought and feeling as you are capable of, you naturally ask of the reviewer that he carefully ascertain, first of all, what, exactly, you were trying to do, what effect you were aiming at, and then appraise as fairly as he can your degree of success. You ask further that he show himself a man of sensibility equal to the task of sympathizing with your aims, or, at least, of understanding them, and equal to the task of making his style so fit the mood of your book or play that his review will justly reflect its tone. If your play is a tragedy, it seems to you hardly fitting that it should be written about in the style of Joe Miller. So much for what you expect, or hope for.

What you get is a different matter. Your work is searched not for its purpose and truth, but for its temptations to humor, its opportunities for extracting a jest. It is not regarded as a work of art to be appraised and described, but as a point of departure for a humorous column. It must be admitted, in all fairness, that some books and plays do not deserve a better fate. But rather more of them do than do not. And the incessant employment of literary criticism as a means of making readers laugh, rather than helping them to a better understanding of literature and a keener appreciation of the true and the beautiful, certainly has no justification whatever, outside of the newspaper counting-room.

The newspaper counting-room—aye, there's the rub! I, for one, refuse to blame the critic—naturally, perhaps, since I have been one for almost two decades. When, like Richard in his tent, I, too, see in dreams the accusing procession of all the playwrights and actors whose pride and self-esteem I have wounded by my levity file past with accusation on their lips, I shall refer them all to the business office, and roll over on my other side. No critic with a conscience will be dull, if he can help it; and if he can't, the editor very soon can! No critic with a conscience is content to be a perpetual back-scratcher. No critic, on the other hand, who is stimulatingly unorthodox can last a week on an American newspaper or popular magazine to-day. If he wants to remain a critic he has got to clown, because he has got to win readers—not a few readers, but a lot of readers—and he has got to win them in a strictly safe and harmless way—*i.e.*, safe and harmless to the newspaper and the existing economic order. Now and then, of course, even under these conditions, an inspired jester will be found who can slip in an idea on an

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odd Monday, and in a smiling paragraph say a good word for beauty. There is such a one on a morning newspaper in New York to-day. One wonders how he keeps his job.

Which leads me to the confession that I have told but half the truth. The other half is that the average critic probably couldn't be a critic if he tried, but is a book or play reporter, assigned to a branch of news of minor public interest, from the point of view of circulation, and hence to be "dressed up" in some pleasant fashion to attract the Philistines. Your true critic is a rare bird, far rarer than true novelists or poets or playwrights. He neither has to confirm opinions nor to shock opinions nor to jest in order not to be dull. He is never dull, because he has the charm of an individual style, the stimulating appeal of a keen and honest mind at work, the eloquence of sincerity and ideas. Such men, for the most part, it cannot be said the average newspaper makes the slightest effort to train or to discover, or that the average editor has the slightest realization of the need and value of such men. He fears, to be sure, their ideas, fears a loss of theatrical advertising, for example. But, in the main, it is not fear, but simply profound ignorance and dull Philistinism which prevents the editor from seeking the true critics out, not grasping the fact that true criticism will be as free from dullness, and hence as widely read, as the stuff he now prints about literature, these comic columns which degrade a fine art, wound and belittle the artists, and befuddle the public.

However, this much must be admitted—the comic book columns and the slapstick theatrical reviews are at least free from propaganda, which is more than can be said for the rest of the paper. A joke is the least harmful kind of falsification. Possibly the reader may gather from all this that my opinion of American newspapers to-day is not high. It isn't. But the editor will not give me the rest of the space in the magazine, so I can't explain why I don't blame the newspapers, but the system under which they now have to be published. The editor is afraid I should be dull.

THE DREAM-SHOPS OF FIFTH AVENUE

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

OFF the main majestic stream,
Like a river made of flowers—
Women's faces, women's faces,
Flowing by the soaring towers;
With a golden murmur vast
Of their delicate sweet walking,
And their tongues a-talking—talking,
As they trip and ripple past,
Lilied throats and eyes agleam—
Hide the little shops of dream.

Here the Persian carpets spread
For the quiet dreamer's tread,
And the turbaned caravan
Journeys on from Ispahan;
Then a Buddha lost in prayer,
Here a print from old Japan;
Demon masks and twisted swords
Of Nippon's dread and mighty lords.
Ivory goblins of Cathay,
Carven shapes grotesquely fair,
Squat and grin, obscenely gay;
Little beings made of jade
Lurk within the incensed shade,
Where the cedarn coffers hold
Silks of nameless blue and gold,
Smelling sweet of gardens old.

Here the quiet potter's mart,
Cool and still with shapes of clay,
Breathed on by his gentle art:
So he dreamed his mortal day,
Living on in vase and jar,
Lovely still as flower or star.

Here another dream more bold
From the marble hills of Greece
Quarried out these limbs of gold,
This smile of an immortal peace.
Calm as 'neath their skies of blue,
Fronting the Ægean Sea,
They look out on Fifth Avenue,
Insolent in divinity:
How the poor laughing moment dies
Watched by those immortal eyes!

Here a dream all made of wings—
From marble gods to butterflies!

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Those mimic tapestries of air
Painted the mountains of Tibet,
And these beside the Amazon
Flaunted their proud vermilion;
These, spanning scarce your finger-nail,
Down Africa made tiny sail.

Torrid orchards 'neath the Line
Here their mystic fruits have sent,
Armored rind of scale and spine,
Half fruit, half savage ornament,
And flowers that seem to hiss and sting
Their sorceries of colors fling.

Other dream-lands beckon fair:
Old France, in this sedan-chair,
Wafts us sadly to Versailles,
With a little perfumed sigh;
Here a silver teapot's gleam
Brings old London in a dream;
With knightly casque and feudal oak
Troop in Chaucer and his folk;
Nor is there need the seas to span
To find your *Château en Espagne.*

For here along Fifth Avenue
All the dream-lands wait for you,
Little shops for every dream
Dotting the majestic stream.

THE CRIME OF BEING OBVIOUS

BY LOUIS GRAVES

WE may suppose that since the power of speech was given first to man a distinction has been made between people who say commonplace things and people who don't. The cave-man author, chipping out his manuscript on a block of stone, was doubtless impelled to drop his chisel and take in hand his favorite wife-beating club to punish a spouse who went to the portal of the cave, looked up at the sky, and expressed the hope that it wouldn't cloud up, since she always *had* thought the humidity was worse than the heat. And down through the ages, as new ideas became old, and as, therefore, it became more and more difficult to be original, naturally the obvious-minded came to constitute an ever-larger fraction of the world's population. Thus, as those who could happily classify themselves as the elect became fewer and fewer in proportion to the whole of humanity, their separateness grew steadily more imposing. As long as this went on quietly nobody was disturbed and nobody's feelings were hurt. For it was only the chosen circle that knew it was chosen; the outsiders went right on being outsiders, in blissful ignorance that every day they were making remarks that stamped and damned them as belonging to the multitude.

Then, upon an evil day, a man was seized with the inspiration to bring originality home to the masses.

Even if Mr. Gelett Burgess, in announcing the division of humankind into two classes, sulphites and bromides, was not the first to lay out this affair of conversational commonplaceness for the public view, it was he who first bared the crime in all its details, and so described the practitioners of it, with thumbprints and measurements, that they would be easily recognized by themselves as well as by others. No doubt his purpose was to end a nuisance. But instead of doing this he brought into being a far greater one by so humiliating bromides that many of them began to attempt—with results in boredom transcending anything they had achieved before—a rôle they were quite unfit to fill.

Now what has driven them to this folly is nothing more or less than a species of intimidation. They tremble lest clever mockers hold them under the lash of scorn.

It is high time that this intellectual reign of terror should end. That can be accomplished, however, only by united action. And we should form a league with some such name as the Association of Unashamed Bromides. The foundation of our program must be a sort of Declaration of Independence containing a list of well-known remarks or assertions that we will swear to make boldly and without apology whenever the fancy seizes us; for example, such as:

"It never rains when I take my umbrella with me."

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"I don't see why it is any more wrong for a woman to smoke than for a man."

"This is the age of transition." (Specially for public speakers.)

"It was not the German people we had a quarrel with, but only their rulers."

"New York is the most provincial place I ever saw."

These are just a few specimens offered by way of illustration. Of course there will be hundreds, or even thousands, of such in the entire list, others being added every little while as they gain a currency wide enough to make impossible any suspicion that the user is giving voice to something novel.

Be it understood that we proponents of this association have no animus, and make no campaign, against sulphites. On the contrary, we admire them and delight to do them honor. Our movement is directed toward the reclamation of the would-be deserters from our own ranks, the natural-born, bred-in-the-bone bromides, who never can be anything else and yet who struggle fatuously against their humble destiny. These belong to the conversational proletariat, and are afraid or ashamed to admit it. They are traitors to their class, whom, it being impossible to hang, we would redeem. Wandering hopefully but blindly in a sort of No Man's Land, they call to mind nothing so much as *nouveaux riches* who have left behind the people with whom they were brought up, and with whom alone they can be at home, only to find themselves excluded by a barrier, invisible yet impassable, from the circle of the select few whose favor they court. As we see it, no movement could be more deserving than one directed toward returning them to the fold of their kindred.

It is not difficult to recognize these persons when one comes across them. Whatever the topic of conversation, a moment is sure to come, and soon, when a bromide trying to be a sulphite conclusively labels himself. He displays certain earmarks that make his ambition unmistakable. About his contributions to the talk there is an over-eagerness, an over-emphasis, that is curiously compounded with a suggestion of misgiving, of apprehension lest his remarks do not prove as telling as he hopes. In his deadly determination to avoid saying something that might be put down as commonplace, he gives you the feeling that at heart he is uncomfortable; that, if he would only admit it, he is in much the same distress as the servant girl in Mr. Barrie's *Crichton*, who, weary of attempting "refined" manners, yearned plaintively for the privilege of being vulgar again.

The very trouble is that he has not yet reached that point of frankness with himself. His nightmare is that somebody will think him Victorian. He would not dare to admit that he had ever enjoyed Sir Walter Scott. These days he talks admiringly of Dostoievsky, but in a vague kind of way that makes you suspect he might be hard put to it to say just what it is he admires. If the talk takes a musical turn, almost always you will find him patronizing toward Italian opera.

When we were first exposed it was annoying to see held up to the mirth of the world observations we had made so often, so solemnly, and with such complete satisfaction. We had been innocently happy in saying that New York was pleasant for a stay of a few weeks, but we shouldn't like to live there all the year round, or that we could remember faces perfectly, but simply never *could* remember names, or that whether a town was nice or not depended entirely upon the people one knew there, and hundreds of other things like that; and it was a shock to be informed, in accents of ridicule, that nearly everybody else said the same thing. For a time we almost feared to open our mouths lest we should give voice to one of these statements marked as taboo by the chosen.

The majority of us got over this shame soon. Recovering from the first shock,

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we went on in our old accustomed way, and were soon so reconciled to the idea of being cast in the usual pattern that we could even laugh at ourselves, without bitterness or regret, when some new evidence of our usualness was thrown in our face. Reading the letters of F. P. A.'s *Dulcinea*, or any dialogue in which the participants uttered opinions patently trite, and coming upon a sentence with a familiar ring, we could cheerfully confess, "Yes, I've said that same thing many a time, myself." It came to us that having plenty of company in our flatness was a vast comfort. And it remains so. After all, from the very circumstance of our numbers, we associate mostly with one another, and it is only occasionally—and then only for a few minutes at a time—that close contact forces poignantly upon our attention the existence of a class apart from and above us.

So, all would be well were it simply a question of the two main castes. They would go on living together in peace and amity, on the one side a willing deference, on the other amused condescension and raillery. But it is the members of the intermediate nameless caste who spoil the party. They did *not* recover from the shock of learning that they had been uttering platitudes; they are *not* reconciled to being commonplace, and are determined not to be so classified. So they go about among us, striving, with an effort plain to all but themselves, to be what they are not. Though not so numerous as the simple, unpretending bromides, there are, alas! enough of them to constitute a formidable plague.

Extermination by violent means being impracticable, the problem, then, reduces itself to one of conversion. And conversion can come about only by enforced self-revelation. The immensity of the task is evident, for what is more difficult than to convince a person that he belongs with the proletariat—social, economic, intellectual, or any other kind —once he has taken the notion he doesn't? Every instinct of vanity, all the innate snobbery of the human animal, rise up against such an admission. Yet I am persuaded that there is at hand a quick and yet a thorough solution. It is a bold scheme I have in mind, and it is this:

We must appeal to the sulphites. It is they, and they alone, who can strike the scales from the eyes of these misguided aspirants and induce them to settle down quietly and contentedly where they belong. We cannot do it ourselves, for these folk have no respect for us; they persist in their belief that they are superior, and should we hint the contrary they would put it down to jealousy. But the class to which we all yield homage can easily do the trick. It is merely a question of shifting to a new target. And isn't the bromide a pretty well shot-up one, anyway? Doesn't it get to be a rather spiceless sport, firing at this humble creature, with its slow movements, its friendly countenance, its honest, well-meaning disposition? The merely commonplace person is harmless and necessary—and natural. And nobody who is natural is interesting prey for long. But the pretender is always good to shoot at. It is for the sulphites, then, to turn their guns of satire away from those who commit the crime of being obvious and direct them at those guilty of the more obnoxious crime of trying not to be.

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EDITOR'S DRAWER

THE TALE OF A TAIL-SPINNER

BY ROGER CURLY

"BROTHER," said Anne to me one afternoon while I sat pondering the riddles of the universe and when my new suits would come from the tailor's, "why don't you do something?"

The audacity of her question astonished me, and for a moment it seemed my mind went blank.

"That isn't the Curly tradition," I told her, firmly, when my mind had become focussed on the problem. "Besides, what can I do?"

"Oh, I don't think you are so bad as a that," she lauded me. "There are lots of things you can do. You can dance, and you can drive a car, and you can play bridge, and"—she searched around in her mind for words of praise—"and, oh, lots of things. Whenever you look at a dinner menu you always seem so keen and intelligent."

I was not yet convinced, although I could not see that she overrated my abilities.

"The Curlys have always been very brave," mused Anne with a far-away look in her eyes.

I should have known better; I should have been on my guard. But there was about her gaze such an air of pellucid innocence that I agreed cheerfully:

"Oh yes!"

"There was your great-grandfather Curly," continued Anne, with that reminiscent voice, apparently pursuing no conversational course in particular. "He fought in Mexico, you remember."

I did not remember, but then I must have been very young. There are many things I forget.

"You come of such a brave race," cooed Anne; "that is the reason I am sure you will like it."

"Like what?" I demanded, suspiciously, for Anne's voice was just a little too soft, her face too guileless.

"Oh," she said, carelessly and glancing far away, "I have arranged for you to take aviation lessons."

I waited a minute. I waited half a dozen minutes, for the thought was a very big thought, and I could not think of it all at once. Anne always did have high ideals. I thought of aviation, and I thought of the tall, steep sky, and I thought of being a flying man, a sky-pilot, and an angel. I thought of the solid old ground and the peaceful chair in which I sat.



ON THEIR FACES WERE COMPASSION AND SYMPATHY

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"Ha, ha!" I laughed. But my voice sounded to my own ears very faint and far away. I looked up hopefully to Anne to see signs of responding mirth. But her face was very serious.

"Of course you are joking," I assured her.

"Of course I am not," she assured me.

I looked out at the rippling waters of the Sound. I looked out at the quiet rolling greensward and the dear Long Island sand. I could see an aviator come tumbling out of the clouds, falling, falling, like a Farré picture, with little pink and green rainbows all about him, till he hit the ground with a splash. I couldn't see him getting up and walking away again.

"Of course, you are joking," I assured Anne again. "Remember my wife and children."

"I'm thinking of them."

"What's that?" I asked her, suspiciously.

"I haven't forgotten them," she told me, sweetly. "I spoke to them about it, and they all thought it would be perfectly lovely."

Ah, the gratitude of mankind, and the affection of one's familiar family! Oscar, my eldest, would fall heir to my sporting car and my haberdashery. Little Roger would take my watch to further his mechanical inventions. Gwendolyn would take it away from him. My wife, Ruth, would flash forth in purple demi-mourning, angling for the florid affections of the fat bachelor next door, unless Anne beat her to him. For this would they get me out of life, for this send me two miles up in the air and let me drop. I was to be smashed to make a Long Island holiday. Bitterness and disillusion overwhelmed me.

I knew that I was caught fast on the hook of Anne's determination, but I still struggled desperately for life.

"Do you remember old Tommy Adams?" I asked her, tears in my voice.

"No," said Anne, coldly.

"Well, he died." I let the words out slowly, so that their full, awful significance might weigh her down like heavy stones.

"Was he in aviation?" asked Anne, in a conversational tone, as though we had been talking of a poet or a pastry.

"No; but what difference does that make? He died, didn't he?" I cried, in horror of her callousness.

"You are liable to die yourself if you don't stop that shaking," she countered, coldly.

How can you argue with a woman with no more feeling than that? In her eyes I was already aloft, looping about the moon. Her brother-in-law was going to break the inviolable tradition of the Curlys; he was going to be an aviator.

"Remember Guynemer," I pleaded with her, frantically, for she was drawing the line in and getting ready with the landing-net. "Remember our own men. Remember, for pity's sake, remember!"

"Nonsense!" Anne said, with all the courage in the world. "Nonsense! Nothing is going to happen to you, you are so brave and resourceful. Besides, if anything does, you have your life insurance, haven't you?"

I collapsed weakly in my chair, while Anne rang for the butler. I was not conscious when he raised the first drink to my lips. I was not conscious when he raised the sixth.

The whole assemblage wanted to go along with me on the morning appointed by Anne and fate. Oscar, Roger, Gwendolyn, and Ruth stood watching me prepare with joyous eagerness. They were all readiness to run and get my things. Their anticipation shone in their eyes and could not be restrained. "You'll want your riding-things laid out, won't you?" asked my man. I shook him off. With my own hands, I got out cutaway and pearl-gray trousers, Ascot tie, and spats. I dressed myself alone, as Crœsus prepared for the funeral-pyre, all except lacing my shoes. I put my silk hat on my head and drew on my gloves. To the expressions of astonishment from my family I maintained a proud aloofness. It was my funeral. Why should I not dress for it?

My man, the chauffeur, the butler, and the Irish cook all helped me into my car. On their faces were compassion and sympathy; they would receive no life insurance. The family, standing around, looked at me with hope. I settled back faintly in the tonneau.

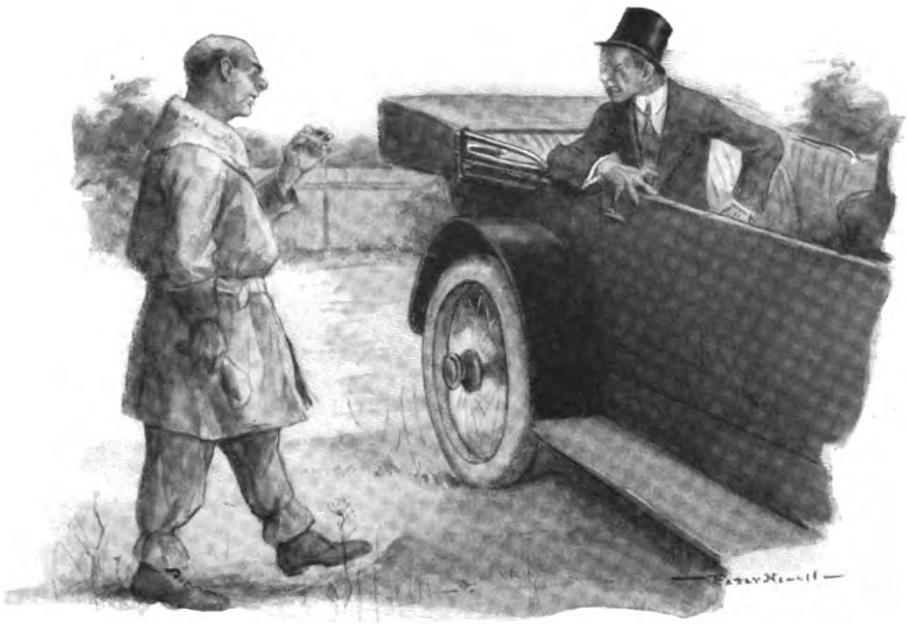
"Remember to get back in time for dinner," Ruth laughed. She has the most ghoulish sense of humor. I could see the fat bachelor next door looking over.

"Where to?" asked the chauffeur.

"To the flying-field," directed Anne.

The car rolled away. The minutes passed and the miles passed. At last we bumped off the road into a wide field, with close-clipped green turf and plenty of room in which to fall. The grass was soft, but the ground beneath was very hard. There were some whatyoumaycallums aloft doing whatyoumaycallems. I watched them till my eyes

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"MR. CURLY, I BELIEVE?"

grew dizzy. How comfortable beneath me felt the soft leather seats of the car!

A man came toward us as the car halted in the center of the field. He was dressed in greasy leather, and was blowing cigarette smoke out of his nose. He had exuberant ears, and a high forehead extended between them to the occipital region. He waddled as he walked like a hunter home from the still.

"Mr. Curly, I believe?"

I wished he had believed wrong. I wished most sincerely he hadn't been so credulous. But there was no denying it, for the chauffeur was there to identify me. I shook my head wanly in acknowledgment. Who he might be I didn't know. Perhaps he was one of the Wright brothers, perhaps Commander Read, perhaps D'Annunzio.

"Your sister-in-law was speaking about you," he said, brightly, a glimmer of insanity shining in his eyes. "She told me how anxious you were to learn the game."

How like dear Anne! I thanked her silently from the bottom of my heart, and the bottom at that instant was very low. The man looked me over affectionately, too much like a stockman looking over a fat pig. I resented the look, yet more I resented the thought which inspired the look. "So much hide," that look said, "so much hair, so much ham and bacon."

Faintly above the roaring emptiness of infinite space and my own thoughts his voice came to me. "I'm sorry, Mr. Curly, but all the ships are in use now, and I won't be able to take you up."

He wouldn't be able to take me up, and he wouldn't be able to let me drop! My spirits soared higher than those whirling things high in the air above my head. They were in use, and I could not go up. I wrung his hand, speechless, unheeding the grime on my chamois gloves.

"Don't feel so badly about it," he said. "We will have a bus for you this afternoon."

A bus? I saw no reason why I should be afraid to ride on a bus. But there was that insane gleam in the man's eyes which boded evil. I knew that if he got me up on top of a bus he would try to make the fool thing fly.

"Never mind," I told him, with controlled resignation; "never mind, I have my own car."

The man positively would not be shaken off. He opened the car door and took a seat beside me. His hand he placed affectionately on my pearl-gray trousers, imprinting there the sign of the Mafia.

"I know you will like to watch them," he said, encouragingly, waving his arm to the upper heavens. "Some day you will be doing all that, too."

With frenetic eyes I followed his arm. I did not like to call him a liar, but I knew that he was wrong. I might conceivably climb Swiss mountains, I might dip the dips

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at Coney, I might walk on my head: but never would I do what they were doing. One of the things climbed straight up toward the sun, fell over and down, and started to climb again.

"What's that?" I asked the leathern man beside me.

"Oh, he's looping," the man replied, carelessly. "Watch him in a minute. He'll do a spin."

But I didn't want to watch him spin. I didn't want to watch him fall. I wanted to go home.

"How many dead to-day?" I asked, trying to speak in a casual voice.

"Not many," replied D'Annunzio, cheerfully. "Three, I believe."

"Three!"

"Yes, three or four. One of them went dead before he got off the ground."

I knew that was the end reserved for me. I could see the accounts in the papers in black head-lines. "Aviator dies on ground of excitement. Hero of the war overcome by his own thoughts."

"Then that fellow up there," said the baldheaded man, pointing up to the dizzy one, "he went dead earlier in the morning at a couple of thousand feet."

My hands went to my head. The man aloft, then, was nothing less than a spirit chasing its own nebulous tail. I watched in horror.

"Look! She's dying again!"

So it was a woman, then, the wraith of some woman tossing about in the high sun? But she had died again. The apparition dived downward.

"Wait. He's caught her. He's all right now. I thought that she was out of gas."

What it all meant I did not know. He had died, and she had died, but he had caught her because she wasn't out of gas, and now, no doubt, they passed to life immortal. Tears were in my eyes.

One of those things came downward. It came very downward. It was pointed straight for my head. Perhaps it had seen the bald head of the man beside me. Frantically I picked up the auto robe and threw it over his head. The thing still came downward. It had wheels beneath it, and they were going to hit me. I ducked. It passed overhead at six hundred miles a minute with a noise like a large mosquito, and some fool leaned over and waved his handkerchief.

The man got out of the car. "I'm due for a hop," he said. "I'll see you this afternoon, Mr. Curly."

They dragged me back in the afternoon, Anne and the chauffeur. Anne said nothing, but I could see that she had a dark suspicion that I had been trying to slip away.

The field was still as green, the sky was still as high. I looked around hopefully, trusting blindly that the man had been broken into irrefrangible atoms or dissolved like pipe smoke and morning mist. He was still there. He came forward to meet us with a smile. Did I imagine it, or was there some understanding between himself and Anne? Surely she smiled at him as she had never smiled at me.

The chauffeur, the fellow, and Anne all helped to drag me out of the motor. They hustled me across the field. I looked around desperately for escape, but fiendish faces were all about me.

There was a Thing standing in the field with a celluloid tail and paper wings. My captors halted before it. They spoke of it with pride. They stroked its head; they brushed its wings; they put their heads into its vitals and indecently peered in. They gloated over it. They were like old women at a funeral.

"This is our bus," said the man.

It was a funny-looking bus. But the man looked insane; I could not deny him. "Do we ride inside or on the top?" I asked, trying to humor him.

The man looked at Anne, and Anne looked at the man. Anne made some motion with her head, and the man looked at me in pity. Perhaps compassion was coming to him for one doomed by destructive relatives to die so young. Under their guidance I deposited my silk hat carefully on the ground. They provided me with a football helmet, goggles, and a leather suit.

They assisted me into the Thing. There was a circular opening into which I dropped, and a seat on which, following a natural impulse, I sat down. I reached over my hand to bid farewell to Anne. Tears choked me. I recalled what a kind father I had been, what an exemplary husband, realizing here at the last that no one had appreciated me, least of all Anne.

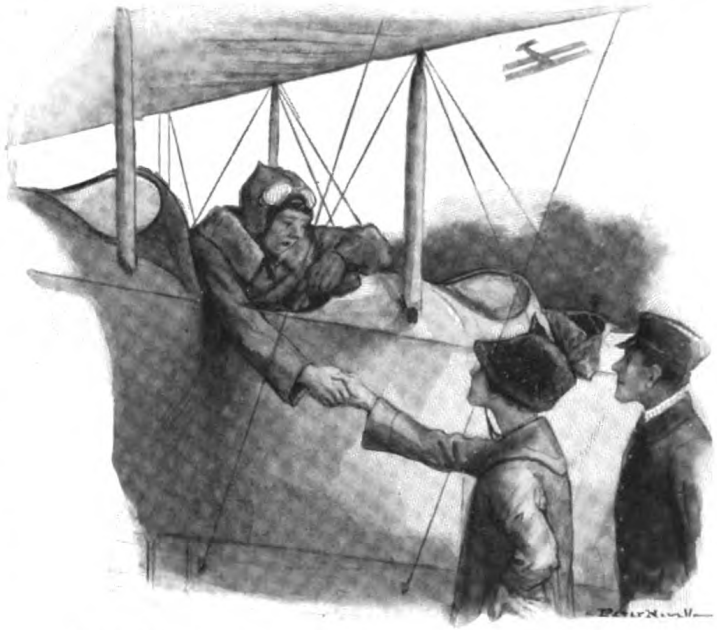
"Good-by," I said to her with heroic grief. "It will be many a day before you see another like me."

Anne agreed. When Anne agrees with me

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I know that I am wrong. She told me that she could never forget me, and that, anyway, she would wait for me and we would go home to dinner together. I laughed bitterly to myself. She would have to wait for me at the dark Stygian shores, for that night I should dine on helium.

The man climbed to a seat behind me. I waved farewell again to Anne. I looked down at my silk hat on the ground. Whose head would wear that after my demise? What Senator or undertaker would rescue it from pawn? I put down the goggles before my eyes. I grasped the rims of the cockpit in which I sat. I braced my feet against the dashboard. I took a deep breath and closed my eyes.



"GOOD-BY," I SAID TO HER WITH HEROIC GRIEF

"Contact!" yelled a voice from the nether inferno.

There was a roaring of engines and a lot of wind and dust blew back in my face. I wanted to open my eyes, but I dared not. I had heard that often men, looking down for the first time from a thing like this, had gone insane and jumped overboard, or had gone sane and jumped anyway. It must be a tornado which had struck us, for the dust still blew about my face. Still the engines roared away. I could feel us mounting higher, higher. This must be a loop, for my breath went out of my body. This was a spin, for my head went round in circles. I dared not open my eyes.

The 'plane trembled beneath me. What if, ten miles up, those paper wings had broken off! The thing could not fly without wings, I had been told, and ten miles was a long way to land. I clasped my hands tighter, braced myself more strongly against the dashboard. I thought of all the deepest things I knew, of submarines and mine-shafts, of artesian wells and lead-lines, and Colonel House and the center of the earth.

I remembered, like the drowning swimmer, all my past life. I remembered how fine and thin is the entrance to the kingdom of heaven even for a camel, and I am not a camel. I remembered my silk hat, and that the twenty dollars I spent for it had far better have been given to the poor. If I dared open my eyes I knew that I should jump.

That roaring still continued, filling all space, and sending the wind down my neck. Suddenly it began to stutter.

"She's dying!" cried a voice from out the remotest infinities.

So she was dying. This was the end. Ruth should have my life insurance and the fat bachelor next door.

The roaring grew to a stuttering, the stuttering to a fizzling, and I could feel myself fall down from the rushing zenith, goggles before my eyes, clasping my helmet on my head. The wind rushed past me. My head fell back against the seat with a crack. I thought it was the crack of doom, and kept very still.

But it was not the end. I opened my eyes. We were once more safe on the ground. The engines had ceased to roar. That heroic man had piloted us down without a scratch. Everything was as we had left it. There was Anne over in the car waiting for me. There was my silk hat on the ground. The pilot was climbing out of his seat, and instead of thanking his luck he was cursing. The fellow even desired my destruction that much that he would break his own neck if he could likewise break mine, and kill two birds with one fall.

I arose with dignity. I climbed out of my

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cockpit without assistance. I stood tranquilly on the ground. I reached for a cigarette, yawning slightly. With the utmost sang-froid I lifted off my goggles, I unstrapped my helmet, and stepped out of the leather suit. From the dear ground where it had been reposing I picked up my topper and set it on my head at a rakish angle. The man watched me in amazement. I could see that my calmness overwhelmed him.

"Jolly little trip," I told him, indifferently. "Had an awfully good time."

With careful steps I walked over to the car where Anne awaited me, while the man still looked after me.

"We'll probably be in time for dinner, won't we?" I asked Anne.

"But how about your flight?" asked Anne.

"Jolly little trip," I told her, indifferently. "I had an awfully good time."

Anne looked at me with one of those looks which pass through me and beyond. She fairly shouted in my face, "But you didn't go up!"

"Didn't go up?" I repeated.

"No, of course not. Wasn't I watching you all the time? They got the engine started and then it died away. You haven't been in that 'plane three minutes."

"Ha, ha!" I laughed. I subsided weakly in the car. "I knew it all the time."

Magnificently I waved the chauffeur to drive us home.

Pluperfect Indicative

WAS I so brave when I was young,
Or was it recklessness of youth?
There tripped so smoothly from my tongue
Great words sonorous or uncouth,
That echo through my head to-day—
But what they mean I cannot say.

When I was four—or maybe three—
I lisped about the Predicate,
And made Subjunctives bend the knee
In passive tense ere I was eight;
I viewed, unmoved, the bones of speech
And had a horrid name for each.

I never even turned a hair
When angry Surds the echoes woke;
I'd track a Gerund to its lair
And parse it at a single stroke;
Nor hesitate at raising ructions
With Participial Constructions.

Each Syntax fierce I calmly faced;
And scarce a second thought I'd give
To my own safety when I chased
The Absolutest Ablative.
Bold Datives at my feet would bow
Who governed Clauses, God knows how.

And now I'm old. I shy at Verbs.
When Adverbs rise I give them room.
A Pronoun all my joyance curbs—
I can't remember which is whom.
Poor I, who once could shake my fists
At First and Second Aorists!

BURGES JOHNSON.

Feminine Limitations

MRS. JARKINSON was much perturbed to learn that her nine-year-old hopeful had been engaged in a pitched battle with the bad boy down the street. Therefore she summoned Horace for an accounting.

"When," she demanded, "that awful boy threw stones at you, why didn't you come to me and tell me instead of throwing back at him?"

"Tell you, mother?" said the boy, with unfeigned astonishment. "Why what good would that have done? You couldn't hit a barn door!"

Conclusive Evidence

WILLIAM and Henry, chauffeurs, were discussing the ill luck of a fellow-chauffeur, Clarence, who had the day before been fined for taking out his employer's car without permission.

"But how did the boss know Clarence had taken the car out?" asked Henry.

"Why," explained William, "Clarence ran over him."

Good Will

A PROFESSIONAL beggar of Chicago expressed his surprise at finding a colleague in an unaccustomed part of town.

"What are you doing here, Bill?" he demanded. "I thought your stand was near the bridge?"

"Oh," explained the other, "I gave that to my son as a wedding-present."

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But When?

"SAM: "*Oh yes, they are coming down*"

Object: Matrimony

A PHILADELPHIA woman not long ago reached the conclusion that the attentions paid by the policeman of the beat to her cook must be investigated, lest they prove disastrous to domestic discipline.

So she sought out Mary and asked, "Do you think the patrolman means business?"

"He shore does, mum," answered Mary. "He's begun to complain about my cooking."

Made But No: Dressed

LITTLE Mary, usually of a rather retiring disposition, was inordinately proud of her new pink stockings. Sunday found Mary dressed for the occasion much beribboned and bestockinged, without doubt the belle of the Sunday-school class. At the general meeting of classes the superintendent, beginning his questions at the first row, asked Mary to stand up.

"Now, Mary," he asked, "who made you?"

"Oh," Mary replied. "The Lord made me, but my mamma dressed me and put on my new pink stockings."



"*My father got the Distinguished Service Cross*"
"*My father got the French Cross of War*"
"*That's nothing at all. My father got cooties*"

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"I'm surprised to see you fishing on Sunday, Willie Jones. I'm sure your father doesn't approve of it"

More to Be Pitied

TO the rear door of the house of a lonely spinster in a Pennsylvania town there recently came a seedy-looking person, who, after being given some food, made so bold as to proffer this additional request:

"Missus, ask your husband if he 'ain't got an old pair of trousers to give me?"

Whereupon the spinster, anxious not to expose her solitude, replied:

"I am sorry, my good man, but he—er—never wears such things."

Don't Tease the Animals

LITTLE Margot is one of those children whose affection for dumb animals has to be continually restrained from the mauling stage by parental admonishments to "Pat the doggy *softly!*" "Don't squeeze the dear little kitty," "If you are not gentler, you'll have to leave the room."

At her first sight of larger animals at the zoo she panted to caress and pet them, and lingered so long in front of the pachyderms' tank that her mother finally called out:

"Come, Margot. You must go home now."

"Oh, mother, if you let me stay," she pleaded, "I will be gentle with the hippotamus!"

For a Very Pretty Lady With a Very Pretty Name

OF all the girls I know,
Somehow I take delight
In only one. Although
Of all the girls I know
Some men are fond of Flo,
While some think Ruth just right,
Of all the girls I know
Somehow *I* take Delight.

MORRIE RYSKIND.

Each to His Proper Place

MRS. BROWN was boring Mrs. Jones with wonderful tales about her Willie.

"Yes," she said, "he's top of his class this week, and his father is going to take him to the zoo!"

"Really," yawned Mrs. Jones. "We're sending Charles to college."

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HARPERS MAGAZINE

Beginning in this issue

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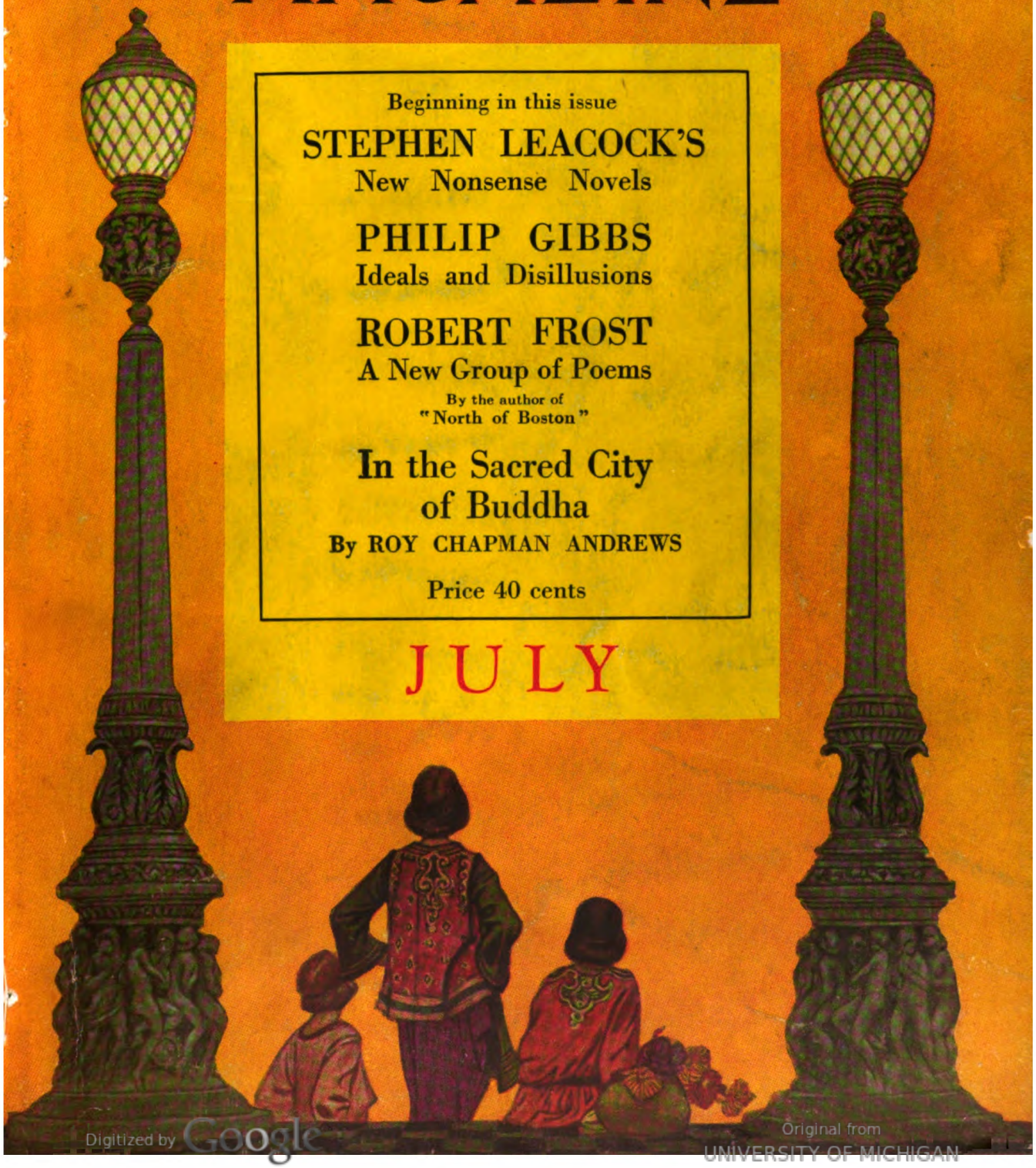
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A SUMMER REVERIE

Painted for Harper's Magazine by F. Walter Taylor

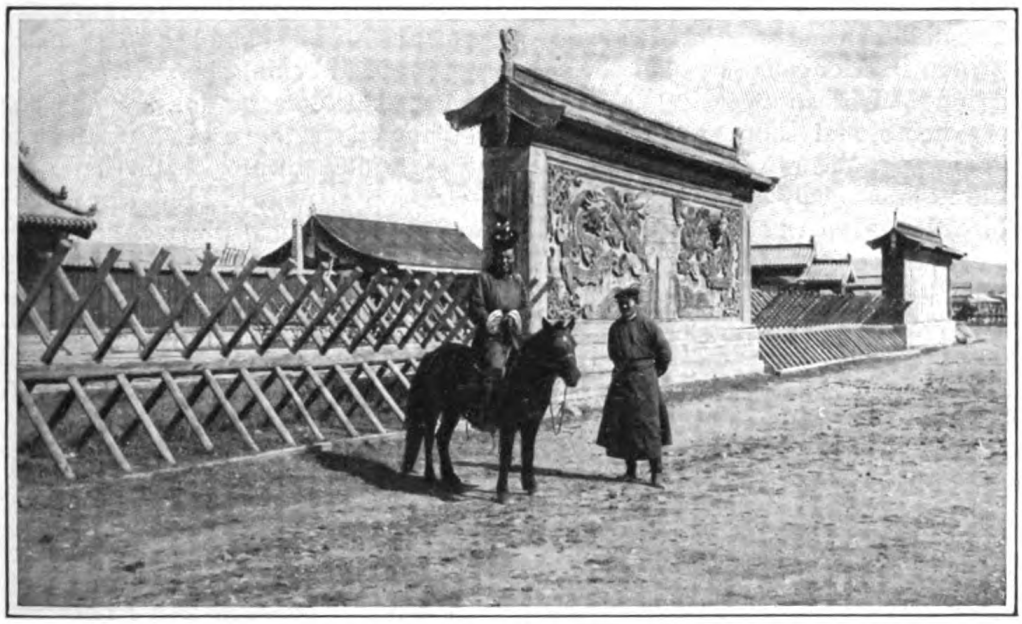
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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. CXLI JULY, 1920 *NO. DCCCXLII*



OUTSIDE THE PALISADED MINISTRY OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS

URGA, THE SACRED CITY OF THE LIVING BUDDHA

BY ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS

Leader of the Second Asiatic Zoölogical Expedition of the American Museum of Natural History, New York

Photographs by YVETTE BORUP ANDREWS

FAR up in northern Mongolia where the forests stretch in an unbroken line to the Siberian frontier lies Urga, the sacred city of the living Buddha. The world has other sacred cities, but none like this. It is a relic of medieval times overlaid with a veneer of twentieth-century civilization, a city of violent contrasts and glaring anachronisms. Motor-cars pass camel caravans fresh from the vast, lone spaces of the Gobi Desert; holy lamas in robes of flaming red or brilliant yellow walk side by side with black-gowned priests, and swarthy Mongol women in the fantastic headdress of their race stare wonderingly at the latest fashions of their Russian sisters.

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We came to Urga from the south. All day we had been riding over rolling, treeless uplands and late in the afternoon had halted on the summit of a hill overlooking the Tola River valley. Below us, and ten miles away, lay Urga asleep in the darkening shadow of the Bogdo-ol (God's Mountain). An hour later the road led us to our first surprise in Maima-cheng, the Chinese quarter of the city. Years of wandering in the strange corners of the world had left us totally unprepared for what we saw. It seemed that here in Mongolia we had discovered an American frontier outpost. Every house and shop was protected by high stockades of unpeeled timbers, and there was hardly a trace of Oriental architecture save where a temple roof gleamed above the palisades.

Before we were able to adjust our mental perspective we had passed from Colonial America into a hamlet of modern Russia. Gaily painted cottages lined the road, and, unconsciously, I looked for a white church with gilded cupolas. The church was not in sight, but its place was taken by a huge red building of surpassing ugliness, the Russian Consulate. It stands alone on the summit of a knoll with the open plains stretching away behind it to the somber masses of the northern forests. In its imposing proportions it is tangible evidence of the Russian Colossus which not many years ago dominated Urga and all that is left of the ancient empire of the Khans.

For two miles the road is bordered by Russian cottages; then it debouches into a wide square which loses its distinctive character and becomes an indescribable mixture of Russia, Mongolia, and China. Palisaded compounds, gay with fluttering prayer-flags, ornate houses, felt-covered *yurts* and Chinese shops mingled in a dizzying chaos of conflicting personalities. Three great races have met in Urga and each carries on, in this far corner of Mongolia, its own customs and way of life. The Mongol's *yurt* has remained unchanged; the Chinese shop, with its wooden counter and blue-gowned inmates, is pure Chinese; and the ornate cottages proclaim themselves to be Russian.

But, once outside the shops, my wife and I could never forget that we were in Mongolia. We were never tired of wandering through the narrow side-streets with their tiny native shops, or of watching the ever-changing crowds. Mongols in a dozen different tribal dresses, Tibetan pilgrims, Manchu Tartars or camel-drivers from far Turkistan drank and ate and gambled with Chinese from civilized Peking.

In its kaleidoscopic mass of life and color the city is like a great pageant on the stage of a theater, with the added fascination of reality. But somehow I could never quite make myself believe that it *was* real when a brilliant group of horsemen in pointed yellow hats and streaming peacock feathers dashed down the street. It seemed too impossible that I, a wandering naturalist of the drab, prosaic twentieth century, and my American wife were really a living, breathing part of this strange drama of Oriental life.

But there was one point of contact which we had with this dream-life of the Middle Ages. My wife and I both love horses, and the way to a Mongol's heart is through his horse. All Mongolia lives on horseback. In fact, during a ride of sixteen hundred miles in two months of the summer we saw only one pedestrian.

A Mongol will never walk even a hundred yards if he can possibly avoid it. He is as unhappy as a duck out of water and almost as awkward. A friend of ours in Urga once said, "A Mongol would make an excellent cook if you could give him a horse to ride about on in the kitchen."

Once on horseback, my wife and I began to identify ourselves with the fascinating life around us. We lost the uncomfortable sense of being merely spectators in the Urga theatricals and forgot that we had come to the holy city by means of a very unromantic motor-car.

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We had come by automobile for the usual twentieth-century reason—that of time. Camels require forty days to cross the Gobi Desert from Kalgan to the Urga, but motor-cars can cover the distance in three and one-half days. Time was a matter of great moment to us just then, for we were there to prepare for the Second Asiatic Zoölogical Expedition of the American Museum of Natural History.

Summer in Mongolia is short enough at best. Our horses and carts must be ready, our assistants engaged, and we must be at work on the plains by the time the snow was well off the ground in the middle of May. By the first of October we should have to return to Peking, for in the winter the temperature drops to fifty or sixty degrees below zero and the great plateau is swept by biting winds from the Siberian steppes. Then zoölogical work is impracticable, and even the Mongols stay closely in their *yurts*.



A MONGOLIAN IN HIS TYPICAL DRESS

We had selected Urga as a base of operations for the Second Asiatic Expedition because its location is peculiarly advantageous for zoölogical work. It lies on the edge of the larch, pine, and spruce forests which spread in a vast evergreen blanket over countless miles of mountains and valleys far beyond the Siberian frontier. Immediately to the south are the open, rolling plains which gradually merge into the desolate wastes of the western Gobi. Thus the sacred city is at the junction of the Siberian and central Asian life zones. This may seem highly technical and perhaps unimportant to the layman, but to us it meant that we could obtain two totally different faunas within a few miles of our base camp—the forest animals in the north and those of the plains in the south.

A beginning had already been made in the zoological work by the First Asiatic Expedition to southwestern China and along the borders of Tibet in 1916–17. The second expedition was to extend the work in Mongolia. It is hoped that in the near future expeditions will leave the Museum to initiate similar investigations in paleontology, archeology, and anthropology.

But I have wandered far afield. We remained at Urga for some days while preparations were under way for our first trip to the plains, and returned to it often during the summer. We came to know it well, and each time we rode down the long street it seemed more wonderful that, in these days of commerce, Urga, and in fact all Mongolia, could have existed throughout the centuries with so little change.

There is, of course, no lack of modern influence in the sacred city, but as yet it is merely a veneer which has been lightly superimposed upon its ancient civilization, leaving untouched the basic

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customs of its people. This is due to the remoteness of Mongolia. Until a few years ago, when motor-cars first made their way across the seven hundred miles of plains, the only access from the south was by camel caravan, and the monotonous trip offered little inducement to casual travelers. The Russians came to Urga from the north and, until the recent war, their influence was paramount along the border. But it was to their interest, as they saw it, to preserve the ancient customs and superstitions of the people, and especially the Lama Church. They were by no means anxious to have other foreigners exploit Mongolia, and wished to keep the Mongols themselves as ignorant as possible of the outside world.

Not only is Urga the capital of Mongolia and the only city of considerable size in the entire country, but it is also the residence of the Hutukhtu, or Living Buddha, the head of both the Church and the state. Across the valley his palaces nestle close against the base of the Bogdo-ol (God's Mountain), which rises in wooded slopes from the river to an elevation of eleven thousand feet above sea-level.

The Sacred Mountain is a vast game-preserve which is patrolled by two thousand lamas and every approach is guarded by a temple or a camp of priests. Great herds of elk, bear, roebuck, wild boar, and other animals roam the forests, but to shoot within the sacred precincts would mean almost certain death for the transgressor.

Some years ago several Russians from Urga made their way up the mountain during the night and killed a bear. They were brought back in chains, escorted by a mob of frenzied lamas. Although the hunters had been beaten nearly to death, it required all the influence of the Russian diplomatic agent to save what remained of their lives.

The Bogdo-ol extends for twenty-five miles in front of Urga, shutting it off from the rolling plains to the south. Like a gigantic guardian of the holy city, at its base it stands as the only obstacle to an airplane landing in the valley and to the wireless station which is soon to be erected.

The Hutukhtu has three palaces on the banks of the Tola River. One of them is a hideous thing built in Russian style. The other two have at least the virtue of Mongolian architecture. In the main palace the central pavilion is white with gilded cupolas, and smaller pavilions at the side have roofs of green. The whole is surrounded by an eight-foot stockade of white posts trimmed with red.

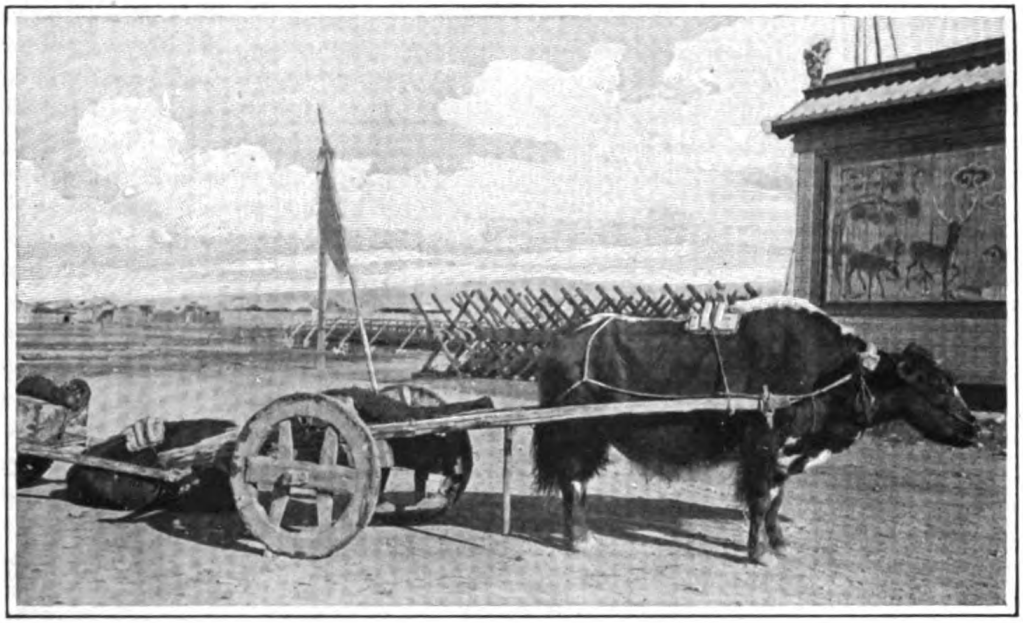
The principal palace is wired for electricity and a great arc-light illuminates the courtyard. We brought with us across the desert one of the six electric plants which were sold to the Hutukhtu, but as some of the sulphuric acid from the batteries spilled on the bag containing all our field clothes when we were on a mad chase after a wolf, we paid dearly for the honor.

One evening Mr. Lucander and Mr. Mamen, who sold the electric plant to the Hutukhtu, were summoned to the palace to receive payment; they witnessed a scene which to-day could be possible only in Mongolia. Several thousand dollars in silver were brought outside to their motor-car and the Minister of Finance, who paid the bills, insisted that they count it in his presence.

A great crowd of Mongols had gathered near the palace and at last a long rope was let out from one of the buildings. Kneeling, the Mongols reverently touched the rope, which was gently waggled from the other end, supposedly by the Hutukhtu. A barbaric monotone of chanted prayers arose from the kneeling suppliants and the rope was waggled again. Then the Mongols rode away, silent with awe at having been blessed by the Living God. All this under a blazing electric light beside an automobile at the foot of the Bogdo-ol!

The Hutukhtu seemed to feel that it became his station as a ruling monarch to have a foreign house with foreign

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A TIBETAN YAK DRAWING A PRIMITIVE CART

furniture. Of course he never intended to live in it, but other kings had useless palaces and why shouldn't he? Therefore a Russian atrocity of red brick was erected a half-mile or so from his other dwellings. The furnishings became a matter of moment, and my friend, Mr. Lucander, who was temporarily in the employ of the Mongolian government, was intrusted with the task of attending to the intimate details. The selection of a bed was most important, for even Living Buddhas have to sleep sometimes and cannot always be blessing adoring subjects or playing jokes on their ministers of state. With considerable difficulty a foreign bed was purchased in Peking and brought across the seven hundred miles of plains and desert to the red-brick palace on the banks of the Tola River.

Mr. Lucander superintended its installation in the Hutukhtu's boudoir and himself turned chambermaid. As this was the first time he had ever made a bed for a Living God, he arranged the spotless sheets and turned down the covers with the greatest care. When all was done to his satisfaction he reported to one of the Hutukhtu's ministers that the bed was ready. Two lamas, high dignitaries of the church, were the inspection committee. They agreed that it *looked* all right, but the question was, how did it *feel?* Mr. Lucander waxed eloquent on the "springiness" of the springs, and assured them that no bed could be better; that this was the bed *par excellence* of all the beds in Peking. The lamas held a gutteral consultation and then announced that before the bed could be accepted it must be tested. Therefore, without more ado, each lama in his dirty boots and gown laid his unwashed self upon the bed, and bounced up and down. The result was satisfactory except to Lucander and the sheets.

Although in foreign eyes and in the cold light of modernity, the Hutukhtu and his government cut a somewhat ridiculous figure, the reverse of the picture is the pathetic death struggle of a once glorious race.

In the thirteenth century the great Genghis Khan, son of a shepherd chieftain, and his illustrious successor, Kublai Khan, erected, almost in a night, the greatest empire the world has ever seen.

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Not only did they conquer all of Asia, including India and Persia, but they advanced in Europe as far as the Dnieper, leaving behind such a trail of blood and slaughter as history had never known until the German barbarians of the recent war shocked the modern world.

All Europe was against them, but what could not be done by force of arms was accomplished by an excess of luxury. In their victorious advance great stores of treasure fell into their hands and they began to ape the show and magnificence of foreign courts. By nature the Mongols were hard-riding, hard-living warriors, accustomed to a life of privation and fatigue. The poison of luxury ate into the very fibers of their being and gradually they lost the characteristics which had made them great. Their empire fell away almost as quickly as it had arisen, and eventually they themselves passed under the rule of the once-conquered Chinese.



A MONGOLIAN WOMAN IN HER CHARACTERISTIC HEAD-DRES

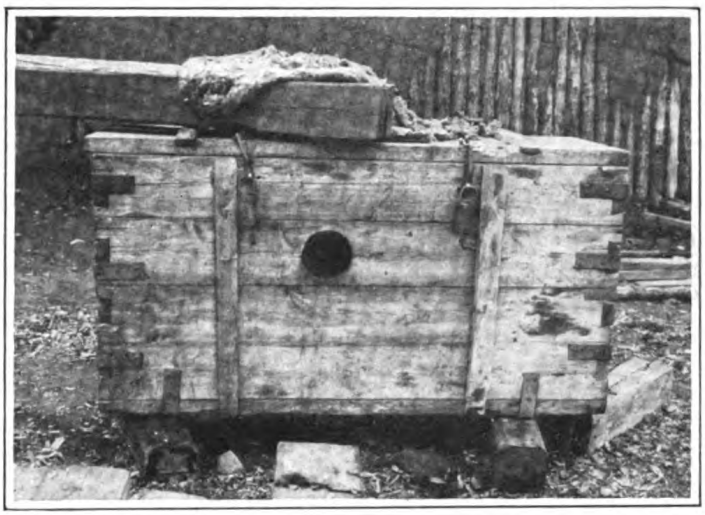
I have said that unaccustomed luxury was responsible for the decline of the Mongol Empire, but the ruin of the race was due to the Lama Church. Lamaism was introduced from Tibet about the time of Kublai Khan's death, in 1294. Previous to this the Mongols had been free-thinkers, worshiping the gods of nature, but Lamaism was made the religion of the state. It is a branch of the Buddhist sect, and its teachings are against war and violent death. By custom one or more sons of every family are dedicated to the priesthood, and as Lamaism requires its priests to be celibate, the birth-rate is very low. To-day there are only three million Mongols in a country more than half as large as the United States, and I suppose that two-thirds of the male population are lamas. With no education except in the books of their cult, they lead a lazy, worthless existence, supported by the lay population and by the money they extract by preying upon the superstitions of their childlike brothers. Were Lamaism abolished, there would still be hope for Mongolia under a proper government, for the Mongols of to-day are probably the equals of Genghis Khan's warriors in strength, endurance, and virility.

The religion of Tibet is like that of Mongolia and the Dalai Lama at Lhassa is the head of the entire Church. The Teshu Lama, also in Tibet, ranks second, and the Hutukhtu of Mongolia is third in the Lama hierarchy.

Some years ago the eyesight of the Hutukhtu began to fail, and a great temple was erected as a sacrifice to appease the gods. It stands on a hill at the western end of Urga, surrounded by the tiny wooden dwellings of the priests. "The Lama City," it is called, for only those in the service of the Church are allowed to live within its sacred pre-

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cincts. In the temple itself there is an eighty-foot wooden image of Buddha standing on a golden lotus flower. The great figure is heavily gilded, incrusted with precious stones, and draped with silken cloths.



A COFFIN IN WHICH A MONGOLIAN PRISONER IS CONFINED

I was fortunate in being present one day when the temple was opened to women and the faithful in the city. Somewhat doubtful as to my reception, I followed the crowd through an outer pavilion as it filed between a double row of kneeling lamas in high-peaked hats and robes of flaming yellow. I carried my hat in my hand and tried to wear a becoming expression of humility and reverence. It was evidently successful, for I passed unhindered into the Presence. At the entrance stood a priest who gave me, with the others, a few drops of holy water from a filthy jug. Silent with awe, the people bathed their faces with the precious fluid and prostrated themselves before the gigantic figure standing on the golden lotus blossom, its head lost in the shadows of the temple roof. They kissed its silken draperies, soiled by the lips of other thousands, and each one gathered a handful of sacred dirt from the temple floor. From niches in the walls hundreds of tiny Buddhas gazed impassively on the worshiping Mongols.

The scene was intoxicating in its barbaric splendor. The women in their fantastic head-dresses and brilliant gowns, the blazing yellow robes of the kneeling lamas, and the chorus of prayers which rose and fell in a meaningless half-wild chant broken by the clash of cymbals and the boom of snakeskin drums; all this set the blood leaping in my veins.

There was a strange dizziness in my head and I had an almost overpowering desire to fall on my knees with the Mongols and join in the chorus of adoration.

The subtle smell of burning incense, the brilliant colors, and the barbaric music were like an intoxicating drink which inflamed the senses but dulled the brain. It was then that I came nearest to understanding the religious fanaticism of the East. Even with a background of twentieth-century civilization I had felt its sensuous power. What wonder that it has such a hold on a simple, uneducated people, fed on superstition from earliest childhood and the religious traditions of seven hundred years!

The service ended abruptly in a roar of sound. Rising to their feet, the people streamed into the courtyard to whirl the prayer-wheels about the temple's base. Each wheel is a hollow cylinder five or six feet high, standing on end and embellished with Tibetan characters in gold. The wheels are filled with thousands of slips of paper upon which is written a prayer or a sacred thought, and each revolution adds to the store of merit in the future life. But the Mongol goes further still in accumulating virtue, and every native house in Urga is gay with fluttering bits of cloth or paper on which a prayer is written. Each time the little flag moves in the wind it sends forth a supplication for the welfare of

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the Mongol's spirit in the Buddhistic heaven. Not only are the prayer-wheels found about the temples, but they line the streets, and no visiting Mongol need be deprived of trying the virtue of a new device without going to a place of worship. He can give a whirl or two to half a dozen within a hundred yards of where he buys his tea or sells his sheep.

On every hand there is constant evidence that Urga is a sacred city. It can never be forgotten even for a moment. The golden roofs of scores of temples give back the sunlight, and the moaning chant of praying lamas is always in the air. Even in the main street I have seen the prostrate forms of ragged pilgrims who have journeyed far to this Mecca of the Lama faith. If they are entering the city for the first time and crave exceeding virtue, they approach the great temple on the hill by lying face down at every step and beating their foreheads upon the ground.

Wooden shrines of dazzling whiteness stand in quiet streets or cluster by themselves behind the temples. In front of each, raised slightly at one end, is a prayer-board worn black and smooth by the prostrated bodies of worshiping Mongols.

Although the natives take such care for the repose of the spirit in after life, strangely enough they have a strong distaste for the body from which the spirit has fled. I could never be sure in just what light the Mongols regard a corpse, but it is certain that they consider it a most undesirable thing to have about the house. The stigma is imposed even upon the dying. In Urga a family of Mongols had erected their *yurt* in the courtyard of one of our friends. During the summer the young wife became very ill, and when her husband was convinced that she was about to die he moved the poor creature bodily out of the *yurt*. She could die if she wished, but it must not be inside his house.

The corpse itself is considered unclean and the abode of evil spirits, and as such must be disposed of as quickly as possible. Sometimes the whole family will pack up their *yurt* and decamp at once, leaving the body where it lies. More usually the corpse is loaded upon a cart which is driven at high speed over a bit of rough ground. The body drops off at some time during the journey, but the



A GROUP OF LAMA PRIESTS

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driver does not dare look back until he is sure that the unwelcome burden is no longer with him. Unlike the Chinese, who treat their dead with the greatest respect and go to enormous expense in the burial, every Mongol knows that his coffin will be the stomachs of dogs, wolves, or birds.

The first day we camped in Urga, my wife and Mrs. MacCallie, who had come in one of the cars for the trip across the desert, were walking beside the river. Only a short distance from our tent they discovered a dead Mongol who had just been dragged out of the city. A pack of dogs were in the midst of their feast and the sight was most unpleasant.



A PRISONER IN ONE OF THE COFFINS WITH HANDS MANACLED

The dogs of Mongolia are savage beyond belief. They are huge black fellows like the Tibetan mastiff, and their diet of human flesh seems to have given them a contempt for living men. Every Mongol family has one or more, and it is exceedingly dangerous for a man to approach a *yurt* or caravan unless he is on horseback or has a pistol ready. In Urga itself you are sure to be attacked if you walk unarmed through the meat-market at night.

I have never visited Constantinople, but if the Turkish city can boast of more dogs than Urga, it must be an exceedingly disagreeable place in which to live. We spent two or three nights in a Russian house not far from the market and were driven nearly mad by the unceasing roar of barks and howls. Although the dogs live chiefly upon human flesh, they are also fed by the lamas. Every day about four o'clock in the afternoon you can see a cart being driven through the main street, followed by scores of yelping dogs. On it are two or more dirty lamas with a great barrel from which they ladle out refuse to the dogs, for, according to their religious beliefs, they accumulate great merit for themselves if they prolong the life of anything, be it bird, beast, or insect.

In the river valley, just below the lama city, numbers of dogs can always be found, for the dead priests usually are thrown there to be devoured. Hundreds of white skulls lie about in the grass, but it is a serious matter even to touch one. I very nearly got into trouble one day by targeting my rifle upon a skull which lay two or three hundred yards away from our tent. As near as I can discover, the Mongols believe that the human remains are inhabited by evil spirits which will descend in swarms upon the living relatives if the bones are disturbed.

While returning to Peking across the desert, my wife and I had a narrow escape from being killed and eaten by Mongol dogs. Not more than ten seconds stood between us and a rather unpleasant death. We had camped that night not far from Turin, a great lama monastery on the plains one hundred and seventy-five miles from Urga. As usual, we did not pitch a tent, but spread

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our fur sleeping-bags side by side near the cars. Between them I had placed two guns, one a tiny .22-caliber toy which we had used for shooting birds, the other my Mannlicher rifle for big game.

We had observed a good many dogs lurking about while dinner was being prepared, but as they remained at a safe distance we thought nothing of it. During the night my wife was roused several times by the barking of the dogs, but I slept soundly. About two o'clock in the morning she awakened suddenly and realized that the dogs were all around us. Twelve or fourteen huge black beasts were circling about like a pack of wolves, each moment drawing nearer and nearer. They were snapping and biting at one another, now and then giving weird, hyena-like snarls which made her cold with fear. Evidently they were hungry.

Suddenly the huge leader of the pack dashed forward. My wife screamed, and as I raised up in the sleeping-bag I instinctively reached for a rifle. My hand found the little .22-caliber toy, but there was no time to change, and, half awake, I fired at the leading dog. Where the tiny bullet struck the beast I never knew, but it dropped stone dead not twenty feet away. The charging pack swerved to the left, and as they passed I fired twice more, wounding two other dogs. Both were torn to pieces by the remainder of the pack. Struggling out of the sleeping-bag, I sent shot after shot with my Mannlicher rifle wherever I saw a dark shape in the moonlight, but how many dogs were killed I never knew. They were all devoured before morning.

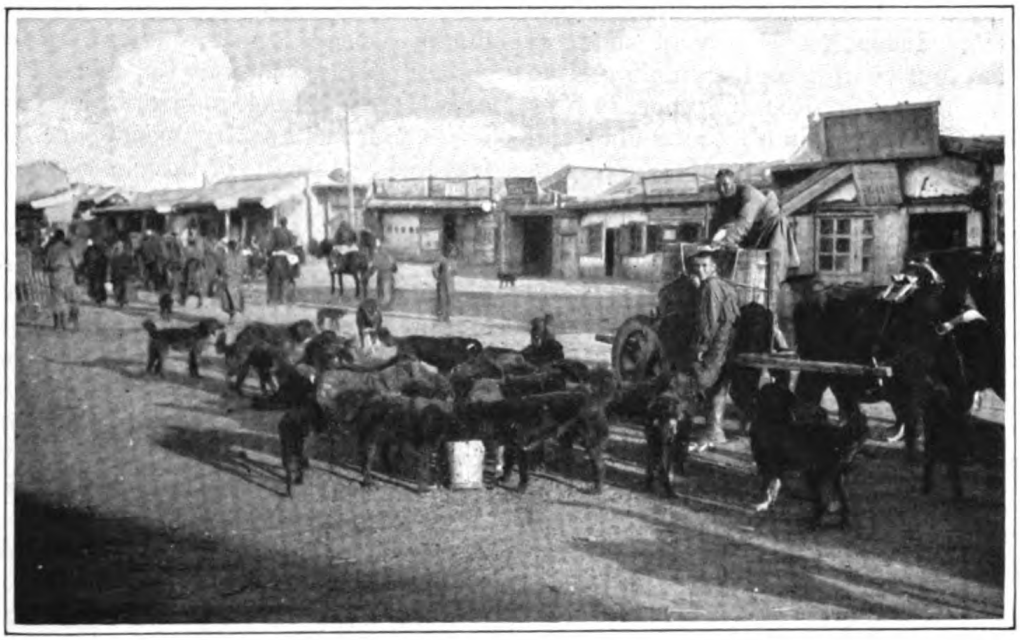
Living in Urga is by no means all as gruesome as the incidents I have described, yet it is essentially a frontier city where life is seen in the raw. Its Mongols are a hard-living race, virile beyond compare. Children of the plains, they are accustomed to privation and fatigue.

In the careless freedom of his magnificent horsemanship, a Mongol seems as much an untamed creature of the plains as does the eagle itself which soars above his *yurt*. Independence breathes in every movement, even in the barbaric splendor of the native dress. The boots worn by the Mongols form a very necessary adjunct to their personal equipment besides providing a covering for the feet. They are many sizes too large, of course, but they furnish space during the bitter cold of winter for the addition of several pairs of socks, varying in number according to the thermometer. During the summer they often wear no socks at all, but their place is taken by an assortment of small articles which cannot be carried conveniently on their persons. The pipe and tobacco, a package of tea, or a wooden bowl can easily be stuffed into the wide-top boots, for pockets are an unknown luxury.

The little matter of cleanliness is of no importance in the Mongols' scheme of life. When a meal has been eaten the wooden bowl is licked clean with the tongue; it is never washed. Every man and woman usually carries through life the bodily dirt which has accumulated in childhood, unless it is removed by some accident or by the wear of years. One can be morally certain that it will never be washed off by design or water. Perhaps the natives are not altogether to blame, for, except in the north, water is not abundant. It can be found on the plains and in the Gobi Desert only at wells and an occasional pond, and on the march it is too precious to be wasted in the useless process of bathing. Moreover, from September until May the bitter winds which sweep down from the Siberian steppes furnish an unpleasant temperature in which to take a bath.

The Mongols' food consists almost entirely of mutton, cheese, and tea. Like all northern people, they need an abundance of fat, and sheep supply their wants. There is always more or less grease distributed about their clothes and persons, and when Mongols are *en masse* the odor of mutton and unwashed humanity is well-nigh overpowering. When my wife and I have taken refuge

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LAMAS FEEDING DOGS IN A STREET OF URGA

in a *yurt* to escape a storm on the march, we have sometimes been driven out-of-doors by the suffocating odors which arose from the Mongol family as it clustered about the fire.

I must admit that in morality the Mongols are but little better off than in personal cleanliness. A man may have only one lawful wife, but may keep as many concubines as his means allow, all of whom live with the members of the family in the single room of the *yurt*. Adultery is openly practised, apparently without prejudice to either party, and polyandry is not unusual in the more remote parts of the country.

The Mongols are *unmoral* rather than *immoral*. They live like untaught children of nature and the sense of modesty or decency, as we conceive it, does not enter into their scheme of life. But the operation of natural laws, which in the lower animals are successful in maintaining the species, is fatally impaired by the restrictions of the Lama religion, and the loose family relations tend to spread disease. Until Lamaism is abolished I can see little hope for the rejuvenation of the splendid race.

In writing of Urga's inhabitants and their way of life, the city itself must not be neglected. I have already told of the great temple on the hill and its clustering lama houses which overlook and dominate the city. Its golden roof, flashing in the sun, can be seen for many miles, like a religious beacon guiding the steps of wandering pilgrims to the Mecca of their faith.

At the near end of the broad street below the lama city is the tent market, and just beyond it are the blacksmith shops where bridles, cooking-pots, tent pegs, and all the equipment essential to a wandering life on the desert can be purchased in an hour—if you have the price! Nothing is cheap in Urga, with the exception of horses, and when we began to outfit for our trip on the plains we received a shock similar to that which I had a month ago in New York when I paid twenty dollars for a pair of shoes. We ought to be hardened to it now, but when we were being robbed in Urga by profiteering Chinese, who sell flour at ten and twelve dollars a sack and condensed milk at seventy-five cents a tin, we roared and grumbled—and paid

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the price! I vowed I would never pay twenty dollars for a pair of shoes at home, but roaring and grumbling is no more effective in procuring shoes in New York than it was in obtaining flour and milk in Urga. We paid in Russian rubles worth three cents each. (In former years a ruble equaled more than half a dollar.) Eggs were well-nigh non-existent, except those which had made their way up from China over the long caravan trail and were guaranteed to be "addled"—or whatever it is that sometimes makes an egg an unpleasant companion at the breakfast-table. Even those cost three rubles each! Only a few Russians own chickens in Urga and their productions are well-nigh "golden eggs," for grain costs more than a hundred rubles a bushel.

Fortunately, we had sent most of our supplies and equipment to Urga by caravan during the winter, but there were a good many odds and ends needed to fill our last requirements, and we came to know the ins and outs of the sacred city intimately before we were ready to leave for the plains. The Chinese shops were our real help, for in Urga, as everywhere else in the Orient, the Chinese are the most successful merchants. Some firms have accumulated considerable wealth and the Chinaman does not hesitate to exact the last cent of profit when trading with the Mongols.

At the eastern end of Urga's central street, which is made picturesque by gaily painted prayer wheels and alive with a moving throng of brilliant horsemen, is the Custom House and the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. The former is at the far end of an enormous compound filled with camel caravans or loaded carts. There is a useless wooden building for ornament, but the business is conducted in a large *yurt*, hard against the compound wall. It was an extraordinary contrast to see a modern filing-cabinet at one end and a telephone box on the felt-covered framework of the *yurt*.

Not far beyond the Custom House is what I believe to be one of the most horrible prisons in the world. Inside a double palisade is a space about ten feet square upon which open the doors of the cells. In these dungeons are piled wooden boxes, four feet long by two and one-half feet high. In each of these is a human being.

Some of the poor wretches have heavy chains about their necks and both hands manacled, palms together. They can neither sit erect nor lie at full length. Their food, when the jailer remembers to give them any, is pushed through a six-inch hole in the coffin side. Some are imprisoned here for only a few days or weeks; others for life or for many years. After a short time they lose the use of their limbs, which shrink and shrivel away. The agony of their cramped position is beyond the power of words to describe. Even in winter, when the temperature drops, as it often does, to sixty and seventy degrees below zero, they are given only a single sheepskin for covering. How it is possible to live in indescribable filth, half fed, well-nigh frozen in winter, and suffering the tortures of the damned, is beyond my ken. Only a Mongol could live at all, and yet one poor wretch already had been there five years!

The prison is not a Mongol invention. It was built under the Manchu *régime* when the Chinese were in the zenith of their power, and is an eloquent tribute to a knowledge of the fine arts of cruelty that has never been surpassed.

I have given this description of the prison not to feed morbid curiosity, but to show my readers that Urga, even if it has a Custom House, a Ministry of Foreign Affairs, motor-cars, and telephones, is still at heart a city of the Middle Ages. But, with all its fascination, Urga, alone, does not mean Mongolia to us. In the articles to come I shall tell of glorious rides across her age-old plains, of still nights under star-lit skies, and of the mysteries of her untouched forests where we learned to know the resistless charm which led men out into the great unknown.

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THE ROTTER

BY FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER

IN the taxi Ayling suddenly realized that there was no need for all this haste. After twenty-five years, and a loitering, circuitous journey home—six weeks to the day since he had said good-by to India—this last-minute rush was, to say the least, illogical, particularly as there was no one in London waiting for him; no one who was even aware of his arrival. Indeed, it was likely that there was no one in London who was aware of his existence, except, perhaps, the clerk of the club, to whom he had telegraphed ahead for accommodations.

The rigidity of his posture, straining forward there on his seat, became suddenly painful and absurd. He tried to relax, but the effort was more than it was worth, and he sat forward again, looking out.

Yes, things were familiar enough—but familiar like old photographs one has forgotten the significance of. The emotion had gone out of them. It was the new things, the unfamiliar contours, that were most apparent, that seemed to thrust upon his consciousness the city's gigantic, self-centered indifference. Yet it was just that quality that he had loved most in London. She had let him alone. She had been—he recalled the high-flown phrase of his youth—the supremely indifferent friend! Perhaps, he thought to himself, when one is fifty, one cares less to be "let alone"; less for indifference as the supreme attribute of a friend.

He felt a queer sweep of homesickness for India, whence he had come; but to feel homesick for India was ridiculous, since he had just come out of India because he was homesick for England. He had been homesick for England, he had been telling himself, for all those twenty-five years.

Well! here he was. Home!

Strange he hadn't thought of the automobiles and the electricity, and the difference they would make.

The taxi backed suddenly, gears shifted, and drew up alongside the curb. Looking out, Ayling recognized the high, familiar street door of the club. Something about it had been changed, or replaced, he couldn't quite make out what. The driver opened the door, lifted out Ayling's bag, and deposited it expertly with a swing on the step. Then he waited respectfully while Ayling fished in his pockets for change. Having received it, he leaped with great agility to the seat, shifted gears, chugged, backed and turned, and was abruptly round the corner and out of sight.

At the desk, Ayling experienced a momentary surprise to find himself actually expected.

"Mr. Ayling? Yes, sir. Your room is ready, I believe." The clerk rang a bell, and began to give instructions about Mr. Ayling's luggage.

Ayling felt that he ought to ask for some one, inquire if some of the old members were in; but, standing there, he could not think of a single name except names of a few non-resident members like himself, men who were at that moment in India.

"Will you go up, sir?"

"Later," said Ayling. "Just send up my things."

He crossed the foyer and entered the lounge. Here, as before in the streets, it was the changes of which he was most aware—figured hangings in place of the old red velours, the upholstery renewed

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on the old chairs and divans. Strangers sat here and there in the familiar nooks, strangers who looked up at him with a mild curiosity, and returned to their papers or their cigars. He wandered on through the rooms, seeking—without quite saying so to himself—seeking a familiar face, and found none. Even the proportions of the rooms seemed changed; he could hardly have said just how; not much, but slightly, though, all in all, the club was the same. Names began to come back to him; memories resurrected themselves, rose out of corners to greet him as he passed. They began to give him a queer sense of his own unreality, as if he himself were only another memory. . . . Abruptly he turned, made his way back to the desk, and asked to be shown to his room. There he spent an hour puttering aimlessly, adjusting his things, putting in the time.

Then he dressed and went down to a solitary dinner. There was a great activity in the club at that hour, comings and goings, in parties of four and five. He found a kind of dolorous amusement in seeing how much more at home all the youngsters about him seemed than he. And he had been at home there when they were in the nursery doing sums.

Here and there at the tables were older men, men of his own age, and he reflected that among them might easily be some of his boyhood friends. He would never know them now. He searched their faces for a familiar feature, watched them for a gesture he might recognize. But in the end he gave it up. "Old town," he said to himself, "old town, by Jove! you've forgotten me!"

That night he went alone to a theater, walked back through the crowds to the club, and went immediately to bed. He was grateful to find himself suddenly very tired.

The next morning he rose late and did not leave his room until noon, when he went down to a solitary lunch. After lunch he stopped at the clerk's window and inquired about one or two old members. The clerk looked up the names. After a good deal of inquiry and fussing about, he ascertained that one of the gentlemen was in China, one was dead, and a third about whom Ayling also inquired could not be traced at all. Ayling went out and walked for a while through the streets, but was driven back to the club by the chill drizzle which suddenly began to descend.

He sat down in a chair near a window that had been his favorite. Settled there, he remembered the position of a near-by bell, just under the window-curtain. . . . Yes, there it was. He rang, and a waiter came—a rotund, pink-faced, John-Bullish waiter, with little white tufts on each cheek. Ayling ordered a whisky-and-soda, and when presently the waiter brought it Ayling asked how long he had been in the service of the club.

"Thirty-five years, sir."

Ayling looked at the old man in astonishment. "Do you remember me?' he asked.

The old waiter, schooled to remember at first glance if he remembered at all, looked afresh at Ayling. "I see so many faces, sir—I couldn't just at the moment say—"

"And I suppose," said Ayling, 'you've brought me whisky-and-soda here, to this very chair, no end of times. What's your name?"

"Chedsey, sir."

"Seems familiar—" He shook his head. "You don't recall a Mr. Ayling—twenty-five or thirty years ago?"

"Ayling, sir? I recall there *was* a member of that name. . . . *You're* not Mr. Ayling, sir?'

"We're not very flattering, either of us, it seems. But then, privilege of the aged, I suppose."

"Beg pardon, sir. I'm sorry—I ought to remember you."

"We're wearing masks, Chedsey, you and I."

"You're right, sir, I'm afraid."

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"THEN COME ALONG. THE COUNTRY'S JUST WHAT YOU NEED"

They regarded each other, those two, Chedsey, rotund and pink, looking down upon Ayling, long and lean, with fine wrinkles about his eyes, and hair considerably grayed, wondering, both of them, why names should be so much more enduring than they themselves had been.

It was not until Ayling had begun to ask Chedsey for news of old friends, and chanced almost at once to mention Lonsdale, that both he and the old waiter exclaimed in the same breath, "Major Lonsdale!" as if the Major's name had been a key to open the doors of both their memories.

"And you're young Mr. Dick Ayling! I remember you perfectly now!" Chedsey beamed. How could he have failed to remember any one of those gay young friends of the major's?

"And where," asked Ayling, "is the major now?"

"Major Lonsdale, sir—has been gone seven years. Hadn't you heard?"

Lonsdale gone! Lonsdale dead! Lonsdale had begun life so brilliantly. Ayling did feel left over and old.

"What happened?" he asked, and Chedsey, glad to talk of the major, told how he had left the club to be Major Lonsdale's man just after he came back from the Boer War. How things hadn't seemed to go well with the major after that; he lost money—just how, Chedsey didn't say, but gave one to understand that it was a misfortune beyond the major's control. In the end he was forced to give up his house, and Chedsey came back to the club. A few years later the major was taken with pneumonia, quite suddenly, and died. Did Mr. Ayling know Major Lonsdale's wife?

"Yes," said Ayling. "What became of Mrs. Lonsdale?"

"Here in London, sir."

"Wasn't there," asked Ayling, "a child, a little girl?"

"Ah, Miss Peggy, sir!" It was plain that "Miss Peggy" was one of Chedsey's enthusiasms. A young lady now . . . and soon to be married to a fine young gentleman of one of the best Scotch families. . . . She'll have a title some day . . . Picture in the *Sketch* recently

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—perhaps he could find it for Mr. Ayling.

"Never mind," said Ayling, who was not thinking of Miss Peggy at all, but of her parents, young Major Harry Lonsdale, and his pretty wife.—He remembered her as a bride—Bessie, the major had called her—a graceful young creature with brown hair and brown-flecked eyes, already at that age a charming hostess in the fine old house Harry Lonsdale had inherited from his father.

"They are living in Cambridge Terrace," Chedsey was saying. "Would Mr. Ayling like the address?"

Ayling wrote down the address Chedsey gave him, and put it away in his pocket, with no more definite idea than that some day, if opportunity offered, he might look her up, for his old friend's sake.

He began to inquire about other men —Carrington, Farnsby, Blake. Dead, all three of them—Farnsby only last spring. Was it some fate that pursued his particular friends? But those men had all, he reflected, been older than he. And yet, he recalled the words of his doctor:

"A man's as old as his arteries. You've been too long out here. Be sensible, Ayling. . . . Go home—take it easy—rest. You'll have a long time yet. . . ."

Just a week later, to the day, Ayling stepped into a telephone-booth, looked up Mrs. Lonsdale's number, and telephoned. He had not counted upon loneliness.

At forty-five Bessie Lonsdale had encountered one of those universal experiences which invariably give us, as individuals, so strong a sense of surprise. She had discovered suddenly, upon completion of the task to which she had so long given her energies, that she had become the task; that she no longer had any identity apart from it. And her consciousness of having arrived at exactly the place where hundreds before her must have arrived had only added to the strangeness of her experience.

A week ago she had seen her twenty-year-old daughter off to the north of Scotland for a month's visit to the family which she was soon to enter as a bride. It seemed to her that Peggy had never been so lovely as when she said good-by to her at the station that day, slim, fragrant, shining-eyed, and looking very patrician indeed in her smart sable jacket (cut from the luxurious sable cape that had been part of her mother's trousseau), with the violets pinned into the buttonhole. And Bessie Lonsdale had seen with pride and no twinge of jealousy the admiration in the eyes of that aristocratic, if somewhat stern-faced, old lady who was to be Peggy's mother-in-law, and who, with true Scotch propriety, had come all the way down to London to take her home with her.

"I don't like leaving you alone," Peggy had said, as they kissed each other good-by. "You're going to let yourself be dull."

And her mother had patted the soft cheek, and replied: "I'm going to enjoy every minute of it. I mean to have a good rest and get acquainted with myself."

When, a few moments later, she waved them good-by as the train moved slowly out of the station, Bessie Lonsdale had turned away with a long-drawn and involuntary sigh—a sigh of thanksgiving and relief.

Peggy at last was safe! Her happiness and her future assured. All those years of hoping and holding steady had come now to this happy end. Ever since her husband's early death Bessie Lonsdale had centered herself upon the future of her child. She had had only her few hundred a year saved from the wreck of her husband's affairs, but she had set her course, and, with an air of sailing in circles for pleasure's sake, stood clear of the rocks and shoals. She had never borrowed; she had never apologized; had never been considered a poor relation, or spoken of as pathetic or "brave."

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"WORK OF ART," HE SAID, EXHIBITING THE WHITTLED STAFF

Her little flat was an achievement. It was astonishing how she had managed at once so much simplicity, so much downright comfort, and so charming an atmosphere. She had done so much with so little, yet hers were not anxious rooms, like the rooms of so many women of small means. They had space, repose, good cheer, even an air of luxury. It was the home of a gentlewoman who could make a little better than "the best of things." She had even entertained a little, now and then—more of late, now that Peggy's education was complete—but this at the cost of many economies in the right quarter, and many extravagances also rightly placed.

Call this "climbing" if you will, and a stress upon false values. Bessie Lonsdale gave herself to no such futile speculations as that. She was too busy at her task. She was neither so young nor so hypocritical as to pretend that these things were to be despised. She had done only what every other mother in the world wishes to do—to guide and protect her child and see her future provided for; only she had done it more efficiently than most; had brought, perhaps, a greater fitness or a greater consecration to the task. And the success of her achievement lay in the art with which she had concealed all trace of effort and strain. Peggy herself would

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have been first to laugh at the notion that her mother had had anything whatever to do with her falling in love with Andrew McCrae. She believed that it was by the sheer prodigality of the Fates that, besides being in love with her, romantically, as only a Scotchman can be, young Andrew McCrae was heir to one of the most substantial fortunes in all the north, and would succeed to a title one day. . . .

So Bessie Lonsdale had sighed her deep sigh of peace and gone back to her flat. And because she had really wanted to be alone she had sent her one faithful old servant away for a long-postponed visit to country relatives. Then she had sat down to rest, and to "get acquainted with herself." And in two days she had made her discovery. There was no "herself." She had been Peggy's mother so long that Bessie Lonsdale as a separate entity had entirely ceased to exist.

It was at the end of the week that Ayling telephoned. And, although she had been avoiding even chance meetings with acquaintances, she found herself asking Ayling, whom she had not seen for twenty-five years, and whom she had known but slightly then, to come that day at five to tea. She realized only after she had left the telephone that it was because his voice had come to her out of that far time before she had become the mother of Peggy, and because she had a vague sort of hope that he might help to bring back a bit of the old self she had lost.

She was, when she thought of it, a little puzzled by his looking her up. Had he and Harry been such friends?

Promptly at five he came. At the door they greeted each other with a sudden unexpected warmth. And while he was clasping her hand and saying how jolly it was, after all this time, to find her here, and she was saying how nice it was to see *him*, how nice of him to look her up, he was thinking to himself that he might have recognized her by the brown-flecked eyes, and she was thinking, "He's an old man, older than I—the age Harry would have been—"

"So you've come home," she said, "to stay?"

"Yes, we all do. It's what we look forward to out there."

"I know." With a little hospitable gesture and a step backward she brought him in.

They had not mentioned the major who was gone, nor had they mentioned the years that had passed since their last meeting, yet suddenly, without any premonition, those two turned their eyes away from each other, to avoid bursting senselessly into tears. An almost inconceivable disaster, yet one for the moment perilously imminent.

Yet neither of them was thinking of Major Lonsdale, nor of anything so grievous as death; they were thinking of those terrifying little wrinkles round their eyes, and of the little up-and-down lines that would never disappear, and something inside them both gave suddenly away, melted, flooding them inside with tears that must not be shed.

She held out her hand for his hat and stick. For an instant they both felt a deep constraint, and as he was getting out of his coat each wondered if the other had noticed it.

Ayling turned about and stumbled awkwardly over a small hassock on the floor, and they both laughed, which helped them recover themselves.

"How long has it really been?" she asked, as she faced him beside the fire.

"Twenty-five years." He smiled at her, shaking his head. "Twenty-five years!"

"You *must* feel the prodigal son!"

"Not until I came in your door just now, I didn't, at all." And then, without in the least intending to say it, he added, "You were the only person in London I knew."

It was the first of many things he had not intended to tell. As it was the first of many afternoons when they sat before the fire in her pretty drawing-room—that gallant little blaze that did its best

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to combat the gloom and chill of London's late winter rains—and drank their tea and talked, the comfortable, scattering talk of old friends; although it was not because of the past that they were friends, but because of the present and their mutual need. They did not speak of loneliness; it was a word, perhaps, of which they were both afraid.

When they talked of her husband, of the old house, the old days, she felt herself coming back, materializing gradually again, out of the past. Ayling said to himself that he could talk to Bessie Lonsdale of things he had never been able to speak of to any one else, because they had had so much common experience. For from the beginning Ayling had had the illusion that Bessie Lonsdale, as well as he, had been away all those years, and had just come back to London again. He had said this to her as he was leaving on that first afternoon, and she had smiled and said, "So I have, just that—I've been away and come back, and I hardly know where to begin." Later he understood. For once or twice he met there a few of her friends, people who dropped in to inquire what she had heard from Peggy; people who talked of how they were missing Peggy, of the time when she would be coming home, of her approaching wedding, and one and all they commented upon the emptiness of the flat without Peggy there, and how lonely it must be for dear Mrs. Lonsdale with Peggy away.

"I seem to be the only person in London not missing Peggy," he said to her one day. Her brown-flecked eyes looked at him straight for an instant, and then slowly they smiled, for she knew that he understood. She had not needed to tell him, for he had divined it for himself. Just as he had not needed to tell her how much her being in London had meant to him.

As it was, the incessant chill and dampness of the weather had done his health no good. His blood was thin from long years of Indian sun, and he found it a constant effort to resist. The gloom seemed even worse than the cold, and, although he had thought that he should never wish for sun again, after India, he did wish for it now, wished for it until it became a sheer physical need. For the first time in his life he



"IT'S JUST THE WIND." HE SAID. "IT'S PRETTY STIFF"

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began to feel that he was getting old. Or was it, he asked himself, only that he had time now to think of such things? Bessie Lonsdale saw it, for her eyes were quick and keen, and she had long been in the habit of mothering. "It's this beastly London," she said. "I know!" And it was she who made him promise to go away for a week in the country, where he might have a glimpse at least of the sun. He remembered an inn at Homebury St. Mary, where he had spent a summer as a child, and it was there, for no reason except the memory of so much sun, that he planned to go, "by the middle of next week," he said, "when Peggy will be coming home."

They had been talking of her return, and he had confessed to the notion that he would feel himself superfluous, out of place, somehow, when Peggy came home. His confession had pleased her, she hardly knew why. As for herself, she had had something of the same thought, that when Peggy came there would be—well, a different atmosphere.

She was looking forward daily now to a letter saying by what train Peggy would return. On Thursday there arrived, instead, a letter from Lady McCrae, begging that they be allowed "to keep our dear Peggy for another ten days." The heavy weather had kept the young people indoors, and a great many excursions which they had planned had had to be put off on account of it. She said, in her dignified way, many things vastly pleasing to a mother's heart, and Mrs. Lonsdale could do nothing but write, giving her consent.

When she had written the letter and sent it off she began to be curiously depressed, and she wandered through the flat, conscious at last of just how much she had really missed Peggy's laughter, her gaiety, and her swift young step. The week before her loomed longer than all the time she had been away.

That afternoon she told Ayling her news, but it was not until she had finished telling him that she remembered that he, too, would be going away. She hadn't known until then how much his being there had meant.

"I don't know," she said, "how I shall put in the week! After all, I've been missing her more than I knew."

It occurred to Ayling that, standing there before him with Lady McCrae's letter, which she had been showing him, in her hand, she was exactly like a little girl who was going to be left all alone.

The idea came to him suddenly. "Look here, Bessie; come down to Homebury St. Mary with me! It would do you no end of good."

The quality of their friendship was clear in the simplicity with which he made the suggestion, and the absence of self-consciousness with which she heard it made.

"I should love it!" she said.

"Then come along. You've nothing to keep you here; the country's just what you need."

She did not answer at once, but stood looking away from him, a little frown between her eyes. She was thinking how absurd it would be to object, and how equally absurd it seemed to say yes. It *was* so nice to have some one think of her as he thought of himself, simply, normally, humanly, as Dick Ayling seemed to have thought of her from the first.

Then abruptly she accepted his simplification. "I'll go," she said.

"Good! I'll telephone through for a room for you. . . . When can you be ready?" he asked.

"To-day—this afternoon. Let's get away before I discover all the reasons to prevent! I won't bother about a lot of luggage—my big bag will do."

"Great! I'll ask about trains."

All at once, like two children, they became immensely exhilarated at the prospect before them—a week's holiday!

He went to the telephone and presently reported: "There's a train at two-forty. Can you make it by then?"

She looked at the clock on the mantel. "We'll make it," she said.

He was getting into his coat. "I'll go

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on to the club, get my things together, and come back for you at two-fifteen, then."

He rushed away, both of them almost forgetting to say good-by, and she went into her bedroom to pack.

When, promptly at two-fifteen, he rang her bell, she was waiting, hat and gloves on, and called out, "All ready!" as the taxi-driver followed Ayling up for her bag. . . .



SHE CAME TO A STOP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM

The spring had come up to meet them at Homebury St. Mary. So Bessie Lonsdale said to herself when she woke in her old-fashioned chintz-curtained room. The sun shone in at the windows, the air was balmy and sweet, and, lifting herself on her elbow, she saw in a little round swale in the garden outside a faint showing of green nestled into the damp brown earth.

She got up, rang for a maid, who came, smiling, white-capped, rosy-cheeked. She had coffee and rolls with rich country cream while she dressed. Her room opened directly into the garden, and she put on stout boots and a walking-suit and a soft little hat of green felt, and went out. Ayling, who had evidently risen early, was coming toward her, swinging a great, freshly whittled staff cut from the woods beyond the inn. He called to her:

"You see! The sun *does* shine at Homebury St. Mary!" And then, as if in gratitude for so glorious a day, he wished to be fair to the rest of the world, he added, as he came up, "I wonder if it's shining in London, too."

"London?" she said. "London? There's no such place!"

"Glad you came?" he asked.

"Glad!" Her tone was enough.

"That's a jolly green hat," he said, and made her a little bow.

"Glad you like it," she laughed. "And that's a jolly staff."

He showed it off proudly. "Work of art," he said. "I made one just like it when I was here the summer I was twelve—I remembered it this morning when I woke up, and I came out to get this one."

She admired it critically, particularly the initials of the dark bark left on, but suggested an improvement about the knob.

"By Jove! you're right," he admitted, and set to work with his knife.

They were like two youngsters out of school. All morning they idled out-of-doors, exploring the little lanes that led off into the buff-colored hills, returning at noon, ravenous, to lunch in the dining-room of the inn, parting afterward in the

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corridor, and going to their own rooms to rest and read. At four Ayling tapped at her door to say that there was in the sitting-room "an absolutely enormous tea."

That night, before a beautiful fire in the sitting-room, they caught each other yawning at half past nine, and at ten they said good-night.

It had been so perfect that the next day found them following the same routine. And the next day, and the next. Bessie Lonsdale had not felt for years so much peace and so much strength. In their morning walks together her strength showed greater than his. The bracing air exhilarated her, and she felt she could have walked forever in the lovely rolling hills. Once she had walked on and on, faster and faster, not noticing how she had quickened her pace, her head up, facing the light wind blowing in from the sea. And, turning to ask a question of Ayling at her side, his white face stopped her instantly.

"Oh, I *am* sorry! Forgive me," she said.

He smiled, embarrassed, and waited a moment for breath before he said, "It's just the wind; it's pretty stiff."

And she had said no more, because it embarrassed him, but she suited her pace to his after that, never forgiving herself for her thoughtlessness. And she chose, instead of the hill roads, the level, winding lanes.

For five perfect spring days they spent their mornings out-of-doors in the sun, lunched, parted until tea, met at dinner again, and said good night at a preposterously early hour. And they could not have said whether they amused or interested or merely comforted each other. Perhaps they did all three. At any rate, it was an idyll of its kind, and of more genuine beauty than many less platonic idylls have been.

On the morning of the sixth day Bessie Lonsdale went out into the garden as usual, to find the sky overcast with light, fleecy clouds. But the air was soft, and she wandered about for half an hour before it occurred to her that perhaps Ayling was waiting for her inside. She went in to look, but saw him nowhere, and decided that he was sleeping late. She waited until eleven, and then went out to walk by herself. But she did not relish the walk, because she was uneasy about Ayling. She was afraid he was ill. She forced herself to go on a little way, but when she came to the second turn in the road, she faced abruptly about and came back to the inn. Still Ayling was nowhere about. He was not in the garden; he was not in the coffee-room. She went to her own room and sat down with a book, but she could not read. So she went into the corridor, searching for some one of whom she might inquire. But no one was visible.

Ayling's room opened off of the little public sitting-room at the end of the corridor. She went on until she reached the sitting-room, which she entered, and then stood still, listening for some sound from beyond Ayling's door. The silence seemed to grow round her; it filled the room, it spread through the house. And then, propelled by that silence toward the door, she put out her hand and knocked softly. There was no response. She repeated the knock—twice—and only that pervading silence answered her. She took hold of the knob and turned it without a sound; the door gave inward and she stepped inside the room. The bed faced her, and Ayling was lying there, on his side. Even before she saw his face, her own heart told her that he was dead. . . . He lay there quite peacefully, as if he had died in his sleep.

For an instant Bessie Lonsdale thought she was going to faint. And then, moved by the force of an emotion which seemed to take possession of her from the outside, an emotion which she could not recognize, but which was irresistible and which, as the silence had propelled her a moment ago, took her backward now, step by step, noiselessly, out of that room; caused her to close the door after her, and, still moving back-

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ward without a sound, to come to a stop in the middle of the little sitting-room. For now that strange fear, premonition —she knew not what—which seemed to have been traveling toward her from a great distance, seemed suddenly to concentrate itself into a single name, "Peggy!" . . . Confused, swirling, the connotations that accompanied the name took possession of her mind, of her body, her will. *Peggy was threatened* . . . . Through this thing that had happened Peggy's happiness might be destroyed! In a flash she saw the story —the cold facts printed in a newspaper —as they would undoubtedly be—or told by gossips, glad of a scandal to repeat: She, Peggy's mother—and Richard Ayling together at a country inn—the sudden and sensational discovery of Ayling's death. . . . She could see the stern face of Lady McCrae—the accusing blue eyes of Andrew McCrae . . . and Peggy's stricken face.

She tried to pull herself together—to think; her thoughts were not reasoning thoughts, but unrelated, floating, detached. . . .

Suddenly, by some strange alchemy of her mind, three things stood out clear. They stood out like the three facts of a simple syllogism.

There was nothing she could do for Richard Ayling now. . . . No one knew she was here. . . . A train for London passed Homebury St. Mary a little after noon.

All the years of Bessie Lonsdale's motherhood commanded her to act. Her muscles alone seemed to hear and obey. She was like a person hypnotized, who had been ordered with great detail and precision what to do.

Soundlessly, she went from the room and down the length of the corridor. In her own room she threw scattered garments into a bag, swept in the things from the dresser, glanced into the mirror, and was astonished to see that she had on her coat and hat. Then out through the door that led to the garden, a sharp turn to the right, and she was off, walking swiftly, with no sensation of touching the earth. A train whistled in the distance, came into sight. She raced with it, reached the station just as it drew alongside and came to a stop. The guard took her bag, and she swung onto the step. It did not seem strange to her that she had reached the station at precisely the same time as the train. It seemed only natural . . . in accordance with the plan. . . .

At seventeen minutes past three o'clock Bessie Lonsdale hurried into a telephone-booth in Victoria Station, called up a friend, and asked her to tea. Then she took a taxi to within a block of the flat, where she dismissed the taxi, went into a pastry-shop, bought some cakes, and five minutes later she was taking off her hat and coat in her own bedroom.

She worked quickly, automatically, without any sense of exertion, still as if she but obeyed a hypnotist's command. At four o'clock a leaping fire in the drawing-room grate flickered cheerily against silver tea-things, against the sheen of newly dusted mahogany; books lay here and there, carelessly, a late illustrated review open as if some one had just put it down, and, dressed in a soft gown of blue crêpe, Bessie Lonsdale received her guest. She was not an intimate friend, but a casual one whom she did not often see. A Mrs. Downey, who loved to talk of herself and of her own affairs. Bessie Lonsdale did not know why she had chosen her. Her brain had seemed to work without direction, independent of her will. She could never have directed it so well.

Even now, as she brought her in and heard herself saying easy, friendly, commonplace things, she had no sense of willing herself to say them consciously. They said themselves. She heard nothing that Mrs. Downey said, yet she answered her. Later, while she was pouring Mrs. Downey's tea, she remembered a time, over a year ago, when she had heard Mrs. Downey say, "Two, and no cream." She put in the two lumps, and

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was startled to hear her guest exclaim, "My dear, what a memory!" . . . She did not know whether Mrs. Downey told her one or many things that afternoon. Only certain words, parts of sentences, gestures, imprinted themselves upon her mind, never to be erased. She seemed divided into two separate selves, neither of them complete—one, the intenser of the two, was at Homebury St. Mary, looking down upon Ayling's still, dead face; and that self was filled with pity, with remorse, with a tenderness that hurt. The other self was here, in a gown of blue crêpe, drinking tea, and possessed of a voice which she could hear vaguely making the conversation one makes when nothing has happened, when one has been lonely and a little bored. . . .

All at once something was going on in the room, a clangor that seemed to waken Bessie Lonsdale out of the unreality of a dream. It summoned her will to come back to its control.

Mrs. Downey was smiling and saying in an ordinary tone, "Your telephone."

Bessie Lonsdale rose and crossed the room, took the receiver from its stand, said, "Yes," and waited.

A man's voice came over the wire. "I wish to speak to Mrs. Lonsdale, please."

"I am Mrs. Lonsdale," she said in a smooth, low voice. Her voice was perfectly smooth because her will had deserted her again. Only her brain worked, clearly, independently.

"Ah, Mrs. Lonsdale; this is Mr. Burke speaking, Mr. Franklin Burke, of the Cosmos Club. I am making an effort to get into touch with friends of Mr. Richard Ayling, and I am told by a man named Chedsey, who I believe was at one time in your employ, that Mr. Ayling is an old friend of your family."

"Yes," she said, "we are old friends."

"You knew, then, I presume, that Mr. Ayling had gone away—to the country some days ago."

"Yes," she said, again, "I knew that he had not been well and that he had gone out of town for a week. . . . Is there—anything?" Her heart was beating very loudly in her ears.

"I dislike to be the bearer of bad news, Mrs. Lonsdale, but I must tell you that we have received a telephone message here at the club that—I hope it will not shock you too much—that Mr. Ayling died sometime to-day, at an inn where he was staying, at Homebury St. Mary, I believe."

His voice was very gentle and concerned. She hesitated perceptibly, and



"MY DEAR MRS LONSDALE, THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE"

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his voice came over the wire, "I'm sorry—very sorry, to tell you in this way—"

She heard herself speaking: "Naturally, I—it's something of a shock. . . ."

"Indeed I understand."

Again she caught the sound of her own voice, as if it belonged to some one else, "I suppose it was his heart."

"He was known to have a bad heart?"

"Yes; it has been weak for years."

"I wonder, Mrs. Lonsdale, if I may ask a favor of you. You know, of course, that Mr. Ayling had very few close friends in London; you are, in fact, the only one we have been able, on this short notice, to find. For that reason I am going to ask that you let me come to see you this afternoon; you will understand that there are certain formalities, facts which it will be necessary for us to have, which only an old friend of Mr. Ayling could give—that we could get in no other way. . . ."

"I understand, perfectly."

"Then I may come?"

"Certainly." . . . There was nothing else she could say.

She did not know she got rid of her guest, what explanation she made, nor how she happened to be saying good-by to her at the very moment when the dignified, elderly Mr. Burke arrived, so that they had to be introduced. Though she must have made some adequate explanation, since Mrs. Downey's last words were, in the presence of Mr. Burke, "It's always so hard, I think, to lose one's really *old* friends."

Mr. Burke came in. He was very correct, very kind. He begged Mrs. Lonsdale to believe that it was with the greatest regret that he called upon so sad an errand; that he came only because it was necessary and she was the only person to whom they could turn. He added that he had known her husband, Major Lonsdale, in his lifetime, and hoped that she would consider him, therefore, not so entirely a stranger to her.

She heard him as one hears music far away, only the accents and the climaxes coming clear. He asked her questions, and she was conscious of answering them: How long had she known Mr. Ayling?—He and her husband had been boyhood friends; she had met him first at the time of her marriage to Major Lonsdale. Had they kept up the friendship during all these years?—No, she had heard nothing of Mr. Ayling since her husband's death; she knew that he was in India; they had renewed the friendship when he returned to England a short time ago.—Ah, it was probable, then, that she knew very little about any attachments Mr. Ayling might have had?—Here Mr. Burke shifted his position, coughed slightly, and said:

"I ask you these questions, Mrs. Lonsdale, because of a very—may I say—a very unfortunate element in connection with the case. It appears that there was a woman with Mr. Ayling at the Homebury St. Mary inn."

Bessie Lonsdale waited, she did not know for what. Whole minutes seemed to go by with the elderly Mr. Burke sitting there in his attitude of formal sympathy before his voice began again.

"I have only been free to mention this to you, Mrs. Lonsdale, because of the fact that you will hear of it in any case, since it must come out in the formalities—"

"Formalities?" Her voice cut sharply into his

"There will, of course, be an inquest—an investigation—the usual thing. I have been in communication with the coroner's office by telephone, and I have promised to drive down to Homebury St. Mary myself this afternoon. He was away on another case, and will not reach there himself until six. Meantime we must do what we can. They will necessarily make an effort to discover the woman."

Bessie Lonsdale must have given some sort of involuntary cry, the implication of which Mr. Burke interpreted in his own way, for he changed his tone to say:

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"I'm afraid, my dear Mrs. Lonsdale, that she was a bit of a rotter, whoever she was, for she—ran."

"Ran?" She repeated the word.

He nodded. "Disappeared."

She did not know what expression it was of hers that caused him to say: "I don't wonder you look so shocked. I was shocked. Women don't often do that sort of thing. . . ." She wanted to cry out that that sort of thing didn't often happen to women, but he was going on. He had risen and was walking slowly up and down before the smoldering fire, and in his incisive, deliberate, well-bred voice he was excoriating the woman who had been so cowardly as to desert a dying man. "Even if she hadn't seriously cared, or if, for that matter, she hadn't cared at all, it would seem that mere common decency . . . . It puts, frankly, a very unpleasant light on the whole affair. . . . Ayling was a gentleman, and—you will forgive me for saying so, I'm sure—just the decent sort to be imposed upon, to allow himself to be led into the most unfortunate affair."

She wanted to stop him, to cry out, to protest. But his words were like physical blows which stunned her and made her too weak to speak. She felt that if he went on much longer she would lose consciousness altogether. Even now she heard only fragments of words.

Suddenly she heard the word "publicity." He had stopped before her and was looking down at her.

"I think, Mrs. Lonsdale, that the thing we both wish—that is, we at the club, and you, as his friend—is to do what we can to save any unnecessary scandal in connection with poor Ayling's death. It is the least we can do for him."

"Yes!" She grasped frantically at the straw. "Yes, by all means that!"

"You would be willing to help?"

"Yes, anything! But what is there I can do?"

He was maddeningly deliberate. "You are the only person, it appears—at least the only person available—who has been aware of the condition of Mr. Ayling's heart. You can say, can you not, with certainty, that he did suffer from a serious affection of the heart?"

"He came home from India on account of it."

"Very well, then. It was also the verdict of the doctor who was called. I think together we may be able to obviate the necessity for a too public investigation—at any rate, we shall see. It must be done, of course, before the official investigation begins. Therefore, if you will come down with me this afternoon, in my car—"

"Come with you? Where?"

"To the inn, at Homebury," he said.

She was trapped . . . trapped. . . . The realization of it sprang upon her, but too late, for already she had cried out, "Oh, I couldn't—I couldn't do that!"

Mr. Burke was looking down at her. He loomed above her like the figure of fate. . . . She was trapped. . . . There was no way out, and suddenly she realized that she had risen and said: "Forgive me! To be sure I will go."

"I understand," said Mr. Burke, "how one shrinks from that sort of thing."

She did not know what she was going to do. She only knew that for this step, at least, she could no longer resist. Again she had the sensation of speaking and moving automatically, of decisions making themselves without the effort of her will.

She asked how soon he wished to go, and he said, consulting his watch, that they ought to start at once; his car was waiting in the street, since he had planned to go on directly from her house. She excused herself, and went to her room. She did not change her dress, but put on a long, warm coat, her hat, her veil, her gloves, and made sure of her key in her purse. Then she came out and said she was ready to go. He complimented her, with a smile, on the short time it had taken her, and she wondered if he had really seen her hesitation of a few moments before. They went down the stairs together. At the curb a chauf-

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feur stood beside a motor, into which, with the utmost consideration for her comfort, Mr. Burke handed her. Then he gave his instructions to the chauffeur, and followed her in.

And there began for Bessie Lonsdale that fantastic ride in which she felt herself being carried forward, as if on the effortless wings of fate itself, to the very scene from which she had fled.

She had no idea, no dramatization in her mind, of what awaited her or of what she intended to do. Her imagination refused to focus upon it; and, strangely, she seemed almost to be resting, leaning back against the tufted cushions, resting against the time when she should be called upon for her strength. For she only knew that when the time came to act she would act.

It was curious how she did not think of Peggy. She was like a lover who has been set a herculean task to accomplish before he may even think of his beloved.

Beside her, Mr. Burke seemed to understand that she did not wish to talk. Perhaps he was thinking of other things; after all, he had not been Richard Ayling's friend; it was only a human duty he performed.

Long stretches went by in which she saw nothing on either side, and other stretches in which everything—houses, trees, objects of all kinds—were exceedingly clear cut and magnified. . . .

"I'm afraid," said Mr. Burke's voice, "that we're running into a storm."

Bessie Lonsdale looked up, and saw that those fleecy, light-gray clouds which she had seen in the sky early that morning as she stood waiting for Ayling in the garden of the inn, and which had been gathering all day, hung now black and menacing just above her head.

It descended upon them suddenly; torrents ran in the road. The wind veered, and sent great gusts of rain into the car. The chauffeur turned and asked if he should stop and put the curtains up. Mr. Burke said no, to go on, they might run through it, and it was too violent to last. Meantime he worked with the curtains himself, and she helped. But it was no use; they were getting drenched, and the wind whipped the curtains out of their hands. Mr. Burke leaned forward and called to the chauffeur to ask if there was any place near where they might stop.

"There's an inn about half a mile farther on. Shall I make it?"

"By all means."

They ran presently into the strips of light that shed outward from the lighted windows of the inn. A half-dozen motors already were lined up outside. They got out and together ran for the door.

Inside, the small public room was almost filled. People sat at the tables, ordering things to eat and drink, and making the best of it. They chose a small corner table, a little apart from the rest. The landlord bustled up and took their coats to dry before the kitchen fire. A very gay, very dripping party of six came in, assembled with much laughter the last two tables remaining unoccupied, and settled next to them, so that they were no longer in a secluded spot.

In a few moments there came in, almost blown through the door by a violent gust of wind and rain, a short, stout, ruddy person, who, when the landlord had relieved him of his hat and coat, stood looking about for a vacant seat. The landlord came toward the table where sat Mrs. Lonsdale and Mr. Burke.

"Sorry, sir," he said;. "it's the only place left."

"May I?" asked the stranger, and at Mrs. Lonsdale's nod and smile, and Mr. Burke's assent, he drew out the chair and sat down. The two men spoke naturally of the suddenness of the storm, of the good fortune of finding a refuge so near.

Bessie Lonsdale was glad of some one else, glad when she heard the stranger and Mr. Burke fall into the easy passing conversation of men. It would relieve her of the necessity to talk. It would give her time to think; for it seemed, dimly. that respite had been offered her.

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Into her thoughts broke the voice of Mr. Burke, addressing her:

"How very singular, Mrs. Lonsdale! This gentleman is Mr. Ford, the coroner, also on his way to Homebury!"

The stranger was on his feet, bowing and acknowledging the introduction of Mr. Burke. Bessie Lonsdale had the sensation of waters closing over her, yet she, too, was bowing and acknowledging the introduction of Mr. Burke. She had a vivid impression of light shining downward upon the red-gray hair of Mr. Ford, as he sat down again; and of Mr. Burke saying something about "the case," and about Mrs. Lonsdale being an old friend of the dead man; about her having been good enough to volunteer to shed whatever light she might have upon the case, and of their meeting being the "most fortunate coincidence."

Mr. Ford signified that he, too, looked upon it in that way. They would go on to Homebury together, he said, when the storm had cleared.

"I suppose," he asked, leaning forward a little, confidentially, "that Mrs Lonsdale knows of the—peculiar element—"

"The woman—yes," said Mr. Burke. And Bessie Lonsdale inclined her head and said, "I know."

"And do you know who she was?"

She had only to make a negative sign, for Mr. Burke, with nice consideration, anticipated her reply:

"Unfortunately, Mr. Ford, no one appears to have the least idea who she might be. Mrs. Lonsdale, however, has been able to clear up a point which may, I fancy, make the identity of the woman less important than it might otherwise appear to be. Mrs. Lonsdale has known for some time of the serious condition of Mr. Ayling's heart. It was because of it, she tells me, that Mr. Ayling came home from India. Mrs. Lonsdale's testimony, together with the statement of the physician who was called, would seem to leave little doubt that it was merely a case of heart."

Mr. Ford was nodding his head. "So it would," he said. "Yes, so it would." He stopped nodding, and sat there an instant, as if he were thinking of something else. "If that's the case," he broke cut, "what a rotter, by Jove! that woman was!"

"Rotter, I think," said Mr. Burke, "was precisely the word *I* used."

And Bessie Lonsdale listened for the second time that day while two voices, now, instead of one, were lifted in excoriation of some woman who seemed to grow, as they talked, only a shade less real than herself.

She had again the sensation of the words beating upon her like blows which she was powerless to resist. She lost, as one does in physical pain, all sense of time. . . .

"However," Mr. Ford brought down his hand with a kind of judicial finality, "if Mrs. Lonsdale will come on down with us now—the storm seems to have slackened—we'll see what can be done." He turned in his chair as if he were preparing to rise.

At the movement Bessie Lonsdale seemed to grow rigid in her chair.

"Wait."

Mr. Burke and Mr. Ford turned, startled by the strangeness of her tone. They waited for her to speak.

"I can't go."

"Can't go?" They echoed it together. "Why not?"

"Because," said she, "I am the woman you have been talking about."

For an instant they sat perfectly motionless, the three of them. Then slowly Mr. Burke and Mr. Ford turned their heads and looked at each other, as if to verify what they had heard. Mr. Burke put out his hand toward Bessie Lonsdale's arm, resting on the table, and he spoke very gently indeed:

"My dear Mrs. Lonsdale, this is impossible."

"Impossible," she said, passing her hand across her eyes, "impossible?"

"Yes, Mrs. Lonsdale." He spoke reasonably, as if she were a child. "It couldn't be you." He turned now to

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include Mr. Ford, who sat staring at them both. "I myself gave Mrs. Lonsdale the news of Mr. Ayling's death, over the telephone. She was at her home, in Cambridge Terrace, quietly having tea with a friend; the friend was still there when I arrived. You have been at home, in London, all day."

"No," she said. "No, Mr. Burke."

"I think," said Mr. Ford, also very gently indeed, "that perhaps Mrs. Lonsdale is trying to shield some one."

Until that instant Bessie Lonsdale had had no plan. She had only known that she could not go with them to Homebury St. Mary, there to be recognized. But something in the suggestion of Mr. Ford—in the tone, perhaps, more than the words—caused her to say, looking from one to the other of these two men so lately strangers to her:

"I wonder—I wonder if I could make you understand!"

They begged her to believe that that was the thing they wished most to do.

"I did it"—she paused, and forced herself to go on—"because of my daughter."

Intent upon her truth, she did not even see by the shocked expression of their faces the awfulness of the thing they thought she confessed, and the obviousness of the reason to which their minds had leaped.

Mr. Burke put out his hand again and laid it upon her arm, which trembled slightly at his touch. "Mrs. Lonsdale," he said, and this time he spoke even more gently, but more urgently, than before, "are you *sure* you wish to tell?"

"No," said Bessie Lonsdale, "but I've *got* to, don't you see?"

Mr. Ford moved in his chair, and spoke, guarding his voice, judicially. "Since we have gone so far, it will be even better, perhaps, for Mrs. Lonsdale to tell it to us here."

Mr. Burke nodded, and they looked toward her expectantly.

"Yes, Mrs. Lonsdale?" said Mr. Ford.

An instant the brown-flecked eyes appeared to be searching for some human contact which she seemed vaguely to have lost. And then she began at the beginning—with her daughter's engagement to young Andrew McCrae, her happiness, her security—and quietly, with only now and then a slight tension of her body and her voice, she told it all to them, exactly as it happened, without plea or embellishment. She had only one stress, and that she tried to make reasonable to them—her child's security.

And they waited, attentive and patient, for the motive to emerge, for the beginning of that complication between her daughter and Richard Ayling, which they believed was to be the crux of her narrative.

And as her story progressed their bewilderment increased, for never, it appeared, had Bessie Lonsdale's daughter so much as heard of the existence of the man who lay dead at Homebury inn. She seemed even to make a special point of that.

They thought she but put it off against the time when it should be forced from her lips; but her story did not halt; she was telling it step by step, accounting for every hour of the time.

They waited for her to offer proof of the condition of Ayling's heart. She did not mention it, except to say, when she came to relating the moment of her discovery, that she had not thought of it; that even when she opened the door of his room she did not think directly of his heart; and only when she saw him actually lying there so peacefully dead did she remember the danger in which he constantly lived. She seemed to offer it as proof of the suddenness and completeness of her shock, and in extenuation of the thing she afterward did.

Slowly, gradually, as they listened, and as the light of her omissions made it clear, it had begun to dawn upon them that Bessie Lonsdale was telling the whole of the truth. And by it she sought to disprove *something*, but not the thing they thought.

She had paused, at the point of her flight, to attempt, a little hopelessly, to

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make her impulse real to them. She spoke of the inflexible honor of the McCraes, of the great respect which had for generations attached to their name. Then suddenly, as if she saw the utter hopelessness of making them understand, she seemed with a gesture to give up abstractions and obscurities and to find in the depth of her mother's heart the final simple words:

"Don't you see?" she said. "I hadn't thought how my being there at the same inn with Mr. Ayling would look—and then, all at once, it came over me. The whole thing, how it would look to the world, how it would look to the family of my daughter's fiancé,—and that it might mean the breaking of the engagement, —the wreck of her future happiness —don't you see—I didn't think of 'being a rotter'—I only thought of her!"

They uttered, both of them, a sudden exclamation, as if they had been struck. By their expressions one might have thought the woman the accuser and the two men the accused.

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Lonsdale—!" they both began at once, but she stopped them with a gesture of her hand.

"I don't blame you," she said, "I don't blame you. I *was* a rotter, to run, but I simply didn't think of myself."

Her tone, her gentleness, were the final proof. Only the innocent so graciously forgive.

"And now," she was saying, a great weariness in her voice, "I've told you. Do you want me to go on? It isn't raining any more."

"Perhaps, Mr. Ford—" Mr. Burke began. A look passed between them, like a question and an assent.

"If you, Mr. Burke," said Mr. Ford, "will come on with me, I think we can let your man drive Mrs. Lonsdale home. It will not be necessary for her to appear."

Bessie Lonsdale's thankfulness could find itself no words; it was lost in that first moment in astonishment. She had not really expected them to believe. It had not even, as she told it, seemed to her own ears adequate.

"I think," said Mr. Burke, seeing her silent so long, "that Mrs. Lonsdale hasn't an idea of the seriousness of the charge she has escaped."

"Charge?" she repeated—"Charge?—" and without another word, Bessie Lonsdale fainted in her chair. And as she lost consciousness she heard, dim and far away, the voice of Mr. Ford reply: "That—the fact that she *hadn't* an idea of it—and that alone, is why she *has* escaped."

"I'm perfectly sure," said Peggy Lonsdale, on Saturday afternoon, "that you *did* let yourself have a dull time!" She was exploring the flat before she had taken off her things, and had stopped to sit for a moment on the arm of her mother's chair. "Anyway, mother dear, you didn't have to think of me! That must have been a relief!"

She put down her head and kissed her, and Bessie Lonsdale patted the fragrant young cheek.

"Oh, I thought of you occasionally," she said.

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IDEALS AND DISILLUSIONS

BY PHILIP GIBBS

IT was only during the war and afterward that European people came to know anything in a personal way of the great democracy in the United States. Before then America was judged by tourists who came to "do" Europe in a few months or a few weeks. In France, especially, all of them were popularly supposed to be "millionaires," or, at least, exceedingly rich. Many of them were, and in Paris, to which they went in greatest numbers, they were preyed upon by hotel managers and shopkeepers, and were caricatured in French farces and newspapers as the "*nouveaux riches*" of the world who could afford to buy all the luxury of life but had no refinement of taste or delicacy of sentiment. There was an enormous ignorance of the education, civilization, and temperament of the great masses of people in the United States, and it was an absolute belief among the middle classes of Europe that the "Almighty Dollar" was the God of America, and that there was no other worship on that side of the Atlantic.

This opinion changed in a remarkable way during the war, and before the United States had sent a single soldier to French soil. The cause of the change was mainly the immensely generous, and marvelously efficient, campaign of rescue for war-stricken and starving people by the American Relief Committee under the direction of Mr. Hoover.

In February of 1915 I left the war zone for a little while on a mission to Holland, to study the Dutch methods of dealing with their enormous problem caused by the invasion of Belgian refugees. Into one little village across the Scheldt two hundred thousand Belgians had come in panic-stricken flight from Antwerp, utterly destitute, and Holland was choked with these starving families. But their plight was not so bad at that time as that of the millions of French and Belgian inhabitants who had not escaped by quick flight from the advancing tide of war, but had been made civil prisoners behind the enemy lines. Their rescue was more difficult because of the needs of the German army which requisitioned the produce and the labor of the peasants and work-people, so that they were cut off from the means of life. The United States were quick to understand and to act, and in Mr. Hoover they had a man able to translate the generous emotion in the heart of a great people into practical action. I saw him in his offices at Rotterdam, dictating his orders to his staff of clerks, and organizing a scheme of relief which spread its life-giving influence over great tracts of Europe where war had passed. My conversation with him was brief, but long enough to let me see the masterful character, the irresistible energy, the cool, unemotional efficiency of this great business man whose brain and soul were in his job.

It was in the arena of war that I and many others saw the result of American generosity. After the battles of the Somme, when the Germans fell back in a wide retreat under the pressure of the British army, many ruined villages fell into our hands, and among the ruins many French civilians. To this day I remember the thrill I had when, in some of those bombarded places, I saw the signboards of the American Relief over wooden shanties where half-starved men and women came to get their weekly

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rations which had come across the sea and by some miracle, as it seemed to them, had arrived at their village close to the firing-lines. I went into those places, some of which had escaped from shell-fire, and picked up the tickets for flour and candles and the elementary necessities of life, and read the notices directing the people how to take their share of these supplies, and thanked God that somewhere in the world—away in the United States—the spirit of charity was strong to help the victims of the cruelty which was devastating Europe.

An immense gratitude for America was in the hearts of these French civilians. Whatever causes of irritation and annoyance may have spoiled the fine flower of the enthusiasm with which France greeted the American armies when they first landed on her coast, and the admiration of the American people for France herself, it is certain, I think, that in those villages which were engirdled by the barbed wire of the hostile armies, and to which the American supplies came in days of dire distress, there will be a lasting reverence for the name of America, which was the fairy godmother of so many women and children. Over and over again these women told me of their gratitude. "Without the American Relief," they said, "we should have starved to death." Others said, "The only thing that saved us was the weekly distribution of the American supplies." "There has been no kindness in our fate," said one of them, "except the bounty of America."

It is true that into Mr. Hoover's warehouses there flowed great stores of food from England, Canada, France, and other countries, who gave generously out of their own needs for the sake of those who were in greater need, but the largest part of the work was America's, and hers was the honor of its organization.

In the face of that noble effort, revealing the enormous pity of the United States for suffering people and a careless expenditure of that "Almighty Dollar" which now the American people poured into this abyss of European distress, it was impossible for France or England to accuse the United States of selfishness or of callousness because she still held back from any declaration of war against our enemies.

I honestly believe (though I shall not be believed in saying so) that the Americans who came over to Europe at this time, in the Red Cross or as volunteers, were more impatient at that delay of their country's purpose than public opinion in England. I met many American doctors, nurses, Red Cross volunteers, war correspondents, and business men during that long time of waiting, and I could see how strained was their patience, and how self-conscious and apologetic they were because their President used arguments instead of "direct action." One American friend of mine, with whom I often used to walk when streams of wounded Tommies were a bloody commentary on the everlasting theme of war, used to defend Wilson with a chivalrous devotion and wealth of argument. "Give him time," he used to say. "He is working slowly but surely to a definite conviction, and when he has made up his mind that there is no alternative, not all the devils of hell will budge him from his course of action. You English must be patient with him, and with all of us."

"But, my dear old man," I used to say, "we *are* patient. It is you who are impatient. There is no need of all that defensive argument. England realizes the difficulty of President Wilson and has a profound reverence for his ideals."

But my friend used to shake his head sadly. "You are always guying us," he said. "Even at the mess-table your young officers fling about the words 'too proud to fight!' It makes it very hard for an American among you."

That was true. Our young officers, and some of our old ones, liked to "pull the leg" of any American who sat at table with them. They made jocular remarks about President Wilson as a com-

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plete letter-writer. That unfortunate remark "too proud to fight" was too good to miss by young men with a careless sense of humor. It came in with devilish appropriateness on all sorts of occasions, as when a battery of ours fired off a consignment of American shells in which some failed to explode.

"They're too proud to fight, sir," said a subaltern, addressing the major, and there was a roar of laughter which hurt an American war correspondent in English uniform.

The English sense of humor remains of a school-boy character among any body of young men who delight in a little playful "ragging," and there is no doubt that some of us were not sufficiently aware how sensitive any American was at this time, and how a chance word spoken in jest would make his nerves jump.

I am sure, however, that the main body of English opinion was not impatient with America before she entered the war, but, on the contrary, understood the difficulty of obtaining a unanimous spirit over so vast a territory in order to have the whole nation behind the President. Indeed, we exaggerated the differences of opinion in the United States, and made a bogey of the alien population in the great "melting-pot." It seemed to many of us certain that if America declared war against Germany there would be civil riots and rebellions on a serious scale among German-Americans. That thought was always in our minds when we justified Wilson's philosophical reluctance to draw the sword; that, and a very general belief among English "intellectuals" that it would be well to have one great nation and democracy outside the arena of conflict, free from the war madness which had taken possession of Europe, to act as arbitrators if no decision could be obtained in the battlefields. It is safe to say now that, in spite of newspaper optimism, engineered by the propaganda departments, there were many competent observers in the army as well as in the country who were led to the belief, after the first eighteen months of strife, that the war would end in a deadlock and that its continuance would only lead to further years of mutual extermination. For that reason they looked to the American people, under the leadership of President Wilson, as the only neutral power which could intervene to save the civilization of Europe, not by military acts, but by a call back to sanity and conciliation.

It was not until the downfall of Russia and the approaching menace of an immense concentration of German divisions on the western front that France and England began to look across the Atlantic with anxious eyes for military aid. Our immense losses, and the complete elimination of Russia, gave the Germans a chance of striking us mortal blows before their own man-power was exhausted. The vast accession of power that would come to us if the United States mobilized their manhood and threw them into the scale was realized and coveted by our military leaders, but even after America's declaration of war the imagination of the rank-and-file in England and France was not profoundly stirred by a new hope of support. Vaguely we heard of the tremendous whirlwind efforts "over there" to raise and equip armies, but there was hardly a man I met who really believed in his soul that he would ever hear the tramp of American battalions up our old roads of war or see the Stars and Stripes fluttering over headquarters in France. Our men knew that at the quickest it would take a year to raise and train an American army, and in 1917 the thought of another year of war seemed fantastic, incredible, impossible. We believed—many of us—that before that year had passed the endurance of European armies and peoples would be at an end, and that in some way or other, by German defeat, or general exhaustion, peace would come. To American people that may seem like weakness of soul. In a way it was weakness, but justified by the superhuman strain which our men

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had endured so long. Week after week, month after month, year after year, they had gone into the fields of massacre, and strong battalions had come out with frightful losses, to be made up again by new drafts and to be reduced again after another spell in the trenches or a few hours "over the top." It is true they destroyed an equal number of Germans, but Germany seemed to have an inexhaustible supply of "gun-fodder." Only extreme optimists, and generally those who were most ignorant, prophesied an absolute smash of the enemy's defensive power. By the end of 1917, when the British alone had lost eight hundred thousand men in the fields of Flanders, the thought that another year still might pass before the end of the war seemed too horrible to entertain by men who were actually in the peril and misery of this conflict. Not even then did it seem likely that the Americans could be in before the finish. It was only when the startling menace of a new German offensive, in a last and mighty effort, threatened our weakened lines that England became impatient at last for American legions and sent out a call across the Atlantic, "Come quickly, or you will come too late!"

America was ready. In a year she had raised the greatest army in the world by a natural energy which was terrific in its concentration and enthusiasm. We knew that if she could get those men across the Atlantic, in spite of submarines, the Germans would be broken to bits, unless they could break us first by a series of rapid blows which would outpace the coming of the American troops. We did not believe that possible. Even when the enemy broke through the British lines in March of 1918, with one hundred and fourteen divisions to our forty-eight, we did not believe they would destroy our armies or force us to the coast. Facts showed that our belief was right, though it was a touch-and-go chance. We held our lines and England sent our her last reserves of youth—three hundred thousand of them—to fill up our gaps. The Germans were stopped at a dead halt, exhausted after the immensity of their effort and by prodigious losses. Behind our lines, and behind the French front, there came now a tide of "new boys." America was in France, and the doom of the German war machine was at hand.

It would be foolish of me to recapitulate the history of the American campaign. The people of the United States know what their men did in valor and in achievement, and Europe has not forgotten their heroism. Here I will rather describe as far as I may the impressions created in my own mind by the first sight of those American soldiers and by those I met on the battle-front.

The very first "bunch" of "Yanks" (as we called them) whom I met in the field were non-combatants who suddenly found themselves in a tight corner. They belonged to some sections of engineers who were working on light railways in the neighborhood of two villages called Gouzeaucourt and Fins, in the Cambrai district. On the morning of November 30, 1917, I went up very early with the idea of going through Gouzeaucourt to the front line, three miles ahead, which we had just organized after Byng's surprise victory of November 20th, when we broke through the Hindenburg lines with squadrons of tanks, and rounded up thousands of prisoners and many guns. As I went through Fins toward Gouzeaucourt I was aware of some kind of trouble. The men of some labor battalions were tramping back in a strange, disorganized way, and a number of field batteries were falling back.

"What's up?" I asked, and a young officer answered me.

"The Germans have made a surprise attack and broken through."

"Where are they?" I asked again, startled by this news.

He pointed up the road. "Just there. Inside Gouzeaucourt."

The situation was extremely unpleasant. The enemy had brought up some field-guns and was scattering his fire. It

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was in a field close by that I met the American engineers.

"I guess this is not in the contract," said one of them, grinning. "All the same, if I find any Britisher to lend me a rifle I'll get a knock at those fellers who spoiled my breakfast."

One man stooped for a petrol-tin, and put it on his head as a shell came howling over us.

"I guess this makes me look more like you other guys," he said, with a glance at our steel helmets.

One tall, loose-limbed, swarthy fellow, who looked like a Mexican, but came from Texas, as he told me, was spoiling for a fight, and with many strange oaths declared his intention of going into Gouzeaucourt with the first batch of English who would go that way with him. They were the Grenadier Guards who came up to the counter-attack, munching apples, as I remember, when they marched toward the enemy. Some of the American engineers joined them and with borrowed rifles helped to clear out the enemy's machine-gun nests and recapture the ruins of the village. I met some of them the following day again, and they told me it was a "darned good scrap." They were "darned" good men, hard, tough, humorous, and full of individual character.

The general type of young Americans was not, however, like these hard-grained men of middle-age who had led an adventurous life before they came to see what war was like in Europe. We watched them curiously as the first battalions came streaming along the old roads of France and Picardy, and we were conscious that they were different from all the men and all the races behind our battle-front. Physically they were splendid—those boys of the 27th and 77th Divisions whom we saw first of all. They were taller than any of our regiments, apart from the Guards, and they had a fine, easy swing of body as they came marching along. They were better dressed than our Tommies, whose rough khaki was rather shapeless. There was a dandy cut about this American uniform, and their cloth was of good quality, so that, arriving fresh, they looked wonderfully spruce and neat compared with our weather-worn, battle-battered lads who had been fighting through some hard and dreadful days. But those accidental differences did not matter. What was more interesting was the physiognomy and character of these young men who, by a strange chapter of history, had come across the wide Atlantic to prove the mettle of their race and the power of their nation in this world struggle. It came to me, and to many other Englishmen, as a revelation that there was an American type, distinctive, clearly marked off from our own, utterly different from the Canadians, Australians, and New Zealanders, as strongly racial as the French or Italians. In whatever uniform those men had been marching one would have known them as Americans. Looking down a marching column, we saw that it was something in the set of the eyes, in the char[illegible] the cheek-bones, and in the facial expression which made them distinctive. They had a look of independence and self-reliance, and it was as visible as the sun that these were men with a sort of national pride, and personal pride, conscious that behind them was a civilization and a power which would give them victory, though they in the vanguard might die. Those words express feebly and foolishly our first impression when the "Yanks" came marching up the roads of war, but that in a broad way was the truth of what we thought. I remember one officer of ours summed up these ideas as he stood on the edge of the road, watching one of those battalions passing with their transport.

"What we are seeing," he said, "is the greatest thing that has happened in history since the Norman Conquest. It is the arrival of America in Europe. Those boys are coming to fulfil the destiny of a people which for three hundred years has been preparing, building, growing, for the time when it will dominate the world.

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Those young soldiers will make many mistakes. They will be mown down in their first attacks. They will throw away their lives recklessly because of their freshness and ignorance. But behind them are endless waves of other men of their own breed and type. Germany will be destroyed because her man-power is already exhausted, and she cannot resist the weight which America will now throw against her. But by this victory, which will leave all the old Allies weakened and spent and licking their wounds, America will be the greatest power in the world, and will hold the destiny of mankind in her grasp. Those boys slogging through the dust are like the Roman legionaries. With them marches the fate of the world, of which they are masters.

"A good thing, or a bad?" I asked my friend.

He made a circle in the dust with his trench-stick, and stared into the center of it.

"Who can tell?" he said, presently. "Was it good or bad that the Romans conquered Europe, or that afterward they fell before the barbarians? Was it good or bad that William and his Normans conquered England? . . . There is no good or bad in history; there is only change, building up, and disintegrating, new cycles of energy, decay and re-birth. After this war, which those lads will help to win, the power will pass to the West, and Europe will fall into the second class."

Those were high views. Thinking less in prophecy, getting into touch with the actual men, I was struck by the exceptionally high level of individual intelligence among the rank and file, and by the general gravity among them. The American private soldier seemed to me less repressed by discipline than our men. He had more original points of view, expressed himself with more independence of thought, and had a greater sense of his own personal value and dignity. He was immensely ignorant of European life and conditions, and our Tommies were superior to him in that respect. Nor had he their easy way of comradeship with French and Flemish peasants, their whimsical philosophy of life which enabled them to make a joke in the foulest places and conditions. They were harder, less sympathetic; in a way, I think, less imaginative and spiritual than English or French. They had no tolerance with foreign habits or people. After their first look round they had very little use for France or the French. The language difficulty balked them at the outset and they did not trouble much to cope with it, though I remember some of the boys sitting under the walls of French villages with small children who read out words in conversation-books and taught them to pronounce. They had a fierce theoretical hatred of the Germans, who, they believed, were bad men, in the real old-fashioned style of devil incarnate, so that it was up to every American soldier to kill Germans in large numbers. It was noticeable that after the armistice, when the American troops were billeted among German civilians, that hatred wore off very quickly, as it did with the English Tommies, human nature being stronger than war passion. Before they had been in the fighting-line a week these "new boys" had no illusions left about the romance or the adventure of modern war. They hated shell-fire as all soldiers hate it; they loathed the filth of the trenches, and—they were very homesick.

I remember one private soldier who had fought in the Spanish-American War and in the Philippines—an old "tough."

"Three weeks of this war," he said, "is equal to three years of all others."

But he and "the pups," as he called his younger comrades, were going to see it through, and they were animated by the same ideals with which the French and British had gone into the war.

"This is a fight for civilization," said one man, and another said, "There'll be no liberty in the world if the Germans win."

It is natural that many of the boys

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were full of "buck" before they saw the real thing, and were rather scornful of the British and French troops, who had been such a long time "doing nothing," as they said.

"You've been kidding yourselves that you know how to fight," said one of them to an English Tommy. "We've come to show you!"

That was boys' talk, like our "ragging," and was not meant seriously. On the contrary, the companies of the 27th Division who went into action with the Australians at Hamel near Amiens—the first time that American troops were in action in France—were filled with admiration for the stolid way in which those veterans played cards in their dugouts before going over the top at dawn. The American boys were tense and strained, knowing that in a few hours they would be facing death. But when the time came they went away like greyhounds, and were reckless of fire.

"They'll go far when they've learned a bit," said the Australians.

They had to learn the usual lessons in the same old way—by mistakes, by tragedy, by lack of care. They overcrowded their forward trenches so that they suffered more heavily than they should have done under enemy shell-fire. They advanced in the open against machine-gun nests and were mown down. They went ahead too fast without "mopping up" the ground behind them, and on the day they helped to break the Hindenburg line they did not clear out the German dugouts, and the Germans came out with their machine-guns and started fighting in the rear, so that when the Australians came up in support they had to capture the ground again, and lost many men before they could get in touch with the Americans ahead. For some time the American transport system broke down, so that the fighting troops did not always obtain their supplies on the field of battle, and there were other errors, inevitable in an army starting a great campaign with inexperienced staff-officers. What never failed was the gallantry of the troops, which reached heights of desperate valor in the forest of the Argonne.

The officers were tremendously in earnest. What struck us most was their gravity. Our officers took their responsibility lightly, laughed and joked more readily, and had a boyish, whimsical sense of humor. It seemed to us, perhaps quite wrongly, that the American officers were not, on the whole, of a merry disposition. They were frank and hearty, but as they walked about their billeting area behind the lines, some of them looked rather solemn and grim, and our young men were nervous of them. I think that was simply a matter of facial expression *plus* a pair of spectacles, for on closer acquaintance one found, invariably, that an American officer was a human soul, utterly devoid of swank, simple, straight, and delightfully courteous. Their modesty was at times almost painful. They were over-anxious to avoid hurting the feelings of French or British by any appearance of self-conceit. "We don't know a darned thing about this war," said many of them, so that the phrase became familiar to us. "We have come here to learn."

Well, they learned pretty quickly and there were some things they did not need teaching—courage, endurance, pride of manhood, pride of race. They were not going to let down the Stars and Stripes though all hell was against them. They won a new glory for the star-spangled banner, and it was the weight they threw in and the valor that went with it which, with the French and British armies attacking all together under the directing genius of Foch, helped to break the German war machine and to achieve decisive and supreme victory.

It would have been better, I think, for America and for all of us, especially for France, if quickly after victory the American troops had gone back again. That was impossible because of holding the Rhine, and enforcing the terms of peace. But during the long time that great bodies of American troops re-

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mained in France after the day of armistice, there was occasion for the bigness of ideals and achievements to be whittled down by the little nagging annoyances of a rather purposeless existence. Boredom, immense and long-enduring, took possession of the American army in France. The boys wanted to go home, now that the job was done. They wanted the victory march down Fifth Avenue, not the lounging life in little French villages, nor even the hectic gaieties of leave in Paris. Old French châteaux used as temporary headquarters suffered from successive waves of occupation by officers who proceeded to modernize their surroundings by plugging old panels for electric light, and fixing up telephone wires through painted ceilings, to the horror of the concierges and the scandal of the neighborhood. In the restaurants and hotels and cinema halls the Americans trooped in, took possession of all the tables, shouted at the waiters who did not seem to know their jobs, and expressed strong views in loud voices (understood by French civilians who had learned English in the war) about the miserable quality of French food and the darned arrogance of French officers. It was all natural and inevitable — but unfortunate. The French were too quick to forget after armistice that they owed a good deal to American troops for the complete defeat of Germany. The Americans were not quite careful in remembering the susceptibilities of a sensitive people. So there were disillusion and irritation on both sides, in a broad and general way, allowing for many individual friendships between French and Americans, many charming memories which will remain on both sides of the Atlantic when the war is old in history.

Americans who overcame the language difficulty by learning enough to exchange views with the French inhabitants—and there were many—were able to overlook the minor, petty things which divided the two races, and were charmed with the intelligence, spirit, and humor of the French bourgeoisie and educated classes. They got the best out of France, and were enchanted with French cathedrals, medieval towns, picture-galleries, and life. Paris caught hold of them, as it takes hold of all men and women who know something of its history and learn to know and love its people. Thousands of American officers came to know Paris intimately, from Montmartre to Montparnasse, became familiar and welcome friends in little restaurants tucked away in the side-streets, where they exchanged badinage with the proprietor and the waitresses, and felt the spirit of Paris creep into their bones and souls. Along the Grands Boulevards these young men from America watched the pageant of life pass by as they sat outside the cafés, studying the little high-heeled ladies who passed by with a side-glance at these young men, marveling at the strange medley of uniforms, as French, English, Australian, New Zealand, Canadian, Italian, Portuguese, and African soldiers went by, realizing the meaning of "Europe" with all its races and rivalries and national traditions, and getting to know the inside of European politics by conversations with men who spoke with expert knowledge about this conglomeration of peoples. Those young men who are now back in the United States have already made a difference to their country's intellectual outlook. They have taught America to look out upon the world with wider vision and to abandon the old isolation of American thought which was apt to ignore the rest of the human family and remain self-contained and aloof from a world policy.

During the months that followed the armistice many Americans of high intellectual standing came to Europe, attracted by the great drama and business of the Peace Conference, and to prepare the way for the reconstruction of civilization after the years of conflict. They were statesmen, bankers, lawyers, writers, and financiers. I met some of them in Paris, Rome, Vienna, London, and

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other cities of Europe. They were the onlookers and the critics of the new conflict that had followed the old, the conflict of ideas, policy, and passion which raged outside the quiet chamber at Versailles where President Wilson, Lloyd George, Clemenceau, and a few less important mortals, were re-drawing the frontiers of Europe, Asia, and other parts of the globe. From the first, many of these men were frank in private conversation about the hostility that was growing up in the United States against President Wilson, and the distrust of the American people in a league of nations which might involve the United States in European entanglements alien to her interests and without the consent of her people. At the same time, and at that time when there still seemed to be a chance of arriving at a new compact between nations which would eliminate the necessity of world-wide war, and of washing out the blood stains of strife by new springs of human tolerance and international common-sense, these American visitors did not throw down the general scheme for a league of nations, and looked to the Peace Conference to put forward a treaty which might at least embody the general aspirations of stricken peoples.

Gradually these onlookers sickened with disgust. They sickened at the interminable delays in the work of the Conference, and the imperialistic ambitions of the Allied Powers, and the greedy rivalries of the little nations, at all the falsity of lip-service to high principles while hatred, vengeance, injustice, and sordid interests, were in the spirit of that document which might have been the new Charter of Rights for the peoples of the world. They saw that Clemenceau's vision of peace was limited to the immediate degradation and ruin of the Central Powers, and that he did not care for safeguarding the future or for giving liberty and justice and a chance of economic life to democracies liberated from military serfdom. They saw that Lloyd George was shifting his ground continually as pressure was brought to bear on him now from one side of the Cabinet and now from the other, so that his policy was a strange compound of extreme imperialism and democratic idealism, with the imperialist ambition winning most of the time. They saw that Wilson was being hoodwinked by the subtlety of diplomatists and paid homage to his ideals, and made a prologue of his principles to a drama of injustice. Our American visitors were perplexed and distressed. They had desired to be heart and soul with the Allies in the settlement of peace. They still cherished the ideals which had uplifted them in the early days of the war. They were resolved that the United States should not play a selfish part in the settlement or profit by the distress of nations who had been hard hit. But gradually they became disillusioned with the statecraft of Europe, and disappointed with the low level of intelligence and morality reflected in the newspaper press of Europe, which still wrote in the old strain of "propaganda" when insincerity and manufactured falsehood took the place of truth. They hardened visibly, I think, against the view that the United States should be pledged by Wilson to the political and economic schemes of the big powers in Europe, which, far from healing the wounds of the world, kept them raw and bleeding, while arranging, not deliberately, but very certainly, for future strife into which America would be dragged against her will. England and France failed to see the American point of view, which seems to me reasonable and sound.

The generous way in which the United States came to the rescue of starving peoples in the early days of the war was not deserted by them when the armistice and the peace that followed revealed the frightful distress in Poland, Hungary, and Austria. While the doom of these people was being pronounced by statesmen not naturally cruel, but nevertheless sentencing great populations to starvation, and while the blockade was still

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in force, American representatives of a higher law than that of vengeance went into these ruined countries and organized relief on a great scale for suffering childhood and despairing womanhood. I saw the work of the American Relief Committee in Vienna and remember it as one of the noblest achievements I have seen. All ancient enmity, all demands for punishment or reparation, went down before the agony of Austria. Vienna, a city of two and a half million souls, once the capital of a great empire, for centuries a rendezvous of gaiety and genius, the greatest school of medicine in the world, the birthplace and home of great musicians, and the dwelling-place of a happy, careless, and luxurious people, was now delivered over to beggary and lingering death. With all its provinces amputated so that it was cut off from its old natural resources of food and raw material, it had no means of livelihood and no hope. Austrian paper money had fallen away to mere trash. The krone tumbled down to the value of a cent, and it needed many kronen to buy any article of life—two thousand for a suit of clothes, eight hundred for a pair of boots, twenty-five for the smallest piece of meat in any restaurant. Middle-class people lived almost exclusively on cabbage soup, with now and then potatoes.

A young doctor I met had a salary of sixty kronen a week. When I asked him how he lived, he said: "I don't. This is not life." The situation goes into a nutshell when I say—as an actual fact—that the combined salaries of the Austrian Cabinet amounted, according to the rate of exchange, to the wages of three old women who look after the lavatories in Lucerne. Many people, once rich, lived on bundles of paper money which they flung away as leaves are scattered from autumn trees. They were the lucky ones, though ruin stared them in the eyes. By smuggling, which became an open and acknowledged system, they could afford to pay the ever-mounting prices of the peasants for at least enough food to keep themselves alive. But the working-classes, who did not work because factories were closed for lack of coal and raw material, just starved, keeping the flame of life a-flicker by a thin and miserable diet, until the weakest died; 83 per cent. of the children had ricketts in an advanced stage. Children of three and four had never sat up or walked. Thousands of children were just living skeletons, with gaunt cheek-bones and bloodless lips. They padded after one in the street, like little old monkeys, holding out their claws for alms.

The American Relief Committee got to work in the early months of 1919. They brought truck-loads of food to Vienna, established distributing centers and feeding centers in old Viennese palaces, and when I was there in the early autumn they were giving two hundred thousand children a meal a day. I went round these places with a young American naval officer—Lieutenant Stockton—one of the leading organizers of relief, and I remember him as one of the best types of manhood I have ever met up and down the roads of life. His soul was in his job, but there was nothing sloppy about his sentiment or his system. He was a master of organization and details and had established the machinery of relief, with Austrian ladies doing the drudgery with splendid devotion (as he told me, and as I saw), so that it was in perfect working order. As a picture of childhood receiving rescue from the agony of hunger, I remember nothing so moving nor so tragic as one of those scenes when I saw a thousand children sitting down to the meal that came from America. Here before them in that bowl of soup was life and warmth. In their eyes there was the light of ecstasy, the spiritual gratitude of children for the joy that had come after pain. For a little while they had been reprieved from the hunger-death.

American agents of the Y. M. C. A., nurses, members of American missions and philanthropic societies, penetrated

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Europe in far and strange places. I met a crowd of them on the "Entente train" from Vienna to Paris, and in various Italian towns. They were all people with shrewd, observant eyes, a quiet sense of humor, and a repugnance to be "fudged off" from actual facts by any humbug of theorists. They studied the economic conditions of the countries through which they traveled, studied poverty by personal visits to slum-areas and working-class homes, and did not put on colored spectacles to stare at the life in which they found themselves. The American girls were as frank and courageous as the men in their facing of naked truth, and they had no false prudery, or sentimental shrinking from the spectacle of pain and misery. Their greatest drawback was an ignorance of foreign languages, which prevented many of them from getting more than superficial views of national psychology, and I think many of them suffered from the defect of admirable qualities by a humorous contempt of foreign habits and ideas. That did not make them popular with people whom they were not directly helping. Their hearty laughter, their bunching together in groups in which conversation was apt to become noisy, and their cheerful disregard of conventionality in places where Europeans were on their "best behavior" had an irritating effect at times upon foreign observers, who said: "Those Americans have not learned good manners. They are the new barbarians in Europe." English people, traveling as tourists before the war, were accused of the same lack of respect and courtesy, and were unpopular for the same reason.

Toward the end of 1919 and in the beginning of 1920, I came into touch with a number of Americans who came to Europe on business enterprises or to visit the battlefields. In private conversation they did not disguise their sense of distress that there were strained relations between the public opinion of England and America. Several of them asked me if it were true that England was as hostile to America as the newspapers tried to make out. By way of answer I asked them whether America were as hostile to us as the newspapers asked us to believe. They admitted at once that this was a just and illuminating reply, because the intelligent section of American society—people of decent education and good will—was far from being hostile to England, but, on the contrary, believed firmly that the safety and happiness of the world depended a good deal upon Anglo-American friendship. It was true that the average citizen of the United States, even if he were uninfluenced by Irish-American propaganda, believed that England was treating Ireland stupidly and unjustly—to which I answered that the majority of English people agreed with that view, though realizing the difficulty of satisfying Ireland by any measure short of absolute independence and separation.

It was also true, they told me, that there was a general suspicion in the United States that England had made a big grab in the peace terms for imperial aggrandizement, masked under the high-sounding name of "mandate" for the protection of African and Oriental States. My reply to that, not as a political argument, but as simple sincerity, was the necessity of some control of such States, if the power of the Turk were to be abolished from his old strongholds, and a claim for the British tradition as an administrator of native races; but I added another statement which my American friends found it hard to believe, though it is the absolute truth, as nine Englishmen out of ten will affirm. So far from desiring an extension of our Empire, the vast and overwhelming majority of British people, not only in England, but in our dominions beyond the seas, is aghast at the new responsibilities which we have undertaken, and would relinquish many of them, especially in Asia, with a sense of profound relief. We have been saddled with new and perilous burdens by the ambition of certain statesmen who have earned the

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bitter animosity of the great body of the British people, entirely out of sympathy with the imperialistic ideals.

I have not encountered a single American in Europe who has not expressed, with what I believe is absolute sincerity, a friendly and affectionate regard for England, whose people and whose ways of life they like, and whose language, literature, and ideals belong to our united civilization. They have not found in England any of that hostility which they were told to expect, apart from a few blackguardly articles in low-class journals. On the contrary, they have found a friendly folk, grateful for their help in the war, full of admiration for American methods, and welcoming them to our little old island.

They have gone back to the United States with the conviction, which I share with all my soul, that commercial rivalry, political differences, and minor irritations, inevitable between two progressive peoples of strong character, must never be allowed to divide our two nations, who fundamentally belong to the same type of civilization and to the same code of principles. Most of the so-called hostility between us is the mere froth of foul-mouthed men, on both sides, and the rest of it is due to the ignorance of the masses. We must get to know each other, as the Americans in Europe have learned to know us and to like us, and as all of us who have crossed the Atlantic the other way about have learned to know and like the American people. For the sake of the future of the world and all the hopes of humanity we must get to the heart of each other, and establish a lasting and unbreakable friendship. It is only folly that will prevent us.

A VILLAGE PORTRAIT

BY MARGARET STEEL HARD

THEY said he was a scoffer, had no faith—
His neighbors on the mountain-village street—
And added that he found his drink and meat
In argument; of course he shunned the church.
His passion was to urge some old-time score,
Do battle for each lost Whig cause. He swore
And held one by the coat to gain a point.
When fired by talk he sang the "Marseillaise,"
His broken voice pitched high to catch the sway
And tumult that it stirred within his blood.
And then without a word, perhaps, he slipped away,
At eighty, on the mountain-side, to stray
And fish the streams or hunt with his old hound.
When suddenly it came his time to die
He spoke without a quaver. His keen eye
With piercing glance searched every face near his;
And then he called his youngest son apart,
The son who was the kernel of his heart—
The hidden sweet of all his bitter years—
"I'm going across the river by and by.
When you come too, lad, bring your rod and fly."
They said he was a scoffer; had no faith.

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NEW NONSENSE NOVELS

WINSOME WINNIE, OR TRIAL AND TEMPTATION

(Narrated After the Best Models of 1875)

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

All America has laughed with Stephen Leacock over his burlesques of various schools of fiction. In his "Nonsense Novels," as he calls them, the droll genius of the Canadian humorist finds its fullest and most delightful expression.

"Winsome Winnie" is the first of a new series of these delicious travesties. Others will appear in these pages during the summer months.

I

THROWN ON THE WORLD

"MISS WINNIFRED," said the old lawyer, looking keenly over and through his shaggy eyebrows at the fair young creature seated before him, "you are this morning twenty-one."

Winnifred Clair raised her deep mourning-veil, lowered her eyes, and folded her hands.

"This morning," continued Mr. Bonehead, "my guardianship is at an end."

There was a tone of something like emotion in the voice of the stern old lawyer, while for a moment his eye glistened with something like a tear which he hastened to remove with something like a handkerchief. "I have therefore sent for you," he went on, "to render you an account of my trust."

He heaved a sigh at her, and then, reaching out his hand, he pulled the woolen bell-rope up and down several times. An aged clerk appeared.

"Did the bell ring?" he asked.

"I think it did," said the lawyer. "Be good enough, Atkinson, to fetch me the papers of the estate of the late Major Clair defunct."

"I have them here," said the clerk, and he laid upon the table a bundle of faded blue papers, and withdrew.

"Miss Winnifred," resumed the old lawyer, "I will now proceed to give you an account of the disposition that has been made of your property. This first document refers to the sum of two thousand pounds left to you by your great-uncle. It is lost."

Winnifred bowed.

"Pray give me your best attention and I will endeavor to explain to you how I lost it."

"Oh, sir!" cried Winnifred, "I am only a poor girl unskilled in the ways of the world, and, knowing nothing but music and French, I fear that the details of business are beyond my grasp. But if it is lost, I gather that it is gone."

"It is," said Mr. Bonehead. "I lost it in a marginal option in an undeveloped oil company. I suppose that means nothing to you."

"Alas," sighed Winnifred, "nothing."

"Very good," resumed the lawyer. "Here next we have a statement in regard to the thousand pounds left you under the will of your maternal grandmother. I lost it at Monte Carlo. But I need not fatigue you with details."

"Pray spare them," cried the girl.

"This final item relates to the sum of fifteen hundred pounds placed in trust for you by your uncle. I lost it on a horse-race. That horse," added the old lawyer, with rising excitement, "ought to have

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won. He was coming down the stretch like blue— But there, there, my dear, you must forgive me if the recollection of it still stirs me to anger. Suffice it to say the horse fell. I have kept for your inspection the score-card of the race, and the betting tickets. You will find everything in order."

"Sir," said Winnifred, as Mr. Bonehead proceeded to fold up his papers, "I am but a poor, inadequate girl, a mere child in business, but tell me, I pray, what is left to me of the money that you have managed?"

"Nothing," said the lawyer. "Everything is gone. And I regret to say, Miss Clair, that it is my painful duty to convey to you a further disclosure of a distressing nature. It concerns your birth."

"Just Heaven!" cried Winnifred, with a woman's quick intuition. "Does it concern my father?"

"It does, Miss Clair. Your father was not your father."

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed Winnifred. "My poor mother! How she must have suffered!"

"Your mother was not your mother," said the old lawyer, gravely. "Nay, nay, do not question me. There is a dark secret about your birth."

"Alas," said Winnifred, wringing her hands, "I am, then, alone in the world and penniless."

"You are," said Mr. Bonehead, deeply moved. "You are, unfortunately, thrown upon the world. But if you ever find yourself in a position where you need help and advice, do not scruple to come to me. Especially," he added, "for advice. And meantime let me ask you in what way do you propose to earn your livelihood?"

"I have my needle," said Winnifred.

"Let me see it," said the lawyer.

Winnifred showed it to him.

"I fear," said Mr. Bonehead, shaking his head, "you will not do much with that."

Then he rang the bell again.

"Atkinson," he said, "take Miss Clair out and throw her on the world."

II

A RENCOUNTER

AS Winnifred Clair passed down the stairway leading from the lawyer's office, a figure appeared before her in the corridor blocking the way. It was that of a tall, aristocratic-looking man whose features wore that peculiarly saturnine appearance seen only in the English nobility. The face, while entirely gentlemanly in its general aspect, was stamped with all the worst passions of mankind.

Had the innocent girl but known it, the face was that of Lord Wynchgate, one of the most contemptible of the greater nobility of Britain, and the figure was his, too.

"Ha!" exclaimed the dissolute aristocrat, "whom have we here? Stay, pretty one, and let me see the fair countenance that I divine behind your veil."

"Sir," said Winnifred, drawing herself up proudly, "let me pass, I pray."

"Not so," cried Wynchgate, reaching out and seizing his intended victim by the wrist, "not till I have at least seen the color of those eyes and imprinted a kiss upon those fair lips."

With a brutal laugh, he drew the struggling girl toward him.

In another moment the aristocratic villain would have succeeded in lifting the veil of the unhappy girl, when suddenly a ringing voice cried:

"Hold! Stop! Desist! Begone! Lay to! Cut it out!"

With these words a tall, athletic young man, attracted, doubtless, by the girl's cries, leaped into the corridor from the street without. His figure was that, more or less, of a Greek god, while his face, although at the moment inflamed with anger, was an entirely moral and permissible configuration.

"Save me! Save me!" cried Winnifred.

"I will," cried the stranger, rushing toward Lord Wynchgate with uplifted cane.

But the cowardly aristocrat did not await the onslaught of the unknown.

"You shall yet be mine!" he hissed in Winnifred's ear, and, releasing his grasp,

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he rushed with a bound past the rescuer into the street.

"Oh, sir!" said Winnifred, clasping her hands and falling on her knees in gratitude, "I am only a poor, inadequate girl, but if the prayers of one who can offer naught but her prayers to her benefactor can avail to the advantage of one who appears to have every conceivable advantage already, let him know that they are his."

"Nay," said the stranger, as he aided the blushing girl to rise, "kneel not to me, I beseech. If I have done aught to deserve the gratitude of one who, whoever she is, will remain forever present as a bright memory in the breast of one in whose breast such memories are all too few, he is all too richly repaid. If she does that, he is blessed indeed."

"She does! He is!" cried Winnifred, deeply moved. "Here on her knees she blesses him. And now," she added, "we must part. Seek not to follow me. One who has aided a poor girl in the hour of need will respect her wish when she tells him that, alone and buffeted by the world, her one prayer is that he will leave her."

"He will!" cried the unknown. "He will. He does."

"Leave me, yes, leave me!" exclaimed Winnifred.

"I will," said the unknown.

"Do, do!" sobbed the distraught girl. "Yet stay! One moment more. Let her, who has received so much from her benefactor at least know his name."

"He cannot! He must not!" exclaimed the indistinguishable. "His birth is such— But enough!"

He tore his hand from the girl's detaining clasp and rushed forth from the place.

Winnifred Clair was alone.

III

FRIENDS IN DISTRESS

WINNIFRED was now in the humblest lodgings in the humblest part of London. A simple bedroom and sitting-room sufficed for her wants. Here she sat on her trunk, bravely planning for the future.

"Miss Clair," said the landlady, knocking at the door, "do try to eat something. You must keep up your health. See, I've brought you a kippered herring."

Winnifred ate the herring, her heart filled with gratitude. With renewed strength she sallied forth on the street to resume her vain search for employment. For two weeks now Winnifred Clair had sought employment even of the humblest character. At various dressmaking establishments she had offered, to no purpose, the services of her needle. They had looked at it and refused it.

In vain she had offered to various editors and publishers the use of her pen. They had examined it coldly and refused it.

She had tried fruitlessly to obtain a position of trust. The various banks and trust companies to which she had applied declined her services. In vain she had advertised in the newspapers offering to take sole charge of a little girl. No one would give her one.

Her slender stock of money which she had in her purse on leaving Mr. Bonehead's office was almost consumed.

Each night the unhappy girl returned to her lodging exhausted with disappointment and fatigue.

Yet even in her adversity she was not altogether friendless.

Each evening on her return home a soft tap was heard at the door.

"Miss Clair," said the voice of the landlady, "I have brought you a fried egg. Eat it. You must keep up your strength."

Then one morning a terrible temptation had risen before her.

"Miss Clair," said the manager of an agency to which she had applied, "I am glad to be able at last to make you a definite offer of employment. Are you prepared to go upon the stage?"

The stage!

A flush of shame and indignation

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swept over the girl. Had it come to this? Little versed in the world as Winnifred was, she knew but too well the horror, the iniquity, the depth of degradation implied in the word.

"Yes," continued the agent, "I have a letter here asking me to recommend a young lady of suitable refinement to play the part of Eliza in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' Will you accept?"

"Sir," said Winnifred, proudly, "answer me first this question fairly. If I go upon the stage, can I, as Eliza, remain as innocent, as simple as I am now?"

"You cannot," said the manager.

"Then, sir," said Winnifred, rising from her chair, "let me say this. Your offer is doubtless intended to be kind. Coming from the class you do and inspired by the ideas you have, you no doubt mean well. But let a poor girl, friendless and alone, tell you that rather than accept such a degradation she will die."

"Very good," said the manager.

"I go forth," cried Winnifred, "to perish."

"All right," said the manager.

The door closed behind her. Winnifred Clair, once more upon the street, sank down upon the steps of the building in a swoon.

But at this very juncture Providence, which always watches over the innocent and the defenseless, was keeping its eye direct upon Winnifred.

At the very moment when our heroine sank fainting upon the door-step a handsome equipage drawn by two superb black steeds happened to pass along the street.

Its appearance and character proclaimed it at once to be one of those vehicles in which only the superior classes of the exclusive aristocracy are privileged to ride. Its sides were emblazoned with escutcheons, insignia, and other paraphernalia. The large gilt coronet that appeared upon its paneling surmounted by a bunch of huckleberries, quartered in a field of potatoes, indicated that its possessor was, at least, of the rank of marquis. A coachman and two grooms rode in front, while two footmen seated in the boot, or box at the rear, contrived, by the immobility of their attitude and the melancholy of their faces, to inspire the scene with an exclusive and aristocratic grandeur.

The occupants of the equipage—for we refuse to count the menials as being such—were two in number, a lady and gentleman, both of advancing years. Their snow-white hair and benign countenances indicated that they belonged to that rare class of beings to whom rank and wealth are but an incentive to nobler things. A gentle philanthropy played all over their faces, and their eyes sought eagerly in the passing scene of the humble street for new objects of benefaction.

Those acquainted with the countenances of the aristocracy would have recognized at once in the occupants of the equipage the Marquis of Muddlenut and his spouse, the marchioness.

It was the eye of the marchioness which first detected the form of Winnifred Clair upon the door-step.

"Hold! Pause! Stop!" she cried, in lively agitation.

The horses were at once pulled in, the brakes applied to the wheels, and with the aid of a powerful lever, operated by three of the menials, the carriage was brought to a standstill.

"See! Look!" cried the marchioness. "She has fainted. Quick, William, your flask. Let us hasten to her aid."

In another moment the noble lady was bending over the prostrate form of Winnifred Clair and pouring brandy between her lips.

Winnifred opened her eyes. "Where am I?" she asked, feebly.

"She speaks!" cried the marchioness. "Give her another flaskful."

After the second flask the girl sat up.

"Tell me," she cried, clasping her hands, "what has happened? Where am I?"

"With friends," answered the marchioness. "But do not essay to speak.

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Drink this. You must husband your strength. Meantime, let us drive you to your home."

Winnifred was lifted tenderly by the men-servants into the aristocratic equipage. The brake was unset, the lever reversed, and the carriage thrown again into motion.

On the way Winnifred, at the solicitation of the marchioness, related her story.

"My poor child!" exclaimed the lady; "how you must have suffered. Thank Heaven it is over now. To-morrow we shall call for you and bring you away with us to Muddlenut Chase."

Alas! could she but have known it, before the morrow should dawn, worse dangers still were in store for our heroine. But what these dangers were we must reserve for another chapter.

IV

A GAMBLING PARTY IN ST. JAMES'S CLOSE

WE must now ask our readers to shift the scene—if they don't mind doing this for us—to the apartments of the Earl of Wynchgate in St. James's Close. The hour is nine o'clock in the evening, and the picture before us is one of revelry and dissipation so characteristic of the nobility of England. The atmosphere of the room is thick with blue Havana smoke such as is used by the nobility, while on the green baize table a litter of counters and cards in which aces, kings, and even two-spots are heaped in confusion proclaim the reckless nature of the play.

Seated about the table are six men dressed in the height of fashion, each with collar and white necktie and broad, white shirt, their faces stamped with all, or nearly all, of the baser passions of mankind. Lord Wynchgate—for he it was who sat at the head of the table—rose with an oath, and flung his cards upon the table.

All turned and looked at him, with an oath. "Curse it! Dogwood," he exclaimed, with another oath, to the man who sat beside him. "Take the money. I play no more to-night. My luck is out."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Lord Dogwood, with a third oath. "Your mind is not on the cards. Who is the latest young beauty, pray, who so absorbs you? I hear a whisper in town of a certain misadventure of yours—"

"Dogwood," said Wynchgate, clenching his fist, "have a care, man, or you shall measure the length of my sword."

Both noblemen faced each other, their hands upon their swords.

"My lords, my lords!" pleaded a distinguished-looking man of more advanced years, who sat at one side of the table and in whose features the habitués of diplomatic circles would have recognized the handsome lineaments of the Marquis of Frogwater, British ambassador to Siam. "Let us have no quarreling. Come, Wynchgate; come, Dogwood," he continued, with a mild oath, "put up your swords. It were a shame to waste them in private quarreling. They may be needed all too soon in Cochin-China, or, for the matter of that," he added, sadly, "in Cambodia or in Dutch Guiana."

"Frogwater," said young Lord Dogwood, with a generous flush, "I was wrong. Wynchgate, your hand."

The two noblemen shook hands.

"My friends," said Lord Wynchgate, "in asking you to abandon our game, I had an end in view. I ask your help in an affair of the heart."

"Ha! excellent!" exclaimed the five noblemen. "We are with you heart and soul."

"I propose this night," continued Wynchgate, "with your help to carry off a young girl, a female."

"An abduction!" exclaimed the ambassador, somewhat sternly. "Wynchgate, I cannot countenance this."

"Mistake me not," said the earl. "I intend to abduce her. But I propose nothing dishonorable. It is my firm resolve to offer her marriage."

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"Then," said Lord Frogwater, "I am with you."

"Gentlemen," concluded Wynchgate, "all is ready. A coach is below. I have provided masks, pistols, and black cloaks. Follow me."

A few moments later a coach, with the blinds drawn, in which were six noblemen armed to the teeth, might have been seen, were it not for the darkness, approaching the humble lodging in which Winnifred Clair was sheltered.

But what it did when it got there we must leave to another chapter.

V

THE ABDUCTION

THE hour was twenty minutes to ten on the evening described in our last chapter.

Winnifred Clair was seated, still fully dressed, at the window of the bedroom looking out over the great city.

A light tap came at the door.

"If it's a fried egg," called Winnifred, softly, "I do not need it. I ate yesterday."

"No," said the voice of the landlady. "You are wanted below."

"I!" exclaimed Winnifred. "Below?"

"You," said the landlady, "below. A party of gentlemen have called for you."

"Gentlemen!" exclaimed Winnifred, putting her hand to her brow in perplexity. "For me? at this late hour! Here? This evening? In this house?"

"Yes," repeated the landlady, "six gentlemen. They arrived in a closed coach. They are all closely masked and heavily armed. They beg you will descend at once."

"Just Heaven!" cried the unhappy girl. Is it possible that they mean to abduce me?"

"They do," said the landlady. "They said so!"

"Alas!" cried Winnifred, "I am powerless. Tell them"—she hesitated—"tell them I will be down immediately. Let them not come up. Keep them below on any pretext. Show them an album. Let them look at the goldfish. Anything, but not here! I shall be ready in a moment."

Feverishly she made herself ready. As hastily as possible she removed all traces of tears from her face. She threw about her shoulders an opera cloak, and with a light Venetian scarf half concealed the beauty of her hair and features. "Abduced!" she murmured, "and by six of them! I think she said six. Oh! the horror of it!" A touch of powder to her cheeks and a slight blackening of her eyebrows, and the courageous girl was ready.

Lord Wynchgate and his companions —for they it was; that is to say, they were it—sat below in the sitting-room looking at the albums.

"Woman," said Lord Wynchgate to the landlady, with an oath, "let her hurry up. We have seen enough of these. We can wait no longer."

"I am here," cried a clear voice upon the threshold, and Winnifred stood before them. "My lords—for I divine who you are and wherefore you have come—take me, do your worst with me, but spare, oh spare, this humble companion of my sorrow!"

"Right-oh!" said Lord Dogwood, with a brutal laugh.

"Enough!" exclaimed Wynchgate, and, seizing Winnifred by the wrist, he dragged her forth of the house and out upon the street.

But something in the brutal violence of his behavior seemed to kindle for the moment a spark of manly feeling, if such there were, in the breasts of his companions.

"Wynchgate," cried young Lord Dogwood, "my mind misgives me. I doubt if this is a gentlemanly thing to do. I'll have no further hand in it."

A chorus of approval from his companions indorsed his utterance. For a moment they hesitated.

"Nay," cried Winnifred, turning to confront the masked faces that stood

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about her. "Go forward with your fell design. I am here. I am helpless. Let no prayers stay your hand. Go to it."

"Have done with this!" cried Wynchgate, with a brutal oath. "Shove her in the coach."

But at the very moment the sound of hurrying footsteps was heard and a clear, ringing, manly, well-toned, vibrating voice cried:

"Hold! Stop! Desist! Have a care, titled villain, or I will strike you to the earth."

A tall, aristocratic form bounded out of the darkness.

"Gentlemen," cried Wynchgate, releasing his hold upon the frightened girl, "we are betrayed. Save yourselves. To the coach!"

In another instant the six noblemen had leaped into the coach and disappeared down the street.

Winnifred, still half inanimate with fright, turned to her rescuer and saw before her the form and lineaments of the unknown stranger who had thus twice stood between her and disaster. Half fainting, she fell swooning into his arms.

"Dear lady," he exclaimed, "rouse yourself. You are safe. Let me restore you to your home!"

"That voice!" cried Winnifred, resuming consciousness. "It is my benefactor."

She would have swooned again, but the unknown lifted her bodily up the steps of her home and leaned her against the door.

"Farewell," he said, in a voice resonant with gloom.

"Oh, sir!" cried the unhappy girl, "let one who owes so much to one who has saved her in her hour of need at least know his name."

But the stranger, with a mournful gesture of farewell, had disappeared as rapidly as he had come.

But as to why he had disappeared we must ask our reader's patience for another chapter.

VI

AT THE CHASE

THE scene is now shifted, sideways and forward, so as to put it at Muddlenut Chase and to make it a fortnight later than the events related in the last chapter.

Winnifred is now at the Chase as the guest of the marquis and the marchioness. Here her bruised soul finds peace.

The Chase itself was one of those typical country homes which are, or were till yesterday, the glory of England. The approach to the Chase lay through twenty miles of glorious forest, filled with fallow deer and wild bulls. The house itself, dating from the time of the Plantagenets, was surrounded by a moat covered with broad lilies and floating green scum. Magnificent peacocks sunned themselves on the terraces, while from the surrounding shrubberies there rose the soft murmur of doves, pigeons, bats, owls, and partridges.

Here sat Winnifred Clair day after day upon the terrace, recovering her strength under the tender solicitude of the marchioness.

Each day the girl urged upon her noble hostess the necessity of her departure.

"Nay," said the marchioness, with gentle insistence, "stay where you are. Your soul is bruised. You must rest."

"Alas!" cried Winnifred, "who am I that I should rest? Alone, despised, buffeted by fate, what right have I to your kindness?"

"Miss Clair," replied the noble lady, "wait till you are stronger. There is something that I wish to say to you."

Then at last one morning when Winnifred's temperature had fallen to ninety-eight point three the marchioness spoke.

"Miss Clair," she said, in a voice which throbbed with emotion—"Winnifred, if I may so call you. Lord Muddlenut and I have formed a plan for your future. It is our dearest wish that you should marry our son."

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"Alas!" cried Winnifred, while tears rose in her eyes, "it cannot be."

"Say not so!" cried the marchioness. "Our son, Lord Mordaunt Muddlenut, is young, handsome, all that a girl could desire. After months of wandering he returns to us this morning. It is our dearest wish to see him married and established. We offer you his hand."

"Indeed," replied Winnifred, while her tears fell even more freely, "I seem to requite but ill the kindness that you show. Alas! my heart is no longer in my keeping."

"Where is it?" cried the marchioness.

"It is another's. One whose very name I do not know holds it in his keeping."

But at this moment a blithe, gladsome step was heard upon the flagstones of the terrace. A manly, ringing voice which sent a thrill to Winnifred's heart cried, "Mother!" and in another instant Lord Mordaunt Muddlenut—for he it was—had folded the marchioness to his heart.

Winnifred rose, her heart beating wildly. One glance was enough. The new-comer, Lord Mordaunt, was none other than the unknown, the unaccountable, to whose protection she had twice owed her life.

With a wild cry Winnifred rushed down the steps of the terrace, leaped across the moat, and fled into the park.

VII

THE PROPOSAL

THEY stood beneath the great trees of the ancestral park, into which Lord Mordaunt had followed Winnifred at a single bound. All about them was the radiance of early June.

Lord Mordaunt knelt on one knee on the greensward, and with a touch in which respect and reverence were mingled with the deepest and manliest emotion, he took between his finger and thumb the tip of the girl's gloved finger.

"Miss Clair," he uttered, in a voice suffused with the deepest yearning, yet vibrating with the most profound respect—"Miss Clair—Winnifred, hear me, I implore!"

"Alas!" cried Winnifred, struggling in vain to disengage the tip of her glove from the impetuous clasp of the young nobleman, "alas! Whither can I fly? I do not know my way through the wood, and there are bulls in all directions. I am not used to them! Lord Mordaunt, I implore you, let the tears of one but little skilled in the art of dissimulation—"

"Nay, Winnifred," said the young earl, "fly not. Hear me out!"

"Let me fly," begged the unhappy girl.

"You must not fly," pleaded Mordaunt. "Let me first, here upon my bended knees, convey to you the expression of a devotion, a love, as ardent and as deep as ever burned in a human heart. Winnifred, be my bride!"

"Oh, sir," sobbed Winnifred, "if the knowledge of a gratitude, a thankfulness from one whose heart will ever treasure as its fondest memory the recollection of one who did for one all that one could have wanted done for one, if this be some poor guerdon, let it suffice. But, alas, my birth—the dark secret of my birth forbids—"

"Nay," cried Lord Mordaunt, leaping now to his feet, "your birth is all right. I have looked into it myself. It is as good, or nearly as good, as my own. Till I knew this my lips were sealed by duty. While I supposed that you had a lower birth and I an upper, I was bound to silence. But come with me to the house. There is one arrived with me who will explain all."

Hand in hand the lovers—for such they now were—returned to the Chase. There in the great hall the marquis and the marchioness were standing ready to greet them.

"My child!" exclaimed the noble lady, as she folded Winnifred to her heart. Then she turned to her son. "Let her know all," she said.

Lord Mordaunt stepped across the

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room to a curtain. He drew it aside and there stepped forth Mr. Bonehead, the old lawyer who had cast Winnifred upon the world.

"Miss Clair," said the lawyer, advancing and taking the girl's hand for a moment in a kindly clasp, "the time has come for me to explain all. You are not, you never were, the penniless girl that you suppose. Under the terms of your father's will I was called upon to act a part and to throw you upon the world. It was my client's wish and I followed it. I told you, quite truthfully, that I had put part of your money into options in an oil-well. Miss Clair, that well is now producing a million gallons of gasolene a month!"

"A million gallons!" cried Winnifred. "I can never use it."

"Wait till you own a motor-car, Miss Winnifred," said the lawyer.

"Then I am rich!" exclaimed the bewildered girl.

"You are rich beyond your dreams," resumed the lawyer. "Miss Clair, you own in your own right about half of the state of Texas—I think it is Texas; at any rate, either Texas or Rhode Island, or one of those big states in America. More than this; I have invested your property since your father's death so wisely that even after paying the income tax and the property tax, the inheritance tax, the dog tax, and the tax on amusements, you will still have one half of one per cent. to spend!"

Winnifred clasped her hands!

"I knew it all the time," said Lord Mordaunt, drawing the girl to his embrace. "I found it out through this good man."

"We knew it, too," said the marchioness. "Can you forgive us, darling, our little plot for your welfare? Had we not done this Mordaunt might have had to follow you over to America and chase you all round Newport and Narragansett at a fearful expense."

"How can I thank you enough?" cried Winnifred. Then she added, eagerly, "And my birth, my descent?"

"It is all right," interjected the old lawyer. "It is A 1. Your father, who died before you were born—quite a little time before—belonged to the very highest peerage of Wales. You are descended directly from Claer-op-Claer who murdered Owen Glendower. Your mother we are still tracing up. But we have already connected her with Floyd-op-Floyd who murdered Prince Llewellyn."

"Oh, sir," cried the grateful girl, "I only hope I may prove worthy of them!"

"One thing more," said Lord Mordaunt, and stepping over to another curtain, he drew it aside and there emerged Lord Wynchgate.

He stood before Winnifred, a manly contrition struggling upon features which, but for the evil courses of he who wore them, might have been almost presentable.

"Miss Clair," he said, "I ask your pardon. I tried to carry you off. I never will again. But before we part let me say that my acquaintance with you has made me a better man—broader, bigger, and, I hope, deeper."

With a profound bow Lord Wynchgate took his leave.

VIII

WEDDED AT LAST

LORD MORDAUNT and his bride were married forthwith in the parish church of Muddlenut Chase. With Winnifred's money they have drained the moat, rebuilt the Chase, and chased the bulls out of the park. They have six children, so far, and are respected, honored, and revered far and wide.

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A GROUP OF POEMS

BY ROBERT FROST

After being almost unheard for two years, Robert Frost is speaking again, in the old strain that will be unmistakable to readers of his "North of Boston." But Mr. Frost has not really been silent during this period. He has been producing more work of the type that has made him regarded on both sides of the ocean as one of the authentic voices of American literature. In the group of new poems which he here presents the broad range of his work is represented—as Mr. Frost himself puts it, "big bear, little bear, and middle-sized bear."

FRAGMENTARY BLUE

WHY make so much of fragmentary blue
In here and there a bird or butterfly,
Or flower, or wearing-stone, or open eye,
When heaven presents in sheets the solid hue?

Since earth is earth, perhaps, not heaven (as yet)—
Though some savants make earth include the sky,
And blue so far above us comes so high,
It only gives our wish for blue a whet.

PLACE FOR A THIRD

NOTHING to say to all those marriages!
She had made three herself to three of his.
The score was even for them, three to three.
But come to die she found she cared so much:
She thought of children in a burial row;
Three children in a burial row were sad.
One man's three women in a burial row—
Somehow made her impatient with the man.

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And so she said to Laban, "You have done
A good deal right: don't do the last thing wrong.
Don't make me lie with those two other women."

Laban said, No, he would not make her lie
With any one but that she had a mind to.
If that was how she felt, of course, he said.
She went her way. But Laban having caught
This glimpse of lingering person in Eliza,
And anxious to make all he could of it
With something he remembered in himself,
Tried to think how he could exceed his promise,
And give good measure to the dead, though thankless.
If that was how she felt, he kept repeating.
His first thought under pressure was a grave
In a new boughten grave plot by herself,
Under he didn't care how great a stone:
He'd sell a yoke of steers to pay for it.
And weren't there special cemetery flowers,
That once grief sets to growing, grief may rest:
The flowers will go on with grief awhile,
And no one seem neglecting or neglected?
A prudent grief will not despise such aids.
He thought of evergreen and everlasting.
And then he had a thought worth many of these.
Somewhere must be the grave of the young boy
Who married her for playmate more than helpmate,
And sometimes laughed at what it was between them.
How would she like to sleep her last with him?
Where was his grave? Did Laban know his name?

He found the grave a town or two away,
The headstone cut with John, Beloved Husband,
Beside it room reserved, the say a sister's,
A never-married sister's of that husband,
Whether Eliza would be welcome there.
The dead was bound to silence: ask the sister.
So Laban saw the sister, and, saying nothing
Of where Eliza wanted *not* to lie,
And who had thought to lay her with her first love,
Begged simply for the grave. The sister's face
Fell all in wrinkles of responsibility.
She wanted to do right. She'd have to think.

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Laban was old and poor, yet seemed to care;
And she was old and poor—but she cared, too.
They sat. She cast one dull, old look at him,
Then turned him out to go on other errands
She said he might attend to in the village,
While she made up her mind how much she cared—
And how much Laban cared—and why he cared
(She made shrewd eyes to see where he came in).

She'd looked Eliza up her second time,
A widow at her second husband's grave,
And offered her a home to rest awhile
Before she went the poor man's widow's way,
Housekeeping for the next man out of wedlock.
She and Eliza had been friends through all.
Who was she to judge marriage in a world
Whose Bible's so confused up in marriage counsel?
The sister had not come across this Laban;
A decent product of life's ironing-out;
She must not keep him waiting. Time would press
Between the death day and the funeral day.
So when she saw him coming in the street
She hurried her decision to be ready
To meet him with his answer at the door.
Laban had known about what it would be
From the way she had set her poor old mouth,
To do, as she had put it, what was right.

She gave it through the screen door closed between them:
"No, not with John. There wouldn't be no sense.
Eliza's had too many other men."

Laban was forced to fall back on his plan
To buy Eliza a plot to lie alone in:
Which gives him for himself a choice of lots
When his time comes to die and settle down.

GOOD-BY AND KEEP COLD

THIS saying good-by on the edge of the dark
And cold to an orchard so young in the bark
Reminds me of all that can happen to harm
An orchard away at the end of the farm

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All winter, cut off by a hill from the house.
I don't want it girdled by rabbit and mouse,
I don't want it dreamily nibbled for browse
By deer, and I don't want it budded by grouse.
(If certain it wouldn't be idle to call
I'd summon grouse, rabbit, and deer to the wall
And warn them away with a stick for a gun.)
I don't want it stirred by the heat of the sun.
(We made it secure against being, I hope,
By setting it out on a northerly slope.)
No orchard's the worse for the wintriest storm;
But one thing about it, it mustn't get warm.
"How often already you've had to be told,
Keep cold, young orchard. Good-by and keep cold.
Dread fifty above more than fifty below."
I have to be gone for a season or so.
My business awhile is with different trees,
Less carefully nurtured, less fruitful than these,
And such as is done to their wood with an ax—
Maples and birches and tamaracks.
I wish I could promise to lie in the night
And think of an orchard's arboreal plight
When slowly (and nobody comes with a light)
Its heart sinks lower under the sod.
But something has to be left to God.

FOR ONCE, THEN, SOMETHING

OTHERS taunt me with having knelt at well-curbs
Always wrong to the light, so never seeing
Deeper down in the well than where the water
Gives me back in a shining surface picture
Me myself in the summer heaven godlike,
Looking out of a wreath of fern and cloud puffs.
Once, when trying with chin against a well-curb,
I discerned, as I thought, beyond the picture,
Through the picture, a something white, uncertain,
Something more of the depths—and then I lost it.
Water came to rebuke the too clear water.
One drop fell from a fern, and lo, a ripple
Shook whatever it was lay there at bottom,
Blurred it, blotted it out. What was that whiteness?
Truth? A pebble of quartz? For once, then, something.

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THE BEAUTY AND THE BOLSHEVIST

A STORY IN THREE PARTS—PART III.

BY ALICE DUER MILLER

SYNOPSIS OF FIRST AND SECOND PARTS. *Moreton, the young editor of a radical newspaper, learns that his brother, David, has become engaged to the daughter of William Cord, a millionaire, who stands for everything to which he is opposed. In order to prevent this alliance with the despised capitalist class, he hurries to Newport to see his brother. He arrives by boat at two o'clock in the morning, and, adventuring through the town, he comes to a great house where a ball is still in progress. He steals up on the veranda where, unobserved, he is struck by the beauty and charm of a girl who is apparently paying little attention to the love-making of her partner.*

Moreton wanders off to the beach at dawn and goes in swimming. He again encounters the girl of the balcony, who is herself out for an early plunge. Each entirely ignorant as to who the other may be, they enter into a conversation. She confesses that she is tired of the empty life she leads, and he promises her a position on his newspaper. They make an appointment for the afternoon, though all he knows of her is her telephone number and her first name, Crystal.

Crystal, who turns out to be Cord's other daughter, is pursued by the conventional Eddie Verriman, whom Moreton had seen with her the night of the ball. Verriman is greatly worried at Crystal's socialistic tendencies. Her father philosophically refuses to share this anxiety. Crystal learns from him that her swimming companion is David Moreton's brother, and the two on a picnic discover a closer friendship developing between them.

AS they drove back she revealed another plan to him—she was taking him for a moment to see a friend of hers. He protested. He did not want to see any one but herself, but Crystal was firm. He must see this woman; she was their celebrated parlor Bolshevist. Ben hated parlor Bolshevists. Did he know any? No. Well, then. Anyhow, Sophia would never forgive her if she did not bring him. Sophia adored celebrities. Sophia who? Sophia Dawson. The name seemed dimly familiar to Ben, and then he remembered. It was the name on the thousand-dollar check for the strike sufferers that had come in the day before.

They drove up an avenue of little oaks to a formidable palace built of gray stone, so smoothly faced that there was not a crevice in the immense pale façade. Two men in knee-breeches opened the double doors and they went in between golden grilles and rows of tall white lilies. They were led through a soundless hall, and up stairs so thickly carpeted that the feet sank in as in new-fallen snow, and finally they were ushered through a small painted door into a small painted room, which had been brought all the way from Sienna, and there they found Mrs. Dawson—a beautiful, worn, world-weary Mrs. Dawson, with one streak of gray in the front of her dark hair, her tragic eyes, and her long violet and black draperies—a perfect Sibyl.

Crystal did not treat her as a Sibyl, however. "Hullo, Sophie!" she said. "This is my brother-in-law's brother, Ben Moreton. He's crazy to meet you. You'll like him. I can't stay because I'm dining somewhere or other, but he's not."

"Will he dine with me?" said Mrs. Dawson in a wonderful deep, slow voice —"just stay on and dine with me alone?"

Ben began to say that he couldn't, but Crystal said yes, that he would be delighted to, and that she would stop for him again about half past nine, and that it was a wonderful plan, and then she went away.

Mrs. Dawson seemed to take it all as a matter of course. "Sit down, Mr. Moreton," she said. "I have a quarrel with you."

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Ben could not help feeling a little disturbed by the way he had been injected into Mrs. Dawson's evening without her volition. He did not sit down.

"You know," he said, "there isn't any reason why you should have me to dine just because Crystal says so. I do want to thank you for the check you sent in to us for the strike fund. It will do a lot of good."

"Oh, that," replied Mrs. Dawson. "They are fighting all our battles for us."

"It cheered us up in the office. I wanted to tell you, and now I think I'll go. I dare say you are dining out, anyhow—"

Her eyes flashed at him. "Dining out!" she exclaimed, as if the suggestion insulted her. "You evidently don't know me. I never dine out. I have nothing in common with these people. I lead a very lonely life. You do me a favor by staying. You and I could exchange ideas. There is no one in Newport whom I can talk to—reactionaries."



A BEAUTIFUL, WORLD-WEARY, MRS. DAWSON—A PERFECT SIBYL

"Miss Cord is not exactly a reactionary," said Ben, sitting down.

Mrs. Dawson smiled. "Crystal is not a reactionary; Crystal is a child," she replied. "But what can you expect of William Cord's daughter? He is a dangerous and disintegrating force—cold—cynical—he feels not the slightest public responsibility for his possessions." Mrs. Dawson laid her hand on her heart as if it were weighted with all her jewels and footmen and palaces. "Most Bourbons are cynical about human life, but he goes farther; he is cynical about his own wealth. And that brings me to my quarrel with you, Mr. Moreton. How could you let your brother spend his beautiful vigorous youth as a parasite to Cord's vapid son? Was that consistent with your beliefs?"

This attack on his consistency from a lady whose consistency seemed even more flagrant amused Ben, but as he listened he was obliged to admit that there was a great deal of good sense in what she had to say about David, whom she had met once or twice at the Cords'.

Ben was too candid and eager not to ask her before long the question that was in his mind—how it was possible for a woman holding her views to be leading a life so opposed to them.

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She was not at all offended, and even less at a loss for an answer. "I am not a free agent, Mr. Moreton," she said. "Unhappily, before I began to think at all, I had undertaken certain obligations. The law allows a woman to dispose of everything but her property while she is still a child. I married at eighteen."

It was a story not without interest and Mrs. Dawson told it well. There does not live a man who would not have been interested.

They dined, not in the great dining-room down-stairs, nor even in the painted room from Sienna, but in a sort of loggia that opened from it, where, beyond the shaded lights, Ben could watch the moon rise out of the sea.

It was a perfect little meal, short, delicious, and quickly served by three servants. He enjoyed it thoroughly, although he found his hostess a strangely confusing companion. He would make up his mind that she was a sincere soul captured by her environment, when a freshly discovered jewel on her long fingers would shake his faith. And he would just decide that she was a melodramatic fraud, when she would surprise him by her scholarly knowledge of social problems. She had read deeply, knew several languages, and had known many of the European leaders. Such phrases as, "Juarès wrote me ten days before he died—" were frequent, but not too frequent on her lips.

By the time Crystal stopped for him Ben had begun to feel like a child who has lost his mother in a museum, or as Dante might have felt if he had missed Virgil from his side.

When he bade Mrs. Dawson good night, she asked him to come back.

"Come and spend September here," she said, as if it were a small thing. "You can work all day if you like. I sha'n't disturb you, and you need never see a soul. It will do you good."

He was touched by the invitation, but of course he refused it. He tried to explain tactfully, but clearly, why it was that he couldn't do that sort of thing—that the editor of *Liberty* did not take his holiday at Newport.

She understood, and sighed. "Ah, yes," she said. "I'm like that man in mythology whom neither the sky nor the earth would receive. I'm very lonely, Mr. Moreton."

He found himself feeling sorry for her, as he followed a footman down-stairs, his feet sinking into the carpets at each step. Crystal in the blue car was at the door. She was bareheaded and the wind had been blowing her hair about.

"Well," she said, as he got in, "did you have a good time? I'm sure you had a good dinner."

"Excellent, but confusing. I don't quite get your friend."

"You don't understand Sophia?" Crystal's tone expressed surprise. "You mean her jewels and her footmen? Why, Ben, it's just like the fathers of this country who talked about all men being equal and yet were themselves slaveholders. She sincerely believes those things in a way, and then it's such a splendid rôle to play, and she enjoys that; and then it teases Freddie Dawson. Freddie is rather sweet if he's thoroughly unhappy, and this keeps him unhappy almost all the time. Did she ask you to stay? I meant her to."

"Yes, she did; but of course I couldn't."

"Oh, Ben, why not?"

This brought them once more to the discussion of the barrier. This time Ben felt he could make her see. He said that she must look at it this way—that in a war you could not go and stay in enemy country, however friendly your personal relations might be. Well, as far as he was concerned this was a war, a class war.

They were headed for the Ocean Drive, and Crystal rounded a sharp turn before she answered seriously:

"But I thought you didn't believe in war."

"I don't," he answered. "I hate it—I hate all violence. We—labor, I mean—didn't initiate this, but when men won't

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see, when they have power and won't stop abusing it, there is only one way to make—"

"Why, Ben,' said Crystal, "you're just a pacifist in other people's quarrels, but as militaristic as can be in your own. I'm not a pacifist, but I'm a better one than you, because I don't believe in emphasizing any difference between human beings. That's why I want a League of Nations. I hate gangs—all women really do. Little girls don't form gangs like little boys. Every settlement-worker knows that. I won't have you say that I belong to the other group. I won't be classified. I'm a human being—and I intend to behave as such."



CRYSTAL, BAREHEADED, WAS WAITING IN THE BLUE CAR

Since she had left him she had been immersed again in her old life—her old friends—and the result had been to make her wonder if her experience with Ben had been as wonderful as it had seemed. When she stopped for him she had been almost prepared to find that the wild joy of their meetings had been something accidental and temporary, and that only a stimulating and pleasant friendship was left. But as soon as she saw that he really regarded their differences seriously, all her own prudence and doubt melted away. She knew she was ready to make any sacrifices for him, and in view of that all talk of obstacles was folly.

She stopped the car on the point of the island, with the open sea on one hand, the harbor on the other. In front of them the light-ship was moving with a slow, majestic roll, and to the right was the long festoon of Narragansett lights, and as they stopped the lighted bulk of the New York boat appeared, making its way toward Point Judith.

His prolonged silence began to frighten her.

"Ben," she said, "do you seriously mean that you believe friendship between us is impossible?"

"Friendship, nothing," answered Moreton. "I love you."

He said it as if it had always been understood between them, as of course it had, but the instant he said it, he gave her a quick, appealing look to see how she would take so startling an assertion.

If Crystal had poured out just what was in her mind at that second she would have answered: "Of course you do. I've known that longer than you have. And can't you see that if I had had any doubt about its being true, I'd have taken steps to make it true? But, as I really did not doubt it, I've been able to be quite passive and leave it mostly to you, which I so much prefer."

But rigorous candor is rarely attained, and Crystal did not say this. In fact, for a few seconds she did not say anything, but merely allowed her eyes to shine upon him, with the inevitable result that at the end of precisely six seconds of their benevolent invitation he took her in his arms and kissed her. It was a very unprotected point, and several cars were standing not too far away, but Crystal, who had an excellent sense

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of proportion, made no objection whatever. She was being proved right in two important particulars—first, that she was a human being, and second, that there was no barrier between them. She was very generous about it. She did not say, "Where's your barrier now?" or anything like that; she simply said nothing, and the barrier passed out of the conversation and was no more seen.

Very soon, alleging that she must get home at the time at which she usually did get home from dinners, she took him back; but she soothed him with the promise of an uninterrupted day to follow.

Time—the mere knowledge of unbroken hours ahead is a boon which real love cannot do without. Minor feelings may flourish on snatched interviews and stolen meetings, but love demands—and usually gets—protected leisure. The next day these lovers had it. They spent the morning, when Mr. Cord was known to be playing golf, at the Cords' house, and then when Mr. Cord telephoned that he was staying to luncheon at the club, if Crystal did not object (and Crystal did not), she and Ben arranged a picnic—at least Tomes did, and they went off about one o'clock in the blue car. They went to a pool in the rocks that Crystal had always known about, with high walls around it, and here, with a curtain of foam between them and the sea, for the waves were rising, they ate lunch, as much alone as on a desert island.

It was here that Ben asked her to marry him, or, to be accurate, it was here that they first began talking about their life together, and whether Nora would become reconciled to another woman about the flat.

The nearest approach to a definite proposal was Ben's saying:

"You would not mind my saying something about all this to your father before I go this evening, would you?"

And Crystal replied: "Poor father! It will be a blow, I'm afraid."

"Well," said Ben, "he told me himself that he liked me better than David."

"That's not saying much."

At this Ben laughed lightly.

He might have had his wrong-headed notions about barriers, but he was not so un-American as to regard a father as an obstacle.

"But, oh, Crystal," he added, "suppose you find you do hate being poor. It is a bore in some ways."

Crystal, who had been tucking away the complicated dishes of her luncheon-basket, looked at Ben and lightly sucked one finger to which some raspberry jam from Tomes's supernal sandwiches had adhered.

"I sha'n't mind it a bit, Ben," she said, "and for a good reason—because I'm terribly conceited." He did not understand at all, and she went on: "I believe I shall be just as much of a person—perhaps more—without money. The women who really mind being poor are the humble-minded ones, who think that they are made by their clothes, and their lovely houses and their maids and their sables. When they lose them they lose all their personality, and of course that terrifies them. I don't think I shall lose mine. Does it shock you to know that I think such a lot of myself?"

It appeared it did not shock him at all.

When they reached the house she established him in the drawing-room and went off to find her father.

She was a true woman, by which is meant now and always that she preferred to allow a man to digest his dinner before she tried to bring him to a rational opinion. But in this case her hands were tied. The Cords dined at eight — or sometimes a little later, and Ben's boat left for New York at half past nine, so that it would be utterly impossible to postpone the discussion of her future until after dinner. It had to be done at once.

Crystal ran up and knocked at his bedroom door. Loud splashings from the adjoining bathroom were all the answer she got. She sat down on the stairs and

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waited. Those are the moments that try men's and even women's souls. For the first time her enterprise seemed to her a little reckless. For an instant she had the surprising experience of recognizing the fact that Ben was a total stranger. She looked at the gray-stone stairway on which she was sitting and thought that her life had been as safe and sheltered as a cloister, and now, steered by this total stranger, she proposed to launch herself on an uncharted course of change. And to this program she was to bring her father's consent—for she knew very well that if she couldn't, Ben wouldn't be able to—in the comparatively short time between now and dinner. Then, the splashing having ceased, the sound of bureau drawers succeeded, and Crystal sprang up and knocked again.

"That you, Peters?" said an unencouraging voice. (Peters was Mr. Cord's valet.)

"No, dear, it's I," said Crystal.

"Oh, come in," said Mr. Cord. He was standing in the middle of the room in his shirtsleeves and gloomily contemplating the shirt he wore. "What's this laundress, anyhow? A Bolshevist or a pastry-cook?" he said. "Did you ever see anything like this shirt?"

Crystal approached and studied the shirt. It appeared to her to be perfectly done up, but she said: "Yes, dear, how terrible. I'll pack her off to-morrow, but you always look all right whatever you wear; that's some comfort." She saw that even this hadn't done much good, and, going to the heart of the problem, she asked, "How did your golf go?"

Mr. Cord's gloom gathered as he answered, with resignation, "Oh, all right."

His manner was exactly similar to Ben's in his recent moment of depression and not unlike McKellar's when he had explained what he suffered under the good Lord's weather.

"Is Eddie's game any better?" asked Crystal, feeling her way.

"No," cried her father, contemptuously. "He's rotten, but I'm worse. And golf-clubs, Crystal! No one can make a club any more. Have you noticed that? But the truth of the matter is, I'm getting too old to play golf."



"SUPPOSE YOU FIND YOU DO HATE BEING POOR?"

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And Mr. Cord sat down with a good but unconscious imitation of a broken old man.

Of course Crystal swept this away. She scolded him a little, pointed out his recent prowess, and spoke slightingly of all younger athletes, but she really had not time to do the job thoroughly, for the thought of Ben, sitting so anxious in the drawing-room alone hurried her on.

"Anyhow, dear," she said, "I've come to talk to you about something terribly important. What would you say, father, if I told you I was engaged?"

Mr. Cord was so startled that he said, what was rare for him, the first thing that came into his head:

"Not to Eddie?"

The true diplomatist, we have been told, simply takes advantage of chance, and Crystal was diplomatic. "And suppose it is?" she replied.

"I should refuse my consent," replied her father.

Crystal looked hurt. "Is there anything against Eddie," she asked, "except his golf?"

"Yes," answered her father, "there are two of the most serious things in the world against him—first, that he doesn't amount to anything; and second, that you don't love him."

"No," Crystal admitted, "I don't, but then—love—father, isn't love rather a serious undertaking nowadays? Is it a particularly helpful adjunct to marriage? Look at poor Eugenia. Isn't it really more sensible to marry a nice man who can support one, and then if in time one does fall in love with another man—"

"Never let me hear you talk like that again, Crystal," said her father, with a severity and vigor he seldom showed outside of board meetings. "It's only your ignorance of life that saves you from being actually revolting. I'm an old man and not sentimental, you'll grant, but, take my word for it, love is the only hope of pulling off marriage successfully, and even then it's not easy. As for Eugenia, I think she's made a fool of herself and is going to be unhappy, but I'd rather do what she had done than what you're contemplating. At least she cared for that fellow—"

"I'm glad you feel like that, darling," said Crystal, "because it isn't Eddie I'm engaged to, but Ben Moreton. He's waiting down-stairs now."

Mr. Cord started up—his eyes shining like black flames.

"By God! Crystal," he said, "you sha'n't marry that fellow—Eugenia—perhaps—but not you."

"But, father, you said yourself, you thought he was a fine—"

"I don't care what I said," replied Mr. Cord, and, striding to the door, he flung it open and called in a voice that rolled about the stone hall: "Mr. Moreton, Mr. Moreton! Come up here, will you?"

Ben came bounding up the stairs like a panther. Cord beckoned him in with a sharp gesture and shut the door.

"This won't do at all, Moreton," he said. "You can't have Crystal."

Ben did not answer; he looked very steadily at Cord, who went on:

"You think I can't stop it—that she's of age and that you wouldn't take a penny of my money, anyhow. That's the idea, isn't it?"

"That's it," said Ben.

Cord turned sharply to Crystal. "Does what I think make any difference to you?" he asked.

"A lot, dear," she answered, "but I don't understand. You never seemed so much opposed to the radical doctrine."

"No, it's the radical, not the doctrine, your father objects to," said Ben.

"Exactly," answered Mr. Cord. "You've put it in a nutshell. Crystal, I'm going to tell you what these radicals really are—they're failures—every one of them. Sincere enough—they want the world changed because they haven't been able to get along in it as it is—they want a new deal because they don't know how to play their cards; and when they get a new hand, they'll play it just as badly. It's not their theories I object

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"I'M GLAD YOU FEEL LIKE THAT, BECAUSE IT ISN'T EDDIE I'M ENGAGED TO"

to, but they themselves. You think if you married Moreton you'd be going into a great new world of idealism. You wouldn't. You'd be going into a world of failure—of the pettiest, most futile quarrels in the world. The chief characteristic of the man who fails is that he always believes it's the other fellow's fault; and they hate the man who differs with them by one per cent. more than they hate the man who differs by one hundred. Has there ever been a revolution where they did not persecute their fellow-revolutionists worse than they persecuted the old order, or where the new rule wasn't more tyrannical than the old?"

"No one would dispute that," said Ben. "It is the only way to win through to—"

"Ah," said Cord, "I know what you're going to say, but I tell you, you win through to liberal practices when, and only when, the conservatives become converted to your ideas, and put them through for you. That's why I say I have no quarrel with radical doctrines—they are coming, always coming, but"—Cord paused to give his words full weight—"I hate the radical."

There was a little pause. Crystal, who had sunk into a low chair, raised her eyes to Ben, as if she expected a passionate contradiction from him, but it did not come.

"Yes," he said, after a moment, "that's all true, Mr. Cord—with limitations; but, granting it, you've put my side, too. What are we to say of the conservative—the man who has no vision of his own—who has to go about stealing his beliefs from the other side? He's very efficient at putting *them* into effect—but efficient as a tool, as a servant.

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Look at the mess he makes of his own game when he tries to act on his own ideas. He crushes democracy with an iron efficiency, and he creates communism. He closes the door to trade-unionism and makes a revolution. That's efficiency for you. We radicals are not so damned inefficient, while we let the conservatives do our work for us."

"Well, let it be revolution, then," said Cord. "I believe you're right. It's coming, but do you want to drag a girl like Crystal into it? Think of her! Say you take her, as I suppose a young fellow like you can do. She'd have perhaps ten years of an exciting division of allegiance between your ideas and the way she had been brought up, and the rest of her life (for, believe me, as we get older we all return to our early traditions)—the rest of her life she'd spend regretting the ties and environment of her youth. On the other hand, if she gives you up she will have regrets, too, I know, but they won't wreck her and embitter her the way the others will."

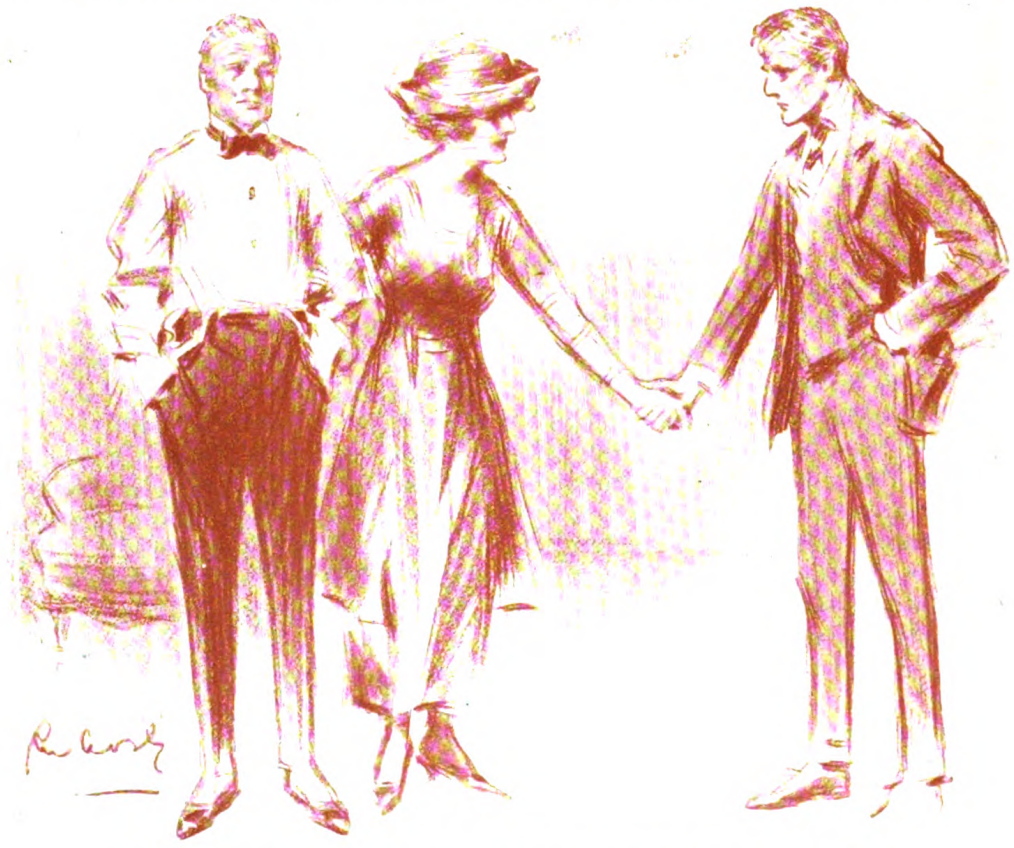
Ben's face darkened. No man not a colossal egotist could hear such a prophesy with indifference. He did not at once answer, and then he turned to Crystal.

"What do you think of that?" he asked.

To the surprise of both men, Crystal replied with a laugh. "I was wondering," she said, "when either of you were going to get round to asking what I thought of it all."

"Well, what do you think?" said Cord, almost harshly.

Crystal rose, and, slipping her arm through his, leaned her head on the point of her father's shoulder—he was of a good height. "I think," she said, "you both talk beautifully. I was so proud of you both—saying such profound things so easily, and keeping your tempers so perfectly" (both brows smoothed



BEN TOOK HER HAND. SHE PUZZLED HIM, BUT HE ADORED HER

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out) "and it was all the more wonderful because, it seemed to me, you were both talking about things you knew nothing about."

"What do you mean?" burst from both men with simultaneous astonishment.

"Ben dear, father doesn't know any radicals—except you, and he's only seen you twice. Father dear, I don't believe Ben ever talked five minutes with an able, successful conservative until he came here to-day."

"You're going to throw me over, Crystal?" said Ben, seeing her pose more clearly than he heard her words.

"No," said Mr. Cord, bitterly, "she's going to throw over an old man in favor of a young one."

"You silly creatures," said Crystal, with a smile that made the words affectionate and not rude. "How can I ever throw either of you over? I'm going to be Ben's wife, and I am my father's daughter. I'm going to be those two things for all my life."

Ben took her hand. She puzzled him, but he adored her. "But some day, Crystal," he said, "you will be obliged to choose between our views—mine or your father's. You must see that."

"He's right," her father chimed in. "This is not a temporary difference of opinion, you know, Crystal. This cleavage is as old as mankind—the radical against the conservative. Time doesn't reconcile them."

Again the idea came to her: "They do love to form gangs, the poor dears." Aloud she said: "Yes, but the two types are rarely pure ones. Why, father, you think Ben is a radical, but he's the most hide-bound conservative about some things—much worse than you—about free verse, for instance. I read a long editorial about it not a month ago. He really thinks any one who defends it ought to be deported to some poetic limbo. Ben, you think my father is conservative. But there's a great scandal in his mental life. He's a Baconian—"

"He thinks Bacon wrote the plays!" exclaimed Ben, really shocked.

"Certainly I do," answered Mr. Cord. "Every man who uses his mind must think so. There is nothing in favor of the Shakespeare theory, except tradition—"

He would have talked for several hours upon the subject, but Crystal interrupted him by turning to Ben and continuing what she had meant to say:

"When you said I should have to choose between your ideas, you meant between your political ideas. Perhaps I shall, but I won't make my choice, rest assured, until I have some reason for believing that each of you knows something—honestly knows something about the other one's point of view."

"I don't get it, exactly," said Ben.

She addressed Mr. Cord.

"Father," she went on, "Ben has a little flat in Charles Street, and an old servant, and that's where I'm going to live."

Her father, though bitterly wounded, had regained his sardonic calm. "Perhaps," he said, "you'll bring him up to Seventy-ninth Street for Sunday dinner now and then."

Crystal shook her head. "No, dear," she said. "That isn't the way it's going to be. As soon as I get settled and have time to look about me, I shall take another little flat for you. You will live with us, for a few months in the winter, and get to know Ben's friends—his gang, as you would say—get to know them not as a philanthropist, or an employer, or an observer, but just as one of our friends—see if they really are the way you think they are. And then, in March you shall go off to Palm Beach or Virginia just as usual."

"That's a fine idea," said Mr. Cord, sarcastically. "Do you realize that I shall hardly survive your marriage with the editor of *Liberty*. I shall be kicked off—requested to resign from half a dozen boards for having such a son-in-law—"

"There's freedom for you," said Ben.

"And," continued Mr. Cord, "if it were known that I consented to the

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marriage, and actually consorted with such fellows! You must realize, Crystal, that most of the most influential men in the country think the way Eddie does. Half my boards are composed of older Eddies."

"You'll do better to resign from them, then," said Crystal.

Ben had been very much struck by Crystal's suggestion.

"Really, Mr. Cord," he said, "I believe that is a great idea of Crystal's. I really believe if capital had more idea of the real views of labor—as you said, you eventually adopt all our ideas, why wouldn't an intimate knowledge of individuals hurry that process?"

"Simply because I should lose all influence with my own people by merely investigating you in a friendly spirit."

"Glory!" exclaimed Ben, with open contempt for such people. "Think of penalizing the first honest attempt to understand!"

"You see the point of my plan, don't you, Ben?" said Crystal.

"You bet I do."

"That's wonderful," she answered, "for you've only heard half of it. In July, August, and September, we will come here to Newport, and you will get to understand father's—"

"Hold on," cried Ben, "just a moment. That is absolutely impossible, Crystal. You don't understand. The paper couldn't keep me a day if I did that."

"Ha!" cried Mr. Cord, coming suddenly to life. "There's freedom for you!"

"That would be very cruel of the owners, Ben, but if they did—"

"It wouldn't be cruel at all," said Moreton. "They wouldn't have any choice. I should have lost all influence with my readers, if it were known—"

"Glory!" said Mr. Cord. "Think of penalizing the first honest attempt to understand the capitalistic class!"

Ben stood silent, caught in the grip of an intellectual dilemma which he felt every instant would dissolve itself and which didn't.

Crystal for the first time moved away from her father. "Those are my terms," she said. "I stay with the man who agrees to them, and if you both decline them—well, I'll go off and try and open the oyster by myself."

There was a long momentous pause, and then Tomes's discreet knock on the door.

"Mr. Verriman on the telephone, madame."

"I can't come," said Crystal. "Ask him to send a message."

"Don't you see, Crystal, what your plan would do?" said her father. "Either it would make Moreton a red revolutionist and me a persecuting Bourbon, or else it will just ruin us both for either of our objectives."

"It won't ruin you for my objectives," said Crystal, "and women are more human, you know, than men."

Another knock at the door. Tomes's voice again:

"Mr. Verriman wishes to know if he might dine here this evening?"

"No," said Cord, looking at Crystal.

Crystal raised her voice. "Certainly, Tomes. Say we shall be delighted to have him—at eight."

Both men turned to her.

"Why did you do that, Crystal? Verriman—here—to-night?"

Crystal did not answer—the identity of their tones, their words, and their irritation with her should have told hem the answer, but didn't.

She knew that only opposition to Eddie and Eddie's many prototypes could weld her two men solidly together.

(*The end.*)

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TEMPERING JUSTICE WITH COMMON SENSE

PITTSBURGH'S EXPERIMENT WITH A "MORALS COURT"

BY THEODORE MACFARLANE KNAPPEN

THIS is an account of how Pittsburgh, the toiling Vulcan of American cities, working long and intensely in iron and steel, absorbed in industry, struggling fiercely and avidly in commerce, more concerned with things than men and more interested in bodies than souls, has of a sudden become profoundly interested in the moral welfare of its thousands of neglected boys, mostly the children of the swarming and outnumbering foreign quarters—the children who will be the human Pittsburgh of the morrow. It is an account of what one city is doing to-day and what all cities may be doing to-morrow.

Preaching that the chief trouble with Pittsburgh humanity is human beings, Tensard De Wolf has deeply stirred the life of the city by seeking to improve its human nature—not by eugenics, but by cutting off in a novel way the source of supply of a large part of the vagrants, tramps, inefficients, and criminals that infest the human family. Most bad men, he says, were bad boys; and most bad boys are so because of environment rather than heredity. So De Wolf, after many years of dealing with bad men in municipal politics as secretary of the Voters' League, in which capacity he was instrumental in sending a dozen or so to prison, is now concentrating his attention on preventive measures based on the idea of "catching them young."

He does it through the instrumentality of what is called a "Morals Court," though some other name would be more appropriate, of which he is the "judge," though he is not a lawyer. It is a formal magistracy informally administered, with greater moral than legal powers, which seeks to cure the various social evils rather than to punish the offenders —though it is based on authority and does not err in the direction of maudlin sympathy. The main idea is to give erring boys a fair chance by correcting the environments that have overpowered them. The average bad boy is from a weak, inefficient, bad, or demoralized family. He doesn't get from family life what he is entitled to. Judge De Wolf seeks to give him a substitute, with the state, instead of the father, wielding the strap of chastisement and uttering the voice of counsel and direction.

The court consists in its outward aspect of a few rooms and a few chairs and settees, De Wolf, the boy or boys in the case, complainants, friends, relatives, etc. The method of procedure is that of the family or the neighborhood group. The offense or problem, or whatever it may be, is talked over in free and easy style. The "judge" would scarcely recognize a law-book on sight, and there is no taint of the common or code law in his scheme. He is recognized as a sort of "great father" to all the little savages of Pittsburgh, and so when any of them have been on the war-path against the social order a general powwow of all interested is held in his presence. Sometimes they all talk at once, and more irrelevant than relevant material is adduced. The judge takes a hand now and then with an incisive question or a word of wisdom. Out of this meeting comes a rather generally accepted conclusion that the facts are thus and so and that the course the judge advises is "about right."

Of a typical morning, Judge De Wolf,

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tall, thin, angular, and smiling quizzically, strolls into the room of the family court, greets familiarly the worried parents, apprehensive, complaining witnesses, policemen, and court attachés. A big boy is accused of misusing some little fellows.

"Now let's see what this is all about," says the judge, as he takes two of the little fellows in his arms, and asks them to tell him their story. Another boy, who was himself once an object of concern to the court, is present as mentor and interpreter for the little witnesses who are foreign-born.

The "trial" consists of an informal talk which soon becomes a babel. Women jabber in several languages, gesticulate in all, and close in on the judge, who escapes to the bench and waits until the officers restore order in the gentle manner demanded by this court. Out of it all, "incompetent, irrelevant, and immaterial," as it would seem to a lawyer, the apparent fact emerges that the accused boy is abnormal. Then the judge descends from his refuge and explains the situation to the kerchiefed mothers who follow his every word with the most grave and concentrated attention. They glimpse that this is something new in courts—something that seeks neither justice nor vengeance, but rather a cure.

Next comes one of the rather frequent Wild West cases. A solemn-faced father and a sad-eyed mother stand in a group with a shamefaced boy. The boy had stolen $17.60, bought a gun and some other traps, and started for St. Louis where, he gathered, buffalo were numerous and Indians plentiful, and no closed season. With downcast eyes and almost inaudible voice, he confesses the theft, the Wild West inspiration, and his designs on the St. Louis buffalo and red men.

"I suppose you are fed up on this Wild West stuff, now?" asks the judge.

"Yes, judge, I'm off it for life," says the would-be adventurer.

"What!" exclaims the judge. "Through with the Wild West? Don't want to be a cowboy any more; don't want to ride the plains, shoot, hunt, foil robbers, rescue beautiful girls, explore mountains, and have all sorts of adventures? Why, I wouldn't give a snap of my fingers for a boy that didn't long for the wild life."

The boy was confused by this sudden turn of the situation, which restored credit to his motive. He confessed that the Wild West lure was not dead.

"Your hunch was all right, kid," says the judge, "but you took a fool way of getting there. I'm a Wild West man myself, but not your way. I'll show you how to get what you want without raising hell and getting into jail. We'll start something right away."

Then follows a discussion with the parents over the manner in which, through the good offices of the court, the Y. M. C. A., and a committee of big brothers, the youthful lover of adventure is to be shown how to reconcile it with life as it must be.

Next comes a boy accused of having stolen a bicycle from his employer, a merchant. The case is clear. The boy admits his guilt, as do most boys in this court of no trial but of straightforward investigation. He has some sort of excuse to offer, but the employer is impatient of this informal court, and demands signal punishment. There is need, he says, for an example.

"This looks pretty bad for you," says the judge, putting his hand on the frightened boy's shoulder, "but, anyway, you didn't lie about it. Pretty sorry now, aren't you? Think you'll ever do it again if we get you another chance?"

"*No*," says the boy, emphatically.

"What do you say?" says the judge, turning to the employer.

"Well, this stealing must be stopped. He stole the bicycle; he admits it and ought to be punished."

"Let's see about that," answers the judge. "If you insist I'll have to turn the boy over to the juvenile court, where,

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on the undisputed facts, he will be sent to the workhouse and branded for life. I don't think he is really bad. The fact is that I don't believe there is a living man who didn't steal something or other when he was a kid, when his life was in a miniature stone age. How about yourself? Will you swear that you never stole anything? As a matter of fact, cannot you recall at this very moment some little theft of your childhood? Tell me that. No, don't tell me. Just tell yourself."

The accuser was silent. The judge waited for a full minute.

"What do you say now?" he resumed. "Shall we punish this boy in the old way, or shall we deal with him in a way that will make this his last offense?"

Then the judge explained how he proposed to make the boy pay for the stolen bicycle, and at the same time start him on a new road. In the end the employer decided to take the boy back, and the machinery was started, with the consent of his parents, for putting the boy through the court's program of big-brother guardianship, new associations, and better surroundings.

Three Italian boys, saucy, bold, and pugnacious, are herded up to the desk by a much ruffled policeman. The boys have long been the pest of his beat. Three anxious, dark-eyed mothers, wrapped in shawls, hover in the background. It appears that the boys are little "terrors"; that they have a record of petty theft, of worrying the police; that they have completely defied parental authority and are social rebels and proud of it. However, they shamelessly deny every accusation brought against them. The judge considers them gravely, holds a whispered consultation with the parents, and advises that the boys be left with him for a few days. The former go sadly out and an officer takes the unrepentant boys to a rear room.

Half an hour later, having cleaned up his calendar, the judge saunters back and sprawlingly sits down on a settee with the three little rogues. He tries to get into their confidence, but they remain obdurate. They think the judge is "soft," and they are inwardly congratulating themselves on being in his court instead of a regular criminal court.

"What you fellows need is a darn good licking," says the judge, "and I have a mind to give it to you myself. You ought to have your blocks knocked off, and be whipped till you beg for mercy. I guess we'll put you in the cooler and give you a chance to think it over."

An officer is called and the boys are taken away and locked up in a cell. As a rule, the boys who come before the Morals Court see no more of the grim side of authority than a detention-room, but in this case a cell was considered advisable. The judge thought that the cell experience would soon sober the boys, but even by the next morning they had not offered their submission, so he ordered them brought to him.

"Now, fellows," said the judge to the boys, "we're going to quit fooling and get down to brass tacks. You have lied to your father and mother and you have lied to me, and I'm not going to stand for it. A liar is the lowest thing in the world, and the meanest. I've known some decent burglars, and I have even met up with murderers that I could be friends with, but nobody can get anywhere with a liar. I'll do business with anybody but a liar. You boys are just nasty liars, and you are going to stay here till you clean up by telling me the whole truth. Are you ready to come clean?"

The boys looked at one another and remained sulkily silent.

"All right," said the judge, as he stepped out of the room for a minute. He came back with an officer, who took the boys away, one by one. New tactics had been adopted; the boys were placed in separate cells, far removed from one another in a remote part of the gloomy, clanking cage. Their strength of contumacy had been in union. Facing, iso-

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lated, the lonely terrors of the night, their courage faded. Within two hours they were imploring the keepers to take them to the judge. He came promptly to his rooms, to find three thoroughly melted little ruffians. They "owned up," confessed to even more than they had been accused of, promised to repeat their confession to their parents and apologize to them for their many offenses against the family. They lived up to their word, the new road was opened to them, and after several weeks the big brother in charge has nothing to report but satisfactory progress without a sign of slipping. The little touch of imprisonment, informal and unrecorded, known only to the boys themselves, was like parental correction. It disciplined, but did not degrade. That's one of the Morals Court principles.

A strapping young fellow, already half a rebel against society, bully of a gang that had taken to lording it over one of Pittsburgh's numerous bridges, was haled before the judge. Women had been insulted on the bridge, peaceable citizens had been assaulted, and many a minor crime had been plotted there and carried out elsewhere.

"Listen, Bill," said the judge; "we can't have this bridge made unsafe for people this way. The gang's got to let up. It's got to clean up or we'll get it. The question is whether it's going to clean up with my help or be beaten up by the police and sent to the pen. You are the boss of the gang, aren't you?"

"Well, some of the fellows are afraid of me."

"All right. I know damn well that that gang will do just what you tell it to do. I'm going to hold you responsible for that bridge. Clean it up and keep it clean or the whole crowd will be put away."

The judge explained what he had in mind for activities for the gang along normal lines. The bridge was "cleaned up" and the gang has become a club.

So, day after day, the boys of Pittsburgh who are in the early stages of rascality or crime file through Judge De Wolf's court, have their "whys" searched out, their offenses relieved by confession, and are then sent on to the processes that have been worked out for their permanent redemption.

"The amazing thing about it," said Judge De Wolf, after I had followed him through the varied cases of a day—a day of boys soiled by vice and warped by crime, surprised and taken off their guard by this new kind of a court "run by a reg'lar feller dat uses you right," as one of them commented—"is that so few of them come back by the back door, as we describe an enforced appearance. Of the five thousand boys and young men we dealt with the first year, only an insignificant proportion failed to make good, and virtually all of the failures slipped because they were congenitally deficient or because their home surroundings neutralized all that we were able to do for them."

In this court the badness of the boy is taken chiefly as a symptom, not usually as the real evil. "Why?"—a double-barreled "why"—is poised at every boy's case; the one looking to the ultimate causes of the offending and the other to giving the boy the reason of laws and their observance. The actual offense may be awarded some punishment by way of reminding the offender that society is powerful and may be stern; but the remodeling of the boy proceeds from an understanding of his environment, his heredity, and his biography and thus to a comprehension of the motivation of his way of life that leads to a counter-comprehension by him of the desirability of renovation. This plan is only for boys who can be persuaded to will wholeheartedly to a new life. For the others await the criminal courts, training-schools, reformatories, prisons, and all institutions or corrective processes that demand physical restraint. It is the weir that saves from that channel the boys who are capable of willing their own betterment, following understanding.

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The court has no official machinery of its own to carry out its regenerative work, and it has none for the very good reason that Judge De Wolf considered that in his attempt to link up the authority of the city with the voluntary work of the thousands of men he would need to help him in reaching thousands of boys, the thing to be avoided was excessive formality and bureaucracy. What he needed was a spirit rather than a body. In the proceedings of the court the bad boy was to be given an awesome glimpse of what might happen to him if he elected to continue to defy the law and society. With the realization of authority always in the background, he was to have the opportunities and joys of a new life opened up to him. In looking around for a solution of the problem of the connecting link between the court and the men who must help, the church organizations were naturally thought of. It was their business to help people, observe the moral law, and to show the way to the better life. What better material for them than the boys picked up by the police in the daily welter of life and brought into the clearing-house of the Morals Court?

So it came about that the churches eagerly took up the new idea of preventing crime by preventing the making of boy criminals. The Protestant churches use the Y. M. C. A. as the means of communication between them and the court. The Catholics and the Jews each formed an organization of Big Brothers, with a paid secretary to look after their boys in the court. The court in the course of its daily work discovers and diagnoses the individual and group boy problems of the city; they are classified into their religious affiliation groups, and then through the secretaries they are passed on in a friendly, informal manner to the individuals assigned to them. Each church congregation has a list of men who are willing to undertake the work of helping a boy.

The right man is duly found for each boy, and, once appointed, he is held strictly to account and must report regularly and concisely. It is his business to keep in close touch with the boy, to see that he carries out the program of work, schooling, and daily conduct that has been prescribed for him as the way out to better things and the way from the harsh punishment of the regular courts and the bitter future that comes with crime. He must be more than a mentor; he must be a friend, counselor, and, to some degree, an associate. If he fails he is promptly replaced, as the enthusiasm of the churches for this practical work of making better boys creates an unlimited supply of men who are ready to do their best.

The work is, wisely, thoroughly decentralized, responsibility being placed on the churches and the Y. M. C. A. of the different districts. Priests, ministers, and rectors are reproached if their sections or their particular congregations are over-represented by the boys who pass through the Morals Court. If a particularly bad situation develops, a meeting of the parish congregation is called to consider it. In this way the problem of the bad boy has become in Pittsburgh the pressing problem of the churches; and the problem of the individual bad boy the problem of an individual churchman.

One of the objects of the court is to avoid the stigma that goes even with a juvenile-court process. Most of the boy offenders are not lost to a sense of shame, and when, as sometimes happens, they object to the court's proposed disposition of them on the perfectly correct ground that it has no authority for it, it is usually enough to point out that if a regular court is what they want they will be passed on to the juvenile court, where they will get a suspended sentence, at best, with a probation officer watching them, and the neighborhood notoriety of his visits and consequent disgrace for sister, mother, and the rest of the family.

Thinking only of reclaiming individuals in the beginning, the boys' work of

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the Morals Court has grown and gone farther. It has developed group, class, and neighborhood boy problems that have to be handled *en masse*, as when, through the case of a high-school boy accused of stealing apparatus from the chemical laboratory, it came out that the whole school was deep in a gambling mania, accompanied by an orgy of theft to meet "debts of honor." Excluding the teachers, Avison, the Y. M. C. A. secretary in charge of the Association's work with the Morals Court, was able in one heart-to-heart talk, answered with agonized confessions, to stop the whole bad business. Cases of boys who committed thefts while delivering milk unearthed a general practice of lazy milk-wagon drivers of employing small boys to climb stairs for them and encouraging the incidental looting. The employers soon put an end to this practice. Instances of thefts in shops and factories revealed a wide-spread practice of appropriating tools and materials that had gone on so long that it had become almost honored and respected. The employers clamored for condign punishment, but the Morals Court way wrought general reformation. The employment of young boys as newspaper sellers late at night or early in the morning was found to be an open highway to thievery. With the assistance of the publishers general corrective action was taken. This led to a general sweeping of boys off the streets at night.

Boy bandits caught in the net of the court never "peach" on their uncaught comrades. They simply go out and bring the whole gang into Judge De Wolf's chambers just as they would be sure to share any other good thing with the fellows. One gang that had turned into a club appeared in court by the tabooed "back way" of police aid one day with a very serious charge against it—nothing less than a bloody assault. The complaining witness told a plain story of assault and stabbing by the gang, and exhibited a bloody and jagged wound. De Wolf was sure it could not be so simple as all that. Investigation showed that the gang had by permission established its club-room in a cellar where, with crudely printed signs forbidding profanity, obscenity, spitting on the floor, etc., they were one day sitting around a table discussing their business when, through a swiftly raised board in the floor above, they were deluged with the contents of a pail of slops—they and all their common belongings were engulfed in the filth and slime. Whereupon, with the mad rage of the pack, they rushed up-stairs and fell on their enemy in the room above. Of course the stabbing could not be overlooked, but De Wolf's faith in the integrity of that gang was not in the least disturbed.

Interests and motives that run with the civic good are substituted for the destructive activities of the gang; natural leadership is diverted to beneficial tasks, and the gangs, like the bandits of Mexico in the time of Diaz, become the upholders of law and order, having learned that they are only necessary rules for the right playing of the game of life. Many times have these things been attempted before, but the successful variant in the Pittsburgh experiment is the deft mingling of the authority of the law with the benevolence of the individual.

Almost as fundamental as the effect on the boys is the reaction on the men who have come into the work. In making better boys they are making themselves better citizens.

The Pittsburgh Morals Court set out to rehabilitate the unfortunate boys of the city and finds that it is regenerating the whole city and inaugurating a method of instilling a social consciousness and a social conscience that may spread to other cities and become, perhaps, one of the most potent of agencies of Americanization—for a good citizen is a good American.

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THE MIRACLE

BY BETH BRADFORD GILCHRIST

AS the train mounted into the hills the doubt which, as an indefinable uneasiness, had insidiously sapped her spirit since she left New York took form and shape. The sensation was not strong enough to cause actual anxiety; nevertheless, from any point of view, it was disquieting, more particularly in that she had so long been a stranger to personal dread. It had not occurred to her as within the range of possibility that the experience could end. She had thought of it, indeed, when she thought of it at all, as transcending limitations, possessed of a timelessness she was now obliged to admit the facts denied. For didn't she know quite well in a general way when the marvel began? Ever since she set foot in America consciousness of the amazing miracle had been growing in Gloria Fleming. In France you took such happenings for granted, unquestioning. Now she wondered. How much did the thing show? Would people find her changed? And would the change she herself was so aware of endure the test of a return to normal living?

For if New York was normal, France in war-time had been abnormal. And she had liked herself in France better than she had ever liked herself before. Was she, who had known no fear under Hun fire, to commit in safe America the cardinal sin of the doughboy's searching calendar? The slender shoulders straightened instinctively at the thrust. If you were afraid, at least you need not run. But why, in the name of all that was kind and safe and lovely, should you be afraid at all?

Slowly, as the telegraph wires dipped and rose in endless rhythmic salute outside her window, Gloria Fleming thought back over her experience. She couldn't, she knew, be alone in it; the essence of its peculiar quality was the sense that she shared a common quickening, that the war had in some inexplicable way given every one a clear slate. For herself, Gloria rejoiced that she had come home so different from the Gloria who had embarked for France, as though a blither and more winsome personality had slipped into an old skin, displacing the former tenant. Where the tenant had gone, Gloria did not question; she was not interested in the old tenant. But she was tremendously interested in the new. Hitherto she had had little time to think about her; in France life had absorbed with its transcendent meanings, lifting her above thought; on the steamer people had made constant claims. To keep herself to herself and think would have been to deny the newfound bond of her heart. And she had not been conscious of needing to think then; she had still been living with complete abandon.

She was living now, wasn't she?—living in tingling awareness. The thing was even more exciting, savored in retrospect, than in experience. In retrospect you glimpsed, vaguely at first, what it might mean. And it reminded Gloria, oddly enough, of nothing so much as the New Testament. Oddly, because she had never been a religious person. She had read, but primarily for the form, the vigorous and pellucid English; beyond that and the racial genius involved, the Bible had remained for her a closed book. Now, as her eyes followed the undulations of distant blue, she began to understand what its phrases might cover. Her own experience, afar though it fol-

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lowed, was of the same nature; it poured content into the remembered print. St. John on his island of Patmos was not more aware of having stood in the presence of spiritual force than was Gloria Fleming as her train lurched up into the New England hills.

The fact that she had never been sensitive to such encounters made it the more authentic. Soft gestures had always meant to her either stupidity or the apotheosis of guile. Preoccupations with another world by the technique of their approach had revolted her taste as completely as the insignificance of their findings alienated her judgment. Attempts to anchor the New Jerusalem to brick and mortar found her cold; St. John did better, she thought, to leave it in the air. Neither Heaven nor Socialism had ever beckoned her; both programs presented too monotonous a waste of harmony.

The "scrap" had drawn her to France. When hadn't a fight had power to embroil her! Excitement, the zest of insecurity — she knew herself for an adventurer at heart. What had there been about scrubbing floors and swabbing fever-parched mouths and changing dressings to alter the very color of the world? Looking back, she could perceive how the long arduous months in the canteen had prepared her. But it was when the Hun in his final drive had abolished the canteen, and workers, trained and untrained alike, were fitting in where woman could to mitigate the manifold diabolism that the miracle had happened. From without, the heart of life had looked distasteful enough, the stuff and fabric of too plentiful humanity; from within, it had turned to the very temple of God. She had not dreamed that hideousness could put on such splendor, that sordidness could be so lifted out of the muck into a glory that robbed the most repulsive services of their repulsion.

That had been, amazingly, all there was to it, a quickening of life into some fourth dimension, as it were, of being. Nothing definite or obvious; only a sense of power, limitless competence and activity. Nothing had tired her; nothing had daunted her; nothing had tried her. It was astonishing how equable she had been and how happy. For the first time in her life Gloria Fleming had felt at ease in the world, neither on guard nor combatant, as though she had won through some baffling, disfiguring veil and found herself at home, suddenly, confidently, ecstatically at home.

Just as amazing was the fact that with the experience she had come home to humankind. The thing had not set her apart; rather it had brought her in, put her in touch. Never had she dreamed the spell of sheer humanness could so beguile her. The old Gloria had rated people by the validity with which, consciously or unconsciously, they served her ends. The new Gloria thrilled to them. The thrill wasn't sentimentality. Instead of coloring judgment, the feeling clarified; she saw with extraordinary lucidity, understood with tingling sympathy. It wasn't socialism. What had happened to her was no intellectual adherence, but a life. You thrilled to an idea in socialism, to humanity in bulk; your allegiance was to dogma, not to folk.

Chiefly she thrilled to Tom Callender. Gloria made no apology for this excitement; she did not try to explain why her emotions, heightened by France, had risen to flood about a waster. Because he had been the last man with whom she had flirted? Her brain acknowledged the possibility. Oh, she had been a waster, too. The point lay in the tense; *that* was not more completely over than as if it had never been. To find Tom also marking time at the point where they had both left off appeared to her in her present mood supremely natural. That in itself shows how thoroughly she had been shaken out of her sophistication. She had, indeed, warned herself against over-confidence, but the thought took no hold. The last of Fan's spasmodic stabs at sisterly correspondence

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NOTHING HAD TIRED HER; NOTHING HAD DAUNTED HER

had weeks ago told her that Tom was home again, unmarried. Beyond the fact that he had succeeded in getting into the war, his demobilization was the only word she had had of him, though she had continually expected somewhere to meet him. Hadn't she met all the others, even little Billy Waite who was killed the next week in the Argonne? Her mood precluded prudence. Time, which had given her the past, would give her the future, too. Distrust of that mood in any particular would have been apostasy, and apostasy at the moment was, psychologically speaking, impossible.

As the low-rimming hills climbed to high-shouldering peaks, the scarcely definable dread of the earlier hours gave place to a delicate exhilaration. A sense of coming fulfilment mounted in Gloria's veins. She was glad she had not hurried. Conspicuously she was of the later French exodus, yet only the children of the devastated regions could have held her so long as this. Leaning forward, her homing glance hailed the scudding garden patches with delight. Would Tom, by chance, be at the station? And what would he be like? She had not stipulated for change in him, because she couldn't see him without change. The inescapable thing about the war was its universality. Nobody who had been in it, Gloria thought, could have escaped the war.

And then she stepped down from the train to Fan and Fan's Mary—Tom was not present—and found that the war was over.

"I'm so cross at the canteen girls," said Mary as she led the way to the car. "What if Bess and Jane had made dates? They might have cut them."

"I thought more people would be at the station," said Mary's mother. "Last spring there would have been more."

"You ought to have seen us lined up in our uniforms to meet Grace Jones when she came home in March. And she

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didn't do half what you've done—just stuck around in Paris. There's a reporter, mother."

"I telephoned the papers."

Mary's brows went up. "Last spring you'd have been good for at least two columns, Aunt Glo. Now I expect they'll put you off with a paragraph."

Gloria laughed. "Who wants reporters or canteen girls? It is nicer to see you."

Her sister felt the remark was not in character, but at least it was comfortable. And she had of late been worried by thought of the attitude Gloria might take.

"How is Payne?"

"Driven as usual. He had a committee meeting or he'd have come with us."

"Oh yes," said Gloria. "He was having them when I went away—arranging parades, I remember, and putting loans over the top. Springdale did splendidly, didn't it?"

"Well enough during the war." Mary's tone was short.

"I hope you're not going to be disappointed, Gloria. Last spring you would have found things quite different. I was sorry when I heard you were staying on. Once I thought of cabling, but you always knew your own business best. Only you didn't, as I realize now, see this end of it. Who did, so far as that goes? It is nothing personal, you understand, not in the least, but last spring *was* the time to come home."

"Mother means we're fed up on the war," Mary spoke succinctly over her shoulder from the wheel. "It's done, anyway, so what's the use talking about it?"

Gloria felt oddly like a tire that has gone suddenly flat. The war done? Fresh from harried France where you couldn't get away from it, she marveled at the easy assumption. She marveled more the next day. But this resilience



"POOR LITTLE RUFFLED HEN WITH ONE PRETTY CHICK"

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"YOU ALWAYS COULD TWIST PEOPLE AROUND YOUR LITTLE FINGER, GLORY"

was natural, she told herself, a symptom of the buoyancy that was America's strength.

"It is awfully interesting to hear you talk," Mary said. "Mercy! mother, who is that with Laura Parker? I didn't know she and Sid had fallen out."

It was natural, Gloria reminded herself, for people to find the vital issues in their own affairs—in local affairs, too, that were theirs only by contiguity. Such were her affairs now, were they not? But, after all, the world was the world and America was in Europe's dooryard. You couldn't get away from that contiguity by ignoring it, as Payne seemed to ignore it. Payne was as obliviously absorbed in America as though there had been no war. Gloria rubbed her eyes. Had she dreamed the war? Or, reversing Rip van Winkle, had she slept herself back into a bygone age?

Walking up Main Street forty-eight hours after her return was like walking through the fantastic incongruities that haunt the night. Familiar, grotesquely familiar, but unreal. France had been real. Springdale was merely preposterous. And yet this inconsiderable New England city brought Gloria to grips with a reality for which her hasty flight through Paris with its restless women and listless, demobilized men had failed to prepare her. For if the war was over in Springdale, unquestionably it was done. The government might cling to the fiction that the Lever Act remained in force, but what chance had the government against Springdale's intuitive reaction? The Springdale Gloria remembered leaving two years before intent on war work had buried its animosities, forgotten its prejudices, and was blithely pulling together, presenting under its cosmopolitan exterior a determined and energetic front. Where now was that enlarging sympathy, that firm and devoted unity, that ennobling certitude of counting in the pattern of a big, brave whole?

All the old animosities were out on Main Street. Grudges she had forgotten gibbered into curious ears. Feuds as anachronistic to the war mood as had

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been the distrusts that bred them strutted in antebellum exclusiveness. Smiles veiled hostility. What you couldn't hear on Main Street had in a measure always been negligible, but before the war, as Gloria remembered, there had been limits. Now the lid was off. How jumpy people were, their nerves as unreliable as those of a shell-shocked man! It was as though credulity, stretched continuously during the war, had at last lost the elasticity to spring back to normal limits. What you heard, from prices to programs, staggered imagination. But it didn't stagger Springdale. Nothing seemed to stagger Springdale.

In the course of half an hour Gloria heard that she was going back in a month; that she was engaged to an Anzac; secretly married to a Belgian count; that she had contracted an incurable disease; and that her trunks had been confiscated at the dock.

"That is to explain, I suppose, why I don't appear in more costumes."

"Of course," said Mary. "Nobody knows what to make of you, straight from France without clothes, Aunt Glory."

"Truth to tell, I was in such a hurry to get home I forgot clothes."

Mary laughed. "Can you expect this town to believe that?"

"No," said Gloria, "I suppose not."

But her welcome wasn't what she had expected. Perhaps nothing was ever as you expected. And yet— Gloria left it at that. After all, she had grown used in two years to taking things as they came, doing with or without, as a situation commanded. What you had to have for your doughboys you found a substitute for, if you couldn't provide the original. It was astonishing with what expedients ingenuity and necessity could equip you. And she hadn't come back a heroine; Gloria Fleming had no delusions on that score. She knew what she had got out of her two years. Quite how much she had got out of them she couldn't tell any one.

"I was lucky, you know," she said, frankly, "to have the chance."

And Springdale agreed with her. After all, though war was war and she might be a heroine, Gloria Fleming was Gloria Fleming. All Springdale knew Gloria. It had had no illusions about her when she went away; it had none now that she was home again. She had had the time of her life, hadn't she? She was that kind of girl. Plenty of men—one girl among a thousand. Beyond question there had been hardships; things had not been exactly luxurious in France during war-time, but undoubtedly much was exaggerated. Springdale couldn't imagine Gloria sticking to anything that was too hard. It wasn't her way. She had always known how to pull out at the psychological moment. That was why young Springdale had always hated her, feminine young Springdale. She let you in for things that weren't your doing at all and went off lightheartedly, scot-free. Most of all she let you in for the men she didn't want. She tried them out, so to speak, spoiling them and presented you with her leavings. Tom Callender was the only man who had "got by," and only—Springdale could see plainly—because he was as arrant a flirt as she. Gloria was still tilting at him when the war came. Undeniably she must have landed some one "over there." Otherwise the two years would have been a failure. And Gloria didn't look like a failure. Tired and a little worn, but curiously alert and triumphant — yes, and happy. The triumphant happiness was conclusive. There must be a fiancé. On no other grounds could Springdale explain it. Some people even said she was in love with him.

But what Springdale said about Gloria was as nothing to what it said of the Callenders. For all her shortcomings, Gloria was American; her boat, while not the first, had joined the procession early enough for Gloria's forebears to become thoroughly acclimated. Tom's had arrived late. Tom's father had never been quite sure that he wanted to stay.

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"GLORY, I'D FORGOTTEN WHAT A STUNNER YOU ARE!"

Springdale now remembered this indecision; Tom's crossing the border to enlist had recalled the fact. That Tom had failed to be accepted by American recruiting officers conveniently dropped out of memory. The Callenders were English at heart. That circumstance had been all very well while the war lasted. Allies were allies and no questions asked. Now—well, now the war was over, wasn't it, for every one but the miners. And what had any Callender but Tom done in it?

"It's a shame!" sputtered Mary. "They say Mr. Callender, J. F., you know, wouldn't let his housekeeper hang out a service flag for her son where it would show—Mike was in the Yankee division—that he made her put it in the kitchen window."

"Don't tell me *that* is making all this talk."

"It started with that. He is too rich, you know; even father says his war profits were enormous. And they don't think he gave enough in the drives. They're frightfully touchy about it. And now they're trying to make out that he hasn't been square financially with the Children's Home. Aunt Glo, you wouldn't believe the stories people tell with perfectly straight faces!"

"They used to do more or less of it. The facts are to be had, I suppose."

"Facts! You don't have to have facts when you're sure enough."

How hot the child was.

"Nobody has ever liked J. F. Now they hate him."

The word struck an archaic note in Gloria's ear. Had the world swung back to that? Why must people scrap their war gains? But what else could you make of the daily prints? She remem-

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bered dead men she had seen and what the surgeon-major had said about sudden embattled death leaving happy faces, if it left any faces at all. To find at war's heart utter peace was to find a paradox, just another of those discoveries that look, when you face them, so utterly different from what you have had in mind.

"People grow tired of talking after a while," she said, quietly. "Is Tom home?"

"Oh—yes most of the time. He happens to be out of town for a few days just now."

What was Mary blushing about?

"Well? I didn't hear of his being wounded."

"Fine. Gassed once. But he's really very fit again."

How adorably pretty she looked with that color in her cheeks. And how she had grown up in two years. Funny little Mary! Indubitably, girls were hero-worshipers.

"You have a lovely skin, dear," she said, irrelevantly.

"Mother says it's like yours when you were young."

"Mine has rather gone off in the last year or two."

"Didn't you try to take care of it?"

"Mercy, no! Where would I have found the time? When you're on your feet for eighteen hours a day, more or less, you peg away at exercises and cold sponges to keep yourself fit, but face massage you forget about."

"It's a pity," said Mary, seriously. "Nice skin is really so very nice. But, of course, as mother says, unless you're awfully young a pace like that shows."

"It does, indeed." Gloria's eyes danced. Whatever qualities the child might have, she hadn't tact.

"Aunt Glo," said Mary, suddenly, "I love to watch you. You look the way I feel, awfully happy and—and sort of fizzy inside."

"So I am," said Gloria.

"And don't you—I hope you won't mind my asking—don't you feel in the least old?"

"Not a bit. Does any one?"



"BUT I WANT TO MARRY TOM NOW"

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Mary nodded. "*I* do."

"Oh, to be sure. So did I at twenty-two."

"That's the trouble!" The girl pounced on the admission. "When you're really young, you don't feel young. And when you feel young, you're growing old."

Gloria laughed. "I haven't a doubt you're quite right, dear. Have you urgent reasons for wishing to feel—young?"

"Yes," said Mary. "Mother says I'm playing with fire."

"Who doesn't who's alive? To lose a taste for fire *would* be growing old."

Mary hugged her. "Oh, you darling! *You* talk to mother, Aunt Glo. Make her see I'm *not* too young."

"The point, of course," said Gloria, "is to make sure it is really fire and that it won't go out on your hands."

"It won't," said Mary. "It couldn't. *I know.*"

But it was Mary's mother who talked to Gloria. "I meant to have had your room done over before you came. Mercy! It is shabbier than I realized. But if you knew how much I have had on my mind lately—and you always preferred to choose your own colors. It's terribly wearing to bring up a girl, Glory."

"Is it? To me a girl seems rather nice."

"I'd rather have five boys. You know where you are with boys, or if you don't it doesn't so much matter. With a girl half the time you're in a fog and her father holds you responsible."

"Thinks she's your specialty? But what is the matter with Mary? She looks abundantly able to manage herself."

"She is," sighed Mary's mother. "She's *too* able. All the girls are. And just now she wants to get married."

"And you, I gather, don't like the man."

"If you're flippant my nerves won't stand it"—abandoning her automatic tidying of the toilet-table. "I thought perhaps you would talk to her, Gloria."

Gloria hesitated. "Talk never kept a girl from having her own way."

"But you know what he is like and she knows that you know. She hasn't forgotten."

"Oh, it is some one I know, is it? Not that I quite see how that alters the case. Have you forgotten what it is like to be in love, Fan? A woman in love always knows her man better than any one else. You can't prove facts to her."

"But Mary is really a child," objected Mary's mother. "And you know what Payne is when he has made up his mind. You can't budge him. I don't say I should approve myself, even if there weren't all this chatter. Disparity of age *is* disparity. And when did Tom's infatuations ever last? You held him as long as any one. Then there was a girl in Canada near the training-camp, or so we heard. And nobody knows how many in England and France. But here he comes, hot as ever, dangling after Mary."

"Fan, dear," said Gloria, "if you ever told me whom you are talking about I must have been asleep."

"Mercy! Don't you know? There's only one Tom Callender."

"Don't be absurd."

"That is hardly the word, is it? I'm not blind, if I *am* her mother. When didn't Tom Callender fall for the prettiest face?"

Gloria dropped lightly to the arm of her sister's chair. "Poor little ruffled hen with her one pretty chick. Cheer up, dear. I don't think you need let Tom Callender bother you."

"You mean it will never come to anything?"

"Put it so, if you choose."

"I had thought of that, too. If we could be sure of time enough— But Mary is so headstrong, and Tom is all for you when he is for you at all. It is something precipitate I'm afraid of. If you— But, no, I suppose not."

"Out with it, Fan."

"Very likely you couldn't, even if you

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were willing to try. There's a kick-back from such things, of course. When they're off, they're off. And I wouldn't think of urging. But if you *could* take him on again—"

"As a temporary accommodation?"

"Oh, certainly; nothing permanent. There, you're vexed!"

"Not in the least. I was merely finding out the dimensions of your scheme. You're so utterly reckless, Fan dear, of every one but Mary. It is beautiful, I suppose, in a way; but isn't it a trifle cold-blooded? You don't seem to care what happens to the rest of us."

Mary's mother thought the adjectives odd on Gloria's lips, but Gloria *was* odd since coming home. Easier to live with, but of less help, Fan suspected, in an emergency. It had been convenient, having some one in the house who was willing to be unscrupulous.

"If you can devise anything better to do—"

"Why do anything? Events might be allowed to take their course. They are not always malicious, you know."

"I wouldn't dare risk it." She wheeled on her sister. "Do something! You could always do something if you wanted to."

Left alone, Gloria marveled. What was this credulity that took such hold on people? It was easy enough to understand Mary, but Fan had never been jumpy. Her transparency had mated with an unshakable poise. To stampede Fanny's nerves meant something. Gloria thought she knew what it meant. The whole town was a little mad—a post-war reaction, possibly inevitable. Small wonder that in the general ruck of things Fan had been swayed a trifle from her stable base, had forgotten, as it were, her Springdale. When hadn't a look from Tom Callender been enough to bring the gossips buzzing about a girl's head? Fan's lone chick. Oh, it was all understandable enough.

But poor Mary! Gloria committed no fatuous mistake of assuring herself that Mary would "get over" it. She knew girls do not always "get over" the baseless fabric of first dreams. But you couldn't dodge disappointment; it was part of her new interpretation of life that she did not wish to dodge it, for herself or for others. The vital way was to take it, head up, triumphant in your defeat. Was Mary old enough to know that taking it so was to draw its sting?

The conventional reaction did not at this point occur to Gloria. The possibility of giving up Tom was no more open to her as a point of view than the choice of whether to breathe or no. France had swept her beyond desire; she had, for the time at least, lost all sense of acquisitiveness. It was not that she wanted Tom; consciously she was not aware of wanting him at all; but she was exquisitely aware of his belonging to her. That this sense of approaching consummation might run counter to fact, might indeed be bred of the potentiality of her own mood, of the tingling pulse within that proclaimed all things hers, could not under the circumstances find lodgment with her. Gloria's preoccupation was still with faith. Doubt of herself, her future, of Tom, or of Tom's place in that future, was unthinkable. And Tom, when he came, was so emphatically glad to see her. There was no mistaking his delighted:

"Glory! You home? This *is* jolly. When can I see you?"

"You're seeing me now, aren't you?"

"Alone. I want to talk to you."

Small wonder her faith felt justified. She walked to meet the appointment in beneficent tranquillity.

It was Tom who disillusioned her—Tom smiling, eager, sure of her help.

"Talk to 'em, Glory," he begged. "Nothing I say counts. They don't believe me. Can't blame 'em. They'd deny me the house if that sort of thing hadn't gone out."

"Deny you the house?"

"They want us to wait till this confounded rumpus blows over. That's what they *say*. What they mean is till I blow cold again. They can't believe

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I'm not the same old weather-cock. Mary, bless her! won't hear of waiting. She wants to marry me now. It's her way of standing by. What they can't see is that she'll do it, too, if they push her too far."

"You mean you will let her do it?" Gloria's lips formed words mechanically.

"I mean that I'll help her do it. I'm not going to run any risk of losing that little girl, Glory."

Gloria forced herself to quiescence. To combat you must understand.

"Do you really—love her?"

"Don't *you* take that tack, too. You and I always hit it off pretty well. And you've been across. You know what it does to a fellow. I'm no talker. I can't turn myself inside out for 'em. But I'll go dotty if I don't get her. You always could twist people around your little finger, Glory. You twisted me. I had just sense enough left to try to keep it to myself. Oh, I didn't succeed, I knew that well enough. Make 'em see I'm ready to settle down."

Gloria's heart went cold. That he looked to her at all proved how conclusively she was out of the running. In his assumption of her personal indifference she saw the reflection of his own. But what bond was there in the mere participation in a war to entitle a man so confidently to her help?

"And if I don't wish to—in this case?"

"Don't tease, Gloria—*please*."

Gloria went up to her room, a broken woman. She didn't acknowledge yet that she was broken. She told herself that she could get him back. The illusion that she had had him was not more complete than this other illusion that she could get him back. And the room shut her in among forgotten moods and turned the key. Old habits of thought and action, sloughed off in the liberating months, closed round her with the wall-paper that Fanny had left unchanged. It is to her credit that she did not try to straddle the situation. She saw it for what it was, a choice. Tom or the new Gloria. And Tom she would not give up.

Deliberately before her mirror she set to work to allure. Now at last the war was over for her, too. France had been a mirage; this was real. Or, no; let her at all costs keep her thinking clear. France had been real enough while it lasted; the trouble was that it couldn't last. Nothing like that could last. An interlude between two wastes of peace. Peace! She laughed mirthlessly as she rummaged out the rouge. Competition and rivalry. On what grounds had *she* expected to escape? Immunity was for the dead—possibly; alive, you held no secure title to your own moods. There was nothing better to do than to take where you wanted, ruthlessly. Or if there were something better, it was out of reach; you might clutch at it, but you couldn't keep it. What could you keep?

A dull anger stirred at her heart, a vast distaste for the woman who had come back to live in this room. But to see the pity of being dragged at the reactionary chariot wheels of a cosmic cataclysm left her, after all, in the victim's rôle. The anger whipped color into her cheeks and darkened her eyes to brilliance; the distaste and the pity were impotent to halt the dexterous hands or clog the active brain. She must see about new clothes at once. Could Celeste take her on? To work for time, that was her cue. How she had come to ally herself with Fan! You could do anything with time, if you knew how. Triumphant, Gloria measured her image in the long pier-glass. Her hand had not lost its cunning. Mary, arrogant little chit! What chance had Mary against her artistry?

With her hand on the door revulsion swept her. With sudden passion she longed for the drudging round of the canteen, for the hospital reeking with heroic pain. Could she steel her will to recapture the old fervor? And how, if she didn't, could she go through with the thing at all? Nonsense! To allow such thoughts was to countenance treason. The battle was lost before it was begun

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when you thought of yielding. She could win. When hadn't she won? But she wished that sick foretaste of failure had not come to her.

"Golly! Glory, I'd forgotten what a stunner you are!" said Tom.

What Mary thought will never be known, but Mary's mother considered that Gloria was doing it all for her. No civilian in the path of battle ever watched the ebb and flow of conflict with more absorbed concern than Mary's mother in the days that followed.

"It's no use. You can't do it, Glory," she said at last. "Half the time he doesn't know you're here. I thought at first you had a chance, but you haven't. It's been tremendously good of you—I'll never forget your trying. Yarrow revisited wasn't a success, you know. Arcady isn't Arcady the second time. And people are beginning to talk."

"Only beginning?"

"They say—oh, you can imagine. They're rather jubilant."

"They would be, of course."

"I told Mrs. Pratt I asked you to."

"She didn't credit you."

"How did you know? But, no, I'm afraid she didn't."

"Have you ever thought," asked Gloria, "that Mary and Tom might take matters into their own hands?"

Mary's mother shook her head. "Though I have often been afraid she would insist on being married at once. She spoke to me about it this morning. Made me feel old, Glory, she sounded so womanly and sweet. If the man had been any one but Tom Callender—"

"We're doing all we can to hound her into it. I wouldn't take any chances, if *I* were her mother."

So this was what she had fallen to! The veriest shadow would have power to affright her now. Defeat bred defeat. She could never live it down, if she lost this battle. But she had lost already, hadn't she, irretrievably. It was Mary's victory. Mary's? What had Mary won? She had been left on the field, that was all, when Gloria went down. For it had not needed her sister's words to tell her that she had never had an opportunity to win. If you couldn't burn in your own fire, what chance had you of kindling another's glance? Possibly Mary had nothing at all to do with the result. Gloria's defeat had not proved Tom inviolable; it had revealed her own attack as lamentably weak and insincere. Defection within had overthrown her. That was the amazing factor in the debacle; the fact that in spite of herself she had not been able to whip her veins to zest.

It terrified her to find that she could not mobilize her forces where she chose. In vain she told herself that she was tired, that she had been working too hard, that reaction was only natural. Time would help her. But she had so little time, in view of those two, hardly enough for her pendulum to swing through the arc of its return to normal beat. And what good would time do her, if it came too late? Time was valuable, like any other commodity, only when you had it where you needed it. You could have too much of time piled up in the wrong place. No, time wasn't likely to help her any. Nothing that she could see would help her, unless the war, which had got her in, got her out again. And the war was done, wasn't it?

Done? Gloria laughed mirthlessly. A thing that could hang onto you like this wasn't done. Shattered her strange experience might be—she called it strange now—broken by the sharp edges of the next actuality, in this case the old, habitual atmosphere of strife and animosity; but, shattered or not, it had broken her. The measure of her repugnance was the test, the empty heart with which she faced the world. The old Gloria had, equally with the new, made sense, diametrically opposite in purport, but still legible. This mongrel spelled nothing clearly but disintegration and cross-purposes. Where was the old keen ruthlessness? Where was the happy buoyancy, the eager kindliness that had displaced it? Where that marvelous lucidity of mind? Had she been too sure of

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her immunity? Perhaps immunity was yours only so long as you walked unconscious. Possibly the moment when she so keenly savored her own beatitude had been the beginning of the end. For that was the one thing clear to Gloria in the morass in which she floundered, that all along the line, from whatever angle you viewed the affair, she had lost.

In her emergency she thought of going away, but how, in its turn, could flight help her, since, wherever you went, you could not get away from yourself? No, she must find a way to win here on the ground where she had lost, or go under. Somehow you must win, keep on winning; Gloria couldn't vision a lifetime of defeat. But she shivered. She was stripped. Hope and courage and confidence had fled. Her soul cowered in its empty rooms, and, so cowering, felt a succoring warmth.

It was not without repugnance that Gloria Fleming gave herself to that warmth. Not so had she foreseen return to the civilian round. Whatever had happened to her overseas, integral to that experience was the conviction that here was no temporary thrill. But you had to take life, she told herself, on the terms it was offered. The great thing was to live, to square yourself with the universe somehow—if not as friend, then as enemy. And hate was hot. Its fiery strength must stir her sluggish blood.

She threw on coat and hat and slipped down the side stairs. Voices from the reception-room told her what Fan was doing. She would walk and let the fire burn.

At the door she overtook Mary, also dressed for the street.

"Oh," said Mary, "are you going out?"

Whether it was Mary's unwonted banality, the slight tremor of nervousness in her smile, her indefinable air of readiness and decision, one or all that betrayed her, Gloria knew.

"It is hot in the house." She suppressed a yawn. "Pete has too much fire. If you don't mind, I'll saunter along with you."

Where would Tom be waiting? By the way Mary pulled involuntarily in the other direction she perceived that at the corner she had taken the right turn. The thing was to be simple enough; Mary's wits had been stampeded by surprise.

Gloria's worked clearly. The irony of so much beatitude distorting itself in the end to the cheap melodrama of suppressing an elopement was not lost on her. For this *was* the end. The significance of the moment lay in its finality. With her own hand she was to give the *coup de grace* to the bright miracle.

She stepped briskly around a clump of conifers.

"Tire troubles, Tom?"

His hand on the door of his car, the man looked past Gloria to the girl.

"Did you bring her?"

Mary shook her head. "She—she tagged along."

Gloria laughed. "Am I *de trop?* But you're much too polite to let me feel it."

"You'd better get out, Glory," said Tom. "I mean business."

The sparkling glance of the erstwhile lover of her kind swept the two with amused malice.

"Oh no," she said. "Mary is coming home with me."

"But I want to marry Tom now, when it means something." Impulsively the girl put her hand on her aunt's arm. "*Please*, Aunt Glo. You know mother doesn't really object. She's afraid of father. And he won't care when it's done."

"Tom isn't going to have you talked about."

"I *want* to be talked about, if Tom is."

Mary's face looked very small and pale in the growing dusk. The first lights began to twinkle in the road ahead.

"Aren't you going to take me, Tom?" she asked.

"She wins, Mary," he said. "Confound you! Glory. Why couldn't you keep out?"

Gloria turned away. It had never

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been to her liking to roll a thing under her tongue. She triumphed, at least temporarily; prosaically enough, with no blare of trumpets, but she triumphed. Why wasn't she glad? Glancing back, she saw them standing together. Not even their hands touched, yet they were as potently each other's as though their arms had been intertwined. Nothing prosaic there. What was little Mary doing with such a look on her face, as though she had come alive in a world that belonged to her? Such things couldn't last, and yet—what you had had, you had had. The moment, Gloria had grace to see, was none of hers.

She turned her back on it and stood irresolute. Then she walked to the car. "I think," she said, over her shoulder, and her voice sounded worn and thin, but the others were too unhappy to notice that—"I think if we make ourselves small we may be able to squeeze in here. Drive us home, Tom, and to-morrow I'll see, Mary, what I can do with your father."

From the library Gloria mounted the stairs to the room whose wall-paper she so disliked. It had been a long, hard fight, but she had won. Closing the door, she dropped to a chair and leaned her head on her hands. She was inexpressibly tired, so tired it didn't matter about the wall-paper. She had no illusions as to the road ahead. Her last illusion had died and left her certainty, and certainty, though it had stripped her, had given her peace. There were things, she knew now, that you couldn't go back on. The new Gloria had been a gift from heaven, but only an act of human will could have kept her here.

Of how long she sat bowed in the darkening room she had no knowledge. Suddenly her head lifted in swift surprise. It had come back—unbelievable happiness—it had come back! She had nothing to live for, yet life palpitated around her; the sense of it ran in her veins with ecstatic tremor. Through her ache of loneliness and loss she thrilled to an exquisite quickening, a limitless freedom, an enlarging power.

Later it was to come to Gloria Fleming with something of shock that she had not loved Tom Callender, that her allegiance had been given primarily to a passion not of this world. But her dubiety, if dubiety it were, would be short-lived. The utter health of her felicity precluded doubt. In the thing that had happened to her she was not solitary; her quickened mind glimpsed its like through the centuries. This, she thought, was the way people were meant to feel.

At the time she neither probed nor questioned, but sat content. Not even to Fan could she speak of her experience. You spoke of such things only at risk of becoming unintelligible. But what she had to do was clear.

"Shall you be here through the summer, Gloria?" an acquaintance questioned the next day.

"Oh no," said Gloria. "Hadn't you heard? I'm going back."

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AMERICA GOES BACK TO WORK

III.—DETROIT, THE FOURTH CITY

BY EDWARD HUNGERFORD

DETROIT deserves a chapter of her own, for in the America of to-day she occupies a place of peculiar distinction. From a quiet, although a busy, port upon the Great Lakes chain, a typical American city of the middle grade—with middle-grade enthusiasms, ideals, prosperity — she has suddenly blossomed into near-metropolitanism. Rapidly she has begun to be one of the great cities, not only of the United States, but of the world. Most world-cities attain their full size slowly, with opportunity to study and to assimilate their problems. Detroit has had but little such opportunity. To attach the adjective "mushroom" to her growth is hardly fair. After all, she has not been one of the "boom towns" which we shall see when we come to the great Southwest, springing up, almost overnight, from a four-corners in an open field into a metropolitanism of sky-scrapers, of an overpowering European-plan hotel or two, a union station, and unwieldy civic problems. For, remember that at the beginning of her era of great growth she was far from a backwoods settlement. She was a rather progressive American city of the middle grade, comfortably prosperous, charmingly arranged, and, despite the rigors of her Northern winters, one of the most livable of our communities. That was ten years ago.

To-day she says that she is dynamic—whatever that may mean. Anyway, she is tremendous—in some ways almost overpowering. She worries but little about the future. To-day is her apple; and, if the simile is permissible, she is eating it to the core. She is prosperous —nay, more, rich beyond all the dreams of her founders, and smug in the contentment of her wealth. It matters little to her that at the present moment other American communities are particularly perplexed and puzzled. Labor troubles, labor misunderstandings, seemingly concern her not at all.

"We shall open a little more generously of our purse," says Detroit when rumors of these troubles and their ultimate possibilities to her own comfort come to her ears. "Money will cure any situation." But this optimistic belief has yet to be put to the test.

We have arrived at Detroit after a pilgrimage through the very heart of industrialism. We have paused at cities such as Philadelphia, Bethlehem, and Pittsburgh in Pennsylvania; at Endicott and Rochester, in New York; at Cincinnati and at Cleveland in Ohio. These have their problems of misunderstandings and are worried, more than a little, about them. The lack of understanding between the employers and the employed began to concern Rochester a decade ago, and she then evolved her remarkable experiment of the open forums in her city schools at night. Five years ago Cincinnati began to feel that all was not well with her. Her "block-unit" plan was the result. To-day Cleveland is worried about the hundred thousand folk within her boundaries who cannot read, or even speak, the English language. Even a smaller city, such as Toledo, is in grave perplexity over her civic problems.

Our pathway from Cleveland to Detroit leads through Toledo. No one who is keenly interested in the progress of

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the remarkable communities that line themselves along our inland seas can afford to miss this brisk Ohio city by the Maumee, for she, too, has been in an industrial travail, with a bitter and long-continued strike in her great single automobile-factory and a long-continued suspension of her trolley service as its two chief recent factors.

Of these two situations the trolley fight is perhaps the more interesting. It came at the end of a long stage of constant bickerings between the local traction interests and the local politicians—very much along the lines of similar bickerings and fights in many other American cities. There were two things that Toledo might have done with seeming ease—either permitted the trolley company to charge fares that were commensurate with its income, or else to buy the system and run it as a civic enterprise—if needful, at low fares and charging the deficit off as a city betterment, very much as the expenses of its superb art museum and its two great high schools are charged—for the public weal. Unfortunately, Toledo, like most of our American cities to-day, is nearly bankrupt. And for that reason—or others—it chose neither of these obvious pathways. Finding that the main franchises of the street railway company that serves it expired, it passed an "ouster ordinance" in its council, ordering the company out of the streets and submitted it to the electorate for approval or disapproval, in accordance with the workings of the Ohio law of initiative and referendum.

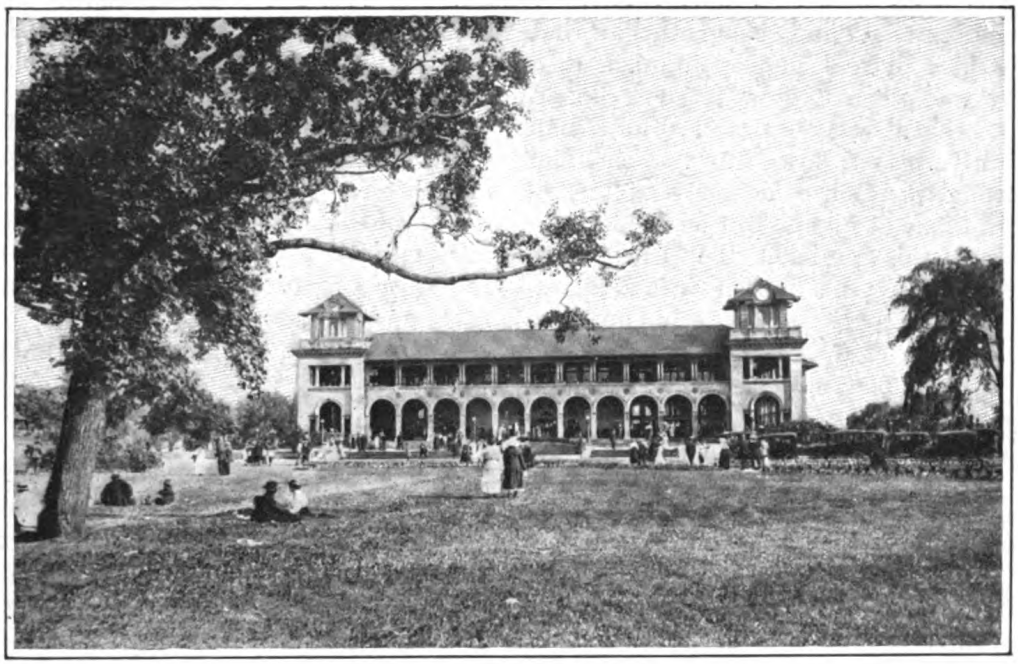
The electorate approved—one might easily add, "of course," and the politicians at the City Hall chuckled. Now they had the trolley company in their fingers, for they had no intention of enforcing the "ouster." It was merely to be a big stick to hold over the defenseless heads of the trolley folks. Good politics this, and ingenious as well.

Sometimes in this gray old world the best and most ingenious of plans fail utterly. In Toledo the trolley company took the "ouster" seriously; it interpreted the referendum vote as a legal order from its patrons to get out of the streets, and out of the streets it got. On the Saturday evening following the election day of November, 1919, it quietly moved every one of its three hundred trolley-cars out of the town and the state, to points of safe vantage along the sidings of interurban lines in neighboring Michigan. On the following day, and for twenty-six days thereafter, that part of Toledo which did not own motors walked or paid outrageous prices to profiteering jitneys, and began to realize forcibly the value of a public utility that long since had become as much an ordinary part of its life as light or air or trees or grass, and to appeal for the return of its urban transport system.

After those twenty-seven fearful days the trolley-cars came back—amid acclaim and great public rejoicings, and Toledo began working out a sensible basis of adjusting its trolley situation.

Detroit has not yet seen a clear way to such a basis, despite the example so close at hand, or despite the ten years of successful trial of the so-called "service-at-cost" plan in neighboring Cleveland. One of the genuine achievements of Tom L. Johnson was this last scheme. To face an economic issue squarely and bravely, and to realize that the laborer is worthy of his hire, even though wearing the guise of a humble trolley-car, was a distinct step forward in American social progress. Briefly, the Cleveland service-at-cost plan provides that the cost of maintaining and operating the property, including, in addition to bond obligations, 6 per cent. to the stockholders of the trolley company, shall be met by fares, which rise or fall in accordance with a carefully defined method, as the company's outgo rises or falls. The city makes the car schedules and other operating conditions and, in fact, accepts the entire responsibility for the proper operation of the property. It arranges also the income to take care of all such responsibility, with the definite

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BELLE ISLE PARK, DETROIT'S GREAT PLAYGROUND

result that at this moment it is doing very well at a five-cent fare (with one cent added for transfers issued) and is able to pay its platform men as high as the highest standard of wages in the land—sixty cents an hour.

The Detroit railways pay the same wages and, for the moment, have also the same rates of fare, with no charge whatsoever for transfers. But they have no stable future toward which to look or build, a condition which seems to be all too prevalent in our American industry to-day. In Detroit, as in Toledo, certain valuable franchises in down-town streets have expired, and the street railway company runs in them from day to day simply by grace of the City Hall and the patent fact that its service is a civic necessity, while that same City Hall waves the big stick and threatens the construction of a competing system, municipally owned and operated, and to show that there is real menace in its threat it puts the question to the local electorate, which promptly indorses it by a 60-per-cent. vote. Whereupon the traction company goes into the courts for a review of the entire situation.

It is too early at this writing to say whether the recent election will or will not bring Detroit the municipal street railway which she has so long been promised and which as a matter of fact is specifically provided for in her present charter. It is not too early or too late to state, however, that her traction problem still remains as it has been for the past twenty-five years—a possible stepping-stone in Michigan political progress; certainly to the City Hall of Detroit, and in these days possibly to the Governor's chair at Lansing or to a Senatorship down at Washington, while the innocent-minded folk of the town wonder why these long years of constant squabble have not brought them decent trolley progress or relief.

"We don't need to worry about more trolley-tracks," said a prominent Detroiter to whom I put the local traction problem. "What we ought to have in this town is fewer trolley-tracks. They ought to be ripped out of streets like Jefferson and Grand Avenue and Woodward so we would have more room for the automobiles of the folk who ride down to their work in style and comfort."

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I tried to remind this gentleman that my idea of real metropolitanism in a city was when it grew to such dimensions that it was not practical for a man to drive his car down into its heart and there park it until he was ready to return home at night. But he would have none of this argument. Did I neglect to tell you that he himself was a manufacturer of motor-cars? Acting upon his knowledge of the business, I asked him how many pleasure-cars—the trade likes to have them known as passenger-cars—the United States could absorb.

"Our entire industry has planned to build two million seven hundred thousand in this calendar year of nineteen-twenty," was his prompt reply. "There already are between five million and seven million across the land. I think that it is safe to say that the nation could buy and continuously operate ten million or twelve million cars without reaching what might be called the point of saturation. Mr. Ford would probably put the figure higher. I think mine a more conservative estimate, however."

Twelve million motor-cars. It seems absurd, doesn't it? Yet here we are already, a car to every twenty Americans, and in a state like Iowa, one to every six. In theory, and I honestly believe in fact as well, you could, if necessity ever arose, pack the entire population of Iowa into its own motor-cars and move it over the state lines overnight, very much as the Toledo trolley-cars were moved out of the town and the state. And yet the absurdity diminishes as you go around and about Detroit and see great motor-car factories going up in many directions; factories, given over during the war to the manufacture of munitions, being transformed into automobile production. You recall Akron, with its overwhelming tire establishments and Cleveland and Toledo with their own great motor-car factories. Or, perhaps, there in front of the Detroit City Hall you board the interurban trolleys which quickly race you north to Pontiac, where motor-car manufacture is giving industrial briskness, and acre upon acre of small, neat houses to what two or three years ago was but a sleepy county-seat; or to Flint, where homeless folk have slept night after night in rows of cots in storerooms; or to Lansing, where the automobile-factories to-day quite overshadow the state Capitol of Michigan in local pride and importance.

Of these three Flint was to me by far the most interesting. It seemed hardly credible that in six or seven years a community of 35,000 folk had grown to 91,599—by the exact figures of the 1920 census—and the romance of Durant and Dort, the one-time carriage-builders of that nice, old-fashioned town, far exceeds, to my mind, many of those which I have seen spun upon theater stage or within the covers of a novel. A quarter of a century ago these men were already in quantity production, for that day and age. Already they had evolved their famous two-wheeled gig — the little "Blue Ribbon"— which they sold for twenty-five dollars to the boys in the backwoods of the Michigan counties who could not afford to pay one hundred dollars for a regular honest-to-goodness buggy. More than twenty years ago Durant had brought his production of the "Blue Ribbons" up to over one hundred thousand annually. Then one day —it was barely fifteen years ago—he walked into the littered workshop of a quiet mechanical genius who lived up one of the side-streets of the town. The man's name was Herman Buick, and he had evolved from scrap material a little internal-combustion gasolene-engine.

"Scrap material, indeed," said my friend, the Detroit maker of motor-cars. "We were glad enough to get scrap in those days. Short lengths of brass piping made good cylinders; brass checks, valves; rubber valve-handles, fly-wheels. We worked with such material as we could get in hand, and under tremendous obstacles."

But they worked. The man who stood behind Buick and who dropped his

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carriage-building business—almost overnight it seemed—to-day heads an automobile industry of his own which is doing a business of about $35,000,000 a year, and he plans in this year of grace 1920 to turn out 3,100 cars each working-day, or about four to the minute.

When one comes to Detroit figures are indeed dazzling things. The town itself astonishes, bewilders, and delights him. It is in the brilliant adolescence of youth. Remember again that it thinks but little of the future. Fearfully overcrowded, it makes some definite efforts to relieve its almost overwhelming problems of housing, but when one of its down-town banks the other day wished to seek a new location it did not hesitate to choose for itself the site of one of the town's largest and most prominent hotels and, in this day of terrific building costs, to plan to tear down completely a twelve-story structure, hardly a dozen years old, so that it could erect just the kind and style of building it really desired. I do not wonder that Europeans sometimes think that we are crazy. To them it would be inconceivable waste to tear down a comparatively modern building to erect in its place a slightly more modern one. They would not possibly comprehend it, any more than they comprehended the almost prodigal expenditure of our war-time organizations among them. They do not understand America. They do not understand youth. They themselves are old, with the centuries.

Youth is indeed careless, particularly so when youth is equipped with a fat wallet and little feeling of restraint for its use. Youth is gay and artistic. Granted. Granted, too, that youth may even scorn such prosaic things as old-fashioned notions of education and culture. Youth may even turn its shoulder



AUTOMOBILES PARKED IN CADILLAC SQUARE

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upon Ann Arbor, with its well-developed university (not thirty miles away), and still bow its favor upon great and lovely "movie-houses" and a symphony orchestra that in its own great hall is promised to be a little finer, if possible, than those of Cleveland or of Cincinnati.

"And yet," a lady of Detroit told me, "I would rather do without our fine new orchestra and have our nice old town back once again."

For please do not forget that the wealth of Detroit comes to as astonishing figures as its motor-car production. In the eight months in which 1919 reveled in a Federal luxury tax it paid more than $55,000,000 into the coffers of the government, merely for the pleasure of buying at as high prices as it chose to buy. For 1920, Mr. John A. Grogan, collector of internal revenue for the first district of Michigan—which has Detroit as its chief bailiwick—estimates the luxury-tax receipts at $75,000,000. It is but fair to state that these figures include the taxes paid by the motor-car manufacturers of the town upon their output, which in turn is assessed upon and paid by the ultimate user of the cars. Yet Detroit herself is a great spender.

"You feel that if Detroit were drinking anything these days it would be champagne," wrote a friend of mine, a newspaper man from New York.

We saw in a former article how a great motor-truck concern in Cleveland prospered in its labor relations through two methods so simple and so primary as hardly to be worth the setting down on paper—good executive management and paying a little higher wages than its competitors. Yet, good as this may be for this one industry, how about the other machine-shops whose product is not in such popular demand as to make a constant lifting of prices profitable or even possible? And where does such a process, long-continued, lead? Where, but to the chaotic industrial condition to which so large a part of the United States already has come?

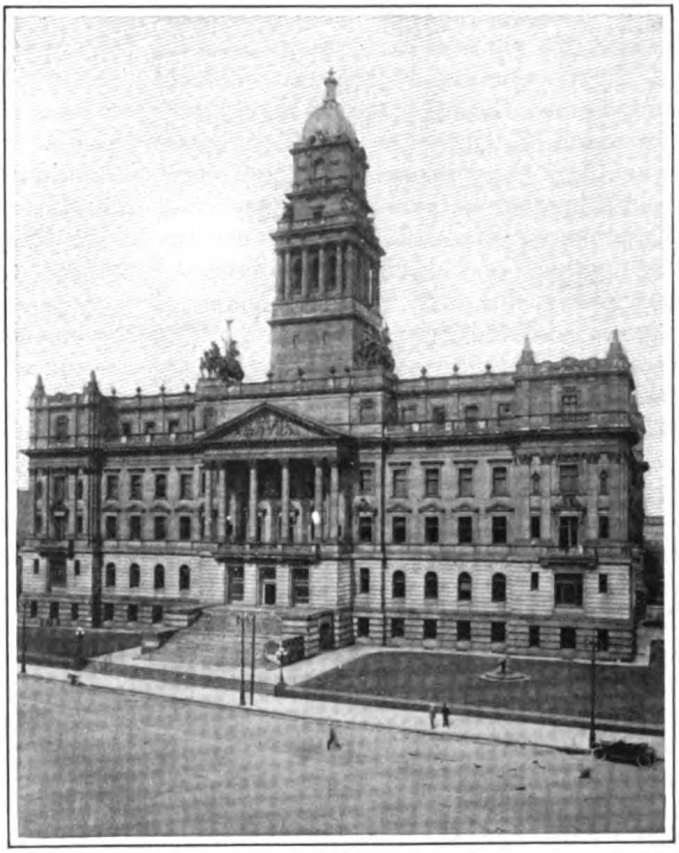
Before we are done we shall endeavor to locate some of the causes for this industrial unrest, and shall find it, I dare say, in several causes—wide-spread extravagance, both governmental and personal; the choking and shutting off of a reasonable flow of immigration; in some of the economic phases of prohibition; and, finally, in a lack of guidance and real statesmanship in these and other factors in our present muddled national condition. The evidences of these things are themselves wide-spread, and if it were not for the cases of understanding, of conditions slowly but very surely bettering, which one finds here and there across the United States to-day, they might easily be considered genuinely appalling.

But there are cases. Come back to Toledo once again. She is, unfortunately, somewhat overshadowed by her comparative nearness to such industrial giants as Cleveland and Detroit. Set her by herself out in the Western plains or in the mountain lands, she would undoubtedly be a great tourist and business center. Her proximity alone to a wonderful sheet of fresh water ought to insure both. Her social resources are not to be ignored. She not only boasts one of the finest clubs in the United States, but, what is to my mind far more important, two high schools of unexcelled beauty and importance, to say nothing of an art museum which for its size and scope is without a peer in the whole land.

Toledo has great industrial resources also, which are both her pride and her embarrassment. I spoke of her a moment ago as having been recently in an industrial travail. We saw her involved in deep troubles with her street-railway system, which, having been backed as far into the corner as possible, suddenly ceased to emulate the lamb and adopted the fighting tactics and the diplomacy of the tiger. In the same winter that her citizens were walking her streets in the ashes of bitter moodings over their misunderstanding, her chief single industry

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—the Overland automobile works, which employs fourteen thousand men—was involved in a bitter and long-continued strike of its operatives. When I visited Toledo—at the end of last January—this strike was still continuing. But a Federal-court justice, John M. Killits. was paying particular attention to the way in which it was conducted. It was this same Judge Killits, with more than a modicum of knowledge of human traits, including chiefly that of selfishness, who had finally ironed out the twenty-seven-day suspension of the trolley service, and who himself had had the pleasure of piloting the first returning car into the trolleyless town, to the loud acclaims of multitudes of Toledians.



COUNTY BUILDING, DETROIT

With equal firmness Judge Killits took hold of the Overland strike. He argued, and wisely, that the peace and comfort of a single American citizen should not and could not be upset by a noisy brawl between capital and labor. And when labor pleaded for what it termed its "inherent right" to picket the gates of the Overland factory, Judge Killits announced that he would pick the pickets for that fence. And so the hand-picked pickets came, a definite assignment of four or six to each of the seventeen gates of the plant which the court under its decree permitted to remain open for the ingress or the egress of the employes. Nor was this all; the hand-picked principle was no mere phrase. Judge Killits conducted a sort of civil-service examination for all the candidates for the picketing. They were personally instructed as to what they could and what they could not do. This last classification is the most interesting. They could not say "scab" and certain other uncomplimentary expressions to the workmen who still stuck by the plant and its open-shop policy. Neither could they intimidate or lay hands upon the workers.

Judge Killits made these things plain, and the strike soon became a farce. The plant kept hard at work—still open-shop and still on an eight-hour day, forty-eight-hour-a-week basis, while the men who had struck for forty-four hours went up to Detroit and to Flint and worked as much as fifty hours, and the Toledo Commercial Club followed the fashion of the hour in other industrial communities and evoked a declaration of principles. The community has stood pretty firmly back of this platform. This document, in brief, recognized, first, the

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right of every man to make a living; second, the right of every man to work at the occupation of his own choice; and, finally, the open shop. There was not much mincing of words or compromise about this declaration. The Cleveland Chamber of Commerce's pronunciamento with its definite concession to the workers of the right of collective bargaining, although disguised under a slightly different name, seems pretty radical in comparison. It came some months later, however, and in a few months the industrial-relation situation can rapidly progress—or equally rapidly retrograde.

The Toledo declaration, on the other hand, as you have just seen, concedes nothing whatsoever to organized labor. Moreover, back of its words is a pretty stout sort of an employers' organization which has not been merely content to stand back of a judge who was willing himself to pass upon the qualifications of strike-pickets and the exact ramifications of their individual jobs, but which last fall organized a thousand Toledians into a regiment to relieve the regular policemen of the town of the vast overload which the strike had put upon their shoulders. These men, in squads of twos and threes, patrolled for long weeks the entire cities in two beats, one from eight in the evening until midnight and the other from midnight until four o'clock in the morning. If there were sleepy heads at the roll-tops of Toledo, they were reckoned as sleepy in a good cause indeed.

Detroit, while by no means free from strikes in recent months, has not had so definite or long-continued struggle as this. She probably would prefer to meet the demands, avoid obstructions, and turn out motor-cars at the top rates of production; at least as near to top rates as these annoying disturbances from time to time in coal-mining, steel-rolling, and transportation circles will permit. She has not permitted or encouraged or even witnessed much union development within her boundaries—particularly in her beloved automobile industry—chiefly because she has found it easier to concede at the very beginning the thing which the union workers most wish—and do not get so easily in other communities—high wages. She realizes that, generally speaking, her labor to-day, as compared with the days before the war, is only about 60 per cent. efficient, but she carries on, with all of her youthful energy, and, despite both of these manufacturing burdens, without a very greatly increased price upon her product, because her early studies into efficiency methods of production set a goodly margin of profit for her motor-car builders. And she is quite content, apparently, to let to-morrow take care of itself.

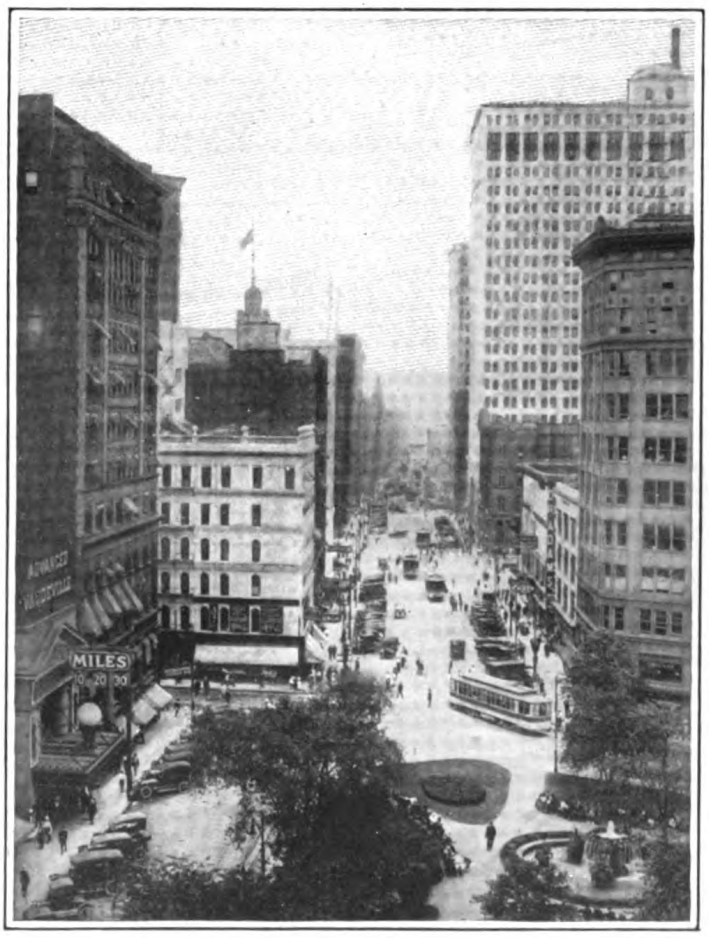
She is to-day one of the most fascinating cities in the United States to which to pay a visit. One cannot fail to like her. Youth is indeed fascinating, and remember that the city by the straits, although old in years as we count age in American towns, is tremendously young in experience. In fact, I might fairly say that youth and youth alone seems to be the chief trouble in Detroit. Inexperienced, she has grasped a large economic problem with but little apparent economic understanding, and so eventually she will pay a large penalty for her thoughtlessness. Youth is proverbially thoughtless, but even youth must ofttimes pay the price. Not that the youth of Detroit is an idle or a slacker creature. On the contrary, it is seemingly remarkably industrious. No fair-minded man can ever accuse Detroit of either loafing or lagging. For if one were to forget her automobile factories, he would still find her deep in the production of stoves and steel ships and a lot of other metal things that come in between. But her motor-car industry is so tremendously overshadowing that one cannot easily forget it. Locally and as a national industry, its immensity is appalling. It is easily the third industry of the land to-day, ranking next to steel and cotton and, perhaps by the census of 1920, over-

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reaching both of these. It is a veritable Frankenstein. It makes giants like Ford and Durant and all the rest of them. It builds huge banks and, as in the case of Henry Ford, a great hospital which, when fully completed and organized, will have but few superiors in the land. Ford came upon this hospital almost accidentally. A new plant was being begun for the Detroit City Hospital and the very largeness of the enterprise was all but strangling it. To the rescue of the struggling hospital came Ford, and, of course, in his own way. To build a general hospital for his town was not a big enough picture for him. To build a hospital which in any of its methods of operation would resemble more than faintly the workings of other hospitals would not have been within the scope of his remarkable mind. He once took me out to the building after he had finished showing me the toys and curios in his private office, which had come to him from every corner of the world.

With great pains and no little affection he showed me his hospital, then still in the stages of construction. When I faintly hit upon the question of charges he explained, with great frankness, that they were to be uniform—five dollars per day per patient. There are no wards, and the patients' rooms are as nearly of a uniform size and style as the architect could make them. There are no extra charges, save those for operations themselves, and even these are graduated, and firmly established in accordance with a public printed chart. In a certain nice, old-fashioned town that I know in the valley of the Hudson the doctors long ago prepared such a schedule and hung it in their offices. It showed the charges for office visits and for calls night and day, and Sundays, too—with definite costs as well for the setting of a fractured arm or leg or other repair work upon the human frame.

Mr. Ford must have seen one of those charts. At any rate, that is to be the method of his unique new hospital—a human repair garage, if you will only have it so. That it will be efficient no one doubts. He himself will tell you that he intends it to be the very best between Baltimore, Maryland, and Rochester, Minnesota. His physicians and his surgeons are to be paid on the salary rather



GRISWOLD STREET, THE WALL STREET OF DETROIT

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than the piece-work basis—which is worthy of the passing attention of all labor economists. And because the disciplinary problem of the average hospitals centers so largely about its personnel, the new Henry Ford Hospital in Detroit possesses no nurses' home. The nurses live where they please and go to their hours of duty there as they would to store or office or any ordinary form of employment.

I think that we still need Mr. Ford in America. We certainly needed him for the development of the motor-car; for the bringing of a most material comfort to any man or woman who possessed the ability for saving a few hundred dollars, of broadening by purely mechanical device the life of many, many folk. And what that broadening really is no one who has seen how the peasant lives in Europe, often not even the possessor of a horse, to say nothing of having the ambition for an automobile, needs to be told.

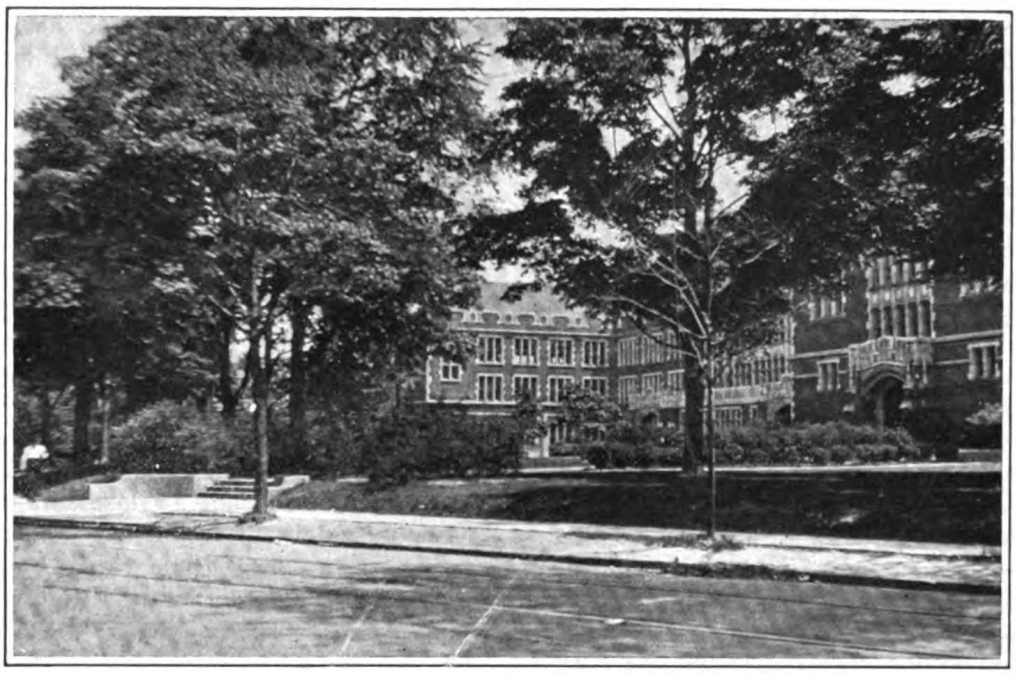
Three thousand motor-cars a day here, 3,100 there—8,700 each twenty-four hours from all our motor-car producers as a set program for 1920—the figures are indeed staggering. Not that I believe that this production will be reached this year—lack of proper rail transportation and some other allied difficulties are already slowing manufacture. But the total—2,000,000 cars, perhaps, even 1,500,000—is most impressive, no matter how you come to view it, and next year bids fair to see this year's record very greatly exceeded.

Twelve million motor-cars in the United States! Inconceivable? Not a bit of it. Unfortunately, it is all too conceivable. Why "unfortunately"? Let me ask you to curb your enthusiasms, to let the dazzling fascinations of this wonder city of the North cease blinding you for the moment, to ask you to consider for an instant the vast related problems that such a mass of personal transportation would bring to the land—at the beginning, the sheer physical problems of housing and repairing these



THE ATHLETIC CLUB, DETROIT

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ONE OF THE GREAT HIGH SCHOOLS OF WHICH TOLEDO IS MORE THAN PROUD

twelve million horseless steeds, of regulating their traffic, of building new highroads as well as doubling the width of many of our already sadly overcrowded roads in order merely to accommodate them. The entire problem is perplexing. It already demands the careful attention and the widest vision of our most expert engineers.

Its social perplexities are, however, almost as great as its purely physical ones. Here is testimony from a district far remote from that of the Great Lakes —from a little Vermont town situate among the hills that line the valley of the Connecticut. The man who gives it has dwelt in that village for many years past; has seen the great world round about change and change greatly, the community in which he and his have lived and died seemingly quite impervious to change—until the coming of the automobile. That shattered completely the hard shell of its New England conservatism.

"In this little town of less than thirteen hundred inhabitants," he says, "there were one hundred and seventy-eight autos registered last year; of this number I can think of only twelve, possibly fifteen, that are being put to commercial purposes. Some fifteen men are deriving their living from the upkeep of these one hundred and seventy-eight machines. I have only mentioned my town to substantiate my argument that the auto is one of the greatest factors in creating the chaos of to-day. Fifteen years ago these men who are now deriving their living from the auto were all available for other vocations, three being house-painters, one a carriage-painter, two blacksmiths, one electrician, four farmers, one shoe-repairer, two clothiers, and a machinist.

"Carry this ratio across the country and you will find that the coming of the automobile has deprived the nation of the labor of some ten million men who might otherwise be engaged in more essential occupations. "The auto fever has such a grip on our young men of to-day that instead of placing their first savings of five hundred dollars on a home or a farm, it is generally their first payment on an auto; and this means that

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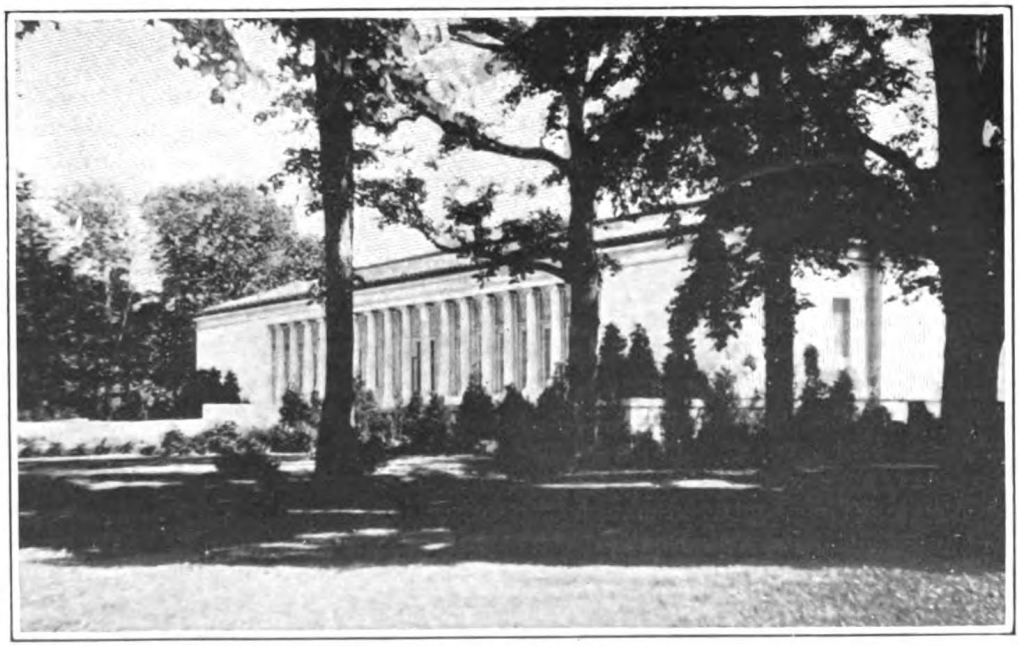
five years of this man's savings are gone. . . ."

It seems to me that in the last analysis the problem of motor-car ownership is almost purely a personal one; that, like so many other of our homely American problems of living, it comes to the question of rational use, or irrational.

The largest problem, it seems to me, of this vastly increasing production of motor-cars is not of their final use so much as of their manufacture itself. I could not view the great new automobile-factories at Cleveland, at Akron, at Toledo, at Detroit, at Pontiac, at Flint, and at St. Louis without wondering whence is coming the labor which is to operate them. They told me at St. Louis in that great new industrial section—a full mile square—just springing up at the northwestern edge of the city which is to be largely devoted to the quantity production of automobiles, that thirty thousand new operatives would be required—after which I heard but little else of what they told me.

Thirty thousand new workers! Whence are they to come? For years immigration provided a great flow of raw and untrained labor into the land, labor which in due course became trained and skilled and, graduating from rough and common toil, was succeeded in it by fresh immigrants from overseas. Those gates now are closed.

Many reasons are advanced for this reaction—some of which we shall discuss in greater detail as we go on across the land. Prohibition—the bitterness of the ordinary man, raised in a wine-drinking or a beer-drinking country, against an arbitrary law which denies him these simple beverages while his employer has hard liquor sufficient to last him for years locked in his cellars—is not the least of these. Of these things much more anon. Let me here and now call your attention to the bitterness of the farmer—in almost every corner of the land—who asserts with increasing emphasis that he cannot and will not raise a maximum production of foodstuffs unless some one comes to his aid in his own terrible labor problem. The new shops of Detroit and St. Louis, and the other rapidly growing industrial communities of the country as well, are still drawing



TO THE ARCHITECTURAL CHARM OF HER ART MUSEUM TOLEDO ADDS A WONDROUS SETTING

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their labor from the farming territories, and are by no means done. An investigation of farm-labor conditions in New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut made last spring by the American Land Service shows that the farmers of those three states already were greatly worried at the prospect of emergency labor for the present summer and the coming fall.

It is not a question of wages. Wages for farm labor have been high—extremely high—for three or four years past, as the consumer of foodstuffs certainly must realize. Right outside of Detroit farm hands to-day are asking, and getting, six dollars a day. It is not a wage question. It is a problem of getting the labor—at any wage whatsoever. In New York State alone the Department of Agriculture has reported the astonishing and alarming fact that in a group of typical communities which it chose for observation and for tabulation there had been a decrease of nearly 3 per cent. in farm residents and that the number of hired men had decreased more than 17 per cent. A movement of young men from the farms and the little towns into the big towns which had been in slow progress for a number of years had suddenly been greatly accelerated. For this acceleration the war is, of course, in no small degree responsible. With immigration shut off, both by new laws and by the crisis overseas, industry scanned the fields of America for their man-crop as never before.

I am not writing these paragraphs in any hope or desire that the production of passenger-automobiles—the "pleasure-cars" of the ordinary parlance of the trade—should be reduced a single car below the genuine social or economic necessities of the country. I am merely pleading that the other side of its social and economic necessities be recognized—as perhaps it has been none too definitely recognized of late. It is because of this side of the problem that I cannot recognize without a real thrill of satisfaction the turning of a concern like the White Company of Cleveland from passenger-car production into the exclusive production of motor-trucks; the growing interest of Packard and other great individual manufacturers of Detroit itself in the development of the industrial part of their product.

WISDOM

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

I WONDER was it well
That you should lift your hand
And call me from the withered ring
I thought was Fairyland?

For where I heard the pipes and flutes
Now I can only hear
A little sad wind blowing,
A little wind of fear;

And where I saw wild banners wing
Gold-purpled in the sky,
I see the world where sorry folk
With heavy hearts go by—

Oh, it is true, is true—
But oh, the cruel hand
That called me from the withered ring
I thought was Fairyland!

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DECLINE AND FALL

BY HOWARD BRUBAKER

"MOST of my pupils are thirteen years old," said Marian Halloway, "and nobody can ever convince me that thirteen isn't an unlucky number."

Miss Halloway's laugh was a sort of half-giggle which was a part of her illusion of perpetual girlhood, like her smallness and slenderness and that tangle of shortish black hair which she called a floor-mop.

Mrs. Dukes smiled sympathetically and arranged the raw materials for tea.

"You have your troubles, too."

"I get mine in wholesale lots. Fresh every year."

"Has it been happening this way long?"

The teacher held up her two inadequate-looking hands with ink-stained fingers outspread.

"I have been teaching for ten years, and every year I have had to see boys and girls lose their childhood. They come into the eighth grade normal, rational human beings—well, no, not rational, exactly—"

"Rational *wouldn't* be the word," her hostess admitted.

"Let's begin a new sentence; that one is ruined," the teacher chuckled. "Of course some of them reach the silly season earlier and others hold on to their sanity a little longer, but the great majority succumb when they enter my room. The place is full of germs; it ought to be disinfected."

"You are lucky to be able to laugh about it."

"That's what has saved my reason. But it was a narrow squeak."

These thoughts steeped a moment; so did the tea.

"There's some comfort in what you say," said Ranny's mother. "I thought it was a special case. It seemed to date back to Miss de Vere's fine-arts class where the boys and girls were thrown together so much—not that Ranny distinguished himself as a society man on the last night."

Both laughed at the recollection of the way Ranny had tripped up Clarence Raleigh, who was about to be crowned king of the revels, and had brought ruin upon the festivities.

"The girls wouldn't speak to him for days," said the teacher, "but they got bravely over that."

"Well, then, after the holidays," Mrs. Dukes went on, "as bad luck would have it, they brought that Sibyl Williams to town."

"I know—it was an ill wind which blew Sibyl in. But if it hadn't been Vera de Vere and Sibyl Williams it would have been something else. It always happens. It's a stage—a sort of halfway to adolescence, neither one thing nor the other."

"As far as I can see, Ranny isn't especially carried away by Sibyl Williams—is he? Of course she has a kind of a dashing city manner and unusual clothes and all, but—"

"They are all a little dazzled, I suppose, but the worst thing about that child is her mania for pairing everybody off. Two by two we go, is Sibyl's motto."

"I don't know who is Ranny's especial interest. He's terribly secretive. Judging by the money he wants for valentines, his father thinks his affections are quite wide-spread. If there's safety in numbers— Now it's ready, I think."

This was obviously the tea.

"Goody!" cried Marian Halloway,

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gaily. "I'm perishing for tea. It makes you hungry to work in a home for feeble-minded."

After the teacher's life had been saved Mrs. Dukes resumed where she had left off:

"Anyway, he takes some pride in his clothes now and combs his hair voluntarily and washes his face—at least as far as his collar."



"ANYWAY, HE TAKES PRIDE IN HIS CLOTHES AND COMBS HIS HAIR VOLUNTARILY"

Presently Miss Halloway made signs of departure.

"Now I'm fed I've got to go. I must drop in and deliver a crumb of comfort to Mrs. Berkeley, and tell her all is not lost."

"Juanita!" Mrs. Dukes could not have used a greatly different tone if she had said, "pneumonia."

"Yes, and I'm going to try to suggest that she remove about a quart of tin jewelry from her daughter before she sends her off to school. Juanita glitters and jingles like a parlor lamp."

As Miss Halloway was leaving she summed up her message of hope and cheer: "Don't worry about Ranny; he's a healthy-minded animal. It's just something they have to go through, like measles. I feel sorry for them sometimes, but, after all, they are luckier than I; they can get out of the eighth grade and I can't."

As she helped her guest with her coat Mrs. Dukes gave her a half-whimsical hug.

"There have been times when I hoped that the object of Ranny's devotion was you."

"When they are thirteen *nobody* is safe," the teacher laughed. "Especially after reverses. If their hearts are busted they bestow the pieces on me—boys and girls both. I bet I've had more damaged hearts offered to me than anybody else in town. Good-by. I'm a rummage sale, that's what I am. Good-by."

With this cheerful confession the teacher went forth into her familiar and congenial world. Marian Halloway was an experience that happened once to every educated person in Lakeville, for the town which had three schoolhouses for primary instruction consolidated the higher grades and pelted them with learning in the central building. Miss Halloway held dominion over the highest of the common-school grades and her "alumni" overran the offices and stores and factories of the little town.

Upon her way home this evening in the twilight, Miss Halloway's heart was wrung by the pathetic sight of a group of girls, formerly able-bodied, but now unequal to the task of carrying home their own skates and books. This work was done by unskilled laborers who seemed ashamed of their menial positions. The company was in double file as though Sibyl Williams had given the order, but there was no joy connected with the enterprise. These boys might have been on the way to keep an engagement with the firing-squad. One of these beasts of burden was Randolph Harrington Dukes, and, though a great

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deal of winter dusk intervened between them, it was clear that he bore the skates and company of the glittery and jingly Juanita Berkeley.

"And I have been out comforting those two stricken families!" thought Marian Halloway. At the nearest street light a homeward-bound citizen observed that the eighth-grade teacher was laughing to herself.

The historian of this period has a painful duty to perform; he knows how Gibbon must have felt. It was a time of softening and decay, the weakening of moral fiber, the breaking down of high old standards, of simple, homely virtues, honest antagonisms, taboos handed down from jungle days. Life had become complicated, happiness had given place to social duties, parties had been held, a "crowd" had been evolved, manners had grown up, pride of clothes and cleanliness had been born. The descent to Avernus is no easier than that tobogganing down the moral plane in the sub-high-school days.

The process which had been dormant so long had developed with astonishing rapidity. The autumn class in which boys and girls had reveled and been artistic together was of brief duration, but the evil which Vera de Vere did lived after her. Saturday-afternoon dances followed, and formerly self-respecting characters almost cheerfully put aside the joys of the chase, inserted themselves into stylish garments, and did what they fondly believed was dancing.

From dressing up on Saturday afternoon to dressing up on school days was an easy downward step. Early in January Arthur Wilson, decidedly the weakest link in the chain, openly appeared in school with a stand-up collar, giving some flimsy excuse that it was not entirely clean and had to be worn once more, anyway. This seed fell upon fertile soil, and presently stand-up collars grew where only necks had grown before—collars with the wings turned down in front, but otherwise elegant and painful. Ranny, neither a radical nor a last-ditcher, presently joined the white-collar slaves after he had grown so unhappy (in what father called his "neckedness") that the family had been compelled to yield.

At about the same time in the history of civilization Ranny took to combing his hair in the prevailing mode, parted as the brain is parted, then pasted down across the forehead at a fetching angle, so that each up-to-date person peeked out upon life from under his own private gable. The hair had to be long for this process, the close-cropped or convict heads of the earlier day being now quite out of favor, but it had to be neatly trimmed about the ears or ridicule would result. There was an art in knowing where hair should be long and where short.

It is surprising how great an influence Sibyl Williams had upon the thought of the times. If this, as Miss Halloway held, was simply a biological stage, the sophisticated city girl fitted into it so perfectly that it was hard to tell which was biology and which was Sibyl.

She was the guest for the winter of her locally respected aunt, Mrs. F. Pierce Thompson. Her health, it was said, was not sturdy, and life in the rural districts was indicated. Adults had a story that Sibyl's parents had come to some sort of break-up, financial or otherwise, and Mrs. Thompson had thus become the residuary legatee of this doubtful asset. The girl had passed the pre-holiday period at Miss Trout's select school in the city. The health hypothesis would account for her withdrawal, so also would the financial-reverse theory. Sibyl herself claimed, to sworn friends, that she had been expelled for independence of spirit and refusal to grovel to unworthy instructors. Everybody therefore helped himself to the theory which suited his taste.

At any rate she had come, bringing with her a lot of new ideas and clothes and some exotic words like chaperon, matinée, case, and crush. She was constantly offering to bet boxes of

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"Toothies," a confection not current in local marts. It was her habit to wear "frocks" instead of dresses, and worthy girl friends were taken in and granted a private view of a pair of elbow-length gloves, a thing which was not known to exist in juvenile circles. Sibyl was fourteen, and she had, by her own confession, seen a good deal of life.

It seemed to be her modest idea to abolish all democratic institutions and erect on their ruins a queendom with herself in the title-rôle. The method was old and simple, used always in dealing with backward peoples—create a demand and then supply it. Thus she set about bracketing names together, with or without their owners' consent. She reduced the boys to a state of helplessness, then passed them about as if they were apples, nibbling a little herself from time to time. Thus she quickly acquired a social leadership through her control of this essential commodity. By her earnest endeavors skating had become a coeducational institution. Girls who once could skate all day without assistance and even cut simple initials in the ice were now unable to support themselves, and had to be held up. Sibyl herself had never been able to stand alone, but of course she was officially delicate.

On the evening when Miss Halloway had seen the melancholy swains moving toward their doom the thing had happened in this wise. The crowd had been skating in pairs according to orders and had been compelled by gathering darkness to call it a day's work. When all skates had been removed the social queen set things in motion by this tactful suggestion:

"Ranny, you and Juanita go ahead."

"Well, all right." Thus Ranny bowed to fate and Juanita.

But Juanita, it appeared, had not been officially notified of her nomination and she was too perfect a lady to be aware that anything was going on. Sibyl nudged the backward gallant. There was no escape.

"May I have the pleasure of your company?" he growled. His tone lacked conviction, but Juanita was satisfied with the letter of the social law.



THROUGHOUT THE ENTIRE HOUR AND A HALF HE WAS JUANITA'S SOLE SUPPORT

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"Certainly," she replied, and delivered over her skates, symbols of his slavery.

Other pairs were now arranged by Sibyl's skill, and soon the entire company was moving like the animals in the ark. Sometimes after parties the boys had taken girls home, the choice being made by lot or adult appointment. Ranny had always done his duty as anybody saw it, but this was the first time he had ever been a protector of maidenhood on the way home from the lake.

The next day Sibyl said to him, "Well, I hear you got her home all right."

"Yes, we didn't have any trouble."

"Well, I should say you didn't!"

"Huh?"

"If you knew what she said."

"What 'd she say?"

"Trade last."

Ranny searched his memory, for according to this device compliments had to be paid for in kind.

"Tom Rucker said"—Ranny gulped over the words—"he said you had a—a awful purty hat." This was a true report, though he had a feeling of disloyalty to his friend in passing it on.

"That's a stingy one," said Sibyl. "I oughtn't to give you mine." However she did. "Juanita said you were the nicest boy in this class." Ranny stood this shock bravely. "If you try, I think you could have a case with her."

"Well, I won't try."

"You're a funny boy," said Sibyl. "Here you are nearly fourteen years old." She implied that time was slipping away and Ranny was drifting into old bachelorhood. "Juanita's a lovely girl," she concluded.

"Well, I never said she wasn't."

Sibyl took this guarded compliment, decorated it slightly, and promptly put it where it would do the most good.

The period which followed was a study-hour, so Ranny made a study of Juanita Berkeley, who sat only two rows from him and a little forward. He had never especially liked her before, but at any rate he had never especially disliked her. He was neutral. She was not as tall as he; in fact, she was built on the low, broad lines of a bungalow. She had wholesome red cheeks, of which she was secretly ashamed, and flaxen hair like sister Lucy's doll. In her adornment she was gaudy rather than neat; the teacher's efforts had not dimmed her luster, for she still glittered like the barbaric East. She was, moreover, an easy laugher. When, surprisingly soon, she turned and caught Ranny's gaze, he pulled up the wings of his collar so that they stuck into his neck in the fashion affected by high-school Beau Brummels. It is a sad reflection of the low state of Ranny's reason that he should expect a giggle of appreciation over this weak performance. Nevertheless, he got it. Also he got a note by an early underground mail.

DEAR RANNY,—Will you lend me your knife to sharpen my pencil?

Yours very sincerely,
JUANITA BERKELEY.

To which in due course Ranny replied as a gentleman should:

DEAR JUANITA,—Send me your pencil and I will sharpen it.

Yours very sincerely,
RANDOLPH HARRINGTON DUKES.

Though their content was perhaps not of cosmic importance, these letters were destined to have a profound influence upon Ranny's life. It is doubtful whether more than ten or twelve people were aware of this diplomatic exchange, but they did not feel themselves bound to silence, and the matter was pretty thoroughly aired when school was out in the afternoon. The custom had grown up for the two great divisions of the human race to saunter down-townward in some proximity; the carrots and the radishes still clung together, but the bunches were in the same basket. Here the boys went through all the processes of showing off, acting up, performing feats of strength and humor for an uncritical audience. By easy stages and

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HE STOOD BEHIND A BARN UNTIL THE DANGER HAD BLOWN OVER

taking quite a while to pass a given point, the procession moved to the post-office, where everybody was told that there was no mail. As these young people could not possibly have anything to say to one another, they said it here at great length while post-office employees grumbled and the general public suffered agonies.

To-day, however, there was for Ranny a variation. As the crowd was proceeding upon its entertaining way, a famous wit, Bud Hicks by name, shoved Ranny violently against the object of his alleged devotion.

"There's your girl," he said.

Now Juanita was considerably jarred, for Bud Hicks's jokes were massive rather than subtle, and it was obvious to Ranny that she was very angry.

"Stop that!" she cried. "I think you're horrid."

Ranny, in his youth and inexperience, took this as a sincere expression of personal distaste and chose to detach himself from humankind.

"I got to go home," he said to his fellows. "I can't go skating to-day."

In carrying out this promise he gave his mother something of a shock.

"Why, Ranny!" mother exclaimed. "No skating to-day?"

"I have a lot of home work to do." This was the disingenuous truth. "I guess I better go to my room and study."

Mother felt his forehead and made him show his tongue, but he seemed normal. Whatever feeling of alarm she may have had at this sudden studiousness was mingled with relief that, at any rate, she knew where he was and exactly what he was doing.

Ranny closed his bedroom door, ostensibly to shut out the innocent childish prattle of his little sister, Lucy, who was inclined to make hay while the sun shone, for she had not had her fill of her brother's society recently. Ranny spread

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out his books and papers as for a feast of knowledge. How much finer and nobler this was than wasting time upon girls!

At the end of an hour he had written "Juanita" eight times upon his paper and rubbed it out again. Also he had frequently sung mentally the exquisite song beginning:

> Nita, Wa-ha-ha-nita.
> Ast thy soul if we mus' part.

This was all he knew of the song. Ranny was a very good singer, but this was a secret of his own; no other person had ever remarked it. The better to preserve his secret he usually did his singing entirely in his mind. His mental notes were especially clear and true.

He had heart sinkings at the displeasure Juanita had shown. She was not his girl, or anything like that, but she had spoken highly of him, and if he had not offended her—who knows? But now, of course, all was over between them. He resolutely erased the name for the ninth time and plunged into his work, resolved to drown his sorrows in the Pierian spring of composition and rhetoric—as soon as he had combed his hair a little.

Anyway, why should girls lose their reason about him? His hair was unruly when dry; it fell down over his eyes and stood up in a scraggly clump around the pole. His complexion was disheartening. His clothes did not fit like Raleigh's advertisements in the *Bulletin*. Always a little too tight, his trousers crept up from his knees, disclosing a hiatus of flannel distressing to a sensitive nature. His jacket sagged at the back of his neck, leaving his white collar-button in a state of indecent exposure.

To be sure, he did not have deformed ears like Tom Rucker (thus, in those changing times had Tom's loose and comic ears changed from an asset to a liability). He was neither corpulent like "Fatty" Hartman nor skinny like Arthur Wilson. He was normally several shades cleaner than Bud Hicks, and cleanliness was now next to stylishness. Yet all these boys had already had their names bracketed with those of girls (subject to change without notice) and he was beginning to feel a little out of date. He who had kept abreast of the times in stand-up collars and hair-cuts was falling behind in the matter of girls. Sibyl Williams already thought him a little queer.

It is doubtful if any of these eighth-grade matches was made in heaven; certainly none was effected without a great deal of earthly prodding by Sibyl and public opinion. The principle of self-determination did not apply. Ranny was to feel the power of this social machine the next morning.

It just happened that Juanita herself was overcome by a craving for an encyclopedia at the very moment when Ranny was refreshing his memory at the dictionary next to the bookcase.

"Are you mad at me?" she whispered.

"No; I thought you was mad at me."

"I wouldn't be mad at you." Juanita beamed. The light of her smile lit up six or eight rows of open faces in the orchestra.

Before many hours had passed Ranny discovered that what he had conceived as faintly possible in the fullness of time was now accepted as an accomplished fact by all of his acquaintances.

The perils and responsibilities of his new position were to be demonstrated before this day's session was over. Miss Halloway was conducting a history recitation; she had just asked a question, leaving it suspended in midair while she searched for a likely victim. She encountered the eyes of Juanita Berkeley fixed upon her as if in profound and soulful attention; an even more experienced teacher might have been deceived.

"Juanita," she said.

The young lady jumped as if Miss Halloway had put an electric wire to her instead of a question. It developed that she did not know the answer, that she did not know the question; in fact, it seemed for a moment that she thought this a recitation in physiology instead of history. Miss Halloway said to the superintendent that evening after school:

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"I don't know what is in the mind of a girl of thirteen. I think it's as near a vacuum as nature ever comes."

Ranny was humiliated at Juanita's collapse; he shared her shame at the titter that went around. He felt himself blushing for her—in fact, he was apparently doing all the blushing, for his lady friend did not seem greatly distressed. Failure in recitation was no novel experience for her. Whatever it was that had got Juanita her present position in Ranny's esteem, it was not intellectual brilliance.

Miss Halloway saw that she would have to apply at some other fountain of wisdom if she wished to be enlightened. What followed was malicious mischief on the part of one of those imps which make connections on the subconscious switchboard.

"Ranny, you tell us. Juanita seems to be absent to-day."

The condemned man arose, amid faint snickers from those who kept informed upon the topics of the day, pulled down his trousers below the underwear line, adjusted his coat-collar, and pushed back his dangling hair. Having thus made himself presentable, he went after Miss Halloway's easy grounder—and fumbled it beyond hope of recovery.

"Well, somebody *else* isn't here this afternoon," said the teacher.

It is always good business to laugh at the jokes of one's teacher, father, or employer. The public which had made Ranny what he was to-day roared at its own sorry handiwork. Humiliation and degradation were reasonably complete.

But there was a solid foundation to Ranny's character. He had put his hand to the plow and would not turn back. He was going through with this thing if it killed him. So that very afternoon found him at the lake in the giddy whirl of society, and throughout the entire hour and a half he was Juanita's sole support. When it was time to go home he omitted the formula, "May I have



ONCE, INDEED, HE HAD GOT AS FAR AS A MEETING WITH MRS. BERKELEY

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the pleasure of your company?" and said, instead, "Well, are you ready to go?" Being somebody's beau was not without its compensations.

The valentine problem now solved itself. He sent Juanita a ten-cent lacy affair, that being the highest degree of affection represented in the local stationery-store. The rest of the paternal quarter he invested in two- and three-cent protestations of undying esteem, which he distributed around like anchors to windward, not forgetting to pay tribute to Miss Halloway and Sibyl Williams, and some comic insults for his closest boy friends.

If the course of true love never runs smooth, this must have been some sort of substitute, for it ran as smooth as the ice on the lake and was not, to tell the truth, much warmer. But presently a heavy fall of snow put an end to the skating and Ranny saw little of the lady of "his" choice. He could not associate with her without some sort of excuse. The companionship of one's kind is a juvenile Dutch courage; Ranny was lion-hearted enough in crowds, but alone he was a shrinking violet. When, unprotected, he observed the fair Juanita come glittering down the street like a wagon-load of mirrors, he was overcome with shyness closely approaching fear. He disappeared from the face of nature with great suddenness. He did not wait to ask her soul if they should part; he ran down an alley and stood behind a barn until the danger had blown over. The rest of the day he spent reproaching himself for his lost chance, yet the very next time opportunity knocked at his door he hid, so to speak, in the cellar.

The idea of going to the Berkeley home and making a call upon Juanita was, of course, unthinkable, yet he had to see something of Juanita, if only to keep his public franchise. The only thing that a self-respecting person could do was to find some sneaking, underhanded way of hanging around. Thus "Toots" came into Ranny's life

"Toots" was a plain necessity; if he had not existed he would have had to be invented. This necessary evil was ten years old. The appellation was simply the Berkeleys' way of atoning for their injustice in naming him Harold. For "Toots," regret it as he might, was Juanita's younger brother.

The official discovery of "Toots" took place one Saturday morning not very far from the glorified cottage where Juanita made her earthly home. "Toots" had found a slippery place on the sidewalk and was polishing it further by sliding. Ranny approached him with fair words and a stick of gum, and was taken into his confidence.

"Now if I sprinkle a little snow over it, nobody 'll know it's there." "Toots" was an incorrigible optimist. "They'll all fall down and break their neck."

He had to indulge "Toots" in his childish idea of hiding behind a fence and watching the public maim itself. It is only fair to Ranny to say that he did not enjoy this cruel sport—especially when fifteen minutes passed and nobody fell down.

At odds and ends of time for a skateless week Ranny indulged in portions of "Toots's" society, which he paid for with gum. The young fellow thought he was being cultivated for his own qualities, a superstition that was founded on the fact that he did not share in Ranny's high opinion of his sister, "Neet."

"Neat," said Ranny. "Neat, that's a nice name for her."

"Yes, it is," was the brotherly reply. "You ought to see how she is around home." He enlarged upon this idea from time to time—her selfishness, her violent temper. Life in the same house with Juanita was a bitter experience. It was one of the guiding principles of "Toots's" life never to go home if he could help it.

During a week of hobnobbing with the lower classes Ranny had enjoyed only a couple of brief glimpses of the Berkeley barn and the Berkeley cow. Once, indeed, he had got as far as a meeting with Mrs. Berkeley, who came out to the

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barn to order her son into the house. She was a severe and disapproving person; perhaps the honor that Juanita had conferred upon her by being born had turned her head. She was not amiable. Moreover, she had a disconcerting way of talking with her teeth together.

Juanita had a father also; he worked in a butter, egg, and poultry warehouse. Ranny sometimes saw this lucky man hurrying home to eat supper with Juanita.

But, though he had thus slightly improved his acquaintance with the Berkeley family, especially with Goldie, the cow, Ranny had seen nothing of the object of his devotion. At last, however, on Saturday afternoon, one long week after the discovery of "Toots," Juanita came strolling out to the Berkeley barn, where Ranny was a guest for a few moments while "Toots" thought up some new scheme for going away from home. At the door of the barn she stopped, rooted to the spot in her astonishment.



"YOU GET OUT OF HERE AND DON'T EVER SPEAK TO ME AGAIN!"

"Why, are you here, Ranny? What a surprise!" She spoke her line well.

Juanita was dressed as the upper classes are when they go out to take the air in the back yard, not expecting to meet anybody but their little brother. Over her brilliant pink sweater was a genuine nickel-plated chain, looped about in festoons. On her fair head she wore nothing but a yard of red ribbon and a nest of combs and hairpins sparkling with the finest cut glass. Her hands were unprotected against the elements save by bracelets and six or seven rings, triumphs of the brass-maker's cunning. When she shook her head her heavy moss-agate ear-rings bumped her face in a fetching way. These were informal, or Saturday, ear-rings; Miss Halloway drew the line at ear-rings in the halls of learning.

Juanita's opening speech was slightly weakened by her brother's reply:

"Aw, you knew he was here. What's the matter with you?"

She sweetly ignored his remark, thus disproving his charge that she had a violent temper.

"Won't you come into the house? You must be sick of him."

No, Ranny would not come into the house, but he was willing to stand around awhile and straighten his neck-tie and polish his shoes alternately upon his stockings, and make a few feeble jokes which were well received. Also,

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it presently developed that he was willing to go sliding with her. Juanita generously offered to lend "Toots's" sled for this purpose. Ranny accepted this offer in the spirit in which it was made. It had always been his honest intention to use "Toots" for a ladder to get himself into high society, and this was the psychological moment to kick the ladder down.

But "Toots" now pounced upon his sled and fastened himself to it like glue.

"You will not lend my sled, smarty," he said to his sister.

Ranny had borne much personal discomfort at this youth's hands, but this insult to a noble creature was more than he could bear. He jumped upon the young wretch and, not without difficulty, pried his hands from the sled. He then took the incumbrance by the collar and propelled him toward outdoor life, assisting him slightly with his knee. But he was interrupted in this service to society by the shrill cry:

"You let him alone! You take your hands right off my little brother!" Instantly he was aware that jewels were jangling about his ears and that his hair was being painfully pulled. "You get out of here and don't ever speak to me again!"

In a life crowded with vicissitudes Ranny was probably never so completely astonished.

"Well—if—if you like *him* better than me, w'y—"

He honorably gave her this chance to choose once and for all between him and "Toots." She accepted it with great and unflattering promptness, and he learned about women from her.

"Course I do. Now go 'way from here!"

"You mean—for to-day—or for all the time? You mean you won't be my—" He had never been able to say this outright and it seemed late to begin now.

Juanita asked her soul if they should part, and her soul said, "Yes."

"All the time. For ever and ever and ever. Now go home!"

Having been ordered off the premises three times, Ranny began to suspect that he was not wanted there. The brilliant idea came to him to resign.

"I'll go away; that's what I'll do."

There being no objection, he did so with great dignity, never turning his head. This haughty attitude proved to be a mistake, for it enabled little "Toots" to creep up close to him unaware and give Ranny a stinging blow in the back of the neck with a snowball, some of the snow going inside the collar.

Ranny made an insincere attempt to catch the little pest, then resolutely turned the page upon this chapter in his life history and started for home. Before he had gone a block he had made one firm resolution—whatever the future might hold for him, little brothers were henceforth to be barred from his scheme of things. He had wasted nine cents upon "Toots," and all he had for his money was disaster. One neither condones nor condemns, but the fact is that for the moment the loss of the nine cents bulked larger in Ranny's mind than the loss of Juanita.

Now it was all over. "All over, all over," he kept repeating to himself as he trudged along. He knew that his heart was broken. He knew this and he honestly tried to feel it, but all he could really feel was the trickle of cold water down his back.

Sunday gave him opportunity to heal his spiritual wounds. He started out with a well-intentioned idea of refusing food and going into a dramatic decline with his lips sealed forever, but so long a time intervened between breakfast and dinner that a hunger strike did not seem practical. He grew so cheerful as the day progressed that several times he found himself absent-mindedly singing "Nita, Wa-ha-ha-nita." He always stopped when apprehended, but it was as hard to keep his tongue off of that name as if it were a loose tooth. Not until night came and school was impending did he manage to remember that his life was ruined and

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that he must appear to-morrow before his fellows as a discarded admirer.

On Monday this half-broken life was dragged back to school and there Ranny promptly received the second greatest surprise of his life. Sibyl Williams came to him, as an emissary, and said:

"She is awfully sorry. She isn't mad at you any more."

"Huh!" said Ranny.

"When her brother hit you with a snowball she got very angry. She says she slapped his dirty little face."

"Well, that was nice." Ranny always tried to be just in his judgments.

"And so now you and Juanita won't have any more trouble."

But Sibyl, being a new-comer, did not understand Ranny's mental machinery. It lacked speed, but it also lacked a reverse. When something was "all over" it was exactly that—especially if it was "all over" three times.

"No, you won't ketch me around there no more. No more girls for me."

Sibyl put her hand upon his sleeve as if to appeal to the better side of his nature, but what she said was:

"I don't blame you. Girls are horrid."

There were things about the way her long, dark eyelashes were put on that he had never noticed before.

"Well, not all of them," he said, gallantly.

The eyelashes came down like a curtain.

Gertie Riley was not horrid, either; she was friendly and sympathetic—and quite effective to-day in a natty blue dress with a white collar that was making its first appearance in the workaday world. Ranny made his modest contribution to the flock of trade-lasts that came home to roost in Gertie's Commercial Geography before the close of her triumphant day.

There were other girls who, after several days of thoughtful consideration, Ranny decided were not at all horrid. For example, that friend of his youth, Josie Kendal, rather colorless in her (compulsory) sensible clothes, seemed neat and comfortable now that his eyes were no longer dazzled by Juanita's glitter. And not one girl of his acquaintance took him to task for his falling out with Juanita. He was not ostracized at all; on the contrary, everybody was friendlier than before. Though he was getting well on toward fourteen, there were things about girls that he had yet to learn.

In those days of convalescence and rebound Ranny ran fast and loose among the eighth-grade princesses. An unprejudiced observer might have thought them a queer lot of remnants, odd sizes and shades, defective, marked for sacrifice. But Ranny was not unprejudiced, he grew steadily less unprejudiced as the days marched on toward spring. Presently he was worshiping at six shrines, not counting that of Miss Halloway, who was always there to fall back upon like money in the bank. Having exchanged one despot for six, he reveled in his new freedom. He flitted from flower to flower, leaving behind him a trail of cracked jokes, sharpened pencils, notes, gifts, and compliments. The age of specialization had not yet come to the heart of Randolph Harrington Dukes. He loved widely if not too well. The heroine of his piece was a composite, a medley, a goulash—just girl.

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THE SORE SPOT OF EUROPE

BY ARTHUR BULLARD

"THIS war started in the Balkans. It will not be over till there is peace in the Balkans."

An official of the French Foreign Office expressed this opinion early in 1915, and the saying has circulated widely among the Entente diplomats. I heard it again not long ago in Washington, with this addition, "It is premature to begin talking of 'the next war'—this one is not over yet in the Balkans."

No one finds the most recent attempt to settle the Balkan problem satisfactory. The chauvinists of each country concerned are angry because their governments did not get more of the loot. The liberals everywhere realize that it is an unjust, and therefore an unstable, settlement, which can only be maintained by force and a constantly increasing militarism.

It is a strange paradox that this Balkan problem, which has always proved so difficult of settlement, is the one problem of European diplomacy on the proper solution of which there has been the most general agreement.

In this matter we are very close to the key of much diplomatic mystery. The layman too often assumes that the diplomats are concerned with one problem at a time and are free to seek the best possible settlement of each controversy which arises. In fact, it is very rare that diplomats have instructions to vote as they think. They are more often ordered to obtain some immediate advantage for the government they represent, something quite aside from the matter at issue, or to use the difficulty before them as a trading-point in some larger and more important combination. There is just as much log-rolling, just as much trading of votes in international congresses as in our state legislatures.

While the First Balkan War was in progress, in the fall of 1912, a conference of ambassadors was convoked by Sir Edward Grey in London to try to unsnarl the tangle. They had an unique opportunity to settle the affairs of that unhappy peninsula, but, although there was very general agreement among them as to what ought to be done for the good of the Balkan peoples, they were so preoccupied with the "general situation" in Europe—their own combinations, preparing for, or trying to prevent, the Great War—that they let the opportunity slip.

During their discussions there were active, if informal, conferences among a number of people who had interested themselves in the affairs of the Balkans. The initiative was taken by some journalists, British and American, who had followed the recent campaigns and knew the Balkan countries, their peoples and politics, intimately. We drew into our conferences people of other professions and of every nationality. There was impressive unanimity on the matter for so diverse a group.

We were all agreed that Bulgaria had the best claim to Macedonia, but realized that there were considerable and significant minorities which would bitterly resist Bulgarian annexation. It was also certain that the Serbs and Greeks would never consent to this solution. They would fight to protect "the balance of power" in the Balkans rather than submit to Bulgar hegemony.

The partition of Macedonia was equally impossible. No frontiers could

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be drawn which would satisfy any one. The country has been colonized, just as Kansas was colonized by "Slavers" and "Free-Soilers" in the days of John Brown. Greek nationalists have established settlements near the Bulgarian frontier. Within sight of Mount Olympus there are recently installed Serb communities. And the Bulgars have been the most active and successful colonizers of all.

It seemed obvious to us that the situation could be saved—it was the only possible solution—by creating an independent Macedonia and a federal union of the Balkan states.

This was no new proposal; it had been discussed for a hundred years. A large number of Macedonian leaders gave their adhesion to the program. Some, of course, we found, who were bitterly partizan in their nationalistic prejudices and would not listen to any plan of conciliation. But the sanest among them, and at that time the most influential, desired peace and knew that any attempt at annexation or partition would drench the unhappy territory once more with blood. And, as the recent years have shown, such indeed was the case.

There was also much support to this project in Sofia, Belgrade, and Athens. These Balkan countries, of course, have their internal struggle between the live-and-let-live liberals and the rabid chauvinists. Each little king in the peninsula had his subservient courtiers, who fed him flatteries about his manifest destiny to re-establish the Byzantine Empire. But liberal opinion throughout the Balkans was in favor of federalization, with Macedonia a component, independent member.

This had been the basis of the negotiations which led to the alliance against Turkey and the victorious war then in progress. The treaty between Serbia and Bulgaria expressly announced that its goal was the creation of an independent Macedonia. In a later paragraph a partition was envisaged, which allotted one section to Bulgaria, another to Serbia, and left a third disputed district for arbitration; but this was to become operative only in case it was impossible to establish an autonomous state.

This project of a federal union between the independent states of Bulgaria, Greece, Macedonia, and Serbia, backed with a mass of carefully prepared evidence and argument, was submitted to the ambassadorial conference by several of the official representatives of the Balkan states. We, on the outside, wrote articles in an effort to mobilize public opinion, and interviewed every one we thought had influence. I talked the proposal over with a dozen or more men who would have voice in reaching a decision. They all were familiar with the subject and they all agreed that a federation was the one remedy proposed that promised a cure for the endemic "trouble in the Balkans." It was just—but impractical. The development of a stable power in the Balkans would thwart too many ambitions. Russia and all the members of the Triple Alliance would surely oppose it. There was no hope of "putting it across." The gentlemen, who had the decision in their hands, although they seemed to be quite agreed on the proposal which offered the best hope of pacification, were more interested in securing something else. They were bound by their instructions to consider the "balance of power" in Europe more important than a sound solution of the Balkan problem.

While the ambassadors in conference at London discussed various proposals of settlement, which they all readily admitted in private conversation were unsound, the Second Balkan War broke out between the former allies. The conduct of the campaign in the First War against Turkey, as seems inevitable, had put the chauvinists in control. With the armies mobilized, the militarists were supreme, more powerful than the liberal politicians, who had organized the alliance against Turkey and made victory possible. The various General Staffs, puffed up with unexpected successes,

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egged on by foreign intrigue, instead of working for a stable union with their neighbors, tried to grab everything for themselves and plunged their countries into a fratricidal war. The high hopes of all those who had been interested in the Balkans were submerged in a new deluge of blood and hate.

It has always been necessary to divide the Balkan problem into two distinct, but continually interacting, phases. There was, first of all, the Balkan problem *per se*—the local facts and conflicts. And, secondly, there was, overlaid on this, the complicated tangle of foreign intrigue, the conflict between the Teutonic *Drang nach Osten* and the Russian ambition to seize the Straits.

The local struggle in the Balkan peninsula is not one of race, but of nationalism. Tons of propaganda literature to the contrary, there is very little ethnic difference between Bulgar and Serb. Along a line drawn from Varna on the Black Sea to Cattaro on the Adriatic you would find no more significant racial variation than between Aberdeen and Cardiff, or between Marseilles and Brest.

The search for the indigenous population in southeastern Europe is rather like the study of the most distant stars—every improvement of the telescope only reveals new stars beyond. Each new historical research simply demonstrates that invading waves of migration appeared in the Balkans, the threshold between Asia and Europe, at an earlier date than we had previously realized. One horde after another swept over the land from Asia, bringing with them no record, no durable tradition of their origin. It is probable that Neolithic men of the two continents broke their stone axes on one another's skulls in prehistoric Balkan wars. Except during the best days of the Roman Empire, this southeastern projection of Europe has never known long-continued peace and tranquillity.

Modern research tends to decrease our estimates of the numbers involved in such migrations. We know with considerable accuracy the size of the Roman garrisons which Latinized the Gallic lands. They were hardly larger in relation to the native population than the British garrisons in Egypt or our own in the Philippines. So the Slav invaders of the Balkans were probably not vast hordes—nations on the march—but small, compact, warrior tribes, who easily conquered a docile agricultural population and impressed on them their language, customs, and name. So the peoples of the Balkans are the descendants of what was an immensely mixed stock, impregnated by the recurrent waves of Slavic invaders.

Very gradually during the Middle Ages two nationalities took shape among this population, which was predominantly Slavic in language and customs if not in blood. The people of the western Balkans—which is a land of high, barren mountains and rich, but isolated valleys, falling precipitously into the Adriatic—developed the habit of thinking of themselves as Serbs. In the east, on the broad plains sloping down to the Black Sea, the people developed a national conscience as Bulgars.

In the central stretches of the Balkans, Macedonia, the people spoke practically the same Slavic dialect, but did not line up sharply with either of the rival nationalities. Until the Turks conquered the land toward the end of the fifteenth century, there was intermittent war between Serbs and Bulgars. First one faction and then the other would develop a strong man who would build up a universal Balkan Empire and leave a short-lived dynasty. Neither side was strong enough to hold Macedonia long, and this probably accounts for the fact that clear-cut nationalistic sentiments are not so developed even to-day in Macedonia as in the lands to the east and west.

But the Balkan question is not simply a conflict between the two Slavic factions, Bulgar and Serb. The matter is immensely complicated by the claims of

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the Greeks. Here one might expect a sharp ethnic frontier, but the facts confound this supposition. The Slavic barbarians did not confine their attention to the districts where their language is still spoken. They overran Greece as well as the northern Balkans. Place-names of Slavic origin are to be found even in southern Greece, and conquerors who stopped long enough to fasten their names on villages, streams, and mountains certainly left also a blend of their blood.

The Greeks were ever a seafaring folk, and long before authentic history was written they had established trading colonies in every port of the Near East. Mixing the breeds they found on their travels, they brought home brides from among the foreigners. The modern Greeks are no more the pure strain of Pericles than the Macedonians are ethnically clear descendants of Philip of Macedonia.

There is no evidence of any large migrations of Greeks into Macedonia or the more distant parts of the Balkans. However, their cultural influence far outstripped their numerical importance. With no armies to back them, they transformed the Latin city of Constantine into Greek-speaking Byzantium, and so made their language, which had long been the principal speech of commerce, that of government administration, the road to bureaucratic preferment.

Although an alphabet had been made for the Slavs, it was little used except in church matters. Just as mongrel Latin became the universal language of medieval Europe, used for all dignified writing by French and German and English savants, so Greek became the universal language of the Balkans. Few of the simple people could read or write any language, and all who were educated knew Greek at least as well as their mother-tongue.

The Greek influence among the people of the Balkans was tremendously increased as a result of the Turkish conquest. The Mohammedans did not recognize national divisions among the people they conquered, but only religions. The Patriarch of the Greek Church at Constantinople was recognized by the Turks as the head of all the Christian peoples of the Balkans. All sentiments of nationality were submerged before the tragedy of the Moslem invasion. The church was the only rallying-point of the tortured people. For several centuries the arrangement between the Greek Patriarch and the Sultan worked fairly well.

With the beginning of the nineteenth century, the long-dormant nationalistic spirit of the Balkan peoples awoke. The old traditions of Slavic glory were revived, heroic folk-songs rediscovered, and throughout all the land those who thought of themselves as Serbs or Bulgars objected to being classed as Greeks. The Patriarch at Constantinople did his best—and often it was a very treacherous and unscrupulous best—to keep his flock within his own fold. Their orthodoxy seemed to him more important than their freedom, so he often sided with the oppressor.

But the sultans were not grieved to see the break-up of the Christian *bloc*, and, on the whole, favored the creation of national and schismatic churches. So independent Serb and Greek, Rumanian and Bulgar, hierarchies broke away from the Patriarch in Constantinople; the schism was political, not theological. The communion of the saints in the Balkans came to an end.

A struggle to control Macedonia set in, which was one of the saddest pages in church history. Serb, Greek, Bulgar, prelates, school-teachers, bandits, set out to make the Macedonians join their church. The ordinary methods of Christian missions were not sufficiently decisive, so they went at it with fire and sword and not infrequently crucified priests of the opposing church. Seldom has theology been so degraded as a screen for temporal ambitions.

By the end of the last century some

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of the Greeks, the Serbs, and the Bulgars had won their freedom from the Turks and had established independent kingdoms of about equal size and strength. All three of these young, and still incomplete, states bordered on Macedonia, which was still under the Turkish yoke. The Macedonian territory was about as large as each of its three neighbors. Sooner or later the Sick Man would die and Macedonia be without a master. If any one of the three little sovereigns could add Macedonia to his realm he could dominate the Balkans. Much as Greece and Serbia and Bulgaria wanted Macedonia for themselves, they were very much more afraid that one of their rivals would get it.

So, as far as the Balkan nations by themselves were concerned, Macedonia was the crux of the problem. A tremendous amount has been written on the subject. But if you exclude the obviously chauvinistic propaganda written to order to prove that the Greek, Serb, or Bulgar dynasty should rule over Macedonia, you will find very general agreement in the works of native writers and foreign observers on the following points:

1. Macedonia cannot be awarded to any of the rival claimants nor divided among them on ethnic lines. It is inhabited by a mixed breed, the fruit of century-old crossings of highly hybrid stocks. If they were deaf and dumb, the ethnologist could not divide them into clear-cut racial groups.

2. On the language basis they could be divided into those who speak Greek and those who use a Slavic dialect. The second group would far outnumber those for whom Greek is the mother-tongue, and there would be a good many who use both languages. But those who use and prefer Greek could not be grouped geographically. They are scattered thinly all over Macedonia.

It is quite impossible to divide the Slavic group between Serb and Bulgar on the language test. During the First Balkan War in 1912 I discussed this matter with Peyev, then Bulgarian Minister of Education. I was trying to find some fundamental difference between the two languages. There are a few slight divergencies in the alphabets, but the spoken language is more important. "The real difference," he said, at last, "is political. When we are on good terms with the Serbs we understand them very well. When we are angry—it is quite a different language—we cannot understand each other."

With so slight a difference in dialect between Belgrade and Sofia, the two capitals, it is hopeless to hunt for a clear line of cleavage in the middle land of Macedonia.

3. There is no ground for awarding Macedonia to one of its neighbors or dividing it between them on "historic" considerations. It has been ruled by Greek, Serb, Bulgar sovereigns with about equal frequency and equal lack of permanence.

4. There has been somewhat less unanimity, but still a very impressive agreement, about the political preference of Macedonia. What do the people themselves think of their nationality? No referendum has ever been taken, so we are faced by opinion rather than fact. Before the outbreak of the war almost all foreign writers were emphatically of the opinion that far and away the greatest number of the Macedonians wanted to be Bulgar.

This was a matter of present-day politics rather than ethnology or culture. The mass of the people did not know nor care whether they were closer blood relations to the Serbs or the Bulgars. The great fact of Macedonian life was Turkish oppression, and the Bulgars led in the liberation movement. The refugee from Turkish atrocities fled to Sofia rather than Belgrade or Athens. So strong was this trend that, while the Macedonian colony was insignificant in Serbia and Greece, it was almost predominant in Bulgarian life. Nearly 50 per cent. of the prominent men of Sofia —cabinet ministers, members of parlia-

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ment, educators and editors—were of Macedonian origin. This was at once the cause and effect of the *rapprochement* between Macedonia and Bulgaria. Whatever the ethnic background of the Macedonians, whatever the language they spoke, they were turning more and more to Bulgaria in their hope of liberation from the Turk.

In Sofia I was immensely impressed by their custom of commemorating the anniversary of the Great Massacre in Macedonia which followed a vain effort at revolt from the Turks. Every household which had lost a relative in that struggle hung out the national flag bound in crêpe. It looked as though every family of the city was in mourning. There may be some dispute as to whether one village or another in Macedonia is Bulgar. But there can be no question that Sofia, the capital of the Bulgars, is predominantly Macedonian.

The proposal of making an independent, sovereign state of Macedonia as the corner-stone of a Balkan federation, which had long been urged by many Balkan statesmen and by almost every prominent foreign student of the situation, was brought into prominence by the First Balkan War against Turkey in 1912. It was rare during that campaign to hear any other program discussed. Besides liquidating the age-old disputes among themselves, a real union would develop sufficient strength to make the Balkan peoples strong enough to stand alone and so free them from the constant pressure of the great powers. In the capitals, Athens, Belgrade, and Sofia, among military men and politicians—although friction had begun to develop from the Greek action in annexing Salonika without the consent of her Allies—I found this the dominant idea. I left the Balkans in December to go to London, convinced that at last the time had come for the creation of a federal union, that public opinion in the countries concerned was prepared for it, and that the various ministries, with few individual exceptions, were working for it.

However, the great powers, represented by their ambassadors at London, were cold to the proposal, and some of their representatives on the spot worked effectively to wreck the movement toward union. Russian agents encouraged the Serb chauvinists in their wildest claims, and Austria promised support to Bulgaria. There was plenty of explosive matter in the local situation, but there is a large quantity of documentary evidence which proves that the powder-train was lighted by foreign intrigue.

The Greeks and Serbs, after defeating Bulgaria, with the help of Rumania and Turkey, annexed most of Macedonia without any regard for the wishes of the inhabitants. The Serbs, encouraged by Russia, grabbed the greater part of the district which a few months before they had formally recognized as indisputably Bulgar. As was to be expected, the victors found it impossible to rule these unwilling subjects without ruthless brutality and bloodshed. Whole villages were wiped out in Macedonia and Albania because they objected to becoming Greek or Serb.

To-day we are being flooded with official propaganda from Belgrade and Athens, full of detailed charges of Bulgarian atrocities during the period when, with the help of Germany, they overran Macedonia. The atrocities have been very real, but if the first stone had been cast by one without sin, no stones would have been thrown. There is a sickening similarity between all of these atrocity stories, whether they are told against Bulgar, Serb, or Greek. They arise more from the fact that the old biblical law of "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth" is still generally recognized in the Balkans than from a national trait peculiar to any one of the countries.

The fundamental data of the problem have been little changed by the events of the Great War. An independent Macedonia and a federal union between fairly equal states, even if the recent blood-letting has made it more difficult to achieve, must still be the

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goal of enlightened diplomacy in the Balkans.

But the delegates of Jugo-Slavia and Greece who came to the conference at Paris did not represent the enlightened liberal opinion of those countries. In small countries, as well as large, war—especially a victorious war—tends to put the most bellicose into power. The official delegates of the Balkan nations were not interested in a just peace. Conciliation was the last thing they cared about. Their preoccupations were vengeance and national aggrandizement.

The representatives of the great powers at Paris were in no position to enforce enlightened counsels in the Balkans. Of course they wanted to establish a real peace, a just peace, but there were other things they wanted more. Their governments all had important financial and political stakes in the Balkans, and, while these interests often conflicted, there was working unity on the policy of blocking the German expansion into the Near East. Bulgaria was the link between Mittel-Europa and Turkey, and had given an assistance to the enemy alliance out of all proportion to her size or wealth or man-power. It was her geographical situation much more than her inherent strength which had given her such tragic significance in the struggle. Smashing Bulgaria seemed the simplest way of wrecking the dangerous *Drang nach Osten*, and this result seemed much more important to the various Foreign Offices of the Entente than any abstract considerations of a just peace.

Even if the Entente nations could have freed themselves from the hatred and terror engendered by the recent life-and-death struggle with Germany, their representatives would still have found an attempt at a just settlement of the Balkans "impractical"; they were bound up in a tangle of commitments, and "traditional policies," and rash promises which they could not fulfil.

From 1914 to the summer of 1918 the Entente suffered one disaster after another in the Near East. The British used at times to jibe at us over the number of Notes we sent to Germany before we decided to fight; the retort discourteous was to ask how many Ultimatums they had delivered to Greece. There are few more ludicrous incidents in diplomatic history than the wrangle between King Constantine and the Allied ministers at Athens. Altogether more serious was the entrance, first, of Turkey and then of Bulgaria into the German Alliance, the débâcle at Gallipoli, and the futile effort to rescue Serbia from Salonika.

The Near East represents a tremendous debit account in the Entente ledger. But the bookkeeper would enter against it the credit item of Russian co-operation in the first years of the war. The disasters, military and diplomatic, which France and Britain suffered in the Near East represent the price they paid for the use of the Czar's armies.

According to the Dual Alliance between France and Russia, the Czar uniformly supported French projects in Morocco, and the *quid pro quo* — although it may not have been written down—was obviously that France would support Russia's desires in the Balkans. It is probable that when Britain signed the Accord with Russia in 1907 there was an understanding that British policy in the Balkan area would be subordinated to that of Russia. No document has been published in support of this supposition, but it is generally believed, because the British diplomats in the Balkan capitals, who had been working hand in glove with the Austrians to thwart Russian ambitions, faced about overnight.

Russia had long been supporting the anti-Austrian Serb dynasty, and that in the old days was sufficient to make Britain line up with Austrian policy. But immediately after coming to terms with Russia the Cabinet at London suddenly became pro-Serb. In the same way and for the same reason the British policy toward Bulgaria was abruptly reversed. They had formerly joined with Austria in supporting Ferdinand because

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he was distasteful to the Czar. Their friendship toward Bulgaria vanished as suddenly as their hostility to the Serbs.

It was a highly unethical, intensely practical bit of *Realpolitik*. England and France, worried by the rising power of Germany, needed the Czar for an ally. He demanded predominance in the Balkans. The price had to be paid. The seed from which these war-time disasters sprang was planted when these agreements were reached.

While France and England, at the time of the First Balkan War, had everything to gain by the organization of a federation of free states which would stabilize the Balkans, Russia saw in this project a hindrance to her march on Constantinople. She backed Serbia in every dispute, hoping to make her first a grateful ally and then a docile vassal. There was no more ardent and hectic Pan-Serb imperialist in Belgrade than Hartwig, the late Russian Minister.

To an equal extent the Germanic Alliance was opposed to the formation of a powerful Balkan union which would interfere with their *Drang nach Osten*. Italy, as well as Germany and Austria, looked with disfavor on any stabilization of the neighboring peninsula which might thwart her ambitions in Albania or her desire to hold the Greek isles.

So in the decade preceding the Great War a powerful member of the Entente, with the decisive vote in this section, and all the members of the Triple Alliance were intriguing continually to prevent a Balkan union. Whatever the real desires of Paris and London—and there is every indication that they believed the federal solution was the best—they were obviously bound by commitments to the Czar.

The Balkan policies pushed by the Entente and the Alliance were identical in principle, although the details were reversed. The former worked for a Serbo-Cossack state which would thwart the Teutonic ambitions, and the latter hoped to defeat the intrigues of the Entente by an army of Bulgars in spiked helmets. One scheme was quite as immoral as the other, and, although the best thing their advocates could say about them was that they were "practical politics," they would not work.

Such diplomacy has been the real cause of all the Balkan misery, of all the hideous conditions in Macedonia. And the practical results have not been brilliant for France and Britain. Neither Turkey nor Bulgaria wanted to go to war with them. When we in America speak of the Entente we always think of the western democracies as the important members—but in the Near East it was Russia that counted. If there ever was a justifiable "hereditary enmity" it was that between Sultan and Czar. Russia's intention to take Constantinople was notorious. Turkey could not keep out of such a war nor hesitate as to sides.

The first chapter of Bulgarian history was a bitter struggle to free themselves from the domination by Russia. At the outbreak of war in 1914 the Bulgarian government issued a proclamation of neutrality in which it stated that Bulgaria had never resorted to arms except in self-defense and in efforts to complete national unity. It was a clear statement that it had no interest in the issues involved between the great powers, and that the only thing which would tempt it to enter the conflict would be a chance to unite the Bulgars of Macedonia with the motherland. Bulgaria was in a strategic position of great importance, separating Austria-Germany from Turkey. So both the Entente and the Alliance bid for her support. Everything which the Bulgars wanted was in the hands of Germany's enemies, so the Central Empires could offer her complete realization of her national aspirations with a light heart. But in spite of the old hostility to Russia, the Bulgars were on the whole pro-Entente, and they might have been rallied to active aid, or at least kept strictly neutral, by the revival of the federation scheme and the independence of Macedonia. But

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this would have entailed the sacrifice by the Serbs of territories which they had annexed in 1913 after the Second Balkan War. The British and French both wished the Serbs to make the necessary concessions. It is impossible to overestimate the gains which would have accrued to the Entente if this policy had been realized. Turkey would certainly have been put out very quickly. Austria would have had to defend all her southern and eastern frontiers at once. But Russia imposed an absolute veto. Instead of joining her allies in pressing Serbia to make just and reasonable concessions to Bulgaria, she blocked them by throwing all her influence behind the most extravagant of the Serb imperialists. Her allies had recognized the Balkans as a Russian "sphere of influence" and could not insist. Once more justice did not seem practical. Bulgaria entered the war on the other side and—temporarily—rescued her people in Macedonia from Serb oppression. The French and British statesmen, who claimed that such diplomacy was "practical," have to balance the gains due to Russian aid against the loss of their money and prestige in the Near East.

A great many unpleasant fowls came home to roost at the Peace Conference in Paris, but probably none of them were more embarrassing to the British and French delegates than those born of their acceptance in the past of a Russian policy in the Balkans which they knew to be unsound. Having docilely followed the lead of the Czar in the days of his strength, they find themselves committed to a pro-Serb policy. They cannot exercise a restraining influence on their smaller Balkan allies because they have rashly promised them much more than they can now deliver. The only compensation they can offer Serbia, to get out of the embarrassing conflict with their promises to Italy, are at the expense of Bulgaria. The situation in regard to Greece and Rumania is quite the same. Practical considerations have led to promises which it is now impractical to fulfil. Bulgaria is to be despoiled in the hope of bribing her neighbors to accept this "settlement."

The spirit of the Fourteen Points, which the associated nations accepted as the basis of the peace, has nowhere been so completely ignored as in this latest attempt to pacify the Balkans. If the American program was sound, this arrangement is unsound. It is a fairly safe prophecy that the Bulgarian treaty will be the least permanent of the documents signed at Paris. It is the most unjust.

SHARER

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

I WILL laugh with any one,
Laugh awhile, then onward run.
I will cry with those who cry;
But I will not linger by.

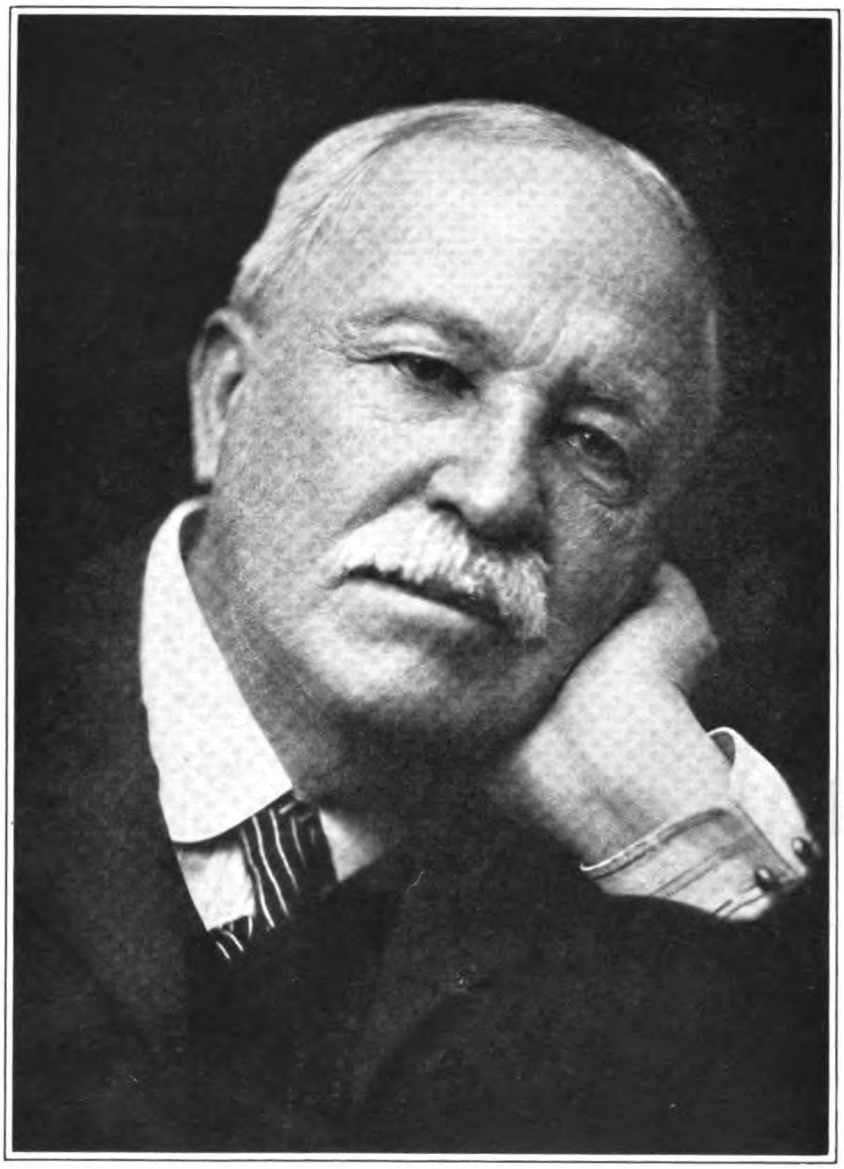
Certes, mirth or grief I'll share,
But my own I could not bear:
Long ago both left my door—
I will let them in no more.

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WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

1837–1920

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W. D. HOWELLS

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

WHEN Mr. Howells died we who have been his readers might have said that we had lost a friend and entertainer never to be replaced. But we haven't lost him. He has merely stopped work. We have what he did in wonderful measure. If he had been a lawyer, a doctor, a teacher, a man of business, even a clergyman, there would be left his reputation, his descendants, his accumulated property, if there was any, and his touch upon the lives he influenced and helped, but the great body of his daily achievement would be gone. But because he was a writer the important mass of his work lives on, accessible and consoling, a long row of books—seventy-five, or thereabouts—on library shelves all over the land and beyond the sea, and his spirit, his mind, the sound of his voice, the play of his thought and fancy in every one of them.

His life was the daily working of his mind. To record its operations was his task and his pleasure. It was a smooth-flowing life, but that was because he was so orderly a man, and found his vocation so early and was so happy in it, and pursued it with such undistracted diligence. He was not distracted even by the process of education, which, as a rule, is expected to separate its victim from whatever past and habits he had, and make a new man of him. Mr. Howells never had that sort of education. He was not sent away to school; he never went to college. He had in childhood in Ohio a great educational agent in his family, so that it might be said that he proceeded almost from the cradle to the printer's case, and began putting types together to make words, and words together to make sense. He did not go out, like Thackeray, to lose a patrimony in a prodigal pursuit of experience of life, or sail the seas as Conrad did, to study moods of men and nature. Life was everywhere for the taking. Why should he chase it? He looked around and began to put into words what his senses noticed and his mind told him. His adventures were mainly adventures in thought.

So he learned in Ohio to write, and to get his writing into print, and also, in a way, to bring it to market. But, having got what training he could out of newspapers and political writings, he cut loose from them and set out boldly to be, not a newspaper man, but a man of letters. That was what it meant when he went to Cambridge and then to Venice. He could print his thoughts, but he needed better thoughts. Having learned well enough to start with what a writer most needs to know, he proceeded to add to knowledge.

And of course he did add to knowledge in Cambridge, and still more in Venice, where art and history await folks in their waking hours and soak into them in their sleep. Even a lazy man, if he could keep his eyes open, would have got something out of Venice, and Howells had not a lazy bone in him. His business in life was to be a writer, and as all his life he attended remorselessly to that business, we may be sure he did so in Venice. He did not overdo it either there or elsewhere. He took time to be happy. He lived long and worked to the very end, but in the work he lived by he was almost as methodical and exacting with himself as Anthony Trollope was, making *nulla dies sine linea* his motto, and living well

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up to it. He was provident, prudent, persistent; when doggedness seemed necessary to do it, he could be dogged.

He had in remarkable measure the pleasures, rewards, and satisfactions that come to authors, and because of the qualities just mentioned he avoided the misfortunes and discomforts that have befallen some of them. He was a wise man and knew how to live, and he was admirably self-governed and hated "irregularities." Perhaps if he had hated them less he would have been a more shocking writer, and more acceptable to readers who prefer to be shocked; but that never troubled him. What he sought was reality—to portray actual people as they were and record faithfully their talk as they spoke it, the development of their characters, and the incidents that befell them. He stuck close to this life and this world, and to so much of what happened in it as came to his notice. What he saw he pictured with an admirable and charming art, and because his pictures are true they will live.

He had delightful and intimate friendships, especially with persons of his own profession or related to it, and notably with Mark Twain. He must have loved to talk, he talked so well, but in working hours he worked, and he loved his own home and his own family, and could well bear the company of his own mind.

The habit of furnishing discourse to printing-presses becomes established after a while in a person who lives by that activity, so that it ceases to produce much emotion. Nevertheless, when one is so blessed as to do it better than usual there is always a resulting glow, which is the calling's great reward. In early years it is apt to be a glow of pride; in later ones it may be a glow of something nearer to piety—of thankfulness that it has been given him to say something that seemed worth saying. Whatever Mr. Howells thought about that, to him with his Welsh grandfather and his Quaker grandmother, a sense of the leading of the spirit—a sense that at his best he was helped to something beyond the reach of his unaided efforts—cannot have come hard. Certainly his spiritual inheritance from his paternal grandparents was very good for him as a writer, bringing him powers of seeing life as it is, and doubtless helping to account for the gentleness of his relations with mankind. In the long run pretty much all the distinctions that can come to an author in his lifetime came to him. Doubtless it gave him pleasure to be held in honor and affection, but it never made him vain. When a book of his was a "best seller" he was delighted, but he never was one of those who aimed to find out what the great book-devouring public wanted, and give it to them. What he gave the public was what was given to him. He never grudged labor, he never did less than his best, but the picture he has left behind is of a man who duly fed his mind and was fed by it—of a man who looked at his world and listened to it and thought about it, and wrote down what it said and how it looked to him.

He liked the simple life and lived it. Possibly the rural Ohio of his youth stayed always in the back of his mind. He was full of simple kindliness, of helpfulness and encouragement to beginning writers, of appreciation that tended, perhaps, to be over-appreciative of aspirants whose hopes have been less lavishly fulfilled than his own. He read diligently the notable novels of foreign writers, and did much to bring the best of them, especially of the Russian and the Spanish novelists, to the notice and appreciation of his own countrymen. He lived to be the leading man of letters in the United States. And his leadership was acknowledged with great good-will and affection. After all, the world likes a good man and rejoices in him, especially when he does honor to his vocation.

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THE LION'S MOUTH

A DOCTOR OF LITERATURE

BY C. A. BENNETT

I HAD been spending an hour with my dentist, and as I walked along the corridor of the office-building to the elevator I happened to notice on one of the doors this legend:

GEORGE BENTHAM

First aid to authors and writers of every description. Please do not walk in. Be civilized. Knock.

I stopped before the door in momentary hesitation. But no one could long resist the solicitations to curiosity on that door. I knocked, and, hearing a "Come in," entered.

Mr. Bentham was sitting in an armchair beside a large table covered with books, magazines, pipes, and tobacco, in pleasant disarray. He rose to greet me and offered me a chair opposite his own. As he held a match to my cigarette I noticed that he was about thirty, with pleasant brown eyes and a humorous look about the mouth. I thought I might risk the opening that I had devised while standing in the corridor.

"Pardon me, Mr. Bentham," I said, "if I seem to intrude upon personal matters, but do you happen to be related to the great Jeremy?"

"The great Jeremy?"

"Yes; you know — Utilitarianism, greatest happiness of the greatest number, fragment on government, and so on. . . ."

"Oh, now I see! Jeremy Bentham. No, no; not at all, so far as I know. But why do you ask? Are you writing his life?"

"Well, yes, you may put it that way. Anyhow, I think you can help me. I wonder if you would first give me an idea of the kind of thing you undertake."

After some discussion we decided that it would be best for him to tell me some of his recent cases.

He searched the pages of an old notebook. "Here's rather an interesting one," he said at last. "This chap was writing one of those interminable autobiographical novels of exhaustive detail. It was to be three hundred and fifty thousand words long. Allowing for a prenatal chapter, that would bring his hero up to twenty-seven. He had sworn to stop there, not because there was any special reason for stopping there, but simply because he did not want to make this book a life-work. Well, he got his man to twenty-seven and then found that he was still fifty thousand words short. Problem: How to keep his hero at twenty-seven and yet find an excuse for those extra thousands of words."

"Did you solve it?" I asked.

"I did," was the reply. "I had a happy intuition. I made him have his hero commit suicide by drowning on his twenty-seventh birthday. In the last second all his past life flashed before him. That, of course, gave an opportunity for a fifty-thousand word résumé of the entire book. A good precedent, if I do say it myself. All such works should end with a summary of that kind.

"My next case was harder to deal with. One day a woman came in here, pulled a bundle of papers out of a black bag, and thrust them at me with: 'There. What do you think of those?' I looked them over for about five minutes. At first I thought they were pictures—pictures of birds, flowers, buildings, chairs—everything. Looking closer, I discovered that

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they were formed of words and sentences disposed in those shapes. Thinking I was dealing with a harmless lunatic, I said:

"'Well, they are distinctly unusual.'

"'Unusual!' she cried. 'But what do you think of them as verse?'

"Verse! I was amazed.

"Well, at last it turned out that ever since reading *Alice in Wonderland* and seeing the mouse's tail in the story printed in the form of a tail, with the lines across the page growing shorter and shorter until they end in a line of one word—the tip of the tail; ever since seeing this she had been interested in making patterns of words in this way. She had a whole book of them. Her great discovery now was that, as it might be the wife of M. Jourdain, she had been writing free verse for years without knowing it. She wanted me to tell her how to dispose of it."

"What did you do?"

"You have to humor that sort. I told her she had two alternatives. She could print the stuff as a new form of verse, give the volume an esoteric title like 'Spontaneities,' and write a long preface to it on polyhedral poetry. Or else she could have a number of the sheets appropriately framed and announce an exhibition of Aorist pictures. I told her that the only really important part of the enterprise was the catalogue. In this she should state the theory of her art. If she only used her jargon dexterously enough she could get away with it. Let her say that the investigations of Doctor Avast of Copenhagen into hysteria by means of his wonderful new instrument, the hysteriopticon, had completely revolutionized the traditional theories of painting, and so on."

"What did she say to that?"

"She seemed quite impressed. And the joke of it is that she did give an exhibition of her pictures, catalogue and all. It was quite a success. I hear she has already amassed five disciples. She talks now of her 'career,' and attributes it almost entirely to me!"

"What a romantic profession yours is!" I exclaimed. "Tell me some more."

He was still turning over the pages of his note-book. "Well, just one more, and then we'll stop. . . . This man—I am still treating him—writes notices of new books for a firm of publishers. He was very depressed when he came to see me. Thought he would have to give up his job. It seems he had begun in a relatively mild way. He referred to books—quite ordinary books, of course—as 'big' or 'virile' or 'dynamic' or 'thrilling.' Then gradually he began to make the brew a little stronger. 'Epoch-making,' 'pulsating with life,' 'A red-blooded book for red-bloody, hairy-chested, one-hundred-per-cent. Americans' — these expressions, and others like them, appeared again and again in his notices. Soon even these became conventional with him, lost all savor, seemed flat and unconvincing. Finally, a few weeks ago, he wrote of one story that after reading it the reader would feel as though he had been traveling all night in an automobile at sixty miles an hour—this by way of praising it, mind you. Of another he said that the ending wrought an emotional havoc in the reader comparable only to the experience of 'crashing' from an aeroplane from sixteen thousand feet.

"Of course you can guess what happened. He came upon a really good book, both powerful and exciting. He wanted to praise it adequately, but he had long ago exhausted his stock of epithets, and to have tried to do justice to its merits in terms of his habitual speech would have meant the dissolution of the language. So the poor man was smitten dumb."

"Could you do anything for him?" I asked.

"I am confining him to a diet of nouns and verbs—no adjectives or adverbs allowed. He brings me specimens of his notices. It is pathetic to see how my corrections affect him. When, instead of saying, 'Exhibits a unique personality' one has to say 'Exhibits a personality,' or from 'Strikes an entirely

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new individual note' one is reduced to 'Strikes a note,' one naturally feels as though one were undergoing a major operation on one's style—without an anesthetic. . . . But he'll pull through all right.

"And now that I have given you some idea of what I try to do, perhaps you will tell me your own special problem in the life of my illustrious namesake."

"Illustrious namesake? . . . Oh yes, Jeremy Bentham, of course. Well, to be candid, Mr. Bentham, that was all a blind, a blind to break the ice, so to speak. I have no interest in Jeremy Bentham; I don't even know the old gentleman's dates. I am trying to write a novel—a first novel. . . ."

"Go on," said my expert, encouragingly.

"To begin with," I replied, "I have accumulated only two points in technique. The first is, always begin in the middle of your story and then work back."

"If you model yourself on Conrad," said Mr. Bentham, "you must begin at seven different places on the circumference simultaneously and work toward the center."

"Please do not interrupt me. I never thought of Conrad As I was saying, I had to work back. Enter point two—to accomplish this, endow one of your characters with a prodigious memory. This I had done. My story really begins in 1913, but chapter one finds my hero in 1917 walking down Fifth Avenue. Now observe my technique. 'As he walked, a crowd of memories rushed over him.' Then I was going to shovel in five chapters in which the hero's memory works magnificently, never missing even an inverted comma, and covers the years from 1913 to 1917. That was the plan. But you know how one's characters suddenly 'come alive' and begin to act on their own account. Well, before I could stop him, my hero, lost in thought, had blundered under a moving taxi. Unconscious. Taken to a hospital. Nurses, surgeons, consultations. Result: my hero is declared to have suffered a severe cortical lesion causing serious loss of memory. Everything after 1913 a perfect blank. . . . You see my predicament?"

"Pretty bad, pretty bad," he said, thoughtfully. "I suppose you've tried killing him?"

"Where would that lead to?"

"Oh, it might be the occasion for a debauch or reminiscence on the part of his family."

"His family are all dead."

We sat in silence for some time. Then I rose to go.

"Wait a minute!" he exclaimed. "Sit down. I think I have it. . . . Have you studied the modern drama at all?"

"I go to the theater fairly often."

"Oh, I don't mean the acted drama; I mean the printed drama, the drama that is too subtle and illusive for the stage. In these works all the really vital stuff is put into the so-called stage directions. There's your clue."

"How? What?" I asked, blankly.

"Why, man, make a play of it and put all the events of those four years into stage directions."

My eyes shone with gratitude. (I am sure they did.) Saved! Saved! cried my heart. Then, overcome with emotion:

"Mr. Bentham," I stammered, "may I call you Jeremy?"

"Do!" he said, and clasped my hand.

BALLAD AT TWENTY-THREE

BY IRWIN EDMAN

WHEN we were friends at college,
Before our souls were caught,
How eager was our hunger
For beauty; how we sought
To catch and hold in lyric gold
Each gleam of sense or thought.

What has come of us once stirred
To melody and mirth?
Well, we have gained a little wealth,
A little more of girth,
And now we beat with laggard feet
The old dull ruts of earth.

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One of us sings now the praise
  Of soap from pole to pole;
A *restaurateur* and a dealer in fur
  Are also on our roll;
And I myself for slender pelf
  Discourse upon the soul.

And none of us has written yet
  The verse we vowed to write;
The world must walk in darkness,
  So far as we shed light;
We work too long all day for song,
  And are much too tired at night.

And yet we're happy; through the week
  Though tied to sundry trades,
A-teaching of the young idea,
  Or selling stocks or spades,
Sundays we smoke and chat and joke,
  And tramp the Palisades.

We meet at concerts now and then,
  We who remember yet,
How beautifully Bach and Brahms
  Can teach us to forget,
And there are books and plays and easier ways
  To hide us from regret.

Oh, well! we're quenched at twenty-three,
  Yet sometimes still there dart,
Across our lives, felicities
  In friendship and in art,
Some solace still for the broken will,
  And the tired, defeated heart.

THE WOMAN ALONE

IT was an editor, a kind and friendly editor, who suggested to me that I write something about "the woman alone." He said that he thought I ought to have some very interesting things to say on the subject. He added that I might "do it anonymously." And here I looked sharply at him. . . . Did he suspect my secret? Had he plumbed the depths of my tragic situation? Had he been watching me? . . . I have said he was kind.

For we do not like to be pitied, we "women alone." We do not want to confess we have failed, to admit that ours is a shattered dream. Yet—since you have already begun to suspect, we may as well give up the sham and the pretense at once, and confess the whole miserable truth.

I know how you picture us—alone in our silent rooms, where no foot falls from morning until night save our own, eating our solitary meals with a book propped against the tea-caddy, sitting beside our solitary lamps in the long evenings, reading until we fall asleep, only a cat or a canary or a bowl of goldfish to bear us company. . . . Oh, bright, impossible dream. How quickly you vanished before us, out of sight! For we, the seekers after solitude, have followed a will-o'-the-wisp. There is no such thing as "the woman alone."

True, we pay our own rent, we support ourselves, but there the fancy ends. For all these pathetic little apartments, flats, studios, in which we have sought refuge from the world, and which we have arranged to suit only ourselves, our own needs, comforts, tastes—these sanctums to which we had planned to invite no stranger excepting our own souls—are filled from morning until night with friends, acquaintances, relatives, friends of our friends, people who would never think of coming to see us if we lived in a home, in the bosom of a family. There seems to be something about the mere fact of our living alone that inspires everybody with the idea of "dropping in." Particularly at odd hours—those hours held sacred to domestic rites in regularly organized households. They begin to come in the morning before we are out of our bath, and we have to call to them to go in by the other door, and wait until we are dressed. And when we appear they greet us enviously with, "That's the joy of living alone; get up when you please, nobody to bother you, your time absolutely your own!" Sometimes they explain that they came early in order to "be sure to catch us," as if life were a game of tag. And sometimes they say that they came early so as not to disturb us after we had begun our work. (We have done our best to impress upon every one the

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necessity and importance of our work, and they speak of it as if it were a kind of chronic invalid who was never allowed in the room when there was company, and whose existence consequently remained a little vague.)

During breakfast a commuting relative arrives (relatives always commute and always make early calls) with a suggestion that we go out to Ohio and live with second cousin Saphronia Pell, who is "also alone in the world" and "has that big house she's really not able to care for by herself."

In the course of the forenoon an average of half a dozen people have "dropped in," some for the comprehensive reason that they "just thought we might be in" or that they "happened to be in the neighborhood." Women we hardly know at all drop in to powder their noses and "freshen up a bit" before they go on to keep an engagement for lunch. They always say they "adore using other people's make-up," and they "know I don't mind." Friends in trouble run in to be "cheered up a bit." Unhappily married friends come in to congratulate us, to tell us how lucky we are, no husband to support, only ourselves to think of—freedom, how they envy us! And they tell us all about it, and feel so much better, and go away. Happily married friends come in to commiserate with us and urge us into matrimony. "How *can* you look forward to a lonely old age?" they ask. To which we reply that we continue to do it only by virtue of our unquenchable optimism.

The queer thing is that they all begin by saying that they've only come for a minute; and somewhere in the conversation they invariably remark that "you must be terribly annoyed by people dropping in all day, interrupting your work." They don't see how we get anything done! We admit that we do have a good many people coming in, and they say: "Why don't you have hours? Put a sign on the door?"

For myself, I tried putting up a sign, a very neat little placard reading "Occupied." And on the first day six people came without even seeing the sign. The seventh, a joyous soul of my acquaintance, was regarding the placard with a highly comical expression when I opened the door.

"What does it mean?" she asked, with a glance inside at the six already there. "All seats occupied. Bring your own chairs?"

Now all this sounds as if I were trying to make myself out a very agreeable person. I'm not. I'm not even amiable. I have nothing to do with it. They entertain themselves. You will think I give them food. I don't. They bring it in themselves, and cook it, too. The kind of things that aren't supposed to be eaten at family tables. You know the kind I mean. Queer-smelling things, with queer names and queerer tastes—concoctions they have learned to make from people they wouldn't care to let the family know they knew. My kitchenette reeks daily with these odors of all nations. I have often wondered that the neighbors didn't interfere.

Of course I like these people, and it's extremely jolly having them, and I should miss them sadly if they stayed away. But it cannot, by the widest stretch of the imagination, be called living alone. And that, you know, was the idea.

There is a lesson in it for those ladies who are always starting tea-rooms and failing for lack of customers. If, instead of their "Welcome," "Walk In," "Make Yourself at Home," placards, they would put up a sign "Busy" or "Do not Interrupt" or "We Strive to Please No One," their vogue would be assured. If we are asked to go to a place it is the last place in the world to which we wish to go. But if barriers are set up, obstacles put between—in this way heaven itself has been made to seem desirable. No particular entertainment is offered us, but they have made it so difficult to get in.

I once sought solitude in the country, but, having the dangers in mind, I told no one where I had gone. I took the

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tiniest cottage I could find, in a district where I had never been before and knew no living soul. It appeared that I could have done nothing to arouse so the curiosity and interest of the few widely scattered neighbors. They gave me a few days to settle, and then, on the fourth, a glorious spring day, just after noon when I was preparing for a long, happy afternoon to myself, I saw them coming across the fields. Three farmers' wives. I determined not to let it begin. I would *not* give up my first glorious afternoon. I would pretend I was not at home. So I hurriedly shut the doors and pulled down all the blinds and tiptoed to the middle of the living-room, where I waited, perfectly still, for them to come and go. They came up on the little porch, which I had made so comfortable for my afternoon, with a hammock, an easy chair, a table with my best-loved books. They knocked at my door. I remained scarcely breathing inside. "I wonder if she's away," I heard one of them say; "her blinds are down." They waited a little while, and then went round to the back door and knocked and made the same remark. Then they came round to the front again. "It's nice here," one of them said. "Let's sit down a little and wait; maybe she'll come back." So they sat down, one in the hammock, one in my easy-chair, and one on the step. I thought they would get discouraged and go away. After awhile I heard one of them say, "I don't believe she's coming back." And another one said: "Well, I don't feel like going home. Why don't we stay? It's comfortable here. If she comes, all right; if she don't, we'll have a good visit ourselves." I tiptoed to a chair, and let myself cautiously into it. And the whole of that glorious afternoon I sat inside that darkened room, afraid to breathe or move, and listened to the regular creak of the hammock hooks and the drone of voices gossiping about people I didn't know. They stayed until supper-time, and even then they left reluctantly. And when they stepped off the porch I heard one of them say: "We'll come over again to-morrow. She's all alone, and we ought to be neighborly."

The next day I came back to town.

No—widows, spinsters, divorcées—here is the bitter truth. The only lone women are married women with families. Oh for one of their quiet evenings undisturbed by a single voice! How thoughtfully the sons and daughters and the husband slip in, one by one, to their rooms; what care not to intrude upon her privacy! I wonder if she knows how many women envy her solitude. . . .

And yet— But there's some one knocking at my door.

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EDITOR'S DRAWER

STILL WATERS

BY MALCOLM LA PRADE

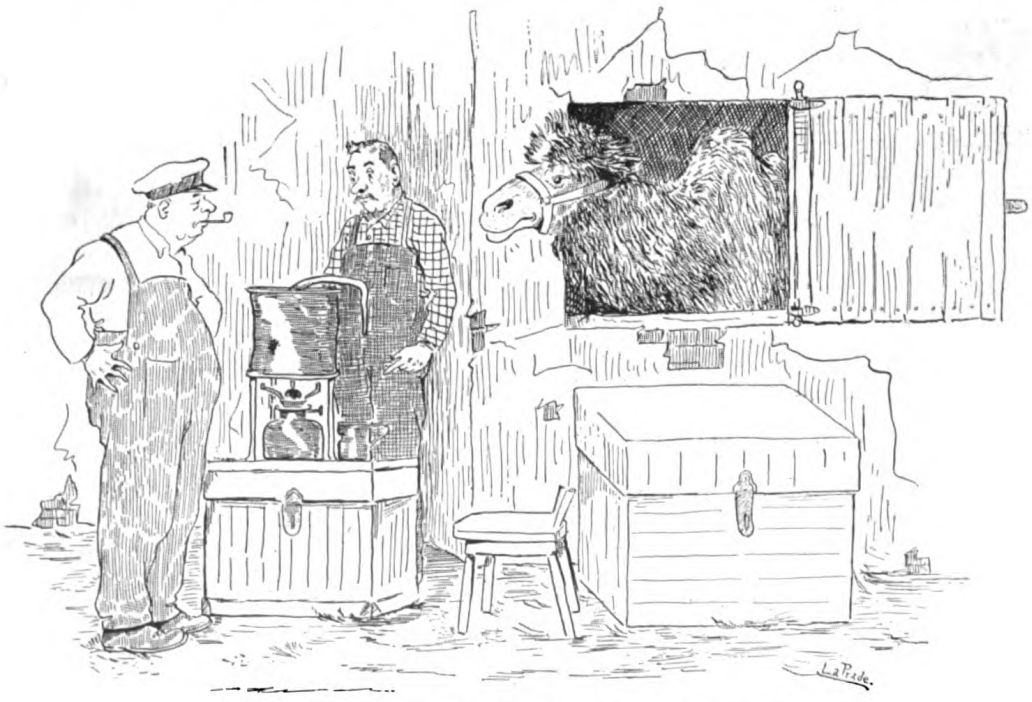
"LOOKIN' at this camel," said the keeper, "puts me in mind of prohibition, and what I say about that is: Prohibition is all right for people what don't drink, but it's in the nature of some men to want a few drinks every day and prohibitin' don't do them no good. They goes on wantin' 'em and they generally gets 'em one way or another. Take even a camel; you'd think he'd be a prohibitionist just as natural as a drinkin' man wouldn't, but that's because you 'ain't had experience with camels like I've had. They're just as different from one another as folks, and you can't expect all of 'em to act accordin' to the same rule.

"I've read in natural-history books that a camel is the most unfriendly and meanest animal what's domesticated, and he won't never miss a chanst to bite his best friend in the back, yet that camel standin' there was as faithful as a dog to the last man what took care of her, and was always ready to do that man a good turn and get him out of a tight place.

"The man I'm speakin' of is Timothy Wilkes what used to work here as camel-keeper up to three months ago.

"One of Timothy's jobs was to saddle up a camel every afternoon and lead it around for the kids to ride on at ten cents a trip, and that's how he happened to get so friendly with this camel here.

"She's the only camel in the park what ain't like them the natural-history fellers writes about. Sarah is her name; she's always been as gentle as a lamb, and naturally she's a great favorite with the kids. Sarah was fairly crazy about Timothy, and I guess



"A MOONSHINER AMONGST A LOT OF CAMELS"

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he deserved it, for he was a kind-hearted man and wouldn't have been cruel to no animal, even when he wasn't himself, and that happened about once a week when he'd take a little more liquor than was good for him. He got so gloomy then I wouldn't have been surprised if he'd committed suicide or somethin', but he was always nice and gentle to Sarah.

"He was one of these men what takes eight or ten drinks a day just as regular as you take your three meals, and then on Saturday night he'd usually bring home an extra bottle and drink it up at one sittin'. I don't think he ever did go to a saloon and celebrate like most drinkin' men. He wasn't what you'd call sociable with his liquor, and I don't remember him ever askin' me to have a drink with him, but I've often see him of a evenin' settin' over in the camel-house right next to Sarah's stall, takin' a drink now and then out of his flask and talkin' to her kind o' sad, like he wished he could get along without it the same as her.

"I always said prohibition was goin' to hit Timothy hard, and it surely did when things begun to get real dry. He got more and more gloomy when first one place and then another closed up, and I reckon he was tryin' to taper off so as to make his supply hold out till he could save up enough to go to Cuba or somewhere.

"I remember speakin' to him about it one day when he was leadin' Sarah out to where the kids was waitin' to ride.

"'Well, Timothy,' says I, 'I guess the Sahara Desert 'ain't got nothin' on us now. It's a lucky thing for you you've been associatin' with this camel so long.'

"'Bill,' says he, starin' at Sarah very sad, 'I 'ain't never learned how she does it yet. Many a time I've said to myself, "Timothy, you've got a shinin' example of a teetotaler right before you all day long and it don't seem to do you no good." Yes,' says he, 'the time has come for desert travelin' and I ain't no better prepared than I was before I ever see a camel.'

"'Rome wasn't burnt in a day,' says I, slappin' him on the back; 'Sarah has got dry ancestors behind her all the way back to the Ark. You go on studyin' her ways, Timothy, and you'll catch on to 'em after while.'

"'I've been studyin' 'em, Bill,' says he, shakin' his head; 'I reckon you thought I was gettin' drunk every Saturday night just for the fun of it, but that's where you're mistaken. I've watched this camel careful, and it looks to me like the only reason she can go so long without drinkin' is because she takes as much as she can hold when she does drink, and I thought maybe if I was to drink a whole bottle on a Saturday evenin', I might be able to hold out for a week without another drop. But it don't work with me, Bill,' says he; 'I'm just as thirsty Sunday mornin' as if I hadn't been near it, and I don't know how I'm goin' to get along now, for my reserve stock is almost gone.'

"Then he leads Sarah away and I begun to feel so dry myself I had to go over to the sody-fountain.

"A few days later Timothy come to me lookin' very cheerful, and said he'd fixed up a still in the feed-room behind the camel-house and wouldn't I come over and have a look at it.

"Sure enough, he'd got a sort of boiler rigged up with a coil of pipe hitched to it and a oil-stove to heat it up. He said he was goin' to ask for an extra supply of corn for the camels that afternoon and begin work in the evenin'. I told him he'd better be careful or he might get himself in trouble, but he said he guessed nobody wouldn't look for a moonshiner amongst a lot of camels, and he'd got to have somethin' to drink before long, anyway, so I give up tryin' to warn him.

"The next mornin' he was over at the snake-house lookin' happier than I'd see him for months.

"'Well,' says I, 'how did it work?'

"'Fine as silk,' says he. 'It's slow, but I'm goin' to stick at it till I get a gallon stored up and I guess that 'll last me for a while.'

"'How does it taste?' says I.

"'I 'ain't tasted it yet,' says he; 'it's too raw. I'm goin' to let it stand and gather strength.' Then he looks at the snakes and says it makes him feel like old times, and if his whisky didn't turn out like he expected he believed he'd ask the director to let him come over to the snake-house and work along with me.

"For a long time after that I didn't hear no more about Timothy's distillin' and I begun to wonder if he'd got discouraged on account of it workin' so slow. I see him every day as usual leadin' Sarah around with the children on her back, but when I asked him how he was makin' out, he said his throat was parched from the dust and he didn't feel like talkin'.

"One evenin', about a week later, I was

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"SHE'S THE MOST OBLIGIN' CAMEL I EVER SEE"

sittin' readin' the paper in my room when I heard somebody knockin' on the door. I opened it and there was Timothy lookin' mighty worried.

"'Bill,' says he, in a whisper, 'I want you to come over to the camel-house and help me.'

"'Help you with what?' says I.

"'I'm goin' to tear up my still and bury it,' says he. 'They're comin' to investigate to-morrow and I've got to get rid of the evidence.'

"'You don't mean to say the police are after you?' says I.

"'Oh no,' says he. 'It ain't the police. I've been overdrawin' on feed for the camels and the director said he was comin' over to-morrow to find out why they had to have so much corn along with their hay. He said the camels in this zoo hadn't never been fed that way before.'

"'Do you reckon somebody has told on you?' says I.

"'I don't know,' says he, 'but I ain't goin' to take the chanst of losin' my job.'

"I got my coat and went with him, and before long we'd got a hole dug behind the feed-room and put the boiler in it along with all his other things and covered it over with straw and grass.

"'Are you goin' to destroy the whisky, too?' says I.

"'You bet I ain't,' says he; 'I've got a hidin'-place for it where nobody won't never think to look.' Then he takes me inside the camel-house.

"'See that bucket?' says he, pointin' to a red bucket with 'Fire' painted on it, what was hangin' by the door. 'I'm goin' to pour it in there to-morrow mornin' and I guess I'll be safe even if they search my own room.'

"'That's a fine idea,' says I. 'If they think you've been makin' whisky they'll be huntin' for jugs and bottles; they wouldn't never think to look in a bucket right under their own nose.'

"'That's the way I figure it,' says he, laughin'. 'You come over to-morrow mornin' and watch the fun.' Then he thanks me for lendin' a hand with the diggin' and I went back to bed.

"The next mornin' I was over to the camel-house bright and early, waitin' for the investigation committee to show up.

"Timothy took me over to the fire-bucket where he'd put the whisky and let me look in at it and smell it.

"The bucket was about a third full and it was a light yellow, just like water what's been standin' a long time.

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"'Have a taste,' says Timothy, so I stuck my finger in the bucket and then put it in my mouth.

"'Whew!' says I. 'You've sure got it labeled right! Fire's the word!'

"'Careful,' says he. 'They're comin'.' And, sure enough, I turned around and see the director, Mr. Patterson, and Doctor Tompkins, the zoo's veterinary, comin' in the door.

"'Now, Wilkes,' says Mr. Patterson, 'be good enough to show us how you are mixin' the feed for these camels. Doctor Tompkins would like to have a look at the bins.'

"'Certainly, sir,' says Timothy, and then we all goes into the feed-room.

"The doctor opened the bins and looked in 'em, kind o' smilin' to himself, and all the time Mr. Patterson was feelin' around behind 'em with his cane and stirrin' up the loose hay what was lyin' on the floor. I could see from the first they wasn't worryin' about how Timothy fed the camels, but I guess they didn't like to come right out and accuse him of anythin' unless they could find some kind of evidence against him.

"Before long they give up lookin' in the feed-room and then Doctor Tompkins turns to Timothy.

"'I understand you've been feedin' the camels on corn for the last month,' says he.

"'Yes, sir,' says Timothy; 'they was gettin' weak from eatin' so much light straw.'

"'I'll look 'em over,' says the doctor, and we all went back to where the camels was.

"While the doctor was examinin' 'em, Mr. Patterson was walkin' around, pokin' his cane into the piles of hay and lookin' under the feed-troughs. When Doctor Tompkins got to Sarah's stall he opened the door and went in.

"'You cannot have given this camel much corn,' says he; 'he looks worse run down than any of 'em.'

"'She's wore out from totin' the children,' says Timothy, puttin' his arm around Sarah's neck; 'she's got such a sweet nature they won't leave her rest. She's the most obligin' camel I ever see, doctor.'

"Sarah sort o' rubbed her head against Timothy's shoulder and her big eyes watered like she could understand what he was sayin' about her and wanted to show him how thankful she was.

"Just then Mr. Patterson, what had got to the other side of the house, calls out to Timothy.

"'Wilkes,' says he, 'I see you 'ain't payin' attention to the fire regulations of this park!'

"'How's that, sir?' says Timothy, turnin' pale.

"'This here emergency bucket ain't even half full,' says Mr. Patterson, takin' down the fire bucket with Timothy's whisky in it. Then he comes over to where we was.

"'Look at this, Tompkins,' says he, holdin'



"LOOK AT HER!" SHOUTS TIMOTHY

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the bucket out to the doctor; 'we can't put up with this kind of thing!'

"Doctor Tompkins looks at it kind o' curious, then he takes it and smells it and sets the bucket down on the floor.

"'The law requires you to keep this bucket full!' says Mr. Patterson, turnin' on Timothy.

"'That ain't easy nowadays,' says the doctor, grinnin'; 'fire-water is mighty scarce in this country.'

"'What are you talkin' about, Tompkins?' says Mr. Patterson, lookin' puzzled, and at that the doctor winked at me and begun to laugh.

"'What's in that bucket, Wilkes?' says Mr. Patterson, very stern.

"'Water,' says Timothy, tremblin'.

"'What kind of water?' says Mr. Patterson, lookin' straight at him.

"'Drinkin' water, sir,' says Timothy.

"'Look here, Wilkes!' says Mr. Patterson, shakin' his finger at poor Timothy. 'I've had my suspicions about you and all this corn you've been usin' for a long time, and now I've got the proof. I'm goin' to turn you over to the police. I won't have no moonshinin' in this park.'

"'I 'ain't been makin' whisky,' says Timothy. 'There ain't nothin' but water in that bucket, sir, and I'll go fill it up right now.'

"'Oh no, you won't!' says Mr. Patterson, steppin' in front of him. 'I'm goin' to keep that water for the police!' But before he could get to where the bucket was settin', old Sarah stretched out her head to it and took one of them long drinks, like an experienced camel what's startin' for a trip acrost the desert.

"'Look at her!' shouts Timothy. 'I told you it was only water, sir!'

"Mr. Patterson stood gazin' at Sarah like he hadn't never seen a camel before, and Doctor Tompkins looked like he was goin' to die laughin'.

"I was expectin' every minute to see Sarah keel over or explode or somethin', but she just raised her big eyes and give Timothy a understandin' look, then begins chewin' her cud like nothin' hadn't happened.

"'I'm beginnin' to feel like them Arabs what kills their camels to get a drink,' says Doctor Tompkins, winkin' at Mr. Patterson. 'Don't you think the zoo could spare this one?'

"'Let this be a lesson to you, Wilkes!' says the director, tryin' to look severe; then he grabs the doctor's arm and hurries out with his shoulders shakin' like a man what's got to laugh soon or bust himself.

"A couple of months after that Timothy give up his job and went down to Havana to work in a brewery."

The keeper cast a wistful look at the camel "Ain't it wonderful?" says he, sadly. "It's been over six months since Sarah had a drink and she's just as happy as ever."

BALLADE OF LIFE'S DREAM

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

THE cry is that the world grows old—
Though I, for one, the charge gainsay—
That every fairy-tale is told
And all Romance is passed away.
Believe it not, this summer day;
Better believe yon running stream,
That hath this wiser word to say—
Life's still the same old foolish dream.

Yea! let the shrill reformers scold
And all our fair illusions flay;
Our blood refuses to run cold,
Our happy hearts know more than they;
The something splendid in our clay
Shrivels with fire their dusty theme.
Come, sweetheart, kiss me while we may—
Life's still the same old foolish dream.

Still the old earth, with blue and gold,
Laughs at the gospels of decay,
Rings to the stars its challenge bold,
And works its work and plays its play,
What though the devil be to pay!
Living's a gay and gallant scheme,
'Tis only fools that say it nay—
Life's still the same old foolish dream.

Lord of my being, I humbly lay
Thanks at Thy throne, how strange it seems,
For life, that too brief holiday,
Life—still the same old foolish dream.

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"What sort of a place is this Loneville where Binks is living?"

"Well, there are about sixty trains a day that don't stop there"

A Morning's Work

WHILE shopping one morning Mrs. Rushton thoughtlessly picked up an umbrella belonging to another woman and started to walk off with it. Its owner stopped her, and the absent-minded one returned the umbrella with many apologies.

This little incident served to remind Mrs. Rushton that umbrellas were needed by different members of her family, so she bought two for her daughters and one for herself, and, as it was the holiday season, she took the articles with her instead of ordering them to be sent.

As she entered a car, armed with the three umbrellas, she chanced to observe that exactly opposite her was sitting the woman to whom she had had to apologize a short while before. After staring at the three umbrellas for several minutes, the woman smiled, leaned across the aisle, and said, in an icy tone:

"I see you've had a successful morning."

Within Bounds

WHILE making a visit to New York, a man unmistakably of country origin was knocked down in the street by an automobile. A crowd instantly surrounded him with condolences and questions.

"Are you hurt, my friend?" kindly asked a gentleman, who was first among the rescuers as he helped the stranger to his feet and brushed the mud and dust from his clothes.

"Well," came the cautious reply of one evidently given to non-committal brevity of speech, "it 'ain't done me no good."

The Real Test

THE old-timers in the Great Lakes region tell the story of a prospective marine engineer who was being examined by the captain. The skipper asked a number of difficult questions in order to confuse the applicant, but the latter was always ready with an answer. Finally, in a tone of deepest concern, the captain asked:

"Now, suppose the water in your injector was working properly, your boiler check was not stuck or your pipes clogged, but you were not getting any water in your boilers—what would you do?"

The engineer looked puzzled for a moment, unable fully to grasp the situation; then, with a knowing smile on his face, he answered:

"I'd go up on deck and see whether there was any water in the lake."

"You'll do," said the captain.

Father On the Job

"DADDY," began Clarence, "why is it that giraffes have such long necks?"

"In order that they may feed from the tops of trees," promptly replied daddy.

"But why," continued the youngster, mercilessly, "are the trees so high?"

Again daddy arose to the emergency. "In order," he concluded, "that the giraffes may be able to eat."

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A Sore Point

IN a case tried in the South the judge very sternly demanded of the defendant:

"Why did you strike this man?"

"Your Honor," was the reply, "he called me a liar."

"Is that true?" asked the judge, turning to the man with the battered countenance.

"Certainly, it's true, your Honor," said the accuser. "I called him a liar because he is one, and I can prove it."

Then the judge turned to the defendant with, "What have you to say to that?"

"I don't think it has anything to do with the case, your Honor. Even if I am a liar, I reckon I've got a right to be sensitive about it, 'ain't I?"

The Missing Letters

THE inhabitants of a certain small village in the South were given a post-office. Their pride in the acquisition was at first unbounded. Then complaints began to come in that letters were not being properly sent off. The department at Washington then ordered an inspector to go down and investigate these complaints.

The postmaster was also the grocer. "What becomes of the letters posted here?" demanded the inspector of him. "The people say that they are not sent off."

"Of course they ain't!" was the startling response, as the postmaster-grocer pointed to a large and nearly empty mail-sack hanging in a corner. "I 'ain't sent it off because it ain't anywheres near full yet!"

Concerning Chickens

AN Atlanta man asked an old darky what breed of chickens he considered the best.

"All kinds has der merits," replied Cæsar, after a moment's consideration. "De white ones is de easiest to find, but de black ones is de easiest to hide aftah yo' gits 'em."

First Disillusionment

IT was Maudie's first day at school, also the first day of the term. The teacher, of course, was busy seating the children and getting things started properly.

"Here, Maudie," she said, "you may sit here for the present."

"I sat there all day," Maudie tearfully told her mother that evening, "but she never brought me the present."

An Unsuccessful Gas Attack

A COUPLE of Irishmen met in a Chicago street and one of them asked the other:

"What's this I hear about Clancy?"

"He's been tryin' to asphyxiate himself."

"G'wan! What did he do?"

"He lit every gas-jet in the house and sat down and waited."

The Usual Trouble

COLORED caddies are employed on a certain golf-course in the South. On one occasion a stranger asked one of them:

"What is considered a good score on these links?"

"Boss," replied the youngster, solemnly, "most of de gents tries to do it in as few strokes as dey kin, but it gin'r'lly takes some more."



"Hooray, mister, you saved de game!"

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His Credit Was Good

A DISTINGUISHED Irish lawyer who, by reason of his extravagant mode of living, is generally hard up, one afternoon took a friend, who is a judge, to see his magnificently furnished new house.

"Don't you think," asked the lawyer, as he gave a complacent look about, "that I deserve great credit for this."

"Yes," answered his Honor, dryly, "and you appear to have got it."

Too Dark a Prospect

AUNT MATILDA, a typical old-time negro, is cook in a suburban home. One evening there was to be a small dinner, and afterward Aunt Matilda was to have the evening out. But the guests arrived quite late, explaining, amid some natural excitement, how the trolley-car which had brought them had struck and killed a woman a few blocks away. The cook, much discomposed by the delay, had already arrayed her ample form in her best dress, intending to leave the house as soon as dinner should be served.

Later, however, she was found sitting in the kitchen, her frame rigid and an expression of stony calm on her sable face.

"Why, how is this, Aunty?" asked her mistress. "Are you not going out?"

"Laws, no 'm!" replied Aunt Matilda, still motionless, except for her rolling eyes. "*I* isn't goin' out. 'Deed no, I isn't. If dem street-cyar men cain't see a white lady in de daylight, what chaince you s'pect I'd have crossin' de tracks in de night?"

Where He Was

A LITTLE boy who was travelling for the first time in a sleeping car, awoke during the night.

"Do you know where you are, Bobby?" asked his mother, who was sharing the upper berth with him.

"'Course I do," answered Bobby, promptly. "I'm in the top drawer."

A Superfluous Demand

ONE night, some time before the outbreak of the war the guard inspector at a military camp in the South approached an Irish sentry, who merely glanced at him and then marched on.

"Well?" inquired the inspector, who chanced to be a colonel, in a tone intended to remind the sentry of his duty.

"Well," repeated the man, "what is it?"

"Don't you want the countersign?"

"No, I don't need it. The fellow in the guard tent give it to me some time ago. I got it all right."



"Wouldn't it help you to sleep, pa, if I played something soft and sweet?"

Of Different Creeds

NOT long after a certain couple had become engaged the young man said to his fiancée:

"Marie, I think it only fair that I should tell you that I am a somnambulist!"

Whereupon the girl responded: "Oh, Henry, I don't think that will matter much. You see, you can go to my church one Sunday and I'll go to yours the next."

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

AUGUST

MIDSUMMER NUMBER

Beginning in this issue

A New Serial of Old Chester, by

MARGARET DELAND

Mr. Howells: A Tribute, by

BOOTH TARKINGTON

The Man Who Knew Too Much, by

G. K. CHESTERTON

A New Nonsense Novel, by

STEPHEN LEACOCK

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Opinions about Tires should be *Weighed* as well as Counted



The tire on the left illustrates the cause of about 75 per cent of all trouble—insufficient inflation.

The regular use of a reliable air gauge is the best safeguard against rim cutting and fabric breakdown.

THERE is hardly a motorist who hasn't at some time or other in his experience had a tire dealer attempt to sell him a tire by representing it as the fastest seller in town.

More attempts are probably made to sell tires by playing to the motorist's alleged weakness for "crowd of buyers" than by any other known method of selling.

* * *

The *experienced* motorist, of course, refuses to surrender his individual judgment to any crowd or mass of whatever size.

Too often he has seen the results of accepting opinions at their face value, without first finding out *what they are based on.*

And you will find him going more and more to the dealer who has something to offer in support of his tires other than "crowds of buyers" and "numbers of sales."

* * *

The opinion in favor of U. S. Tires is not based solely on the number of them in use.

Great as that number is, it is due to something besides clever arguments.

Thousands of motorists today are putting up with second choice tires because forced production is *inconsistent with U. S. Standard of quality.*

The United States Rubber Company's enormous investment—greater than that of any concern in the industry—has always been aimed *solely* at quality.

Building a tire first and a market afterwards. Thinking of the *individual user* instead of the number of sales.

One of the reasons, perhaps, why there is now a scarcity of U. S. Tires.

* * *

If the time ever comes when U. S. Tires can be supplied to all, or nearly all, of the people who want them, they will still have *more to recommend them* than merely the largest following.

United States Tires

United States Rubber Company

Fifty-three Factories

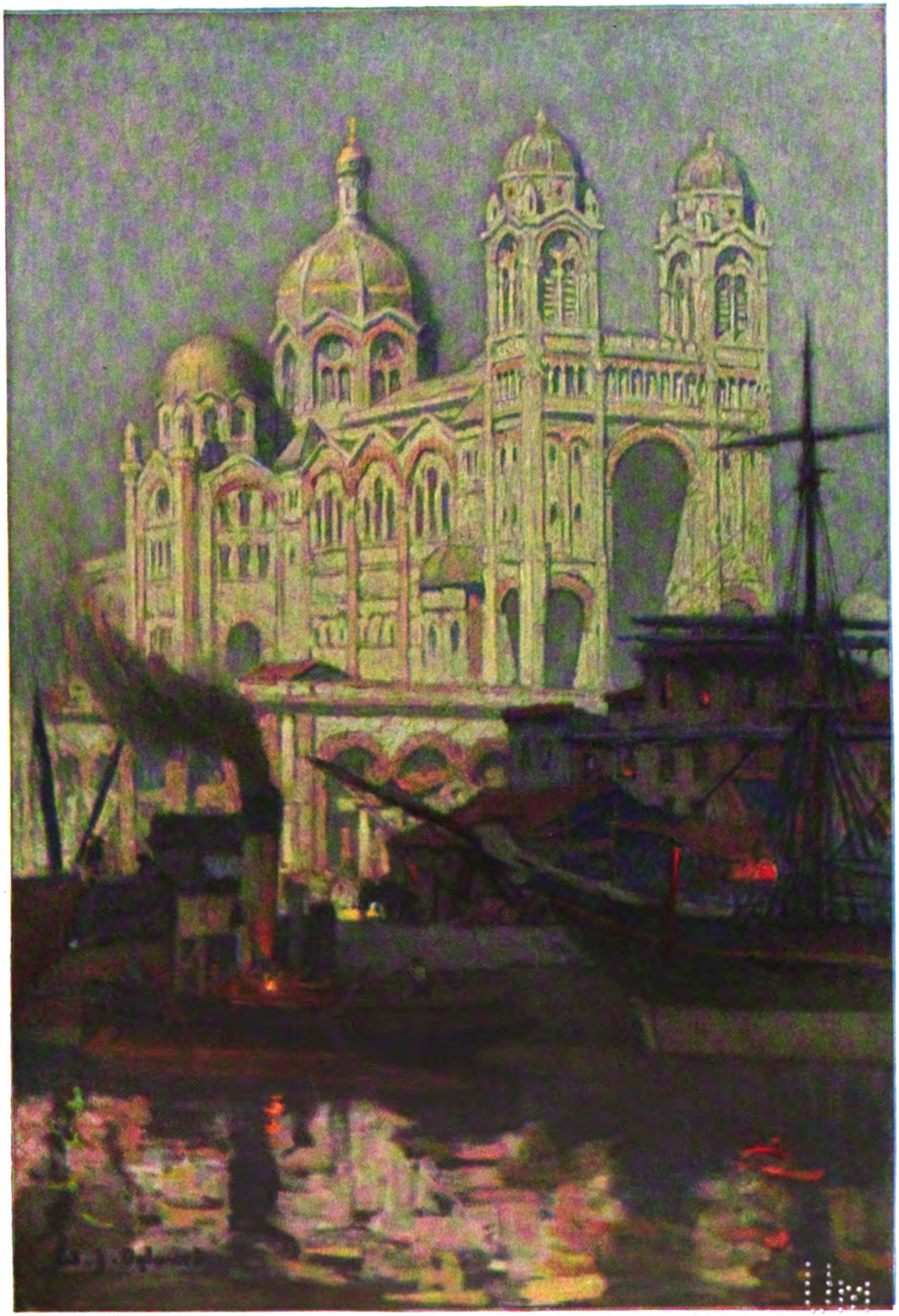
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Painting by W. J. Aylward Illustration for "Marseilles, the Bridgehead of the Levant"

THE CATHEDRAL ABOVE THE CANAL SAINT-JEAN

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

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AN OLD CHESTER SECRET

A STORY IN THREE PARTS—PART I.

BY MARGARET DELAND

I

THERE was not a person in Old Chester less tainted by the vulgarity of secretiveness than Miss Lydia Sampson. She had no more reticence than sunshine or wind, or any other elemental thing. How much of this was due to conditions, it would be hard to say; certainly there was no "reticence" in her silence as to her neighbors' affairs; she simply didn't know them! Nobody ever dreamed of confiding in Lydia Sampson! And she could not be reticent about her own affairs because they were inherently public. When she was a girl she broke her engagement to Mr. William Rives two weeks before the day fixed for the wedding—and the invitations were all out! So of course everybody knew *that*. To be sure, she never said why she broke it, but all Old Chester knew she hated meanness, and felt sure that she had given her William the choice of being generous or being jilted—and he chose the latter. As she grew older the joyous, untidy makeshifts of a poverty which was always hospitable and never attempted to be genteel, stared you in the face the minute you entered the house; so everybody knew she was poor. Years later, her renewed engagement to Mr. Rives, and his flight some ten minutes before the marriage ceremony, were known to everybody because we had all been invited to the wedding, which cost (as we happened to know, because we had presented her with just exactly that amount) *a hundred dollars!* At the sight of such extravagance the thrifty William turned tail and ran, and we gave thanks and said he was a scoundrel to make us thankful, though, with the exception of Doctor Lavendar, we deplored the extravagance as much as he did! As for Doctor Lavendar, he said that it was a case of the grasshopper and the ant; "but Lydia is a gambling grasshopper," said Doctor Lavendar; "she took tremendous chances, for suppose the party *hadn't* scared William off?"

So, obviously, anything which was personal to Miss Lydia was public property. She simply couldn't be secretive.

Then, suddenly, and in the open (so to speak) of her innocent candor a Secret pounced upon her! At first Old Chester didn't know that there was a secret. We merely knew that on a rainy December day (this was about eight months after William had turned tail) she was seen to get into the Mercer stage, carrying a

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carpet-bag in one hand and a bandbox in the other. This was surprising enough —for why should Lydia Sampson spend her money on going to Mercer? Yet it was not so surprising as the fact that she did not come back from Mercer! And even that was a comparative surprise; the superlative astonishment was when it became known that she had left her door key at the post-office and said she didn't know when she would return!

"Where on earth has she gone?" said Old Chester. But only Mrs. Drayton attempted to reply:

"It certainly looks *very* strange," said Mrs. Drayton.

It was with the turning of her front-door key that Miss Lydia made public confession of secrecy—although she had resigned herself to it, privately, three months before. The secret had taken possession of her one hazy September evening, as she was sitting on her front door-step, slapping her ankles when a mosquito discovered them, and watching the dusk falling like a warm veil across the hills. The air was full of the scent of evening primroses, and Miss Lydia, looking at a clump of them close to the step, could see the pointed buds begin to unfurl, then hesitate, then tremble, then, opening with a silken burst of sound, spill their perfume into the twilight. Except for the crickets, it was very still. Once in a while some one plodded down the road, and once, when it was quite dark, Mr. Smith's victoria rumbled past, paused until the iron gates of his driveway swung open, then rumbled on to his big, handsome house. He was one of the new Smiths, having lived in Old Chester hardly twenty years; when he came, he brought his bride with him—a Norton, she was, from New England. A nice enough woman, I suppose, but not a Pennsylvanian. He and his wife built this house, which was so imposing that for some time they were thought of, contemptuously, as the *rich* Smiths. But by and by Old Chester felt more kindly and just called them the new Smiths. Mrs. Smith died when their only child, Mary, was a little girl, and Mr. Smith grew gradually into our esteem. The fact was, he was so good-looking and good-humored and high-tempered (he showed his teeth when he was in a rage, just as a dog does) Old Chester had to like him—even though it wished he was a better landlord to Miss Lydia, to whom he rented a crumbling little house just outside his gates. In matters of business Mr. Smith exacted his pound of flesh—and he got it! In Lydia's case it sometimes really did represent "flesh," for she must have squeezed her rent out of her food. Yet when, after her frightful extravagance in giving that party on money we had given her for the rebuilding of her chimney, Mr. Smith rebuilt it himself, and said she was a damned plucky old bird,—"Looks like a wet hen," said Mr. Smith, "but plucky! plucky!"—After that, our liking for him became quite emphatic. Not that Old Chester liked his epithets or approved of his approval of Miss Lydia's behavior (she bought kid gloves for her party, if you please! and a blue-silk dress; and, worse than all, presents for all Old Chester, of canary-birds and pictures and what not, *all out of our hundred dollars!*), —we did not like the laxity of Mr. Smith's judgments upon the Grasshopper's conduct, but we did approve of his building her chimney, because it saved us from putting our hands in our own pockets again.

In the brown dusk of the September evening, Miss Lydia, watching her landlord roll past in his carriage, gave him a friendly nod. "He's nice," she said, "and so good-looking!" Her eyes followed him until, in the shadows of the great trees of the driveway, she lost sight of him. Then she fell to thinking about his daughter, a careless young creature, handsome and selfish, with the Smith high color and black eyes, who was engaged to be married to another handsome young creature, fatter at twenty-three than is safe for the soul of a young man. Miss Lydia did not mind

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Carl's fat because she had a heart for lovers. Apparently her own serial and unhappy love-affair had but increased her interest in happier love-affairs. To be sure, Mary's affair had had the zest of a little bit of unhappiness—just enough to amuse older people. The boy had been ordered off by his firm in Mercer, at a day's notice, to attend to some business in Mexico, and the wedding, which was to have been in April, had to be postponed for six months. Carl had been terribly down in the mouth about it, and Mary, in the twenty-four hours given them for farewells, had cried her eyes out, and even, at the last minute, just before her young man started off, implored her father to let them get married—which plea, of course, he laughed at, for the new Mr. Smith was not the sort of man to permit his only daughter to be married in such hole-and-corner fashion! As it happened, Carl got back, quite unexpectedly, in September,—but his prospective father-in-law was obdurate.

"It won't hurt you to wait; 'Anticipation makes a blessing dear!' December first you can have her," said the new Mr. Smith, much amused by the young people's doleful sentimentality.

Miss Lydia, now, thinking about the approaching "blessing," in friendly satisfaction at so much young happiness being next door to her, hugged herself because of her own blessings.

"I don't want to brag," she thought, "but certainly I am the luckiest person!" To count up her various pieces of luck (starting with the experience of being jilted): She had a nice landlord who looked like Zeus, with his flashing black eyes and snow-white hair and beard. And she had so many friends! And she believed she could manage to make her black alpaca last another winter. "It is spotted," she thought, "but what real difference does a spot make?" (Miss Lydia was one of those rare people who have a sense of the relative values of life.) "It's a warm skirt," said Miss Lydia, weighing the importance of that spot with the expense of a new dress; "and, anyway, whenever I look at it, it just makes me think of the time I spilled the cream down the front at Harriet Hutchinson's. What a good time I had at Harriet's!" After that she reflected upon the excellent quality of her blue silk. "I shall probably wear it only once or twice a year; it ought to last me my lifetime," said Miss Lydia. . . . It was just as she reached this blessing that, somewhere in the shadows, a quivering voice called, "Miss Sampson!" and out of the darkness of the Smith driveway came a girlish figure. The iron gates clanged behind her, and she came up the little brick path to Miss Lydia's house with a sort of rush, a sort of fury; her voice was demanding, and frightened, and angry, all together. "Miss Lydia!"

Miss Lydia, startled from her blessings, screwed up her eyes, then, recognizing her visitor, exclaimed: "Why, my dear! What is the matter?" And again, in real alarm, "What *is* it?" For Mary Smith, dropping down on the step beside her, was trembling. "My dear!" Miss Lydia said, in consternation.

"Miss Sampson, something—something has happened. A—a—an accident. I've come to you. I didn't know where else to go." She spoke with a sort of sobbing breathlessness.

"You did just right," said Miss Lydia, "but what—"

"You've got to help me! There's nobody else."

"Of course I will! But tell me—"

"If you don't help me, I'll die," Mary Smith said. She struck her soft clenched fist on her knee, then covered her face with her hands. "But you must promise me you won't tell? Ever—ever!"

"Of course I won't."

"And you'll help me? Oh, say you'll help me!"

"Have you and he quarreled?" said Miss Lydia, quickly. Her own experience flashed back into her mind; it came to her with a little flutter of pride that this child—she was really only a child, just nineteen—who was to be married so

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soon, trusted to her worldly wisdom in such matters, and came for advice. "She hasn't any mother," Miss Lydia thought, sympathetically. "If you've quarreled, you and he," she said, putting her little roughened hand on Mary's soft, shaking fist, "tell him you're sorry. Kiss and make up!" Then she remembered why she and her William had not kissed and made up. "Unless"—she hesitated—"he has done something that isn't nice." ("Nice" was Miss Lydia's idea of perfection.) "But I'm sure he hasn't! He seemed to me, when I saw him, a very pleasing young man. So kiss and make up!"

The younger woman was not listening. "I had to wait all day to come and speak to you. I've been frantic—*frantic*—waiting! But I couldn't have anybody see me come. They would have wondered. If you don't help me—"

"But I will, Mary, I will! Don't you love him?"

"*Love* him?" said the girl. "My God!" Then, in a whisper, "If I only hadn't loved him—*so much*. . . . I am going to have a baby."

It seemed as if Miss Lydia's little friendly chirpings were blown from her lips in the gust of these appalling words.

Mary herself was suddenly composed. "They sent him off to Mexico at twenty-four hours' notice; it was cruel—cruel, to send him away! And he came to say good-by— And . . . and then I begged and begged father to let us get married, even the very morning that he went away, I said: 'Let us get married to-day,— Please—please!' And he wouldn't, he wouldn't! He wanted a big wedding. Oh, what did I care about a big wedding! Still—I never supposed— But I went to Mercer yesterday and saw a doctor, and—and found out. I couldn't believe. . . . The instant he told me, I rushed to Carl's office. . . . He was frightened—for me. And then we thought of you. And all day to-day I've just walked the floor—waiting to get down here to see you. I couldn't come until it was dark. Father thinks I'm in bed with a headache. I told the servants to tell him I had a headache. . . . We've got to manage somehow to make him let us get married right off. But—but even that won't save me. It will be known. It will be known—in January."

Miss Lydia was speechless.

"So you've got to help me. There's nobody else on earth who can. Oh, you must—you must!"

"But what can I do?" Miss Lydia gasped.

"Carl and I will go away somewhere. Out West where nobody knows us. And then you'll come. And you'll take—*It*. You'll take care of it. And you can have all the money you want."

"My dear," Miss Lydia said, trembling, "this is very, very dreadful, but I—"

The girl burst into rending crying. "Don't you—suppose *I* know that it's—it's—it's dreadful?"

"But I don't see how I can possibly—"

"If you won't help me, I'll go right down to the river. Oh, Miss Lydia, help me! Please, *please* help me!"

"But it's impos—"

Mary stopped crying. "It isn't. It's perfectly possible! You'll simply go away to visit some friends—"

"I haven't any friends, except in Old Chester—"

"And when you come back, you'll bring—*It* with you. And you'll say you've adopted it. You'll say it's the child of a friend."

Miss Lydia was silent.

"If you won't help me," Mary burst out, "I'll—"

"Does anybody know?" said Miss Lydia.

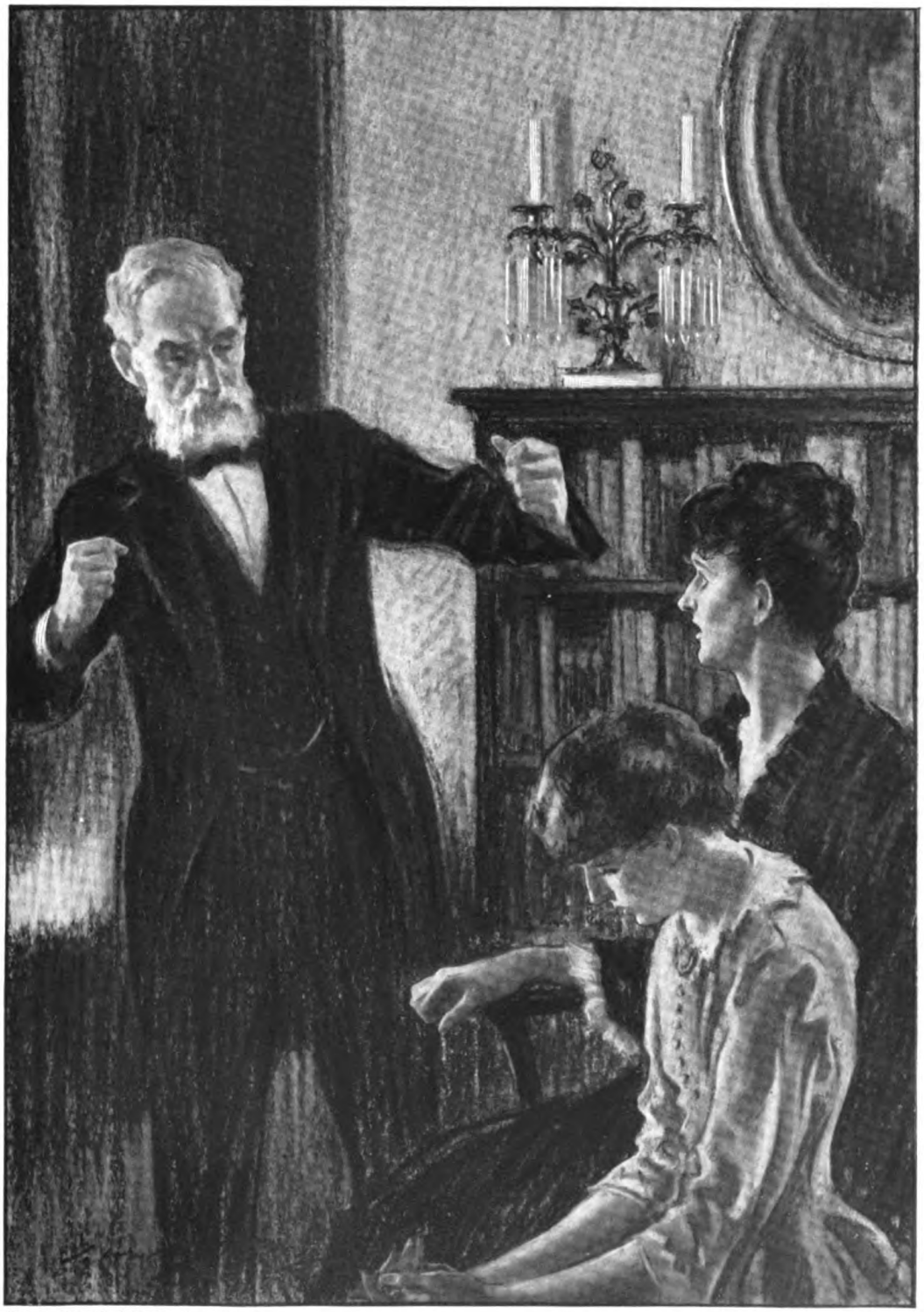
"No."

"Oh, my dear, my dear! You must tell your father."

"My *father*?" She laughed with terror.

Then Miss Lydia Sampson did an impossible thing—judging from Old Chester's knowledge of her character. She

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Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

"WHAT! INSULT THIS LADY BY ASKING FOR A 'PROMISE'?"

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said, "He's got to know or I won't help you."

Mary's recoil showed now completely, poor child! she had always had her own way; to be crossed now by this timid old maid was like going head-on into a gray mist and finding it a stone wall. There was a tingling silence. "Then I'll kill myself," she said.

Miss Lydia gripped her small, work-worn hands together, but said nothing.

"Oh, please, help me!" Mary said.

"I will—if you'll tell your father, or Doctor Lavendar. I don't care which."

"Neither!" said the girl. She got on her feet, and stood looking down at the shabby figure on the step, with the black frizette tumbling forward over one frightened blue eye. Then she covered her face with those soft, trembling hands, all dimpled across the knuckles:

"Carl wanted to tell. He said, 'Let's tell people I was a scoundrel—and stand up to it.' And I said, 'Carl, I'll die first!' And I will, Miss Lydia. I'll die rather than have it known. Nobody must know—ever."

Miss Lydia shook her head. "Somebody besides me must know." Then very faintly she said, "*I'll* tell your father." There was panic in her voice, but Mary's voice from behind the dimpled hands was shrill with panic:

"You mustn't! Oh, you promised not to tell!" But Miss Lydia went on, quietly:

"He and I will decide what to do."

"No, no!" Mary said. "He'll kill Carl!"

"I shouldn't think Carl would mind," said Miss Lydia.

The girl dropped down again on the step. "Oh, what shall I do—what shall I do—what shall I do? He'll hate me."

"He'll be very, very unhappy," said Miss Lydia; but he'll know what must be done. I don't. And he'll forgive you."

"He won't forgive Carl! Father never forgives. He says so! And if he won't forgive Carl he mustn't forgive me!" She hid her face.

There was a long silence. Then she said, in a whisper, "When will you . . . tell him?"

"To-night."

Again she cringed away. "Not to-night! Please not to-night. Oh, you promised you wouldn't tell! I can't bear— Let me think. I'll write to Carl. No! No! Father *mustn't* know!"

"Listen," said Lydia Sampson; "you must get married right off. You can't wait until December. That's settled. But your father must manage it so that nobody will suspect—anything. Understand?"

"I meant to do that, anyway, but—"

"Unless you tell a great many small stories," said little, truthful Miss Lydia, "you can't manage it; but your father will just tell one big story, about business or something. Gentlemen can always tell stories about business, and you can't find 'em out. The way we do about headaches. Mr. Smith will say business makes it necessary for him to hurry the wedding up so he can go away to—any place. See?"

Mary saw, but she shook her head. "He'll kill Carl," she said again.

"No, he won't," said Miss Lydia, "because then everything would come out; and, besides, he'd get hanged."

Again there was a long silence; then Mary said, suddenly, violently:

"Well—*tell him.*"

"Oh, my!" said Miss Lydia, "my! my!"

But she got up, took the child's soft, shrinking hand, and together in the hazy silence of the summer night they walked—Miss Lydia hurrying forward, Mary holding back—between the iron gates and up the driveway to the great house.

Talk about facing the cannon's mouth! When Miss Sampson came into the new Mr. Smith's library he was sitting in a circle of lamplight at his big table, writing and smoking. He looked up at her with a resigned shrug. "Wants something done to her confounded house!" he thought. But he put down his cigar, got

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on his feet, and said, in his genial, wealthy way:

"Well, my good neighbor! How are you?"

Miss Lydia could only gasp, "Mr. Smith—" (there was a faint movement outside the library door and she knew Mary was listening). "Mr. Smith—"

"Sit down, sit down!" he said. "I am afraid you are troubled about something?"

She sat down on the extreme edge of a chair, and he stood in front of her, his feet wide apart, stroking his white beard, looking at her, amused and bored, and very rich—but not unkind.

"Mr. Smith—" she faltered. She swallowed two or three times, and squeezed her hands together; then, brokenly, but with almost no circumlocution, she told him. . . .

There was a terrible scene in that handsome, shadowy, lamplit room. Miss Lydia emerged from it white and trembling; she fairly ran back to her own gate, stumbled up the mossy brick path to her front door, burst into her unlighted house, then locked the door and bolted it, and fell in a small, shaking heap against it, as if it barred out the loud anger and shame which she had left behind her in the great house among the trees.

While Mary had crouched in the hall, her ear against the key-hole, Miss Lydia Sampson had held that blazing-eyed old man to common sense. No! he must *not* carry the girl to Mercer the next day, and take the hound by the throat, and marry them out of hand. No, he must *not* summon the scoundrel to Old Chester and send for Doctor Lavendar. No, he must *not* have a private wedding. . . . "They must be married in church and have white ribbons up the aisle," gasped Miss Lydia, "and—and rice. Don't you understand? And it isn't nice, Mr. Smith, to use such language before ladies."

It was twelve o'clock when Miss Lydia, in her dark entry, went over in her own mind the "language" which had been used; all he had said, and all she had combatted, and all Mary (called in from the hall) had retorted as to the cruel way she and Carl had been treated, which had just "driven them *wild!*" And then the curious rage with which Mr. Smith had turned upon his daughter when she cried out, "Father, make her promise not to tell!" At that the new Mr. Smith's anger touched a really noble note:

"What! Insult this lady by asking for a 'promise'? Good God! madam," he said, turning to Miss Sampson, "is this girl mine, to offer such an affront to a friend?"

At which Miss Lydia felt, just for an instant, that he *was* nice. But the next moment, the thought of his fury at Mary made her feel sick. Remembering it now, she said to herself, "It was awful in him to show his teeth that way, and to call Mary—*that.*" And again: "It wasn't gentlemanly in him to use an indelicate word about the baby." Miss Lydia's mind refused to repeat two of the new Mr. Smith's words. The dreadfulness of them made her forget his momentary chivalry for her. "Mary is only a child," she said to herself; "and as for the baby, I'll take care of the little thing; I won't let it know that its own grandfather called it— No, it wasn't nice in Mr. Smith to say such words before a young lady like Mary, or before me, either, though I'm a good deal older than Mary. I'm glad I told him so!" (Miss Lydia telling Zeus he wasn't "nice"!)

This September midnight was the first secret that pounced upon Miss Lydia. The next was the new Mr. Smith's short and terrible interview with his prospective son-in-law: "You are never to set foot in this town." And then his order to his daughter: "Nor you, either, unless you come without that man. And there are to be no letters to or from Miss Sampson, understand that! I am not going to have people putting two and two together."

Certainly no such mental arithmetic took place at the very gay Smith wedding in the second week in September—a

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wedding with bridesmaids! Yes, and white ribbons up the aisle! Yes, and a reception at the big house! and rice! and old slippers.

But when the gaiety was over, and the bride and groom drove off in great state, Miss Lydia waved to them from her front door, and then stood looking after the carriage with strange pitifulness in her face. How much they had missed, these two who, instead of the joy and wonder and mystery of going away together into their new world, were driving off scarcely speaking to each other, tasting on their young lips the stale bitterness of stolen fruit! After the carriage was out of sight Miss Lydia walked down the road to the rectory, carrying, as was the habit of her exasperatingly generous poverty when calling on her friends, a present, a tumbler of currant jelly for Doctor Lavendar. But when the old man remonstrated, she did not, as usual, begin to excuse herself. She only said, point-blank:

"Doctor Lavendar, is it ever right to tell lies to save other people?"

Doctor Lavendar, jingling the happy bridegroom's two gold pieces in his pocket, said, "What? What?"

"Not to save yourself," said Miss Lydia; "I know you can't tell lies to save yourself."

Doctor Lavendar stopped jingling his gold pieces and frowned; then he said: "Miss Lydia, the truth about ourselves is the only safe way to live. If other folks want to be safe let them tell their own truths. It doesn't often help them for us to do it for 'em. My own principle has been not to tell a lie about other folks' affairs, but to reserve the truth. Understand?"

"I think I do," said Miss Lydia, faintly, "but it's difficult."

Doctor Lavendar looked at his two gold pieces thoughtfully. "Lydia," he said, "it's like walking on a tight rope." Then he chuckled, dismissed the subject, and spread out his eagles on the table. "Look at 'em! Aren't they pretty? You see how glad Mary's young man was to get her. I'll go halves with you!"

Her recoil as he handed her one of the gold pieces made him give her a keen look; but all she said was: "Oh *no!* I wouldn't touch it!" Then she seemed to get herself together. "I don't need it, thank you, sir," she said.

When she went away Doctor Lavendar, looking after her, thrust out his lower lip. "*Lydia* not 'need' an eagle?" he said. "How long since?" And after awhile he added, "Now, what on earth—?"

Old Chester, too, said, "What on earth—?" when, in December, Miss Lydia turned the key in her front door and, with her carpet-bag and bandbox, took the morning stage for Mercer.

And we said it again when, a few weeks later, Mrs. Barkley received a letter in which Miss Lydia said she had been visiting friends in Indiana and had been asked by them to take care of a beautiful baby boy, and she was bringing him home with her, and she hoped Mrs. Barkley would give her some advice about taking care of babies, for she was afraid she didn't know much—("'Much'?" Mrs. Barkley snorted. "She knows as much about babies as a wildcat knows about tatting!")—and she was, as ever, Mrs. Barkley's affectionate Lyddy.

The effect of this letter upon Old Chester can be imagined. Mrs. Drayton said, "What I would like to know is, *whose baby is it?*"

Mrs. Barkley said: "Where will Lyddy get the money to take care of it? As for advising her, I advise her to leave it on the door-step of its blood relations!"

Doctor Lavendar said: "Ho, hum! Do you remember what the new Mr. Smith said about her when she gave her party? Well, I agree with him!" Which (if you recall Mr. Smith's exact words) was really a shocking thing for a minister of the gospel to say!

Mrs. William King said, firmly, that she called it murder, to intrust a child to Miss Lydia Sampson. "She'll hold it

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upside down and never know the difference," said Mrs. King; and then, like everybody else, she asked Mrs. Drayton's question, "Whose baby is it?"

There were many answers, mostly to the effect that Lydia was so scatterbrained—as witness her "party," and her blue-silk dress, and her broken engagements, etc., etc., that she was perfectly capable of letting anybody shove a foundling into her arms! Mrs. Drayton's own answer to her question was that the whole thing looked queer—"not that I would imply anything against poor Lydia's character, but it looks *queer;* and if you count back—"

Miss Lydia's reply—for of course the question was asked her as soon as she and the baby, and the bandbox and the carpet-bag got off the stage one March afternoon—Miss Lydia's answer was brief:

"A friend's."

She did emerge from her secrecy far enough to say to Mrs. Barkley that she was to receive "an honorarium" for the support of the little darling. "Of course I won't spend a cent of it on myself," she added, simply.

"Is it a child of shame?" said Mrs. Barkley, sternly.

Miss Lydia's shocked face and upraised, protesting hands, answered her: "My baby's parents were married persons! After they—passed on, the child was left to a friend, who intrusted him to me."

"When did they die?"

Miss Lydia reflected. "I didn't ask the date."

"Well, considering the child's age, the mother's death couldn't have been very long ago," Mrs. Barkley said, dryly.

And Miss Lydia said, in a surprised way, as if it had just occurred to her: "Why, no, of course not! It was an accident," she added.

"For the mother?"

"For both parents," said Miss Sampson, firmly. And that was all Old Chester got out of her.

"Well," said Mrs. Drayton, "*I* am always charitable, but uncharitable persons might wonder. . . . It was last May, you know, that that Rives man deserted her at the altar."

"Only fool persons would wonder anything like that about Lydia Sampson!" said Mrs. Barkley, fiercely. . . . But there were two or three fools, even in Old Chester, so for their especial benefit Mrs. Barkley, who had her own views about Miss Sampson's wisdom in undertaking the care of a baby, but who would not let that Drayton female speak against her, spread abroad the information that Miss Lydia's baby's parents, who had lived out West, had both been killed at the same time in an accident.

"What kind?"

"Carriage, I believe," said Mrs. Barkley; "but they left sufficient money to support the child. So," she added, "Old Chester need have no further anxiety about Lydia's poverty. Their names? Oh—Smith."

She had the presence of mind to tell Lydia she had named the baby, and though Miss Lydia gave a little start—for she had thought of some more distinguished name for her charge—"Smith," and the Western parents and the carriage accident passed into history.

II

During the first year that the "Smith" baby lived outside the brick wall of Mr. Smith's place, the iron gates of the driveway were not opened, because business obliged Mr. Smith to be in Europe. (That was why Mary's wedding had been hurried up!) When he returned to his native land he never, as he drove past, looked at the youngster playing in Miss Lydia's door-yard. Then once, Johnny (he was three years old), ran after his ball almost under the feet of the Smith horses, and as he was pulled from between the wheels his grandfather couldn't help seeing him.

"Don't do that tom-fool thing again!" the old man shouted, and Johnny, clasping his recovered ball, grinned at him.

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"He sinks Johnny 'f'aid," the little fellow told Miss Lydia.

A month or two afterward Johnny threw a stone at the victoria and involuntarily Mr. Smith glanced in the direction from which it came. But, of course, human nature being like story-books, he did finally notice his grandson. At intervals he spoke to Miss Lydia, and when Johnny was six years old he even stopped one day long enough to give the child a quarter. Mr. Smith had aged very much after his daughter's marriage —and no wonder, Old Chester said, for he must be lonely in that big house, and Mary never coming to see him! Such behavior on the part of a daughter puzzled Old Chester. We couldn't understand it—unless it was that Mr. Smith didn't get along with his son-in-law? And Mary, of course, didn't visit her father because a dutiful wife always agrees with her husband! A sentiment which places Old Chester chronologically.

The day that Mr. Smith bestowed the quarter upon his grandson, he spoke of his daughter's "dutifulness" to Miss Lydia. Driving toward his house, he overtook two trudging figures, passed them by a rod or two, then called to the coachman to stop. "I'll walk," he said, briefly, and waited in the dust of his receding carriage until Miss Lydia and her boy reached him. Johnny was trudging along, pulling his express-wagon, which was full of apples picked up on the path below an apple-tree that leaned over the girdling wall of the Smith place.

As Miss Lydia approached her landlord her heart came up in her throat; it always did when she saw him, because she remembered the Olympian thunders he had loosed on that awful night six years ago.

"How do?" said Mr. Smith. His dark eyes under bristling, snow-white eyebrows blazed at her. He didn't notice the little boy.

"How do you do?" said Miss Lydia, in a small voice. She looked tousled and breathless and rather spotted, and so little that Mr. Smith must have felt he could blow her away if he wanted to. Apparently he didn't want to. He only said:

"You—ah, never hear from—ah, my daughter, I suppose, Miss Sampson?"

"No, sir," said Miss Lydia.

"She doesn't care to visit me without her husband, and I won't have him under my roof!" His lip lifted for an instant and showed his teeth. "I see her when I go to Philadelphia, and she writes me duty letters occasionally, but she never mentions—"

"Doesn't she?" said Miss Lydia.

"I don't, either. But I just want to say that if you ever need any—ah, extra—"

"I don't, thank you."

Then, reluctantly, the flashing black eyes looked down at Johnny. "Doesn't resemble — anybody? Well, young man!"

"Say, 'How do you do?' Johnny," Miss Lydia commanded, faintly.

"How do," Johnny said, impatiently. He was looking over his apples and, discovering some bruised ones, frowned and threw them away.

"Where did you get your apples?" said Mr. Smith.

"On the road," said Johnny; "they ain't yours when they drop on the road."

"Say 'aren't,' Johnny," said Miss Lydia. "It isn't nice to say 'ain't.'"

"Why aren't they mine?" said the old man. He was towering up above the two little figures, his feet wide apart, his hands behind him, switching his cane back and forth like a tail.

"'Cause I've got 'em," Johnny explained, briefly.

"Ha! The nine-tenths! You'll be a lawyer, sir!" his grandfather said. "Suppose I say, 'Give me some?'"

"I won't," said Johnny.

"Oh, you won't, eh? You'll be a politician!" Mr. Smith said.

"It isn't right to say, 'I won't,'" Miss Lydia corrected Johnny, panting.

Mr. Smith did not notice her nervous-

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Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

"I *WILL NOT* GIVE ANY OF MY APPLES BACK. THEY'RE MINE".

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ness; the boy's attitude, legs wide apart, hands behind him clutching the tongue of his express-wagon, held his eye. "He's like me!" he thought, with a thrill.

"Isn't it right to say, 'I won't say I won't'?" Johnny countered.

"Jesuit!" Mr. Smith said, chuckling. "The church is the place for him, Miss Sampson."

"Anyway," Johnny said, crossly, "I *will not* give any of my apples back. They're mine."

"How do you make that out?" said Mr. Smith. (And in an undertone to Miss Lydia, "No fool, eh?")

"Because I picked 'em up," said Johnny.

"Well, here's a quarter," said his grandfather, putting his hand in his pocket.

Johnny took the coin with an air of satisfaction, but even as he slid it into his pocket he took it out again.

"Looky here," he said. "I thought I'd buy a pony with it, but I don't mind paying you for your apples—" And he held out the quarter.

Mr. Smith laughed as he had not laughed for a long time. "You're a judge of horse flesh!" he said, and walked off, switching his tail behind him.

The story-book plot should begin here —the rich grandfather meets the grandchild, loves him, and makes him his heir—and, of course, incidentally, showers his largess upon the poor and virtuous lady; so everybody lives happy and dies wealthy. This intelligent arrangement of fiction might have been carried out if only Miss Lydia had behaved differently! But about two years later her behavior—

"She's put a spoke in my wheel!" Mr. Smith told himself, blankly. It was when Johnny was eight that the spoke blocked the grandfather's progress. . . . He had gradually grown to know the boy very well, and, after much backing and filling in his own mind, decided to adopt him. He did not reach this decision easily, for there were risks in such an arrangement; resemblances might develop, and people might put two and two together! However, each time he decided that the risk was too great a glimpse of Johnny gave him courage. Courage gained the day when his grandson had scarlet fever, and William King, meeting him after a call at Miss Lydia's, happened to say that Johnny was a pretty sick child. The new Mr. Smith felt his heart under his spreading white beard contract sharply.

"Sick! Very sick? Good God! the wet hen won't know how to take care of him!" His alarm was so obvious that Doctor King looked at him in surprise.

"You are fond of the little fellow?"

"Oh, I see him playing around my gate," Mr. Smith said, and walked off quickly, lest he should find himself urging more advice, or a nurse, or what not. "King would wonder what earthly difference it could make to me!" he said to himself, in a panic of secrecy. It made enough difference to cause him to write to his daughter: "I hear the child is very sick and may die. Congratulations to Robertson."

Mary, reading the cruel words and never guessing the anxiety which had dictated them, grew white with anger. "I will never forgive father!" she said to herself, and went over to her husband and put her soft hands on his shoulders, and kissed him.

"Carl," she said, "the—the little boy is sick"; his start made her quick to comfort him: "but I am sure he'll get well."

They did not speak of Johnny's illness for two or three days; then Mary said, "If anything had happened we should have heard by this time?"

And Carl said, "Oh, of course."

They were not unhappy, these two, but each bored the other, as people always do who have robbed each other.

When Johnny was well again his grandfather's fear that Doctor King might "wonder," ebbed. "It's safe enough to take him," he said to himself; "he doesn't look like anybody. And if I adopt him, I can see that he's properly

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educated;—and it will scare Robertson to death!" he added, viciously; and showed his teeth. He even discussed adopting his grandchild with Doctor Lavendar:

"Mary hasn't done her duty," he said. "I've no grandchildren! I've a great mind to adopt some youngster. I'm fond of children."

"Good idea," said Doctor Lavendar.

"I've taken a fancy to that little rascal who lives just at my gate. Bright youngster. Quick-tempered. But *I* never blame anybody for that! I've thought, once or twice, that I'd adopt him."

"And Miss Lydia, too?" Doctor Lavendar inquired, mildly.

"Oh, I should look after her, of course," said Mr. Smith. But it was still another six months before he really made up his mind. "I'll do it!" he said to himself. "But I suppose," he reflected, "I ought to tell Mary—and the skunk."

He went on to Philadelphia for the purpose of telling Mary, but he did it when Carl was not present.

Mary blenched. "Father, *don't!* People might—"

"Damn people! I like the boy. You're a coward, Mary, and so is—Robertson."

"No! He isn't! Carl isn't; I am."

"I won't compromise you," he ended, contemptuously. "Tell Robertson I mean to do it. If he has anything to say he can say it in a letter." Then he kissed her perfunctorily and said, "Goo'-by—goo'-by," and took the night train for Mercer.

(*To be continued.*)

OLD TREES

BY MARY BRENT WHITESIDE

I HAVE loved gardens tapestried with bloom,
In patterns of warm color and perfume;
Gardens to which a poet might have brought
The fragrant inspiration of his thought,
And poured it forth where I could breathe it yet
From rose geranium and mignonette,
Yet I forgot the intimate spell of these,
In the enchantment of the trees—old trees.

I have loved many a meadow, daisy pied—
Childhood's Elysium in the summertide—
And made a little song about a star,
That is no lovelier than the daisies are,
But when young maple leaves turned, one by one,
Their shimmering silver linings to the sun,
I joyously renounced all other ecstasies
In the keen rapture of the trees—old trees.

I have loved sloping hillsides, when May came
With waxen rhododendron, and the flame
Of scarlet columbine and Indian plume;
With young green on the brier and new bloom;
Then paused where one great tasselling chestnut stood,
A towering sentinel to guard the wood,
And knew I loved it more than all of these,
Because one must look upward to old trees!

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MARSEILLES, THE BRIDGEHEAD OF THE LEVANT

BY HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

THAT stage of the traveler's life when he is in no hurry to go on deck on the last morning of a sea voyage comes quickly. He knows how interminable and wearying is the process of health and police inspection, docking, making farewells, and exchanging addresses that are promptly forgotten, and passing through the custom-house. It is wise to stay in bed until the last possible moment. There will be so much to tax strength and patience before you are settled in your train or hotel, with money changed, tips paid, and baggage counted. Only the enthusiasm of youth or inexperience enables one to get up early, hail the sight of land, and enjoy the thrill of entering a harbor. It is a pity that the thought of unpleasant things to come keeps one in his state-room. All ports are picturesque. In sunshine or mist the atmosphere of romance is the same. Promontories and forts and lighthouses, islets topheavy with buildings, bridges and cranes and elevators, tugs and barges and rowboats, ships at anchor and moored at quays, freight on the wharves —what scene embraces more of the varied activities of mankind? From the deck of an incoming vessel one has a vivid gage of the energy and prosperity of a country, a comprehensive unveiling of the secrets of its economic life.

I have never regretted that my first visit to Marseilles was by ship. One ought to get his first glimpse of a port from the sea. The railway leaves you at the back door and you do not feel that you have been properly introduced. In fact, the error is irreparable. For if you try to correct it by an excursion in the port, you are compelled to say good-by before you say how-do-you-do. And then, when you come sailing in again, what should be the first impression is influenced by your knowledge of what you ought not yet to have seen.

What a difference between tumbling out of a train at the Gare Saint Charles, and having to pass through the hands of cabman and hotelkeeper before you scent the sea, and getting acquainted with Marseilles from the deck of a steamer! For on that first trip I was young enough not to miss the early morning entry. After the Château d'If of Monte Cristo fame and the neighboring islets of Ratonneau and Pomègue, bound together like Siamese twins, there is the tantalizing quarantine wait at the Port du Frioul. Then you pass in between the two lighthouses and before you is the Vieux Port, framed by the steel towers of the *pont transbordeur*. The sails of innumerable small craft flash white and brown against the deep blue of the Vieux Port. On the right, above the antiquated fort stands the Abbaye de St. Victor, and beyond, on her own high hill, Notre Dame de la Garde, watching over city and sea. The background is a fringe of limestone hills. The steamer, at quarter-speed, turns sharply to the left and passes into the Bassin de la Joliette, under the shadow of the cathedral. In half an hour you have grasped the topography of the city. You have seen its monuments at their best. And you have realized what strikes visitors to every Mediterranean port—that the spot was chosen in the days of small sailing-vessels, and, being practically on the open sea, affords shelter to large vessels only by a combination of Herculean effort and modern engineering skill and means.

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So much for the true impression of Marseilles, gained by the entry from the sea. But there is also a false impression, heightened by the first day ashore, which would remain if one hurried on his way, and never came back to Marseilles except to pass through the city on a voyage to the East. To the tourist Marseilles, thus visited, appears to be a sort of bridgehead (if one may use the expression that has come into our vocabulary through the recent war) of Spain and southern Italy, of Africa, and especially of the Levant. When you land at Marseilles, the city seems like the places you have come from. When you embark there, it is the foretaste of the places to which you are going. Marseilles of the tourist is exotic in atmosphere and population. It is an Occidental Algiers or Port Saïd, or even Hongkong by anticipation or by memory. This explains the Marseilles of British novelists.

Keen observers of French life, also, have declared that Marseilles is too cosmopolitan and the Marseillais too mixed in their blood to represent France or even the Provence. They point out that in a country where national and provincial characteristics dominate more than in almost any other European country, Marseilles is an anomaly. The Marseillais, they assert, have neither preserved the old provincial atmosphere and types nor produced the new national atmosphere and types. "A great port and an interesting port, yes," they say, "but not a French port embodying the spirit and genius of old Provence and new France."

The criticism is like that one hears of New York, of Boston, of New Orleans, of San Francisco. Travelers shake their heads over the New Jerusalem, transplanted Ireland, Creoles and Latin Americans, the Far East in the new World Story-tellers crystallize the legends. Are our great ports un-American, unrepresentative of the spirit and life of the nation because of rapid growth, malassimilated masses of foreigners, and the denationalizing influence of constant contact with the outside world? Or, quite the contrary, do nationalism and sectionalism prevail against cosmopolitanism and dominate the mentality and activities of all elements of the population, however disparate they may seem on the surface? Unfortunately, I do not know my own country of recent years well enough to assert categorically that American ports are essentially American and bear the stamp of the regions they serve. But I like to think the situation is similar to that of Marseilles, which I do know. To one who looks beneath the surface Marseilles is unmistakably French, not less French than other great cities, not less meridional than other sections of the Midi.

Catalans and Spaniards, Corsicans and Sicilians and Italians, Greeks and Armenians, Algerians and Kabyles and Tunisians one meets everywhere among the landsmen, and the mariners are as polygenesic and polyglot as in any world mart. The Marseillais, however, have the French national consciousness fully developed. They are like other Gauls who live under the bright sun, breast the north wind, and have the sea in their lives. Their peculiar traits are those of the rest of the Midi. Oriental and Greek and Italian and Spanish influences have been at work in Marseilles since the beginning of her history. But from the time that France became a united country the mental and political and economic life of the great Mediterranean port has suffered and prospered and evolved with the rest of France.

It was a commonplace of Parisians and foreigners that the Midi "felt" very little, and Marseilles not at all, the recent war. Before the end of August, 1914, the Paris *Matin* charged that a Marseilles regiment had shown the white feather in the first engagement. Right through the war the stupid joke went the rounds of a Marseillais asking a compatriot from the north, "How is *your* war getting along?" This sort of thing, due to the intensity of Gal-

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lic sensitiveness, was as cruel as it was unfounded. What the north imputed to the Midi the French as a nation imputed to us. It was not the fault of the Midi that the menace and actual fact of German invasion were far away. It was not the fault of Marseilles that she was not under the range of enemy cannon like Dunkirk, subject to enemy air raids like Calais and Boulogne, and submarine-infested like Havre, just as it was not our fault that the Germans burned none of our cities. The *gens du Midi* were subject to the same conscription law and to the same burden of taxation and debt as the rest of France. They did their bit, and it was all the more credit to them that they consented to an equal sacrifice of blood and treasure to defend France against an enemy whose immediate menace was not so keenly felt.

If I had any doubts about the intense patriotism of the Marseillais and their determination to carry on to the bitter end, they were dissipated on July 4, 1917. The first "Fourth" after American intervention was celebrated as a national holiday in France. I had the privilege of addressing the mass-meeting in the Grand Théâtre. It will ever remain a precious memory, the ovation of Marseilles to my country. During the eighteen months of American participation—the darkest and most critical period of the war—I spoke to large audiences all over France. Several of my trips were in the Midi, and I visited Marseilles twice again in 1918. I found apathy and hostility to a fight to the finish in no part of France. The Midi was just as eager to sacrifice everything to victory as the north, and if there was a city more earnest and wholehearted in its patriotism than Marseilles, I missed it.

Why should it have been otherwise? Ever since the Provence became a part of France the Marseillais have played an important part in the history of their country. Not less independent than Parisians and Lyonnais and Bordelais in asserting their right to a voice in each internal crisis, they have never been blind to the fact that their particular interests were indissolubly bound up with those of the great nation whose Mediterranean gateway Marseilles had become. It was not by pure hazard that the national anthem, although written by a Jurassian, bears their name. And they point with pride to Thiers as one of their contributions to the glory and liberty of France.

Old Marseilles, still the heart of the city, is built around and inland from the Vieux Port, which is the only landlocked part of the harbor. In the days of sailing-vessels, and African corsairs (who knew how to keep Mediterranean shipping from developing!) the Vieux Port was sufficient. From the Greek period of Marseilles to the invention of the steamship and railway, the Vieux Port answered every purpose. Vessels sailed in, moored at the quays, discharged their little cargoes, took on new loads, and weighed anchor again—all within a few hours. Except in certain specialties of comparatively small volume, no port served more than its immediate vicinity. At every break in the coast, where sailing-craft were sure of temporary refuge from the wind, there was a port. Not until the middle of the nineteenth century did steam transportation bring about the concentration of trade and make possible the rapid development of modern ports. Marseilles met the problem of anchorage for big ships and many ships at a time by the construction of successive *bassins*, protected by moles, extending from the mouth of the Vieux Port westward along the coast. The oldest and most famous of these, still used by passenger-ships, is La Joliette. There are ten *bassins* now, with an area of five hundred acres and two hundred and fifty acres of docks and quays. Marseilles can receive fifty steamers a day, but is always overcrowded. You can go from sunrise to sunset of a summer day on foot along the mole and quays, climbing to the flat roofs of warehouses, darting in and out

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MARSEILLES IS CROWDED WITH CRAFT FROM THE UTTERMOST PARTS OF THE SEA

of *bassins* in the rowboat you have preferred to a motor-boat, looking down on the seven dry-docks, one of which takes the biggest ships of the Mediterranean, and still feel that you have not "done" the port.

Shipping fascinates me. I know nothing about building and running boats. Neither mariner nor shipper would give a penny for my thoughts. They would be of no value to him. My childhood was spent near the wharves of a great port. I formed the habit of making stately passenger-ships, disreputable freighters, crews and cargoes, cranes and shifting-engines and longshoremen, the inspiration of my day-dreams. The squalid, the matter - of - fact side of the maritime transportation industry never struck me. That it was a business like everything else I refused to see. The tar and hemp smell of a coil of rope drew me. I did not picture the rope passing through my raw hands, pulled by tired arms and straining back. I thought of myself sitting on that rope on the deck of an outgoing steamer bound for the lands of sugar and licorice, of cognac and rum, of cotton and cocoanuts, of rubber and flax and iron ore. Since then I have seen the cargoes in their widely separated countries of origin. But day-dreaming has become only the more delightful, and whenever I strike a port I make straight for the docks, note where each ship comes from, and prowl around its cargo until I am thrown out by the watchman.

Marseilles is one of many French ports where I have been taken around officially by the proper authorities, with maps and diagrams and tables of figures always before me. I have listened attentively to explanations and have tried to look intelligent and enthusiastic. How disgusted my cicerones would have been if they had realized that they were not introducing me to their wonderful *bassins* and docks, if they knew what I

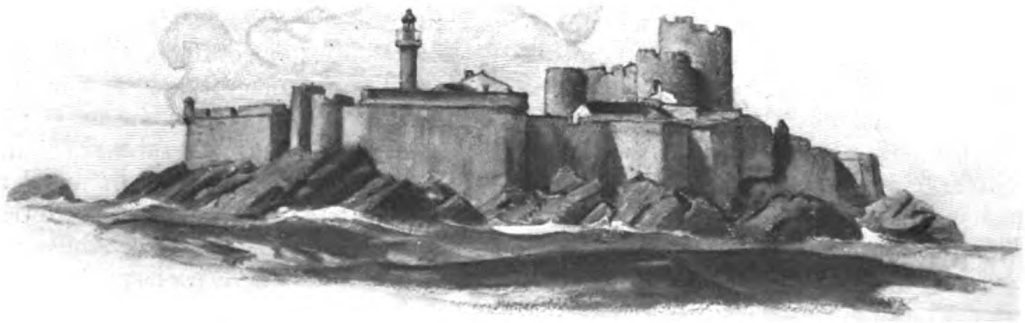
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was really thinking! The general, the admiral, the prefect, the mayor, the president of the Chamber of Commerce, and the captain of the port, proud of Marseilles, are pleased when I express my admiration and astonishment. It would be ungracious for me to let out that many a time in war years, as well as in pre-war years, I have walked the mole and docks; that I knew the *bassins* of Pinède and Remisage before their completion, and that I had watched the building of the mole of La Madrague.

"Our largest sea-going tug," says the captain of the port, pointing out the *Marius Cambon*. "She has been 'way down the African coast by herself to Dakar." My dear captain, I could tell you a story of the *Marius Cambon* that you do not know. In 1909 James Gordon Bennett ordered me from Paris to Barcelona. Train service was interrupted throughout Catalonia—one of the bridge-dynamiting revolutions. I did not know this until I got to the station, so I bought my ticket for Marseilles, ran into the *Marius Cambon* lying idle, chartered her, and was off within two hours for Spain. I suppose it was the *Marius Cambon's* only passenger run, but she never rendered charterer better service.

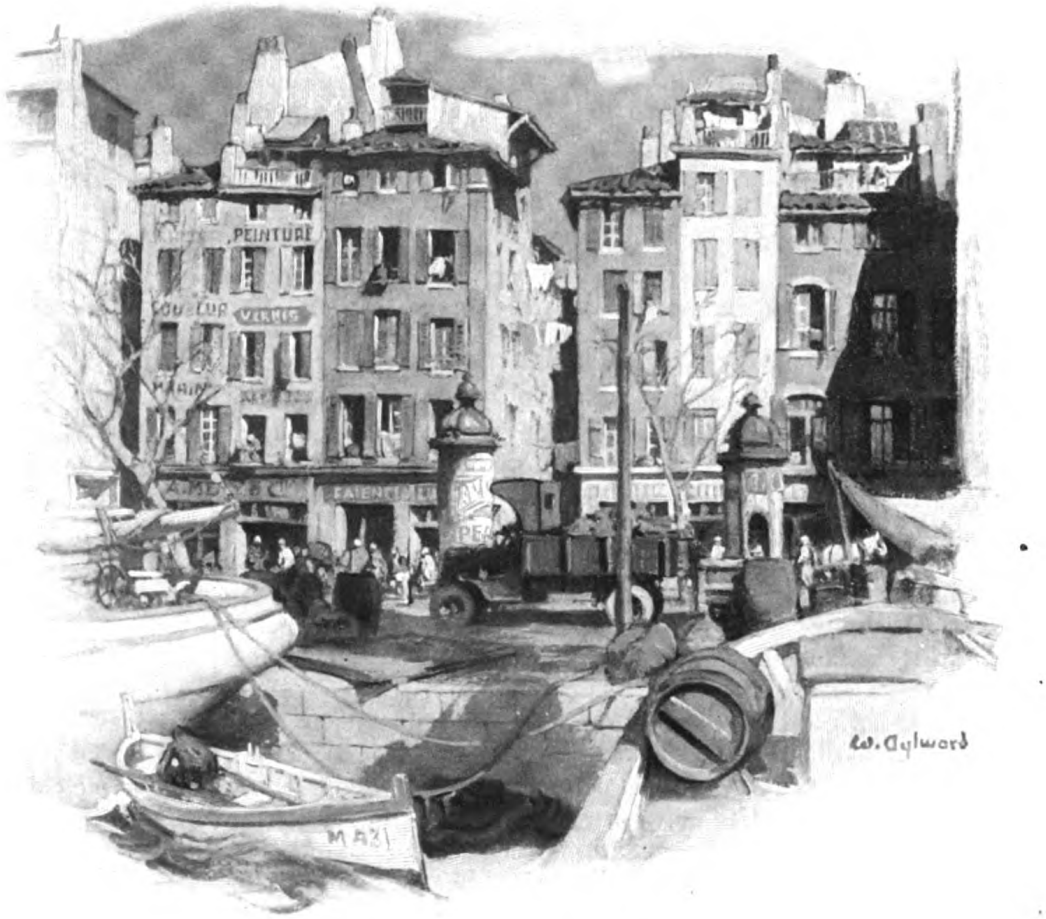
An official tour of the port is pleasant. So is a dinner at the prefecture. But I am glad that there were other times when, after a day of poking around the *bassins* with my inseparable fellow-traveler (or alone before I had her) we could come back along the Vieux Port by the Quai du Port, take our *apéritif* at the Café Mistral on the Quai de la Fraternité, and stroll along the Cannebière and the Cours Belsunce before dinner at the Restaurant Isnard. The Cannebière, which leads back from the Vieux Port, is only three blocks long. It is remarkable for nothing except its extraordinary animation day and night, and you are at the end of the street before you know it. But Marseillais are as inordinately proud of the Cannebière as Edinburghers are of Princes Street. They say, "*Si Paris avait une Cannebière, ce serait un petit Marseille.*" The Cours Belsunce, at right angles, with its huge plane-trees and its street venders, is much more the Midi and Marseilles.

The most interesting late afternoon walk is to strike resolutely back into the labyrinth of small streets from the Quai du Port. Here, if you are not too nervous about your wallet and watch, your nose and the shine of your shoes, you can see for yourself how the maritime population lives, and you will declare that a certain type of Frenchman is indistinguishable from Spaniard and Italian. At the end of your walk, which is partly a climb, you come out at the cathedral. You have earned the fresh



LE CHÂTEAU D'IF OF MONTE CRISTO FAME

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A BIT OF OLD MARSEILLES

sea air that comes with the glorious sight of the sun dipping into the Mediterranean. A second choice is to find your way back from the opposite side of the Vieux Port, by the Place de la Corderie and along the Boulevard Notre-Dame, to the elevator that takes you up to Notre Dame de la Garde. Here the view is much more extended, embracing city, Vieux Port, forts and islands as well as the sea.

The angle of the Cannebière and Cours Belsunce is also the angle of the Rue Noailles and the Rue de Rome. If you follow out the Rue Noailles you come in time to the Zoölogical Garden where the Palais de Longchamp is witness to the wealth of the Marseilles of the Second Empire. Ionic colonnades join the palace with two museums. Visit these in haste if you will, or not at all, but do not miss the view from the roof of the colonnade—for here you will grasp better than from the cathedral or Notre Dame de la Garde how truly the Vieux Port has remained the heart of transformed Marseilles of the twentieth century. If you go along the Rue de Rome, you run into the Promenade du Prado, which leads straight to the Mediterranean. And then there is the return to the city along the inimitable Chemin de la Corniche, with a stop for lunch, if it be winter, or dinner, if it be summer, at the best restaurant in the Midi. The Corniche is lovely beyond words, summer or winter, and one can well understand why the Marseillais do not feel the need of going to the Riviera. They claim that the Riviera starts at Marseilles. And

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they are right. The hills are as picturesque, the foliage as luxurious and entrancing, and the Mediterranean as blue.

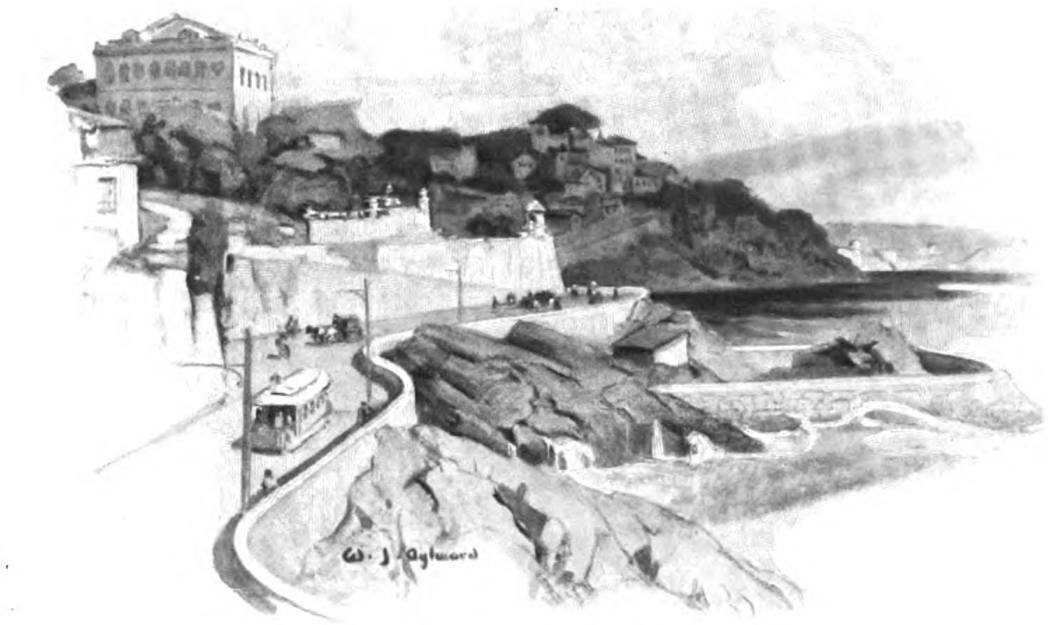
The only imposing building on the Cannebière is the Bourse, a block back from the Vieux Port. Its importance to Marseilles is more in its being the home of the Chamber of Commerce than of the Stock Exchange. Although we have the name, we have no analogy for the institution in America. The Chamber of Commerce plays a predominant rôle in the municipal life of French cities, especially of ports. The Chamber of Commerce is a private institution exercising public functions. This happy and beneficial successor of the medieval commercial guild goes into politics, local and national, wholly *pro bono publico*. Its activities are not influenced by the need of winning and maintaining the support of voters, nor are they controlled by industrial or banking or shipping groups. Most of the Chambres de Commerce of the larger French cities enjoy revenues from foundations in land antedating the Revolution, and benefit by public contributions as well as by legacies and dues of members. They are often intrusted with the expenditure of national and municipal appropriations for works of public utility, to which they contribute their quota. They maintain lobbyists at Paris to watch over the distribution of the contents of what we Americans call the "pork barrel." The lobbyists see to it, also, that Senators and Deputies advance and defend regional interests. When there is apathy or refractoriness, it is not a local political boss, but the president of the Chamber of Commerce who is summoned by telegraph to administer the rebuke and warning at the Palais Bourbon or Luxembourg.

Oldest and first in importance and achievement among the Chambers of Commerce stands that of Marseilles. The Bourse was built by the Chamber of Commerce. The great system of *bassins* and docks and warehouses extending for miles along the sea-front is due primarily, not to the French government nor to the municipality of Marseilles, but to the Chamber of Commerce. The president of the Chamber of Commerce tells you, "We are doing this or that," and the prefect and mayor nod admiring assent. The French are more hampered than the Germans by politics in municipal administration. But they have enough sense not to let elected officials have anything to do with initiating or carrying out public works.

Ever since Louis XIV a president of the Chamber of Commerce of Marseilles has been saying, proudly, "We." But until the capture of Algiers in 1830, coinciding by lucky chance with the appearance of the steam-driven ship and the railway, broke the power of the pirates and opened up a near-by field of colonial exploitation, there was not much to say "We" about. The Chamber of Commerce dreamed of a new overseas empire, and prepared for it. Marseilles had a potent influence upon the colonial policy of the July Monarchy and the Second Empire. The opening of the Suez Canal in 1869 put Marseilles on the route to the Far East. After the Franco-Prussian War, France turned her energies to Indo-China, Madagascar, the Congo, and West Africa, and to gaining possession of Tunis and Morocco—the two keys to her Algerian house, as Jules Ferry called them. At the outbreak of the World War the maritime movement of Marseilles was twenty times that of 1831! This volume of trade did not "just grow." Much of it is due to the extraordinarily successful development of the French colonial empire during the two decades before the war. Witness the fact that the increase in the period 1896–1913 was as great as that in the period 1831–1895.

The Chamber of Commerce worked tirelessly to build up a colonial empire for which Marseilles would be the metropolis, and at the same time to develop the port to keep abreast of opportunities. The African Company was launched by the Chamber of Commerce

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THE CORNICHE ROAD IS LOVELY BEYOND WORDS

in 1650; its own consuls were the first to represent French interests abroad, and the ships that fought the Barbary corsairs for over a hundred years flew its flag. Its voice was heard in the Crimean War and the Syrian expedition of 1860, and was not listened to in the question of Egypt. Its money backed de Lesseps, and, although control of the Suez Canal passed into English hands, a member of the Chamber of Commerce of Marseilles has always been a vice-president of the Canal Company. Tenaciously the Chamber of Commerce fought at Paris for an aggressive colonial policy, and stood for an uncompromising attitude toward Germany on Morocco.

The Marseillais, under the leadership of the Chamber of Commerce, realized throughout the war that the prosperity of Marseilles was contingent upon the victory of France. As much as any other Frenchmen were they *jusqu'auboutistes* (bitter-enders). The old French dictum, "*Rien du grand ne s'est fait dans le monde sans que le nom de Marseille n'y soit mêlé*," included helping to win the war and preparing to profit by the victory. Almost all the colonial troops, whose existence was due to Marseilles colonial propaganda and without whose aid the war would have been lost, came to France through Marseilles on Marseilles ships. For Great Britain as well as for France, Marseilles was the base of the Mesopotamian, Dardanelles, Saloniki, and Palestinian offensives. Marseilles was the port and base of East Indians, Australians, and New Zealanders, and in the last months of the war became also an American port. For the civilian population of France Marseilles worked to the limit of endurance in handling imports, and Marseillais, of their own initiative, were able to secure and bring into the country essential foodstuffs, especially grain and hay and fruits, from the colonies their fathers and they had founded and developed.

The greatest war service of the Chamber of Commerce, and of the Marseillais as a whole, was the completion of the

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tunnel of the Rove. Early in the modern development of Marseilles it was evident that more of a port than artificial *bassins* could afford would be needed, and that some way must be devised of linking up Marseilles with a system of internal waterways. Like many another great city, Marseilles has had to struggle hard during her period of unprecedented growth from the handicap of a poor site. What was the ideal port for the ancient Phocæans is insufficient, even with its many *bassins*, to provide for the dreams of the Marseillais of to-day. From Batum, at the end of the Black Sea, to Dakar, in French West Africa, Marseilles expects to be the middleman for France—and part of Central Europe—to one-tenth of the world's population. Thanks to a trans-Saharan railway, she expects to provide the shortest route from Europe to South America. Separated from Marseilles by a mountain of solid rock, the Étang de Berre has anchorage for thousands of ships and vast dock and warehouse and railway-yard acreage. Twenty miles west, with a level country between, is the Rhone, leading to central France. There was only one thing to do. Napoleon thought of it in 1794. The Chamber of Commerce started the gigantic enterprise in 1911. On February 18, 1916, when the Germans were preparing to seize Verdun, the two ends of the largest tunnel in the world met.

Not for one day during the war did work cease on the tunnel of the Rove. Soon geography will be corrected. The smaller freight-steamers will load and unload in the Étang de Berre. Cargoes to and from Marseilles will pass through the tunnel in thousand-ton lighters, skirt the south bank of the lake to Martigues, and go through a canal to reach the Rhone at Arles. The Marseillais believe that shortage of coal for transportation will induce the government to push the deep canal on to Lyons. When that is accomplished, Marseilles will be connected by water with the Atlantic at Havre and the Rhine at Strasbourg. One of my most inspiring war memories is a visit to the tunnel of the Rove and the Étang de Berre, with Monsieur Artaud, president, and Monsieur Brenier, director, of the Chamber of Commerce, in one of the darkest weeks of the war. Never doubting the victory, they showed me with pride the marvelous work that had been accomplished since my last visit, and spoke with sublime faith of the glorious future of France, in which Marseilles was destined to play a leading rôle. In these perplexing days, nearly two years after the armistice, I love to think of France quietly working on (of which we do not read in the newspapers), and, remembering Verdun and the Rove, I say softly to myself, "*Nil desperandum.*"

The Chambers of Commerce are protagonists of regionalism. The Napoleonic system of centralization was probably needed in post-Revolutionary France. It had its advantages during the unsettled political and changing economic conditions of the middle nineteenth century. But business men and publicists are unanimous in denouncing the demoralizing influence of centralization during the Third Republic. The Marseillais believe that the revival of the Provence as an economic unity is essential to the prosperity of the region and to the proper development of the port of Marseilles. If regionalism prevails in France, Marseilles expects to become the capital of all the French *départements* where the olive grows, which means the lower valley of the Rhone, the valley of the Durance, and the Riviera. With water-power from the Durance, the possibilities for metallurgical, shipbuilding, chemical, and paper industries are unlimited. With water transport to central France and increased overseas markets, making bricks and tiles can be maintained as a chief industry of the region.

Hand in hand with regional administrative autonomy and the power of initiative in developing and protecting economic activities, must come the ac-

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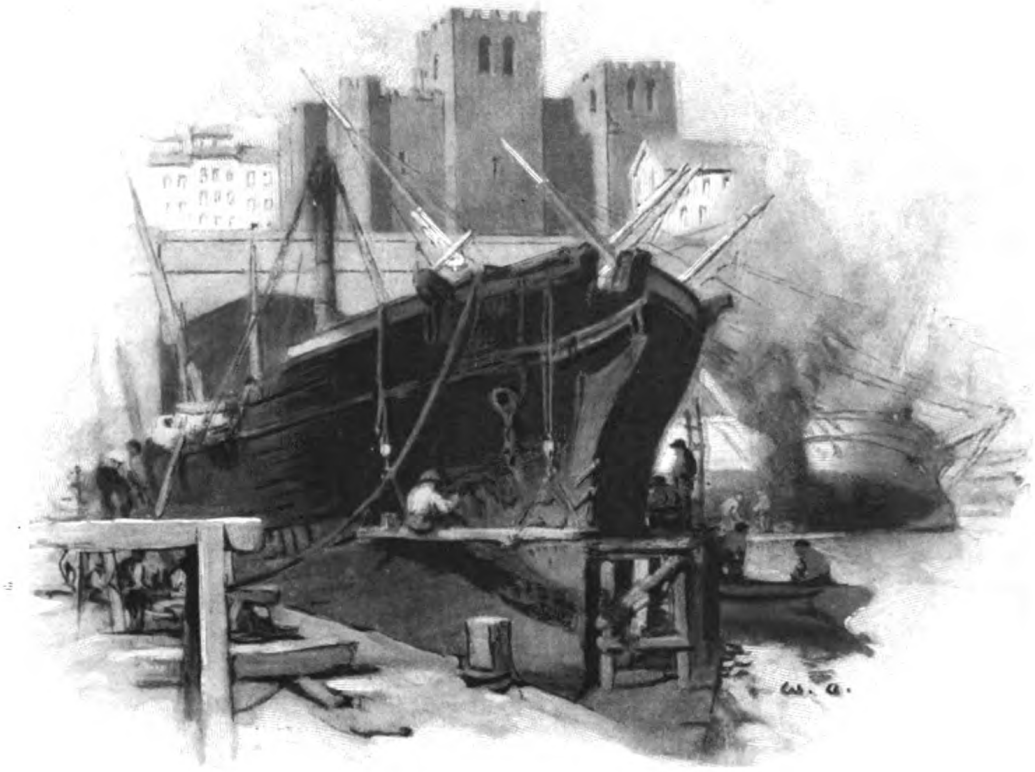


UNLOADING ORANGES FROM A SPANISH SCHOONER

ceptance of the free-zone idea, for which thirty-two of the forty-three Chambers of Commerce in France have voted. The question has been before the Chamber of Deputies for eighteen years, but, despite the success of Hamburg, Bremen, Copenhagen, Triest, and Fiume—all experiments of the last thirty years—France still compels merchandise in transit to remain in bond. It cannot be transformed or improved without paying full tariff. For this reason no French port has as yet become a great industrial center or a world market for any raw material, refined or partly worked.

In the Year XIII Marseilles began an agitation that has never subsided for the repeal of the Revolutionary decree that suppressed the freedom of her port—a privilege enjoyed since 1669. The Marseillais defined their desideratum as follows: "A free port is a city outside of the tariff lines; it is a port open to all ships of commerce without distinction, whatever be their flag or the nature of their cargo. It is a common point where, by a sort of fiction, the territories of all nations touch. It receives and hands over from one to the other all their consignments without red tape and without tariff rights." Marseilles in a free zone, according to Monsieur le Président Artaud, would become one of the world's most populous and wealthy centers, serving France, the Mediterranean, humanity. M. Artaud sees his city climb over the Rove to expand on the shores of the Étang de Berre. He talks to you about sheep, cork, wool, skins, copra, peanuts, gum, palm oil, mahogany, cocoa, rubber, rum, cod, pineapples, dates, sulphur, eggs, chickens, corn,

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A SHIP BEING OVERHAULED IN THE REPAIR *BASSIN*

almonds, and cocoons. He tells you how lands will be recovered from the ocean and longshoremen imported from Africa, and you see the weighing-bridges and cranes and sheds of his imagination. But when he discloses a plan that is going to eliminate the Vieux Port, you wonder why progress is so remorselessly unesthetic. Is the present so wrapped up in the future that its very wealth covets the few Naboth's vineyards of the past?

I want to get away from that Chamber of Commerce! So I stroll back to the Vieux Port jealous and raging, and comfort my soul by watching women who need no derricks unloading oranges from a Spanish schooner that needs no concrete dock, and depositing them under an awning—all the warehouse the operation calls for. And then I walk down the Quai de la Rive Neuve to the Bassin de Carénage under the shadow of the Fort. Barefooted old-timers, who never heard of union hours, are scraping barnacles off wooden hulks older than themselves, with Saint Victor smiling down his blessing.

We live in a great age. But isn't it complicated—and Frankensteinish?

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NEW NONSENSE NOVELS

THE SPLIT IN THE CABINET, OR THE FATE OF ENGLAND

(An English Political Novel of the Days That Were)

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

"THE fate of England hangs upon it," murmured Sir John Elphinspoon, as he sank wearily into an armchair. For a moment, as he said "England," the baronet's eye glistened and his ears lifted as if in defiance, but as soon as he stopped saying it his eye lost its brilliance and his ears drooped wearily at the sides of his head.

Lady Elphinspoon looked at her husband anxiously. She could not conceal from herself that his face, as he sank into his chair, seemed somehow ten years older than it had been ten years ago.

"You are home early, John?" she queried.

"The House rose early, my dear," said the baronet.

"For the All England Ping-pong Match?"

"No, for the Dog Show. The Prime Minister felt that the Cabinet ought to attend. He said that their presence there would help to bind the colonies to us. I understand also that he has a pup in the show himself. He took the Cabinet with him."

"And why not you?" asked Lady Elphinspoon.

"You forget, my dear," said the baronet; "as Foreign Secretary, my presence at a dog show might be offensive to the Shah of Persia. Had it been a Cat Show—" The baronet paused and shook his head in deep gloom.

"John," said his wife, "I feel that there is something more. Did anything happen at the House?"

Sir John nodded. "A bad business," he said. "The Wazuchistan Boundary Bill was read this afternoon for the third time."

No woman in England, so it was generally said, had a keener political insight than Lady Elphinspoon.

"The third time," she repeated, thoughtfully; "and how many more will it have to go?"

Sir John turned his head aside and groaned.

"You are faint," exclaimed Lady Elphinspoon; "let me ring for tea."

The baronet shook his head.

"An egg, John—let me beat you up an egg."

"Yes, yes," murmured Sir John, still abstracted, "beat it; yes, do beat it."

Lady Elphinspoon, in spite of her elevated position as the wife of the Foreign Secretary of Great Britain, held it not beneath her to perform for her husband the plainest household service. She rang for an egg. The butler broke it for her into a tall goblet filled with old sherry and the noble lady, with her own hands, beat the stuff out of it. For the veteran politician, whose official duties rarely allowed him to eat, an egg was a sovereign remedy. Taken either in a goblet of sherry, or in a mug of rum, or in a pint of whisky, it never failed to revive his energies.

The effect of the egg was at once visible in the brightening of his eye and the lengthening of his ears.

"And now explain to me," said his wife, "what has happened. What *is* this Boundary Bill?"

"We never meant it to pass," said Sir John. "It was introduced only as a sop

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to public opinion. It delimits our frontier in such a way as to extend our suzerainty over the entire desert of El Skrub. The Wazoos have claimed that this is their desert. The hill tribes are restless. If we attempt to advance the Wazoos will rise. If we retire, it deals a blow at our prestige."

Lady Elphinspoon shuddered. Her long political training had taught her that nothing was so fatal to England as to be hit in the prestige.

"And, on the other hand," continued Sir John, "if we move sideways, the Ohulfs, the mortal enemies of the Wazoos, will strike us in our rear."

"In our rear!" exclaimed Lady Elphinspoon in a tone of pain. "Oh, John, we *must* go forward. Take another egg."

"We cannot," groaned the Foreign Secretary. "There are reasons which I cannot explain even to you, Caroline, reasons of state, which absolutely prevent us from advancing into Wazuchistan. Our hands are tied. Meantime, if the Wazoos rise, it is all over with us. It will split the Cabinet."

"Split the Cabinet!" repeated Lady Elphinspoon, in alarm. She well knew that, next to a blow in the prestige, the splitting of the Cabinet was about the worst thing that could happen to Great Britain. "Oh, John, they *must* be held together at all costs. Can nothing be done?"

"Everything is being done that can be. The Prime Minister has them at the Dog Show at this moment. To-night the Chancellor is taking them to moving pictures. And to-morrow—it is a state secret, my dear, but it will be very generally known in the morning—we have seats for them all at the circus. If we can hold them together all is well, but if they split we are undone. Meantime our difficulties increase. At the very passage of the bill itself a question was asked by one of the new labor members, a miner, my dear, a quite uneducated man—"

"Yes?" queried Lady Elphinspoon.

"He asked the Colonial Secretary"—Sir John shuddered—"to tell him where Wazuchistan is. Worse than that, my dear," added Sir John, "he defied him to tell him where it is."

"What did you do? Surely he has no right to information of that sort?"

"It was a close shave. Luckily the whips saved us. They got the Secretary out of the House and rushed him to the British Museum. When he got back he said that he would answer the question a month from Friday. We got a great burst of cheers, but it was a close thing. But stop! I must speak at once with Powers. My despatch-box? Yes, here it is. Now where is young Powers? There is work for him to do at once."

"Mr. Powers is in the conservatory with Angela," said Lady Elphinspoon.

"With Angela!" exclaimed Sir John, while a slight shade of displeasure appeared upon his brow. "With Angela again! Do you think it quite proper, my dear, that Powers should be so constantly with Angela?"

"John," said his wife, "you forget, I think, who Mr. Powers is. I am sure that Angela knows too well what is due to her rank, and to herself, to consider Mr. Powers anything more than an instructive companion. And I notice that since Mr. Powers has been your secretary, Angela's mind is much keener. Already the girl has a wonderful grasp on foreign policy. Only yesterday I heard her asking the Prime Minister at luncheon whether we intend to extend our Senegambian protectorate over the Fusees. He was delighted."

"Oh, very well, very well," said Sir John. Then he rang a bell for a manservant. "Ask Mr. Powers," he said, "to be good enough to attend me in the library."

II

Angela Elphinspoon stood with Perriton Powers among the begonias of the conservatory. The same news which had so agitated Sir John lay heavy on both their hearts.

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"Will the Wazoos rise?" asked Angela, clasping her hands before her, while her great eyes sought the young man's face and found it. "Oh, Mr. Powers! Tell me, will they rise? It seems too dreadful to contemplate. Do you think the Wazoo will rise?"

"It is only too likely," said Powers. They stood looking into each other's eyes, their thoughts all on the Wazoo.

Angela Elphinspoon, as she stood there against the background of the begonias, made a picture that a painter, or even a plumber, would have loved. Tall, and typically English in her fair beauty, her features, in repose, had something of the hauteur and distinc tion of her mother, and when in motion they recalled her father.

Perriton Powers was even taller than Angela. The splendid frame and stern features of Sir John's secretary made him a striking figure. Yet he was, quite frankly, sprung from the people, and made no secret of it. His father had been simply a well-to-do London surgeon, who had been knighted for some mere discoveries in science. His grandfather, so it was whispered, had been nothing more than a successful banker who had amassed a fortune simply by successful banking. Yet at Oxford young Powers had carried all before him. He had occupied a seat, a front seat, in one of the boats, had got his blue and his pink, and had taken a double final in Sanscrit and arithmetic.

He had already traveled widely in the East, spoke Urdu and Hoodoo with facility, while as secretary to Sir John Elphinspoon, with a seat in the House in prospect, he had his foot upon the ladder of success.

"Yes," repeated Powers, thoughtfully, "they may rise. Our confidential despatches tell us that for some time they have been secretly passing round packets of yeast. The whole tribe is in a ferment."

"But our sphere of influence is at stake!" exclaimed Angela.

"It is," said Powers. "As a matter of fact, for over a year we have been living on a mere *modus vivendi*."

"Oh, Mr. Powers!" cried Angela, "what a way to live!"

"We have tried everything," said the secretary. "We offered the Wazoo a condominium over the desert of El Skrub. They refused it."

"But it's our desert!" said Angela, proudly.

"It is. But what can we do? The best we can hope is that El Boob will acquiesce in the *status quo*."

At that moment a man-servant appeared in the doorway of the conservatory.

"Mr. Powers, sir," he said, "Sir John desires your attendance, sir, in the library, sir."

Powers turned to Angela, a new seriousness upon his face.

"Miss Elphinspoon," he said, "I think I know what is coming. Will you wait for me here? I shall be back in half an hour."

"I will wait," said the girl. She sat down and waited among the begonias, her mind still on the Wazoo, her whole intense nature strung to the highest pitch. "Can the *modus vivendi* hold?" she murmured.

In half an hour Powers returned. He was wearing now his hat and light overcoat, and carried on a strap round his neck a tin box with a white painted label, "*British Foreign Office. Confidential Despatches. This Side Up, With Care.*"

"Miss Elphinspoon," he said, and there was a new note in his voice "—Angela, I leave England to-night—"

"To-night!" gasped Angela.

"On a confidential mission."

"To Wazuchistan!" exclaimed the girl.

Powers paused a moment. "To Wazuchistan," he said, "yes. But it must not be known. I shall return in a month —or never. If I fail," he spoke with an assumed lightness, "it is only one more grave among the hills. If I succeed, the Cabinet is saved, and with it the destiny of England."

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"Oh, Mr. Powers," cried Angela, rising and advancing toward him, "how splendid! How noble! No reward will be too great for you."

"My reward," said Powers, and as he spoke he reached out and clasped both of the girl's hands in his own. "Yes, my reward. May I come and claim it here?"

For a moment he looked straight into her eyes. In the next he was gone, and Angela was alone.

"His reward!" she murmured. "What could he have meant—his reward that he is to claim? What can it be?"

But she could not divine it. She admitted to herself that she had not the faintest idea.

III

In the days that followed all England was thrilled to its base as the news spread that the Wazoos might rise at any moment.

"Will the Wazoos rise?" was the question upon every lip.

In London men went to their offices with a sense of gloom. At lunch they could hardly eat. A feeling of impending disaster pervaded all ranks.

Sir John, as he passed to and fro to the House, was freely accosted in the streets.

"Will the Wazoos rise, sir?" asked an honest laborer. "Lord help us all, sir, if they do!"

Sir John, deeply touched, dropped a shilling in the honest fellow's hat, by accident.

At No. 10 Downing Street, women of the working class, with children in their arms, stood waiting for news.

On the Exchange all was excitement. Consols fell two points in twenty-four hours. Even raising the bank rate and shutting the door, brought only a temporary relief.

Lord Glump, the greatest financial expert in London, was reported as saying that if the Wazoos rose England would be bankrupt in forty-eight hours.

Meanwhile, to the consternation of the whole nation, the government did nothing. The Cabinet seemed to be paralyzed.

On the other hand, the press became all the more clamorous. The London *Times* urged that an expedition should be sent at once. Twenty-five thousand household troops, it argued, should be sent up the Euphrates or up the Ganges or up something without delay. If they were taken in flat-boats, carried over the mountains on mules, and lifted across the rivers in slings, they could then be carried over the desert on jackasses. They could reach Wazuchistan in two years. Other papers counseled moderation. The *Manchester Guardian* recalled the fact that the Wazoos were a Christian people. Their leader, El Boob, so it was said, had accepted Christianity with childlike simplicity and had asked if there was any more of it. The *Spectator* claimed that the Wazoos, or, more properly the Wazî, were probably the descendants of an Iranic, or perhaps Urgumic stock. It suggested the award of a Rhodes' scholarship. It looked forward to the days when there would be Wazoos at Oxford. Even the presence of a single Wazoo, or, more accurately, a single Wûz, would help.

With each day the news became more ominous. It was reported in the press that a Wazoo, inflamed apparently with *ghee*, or perhaps with *bhong*, had rushed up to the hills and refused to come down. It was said that the Shriek-ul-Foozlum the religious head of the tribe, had torn off his suspenders and sent them to Mecca.

That same day the *Illustrated London News*, published a drawing, "Wazoo Warriors Crossing a River and Shouting, 'Ho!'" and the general consternation reached its height.

Meantime, for Sir John and his colleagues, the question of the hour became, "Could the Cabinet be held together?" Every effort was made. The news that the Cabinet had all been seen together at the circus, for a moment reassured the nation. But the rumor

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spread that the First Lord of the Admiralty had said that the clowns were a bum lot. The radical press claimed that if he thought so he ought to resign.

On the fatal Friday the question already referred to was scheduled for its answer. The friends of the government counted on the answer to restore confidence. To the consternation of all, the expected answer was not forthcoming. The Colonial Secretary rose in his place, visibly nervous. Ministers, he said, had been asked where Wazuchistan was. They were not prepared, at the present delicate stage of negotiations, to say. More hung upon the answer than ministers were entitled to divulge. They could only appeal to the patriotism of the nation. He could only say this, that *wherever* it was—and he used the word *wherever* with all the emphasis of which he was capable—the government would accept the full responsibility for its being where it was.

The House adjourned in something like confusion.

Among those seated behind the grating of the Ladies' Gallery was Lady Elphinspoon. Her quick instinct told her the truth. Driving home, she found her husband seated, crushed, in his library.

"John," she said, falling on her knees and taking her husband's hands in hers, "is this true? Is this the dreadful truth?"

"I see you have divined it, Caroline," said the statesman, sadly. "It is the truth. We don't know where Wazuchistan is."

For a moment there was silence.

"But, John, how could it have happened?"

"We thought the colonial office knew. We were confident that they knew. The Colonial Secretary had stated that he had been there. Later on it turned out that he meant Saskatchewan. Of course they thought *we* knew. And we thought that the Exchequer must know. We understood that they had collected a hut tax for ten years."

"And hadn't they?"

"Not a penny. The Wazoos live in tents."

"But, surely," pleaded Lady Elphinspoon, "you could find out. Had you no maps?"

Sir John shook his head.

"We thought of that at once, my dear. We've looked all through the British Museum. Once we thought we had succeeded. But it turned out to be Wisconsin."

"But the map in the *Times*? Everybody saw it."

Again the baronet shook his head. "Lord Southcliff had it made in the office," he said. "It appears that he always does. Otherwise the physical features might not suit him."

"But could you not send some one to see?"

"We did. We sent Perriton Powers to find out where it was. We had a month to the good. It was barely time, just time. Powers has failed and we are lost. To-morrow all England will guess the truth and the Government falls.

IV

The crowd outside of No. 10 Downing Street that evening was so dense that all traffic was at a standstill. But within the historic room where the Cabinet were seated about the long table all was calm. Few could have guessed from the quiet demeanor of the group of statesmen that the fate of an Empire hung by a thread.

Seated at the head of the table, the Prime Minister was quietly looking over a book of butterflies, while waiting for the conference to begin. Beside him the Secretary for Ireland was fixing troutflies, while the Chancellor of the Exchequer kept his serene face bent over upon his needlework. At the Prime Minister's right, Sir John Elphinspoon, no longer agitated, but sustained and dignified by the responsibility of his office, was playing spillikins.

The little clock on the mantel chimed eight.

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The Premier closed his book of butterflies. "Well, gentlemen," he said, "I fear our meeting will not be a protracted one. It seems we are hopelessly at variance. You, Sir Charles," he continued, turning to the First Sea Lord, who was in attendance, "are still in favor of a naval expedition?"

"Send it up at once," said Sir Charles.

"Up where?" asked the Premier.

"Up anything," answered the Old Sea Dog. "It will get there."

Voices of dissent were raised in undertones around the table.

"I strongly deprecate any expedition," said the Chancellor of the Exchequer. "I favor a convention with the Shriek. Let the Shriek sign a convention recognizing the existence of a supreme being and receiving from us a million sterling in acknowledgment."

"And where will you *find* the Shriek?" said the Prime Minister. "Come, come, gentlemen, I fear that we can play this comedy no longer. The truth is," he added with characteristic nonchalance, "we don't know where the bally place is. We can't meet the House to-morrow. We are hopelessly split. Our existence as a government is at an end."

But at that very moment a great noise of shouting and clamor rose from the street without. The Prime Minister lifted his hand for silence. "Listen," he said.

One of the ministers went to a window and opened it, and the cries outside became audible: "A King's Messenger! Make way for the King's Messenger!"

The Premier turned quietly to Sir John. "Perriton Powers," he said.

In another moment Perriton Powers stood before the ministers.

Bronzed by the tropic sun, his face was recognizable only by the assured glance of his eye. An Afghan *bernous* was thrown back from his head and shoulders, while his commanding figure was draped in a long *chibouk*. A pair of pistols and a curved *yasmak* were in his belt.

"So you got to Wazuchistan all right," said the Premier, quietly.

"I went in by way of the Barooda," said Powers. "For many days I was unable to cross it. The waters of the river were wild and swollen with rains. To cross it seemed certain death—"

"But at last you got over," said the Premier, "and then—"

"I struck out over the Fahuri Desert. For days and days, blinded by the sun, and almost buried in sand, I despaired."

"But you got through it all right. And after that?"

"My first care was to disguise myself. Staining myself from head to foot with betel-nut—"

"To look like a beetle," said the Premier, "exactly; and so you got to Wazuchistan. Where is it and what is it?"

"My lord," said Powers, drawing himself up and speaking with emphasis. "I got to where it was thought to be. There is no such place!"

The whole Cabinet gave a start of astonishment.

"No such place!" they repeated.

"What about El Boob?" asked the Chancellor.

"There is no such person."

"And the Shriek-el-Foozlam?"

Powers shook his head.

"But do you mean to say," said the Premier in astonishment, "that there are no Wazoos? There you *must* be wrong. True, we don't just know where they are, but our despatches have shown too many signs of active trouble traced directly to the Wazoos to disbelieve in them. There are Wazoos somewhere; there—there *must* be."

"The Wazoos," said Powers, "are there. But they are Irish. So are the Ohulis. They are both Irish."

"But how the devil did they get out there?" questioned the Premier. "And why did they make the trouble?"

"The Irish, my lord," interrupted the Chief Secretary for Ireland, "are everywhere, and it is their business to make trouble."

"Some years ago," continued Powers, "a few Irish families settled out there.

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The Ohulfs should be properly called the O'Hooleys. The word Wazoo is simply the Urdu for McGinnis. El Boob is the Urdu for the Arabic El Papa, the Pope. It was my knowledge of Urdu, itself an agglutinative language—"

"Precisely," said the Premier. Then he turned to his Cabinet. "Well, gentlemen, our task is now simplified. If they are Irish, I think we know exactly what to do. I suppose," he continued, turning to Powers, "that they want some kind of Home Rule."

"They do," said Powers.

"Separating, of course, the Ohulf countries from Wazoo?"

"Yes," said Powers.

"Precisely; the thing is simplicity itself. And what contribution will they make to the Imperial Exchequer?"

"None."

"And will they pay their own expenses?"

"They refuse to."

"Exactly. All this is plain sailing. Of course, they must have a constabulary. Lord Edward," continued the Premier, turning now to the Secretary of War, "how long will it take to send in a couple of hundred constabulary? I think they'll expect it, you know. It's their right."

"Let me see," said Lord Edward, calculating quickly with military precision. "Sending them over the Barooda in buckets and then over the mountains in baskets— I think about two weeks."

"Good!" said the Premier. "Gentlemen, we shall meet the House to-morrow. Sir John, will you meantime draft us an annexation bill? And you, young man, what you have done is really not half bad. His Majesty will see you to-morrow I am glad that you are safe."

"On my way home," said Powers, with quiet modesty, "I was attacked by a lion—"

"But you beat it off," said the Premier. "Exactly. Good night."

V

It was on the following afternoon that Sir John Elphinspoon presented the Wazoo Annexation Bill to a crowded and breathless House.

Those who know the House of Commons know that it has its moods. At times it is grave, earnest, thoughtful. At other times it is swept with emotion which comes at it in waves. Or at times, again, it just seems to sit there as if it were stuffed.

But all agreed that they had never seen the House so hushed as when Sir John Elphinspoon presented his bill for the annexation of Wazuchistan. And when at the close of a splendid peroration he turned to pay a graceful compliment to the man who had saved the nation, and thundered forth to the delighted ears of his listeners, "*Arma virumque cano Wazoo qui primus ab orbis*," and then, with the words, "England, England!" still on his lips, fell over backward and was carried out on a stretcher, the House broke into wild and unrestrained applause.

VI

The next day Sir Perriton Powers—for the King had knighted him after breakfast—stood again in the conservatory of the house in Carlton Terrace.

"I have come for my reward," he said. "Do I get it?"

"You do," said Angela.

Sir Perriton clasped her in his arms.

"On my way home," he said, "I was attacked by a lion. I tried to beat it—"

"Hush, dearest," she whispered. "Let me take you to father."

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TRADITION

BY W. L. GEORGE

THE more we use a word the more we distort it; it needs a wise man to explain what his fellow-creatures mean by words such as honor, faith, or love. We travesty these words; we find particularly brilliant honor in a duelist, faith in any clerical tub-thumper, and discern love in the lowing of any pair of moon-calves. Tradition is another of those words; literature and conversation serve it up with fanciful sauces, just like our fathers, who were overwhelmed by Darwin and thought they elucidated a phenomenon by saying, "Evolution." Notably in regard to the aristocracy, the novel and the play have educated us into believing that it acts, not according to its freewill, but according to the obscure instincts of its race. To such an extreme has this been brought that in a celebrated film called "Tarzan of the Apes" we are asked to believe that the boy Tarzan, brought up among the monkeys, and ultimately confronted with emotional circumstances, yet "always preserves unsullied the instincts of an English gentleman." This may be, though I venture to suggest that the instincts of an English gentleman, when tested by emotional circumstances, do not always conform to the high ideals of the film-producers.

This does not mean that the English gentleman (equally with lots of other people who are neither English nor gentlemen) does not labor under the mental burden which we call tradition. It is worth while asking ourselves what we mean when we say that So-and-so's conduct has been influenced by So-and-so's tradition. In many cases we are wrong. So-and-so has not been influenced by his tradition. He hasn't got a tradition. So-and-so was influenced by convention, or he was influenced by his habits. Just as Mr. Winston Churchill once made himself famous by describing an untruth as a terminological inexactitude, so does the ordinary man, who hates to be called conventional or to think himself the victim of his habits, put down his conduct, especially when it is unreasonable, to the weight of his tradition.

In fact, tradition does not operate so vigorously as all that. In many cases convention is at work; by convention I mean certain ways of living, of behaving in a crisis, which have been deliberately assumed, or have been instilled by one's elders and one's friends. Convention is practically the totem of a class. Very often it is conscious. Mr. Fifty-Dollars-a-Week behaves differently from Mr. Millionaire, because he does not want the other Mr. Fifty-Dollars-a-Weeks to think him peculiar. Habit, on the other hand, is always unconscious. It becomes automatic. One does a thing because one has done it before. The difference between habit and convention is that habit plagues the individual, while convention generally plagues a class. Thus, convention compels a man to buy a suit of furniture similar to that of his neighbor, but it is habit induces him to lunch every day at the same place, at the same time.

Tradition is a subtler and more mysterious thing. It is generally unconscious. The people who are influenced by tradition seldom say that "The Browns don't do that sort of thing." They may say it when some one urges them to do the sort of thing the Browns don't do, but, in general, without knowing why, they act in a Brownish way; their tradition is an inheritance. Of course one may

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exaggerate tradition; many men become actors by trying to live up to the tradition of their family, but in general the mental impulse which we call tradition can come down to a man from his family as well as the shape of his fingernails. Moreover, tradition can affect a human being in various ways, because it may be a class tradition, a family tradition, or a national tradition.

Among the class traditions, that of the aristocracy is the most interesting. When I say aristocracy I don't necessarily mean persons of title, though until the reign of Edward VII, who opened the titled ranks to any stock-jobber or grocer he happened to fancy, persons of title generally did have an aristocratic tradition. The aristocratic class is broader than that. In England it numbers many titled families, who trace their descent generations back, who have always lived in a particular spot, in a particular way. Sitting still for five hundred years is one way of becoming an aristocrat.

The aristocrat, all the world over, is seldom known by his deeds. The Victorians used to say, "Handsome is that handsome does." That is nonsense. A man may be generous, honest, public-spirited, and yet not be an aristocrat; another may be drunken, lying, brutal, and remain an aristocrat. Aristocracy is a breed. A bulldog is a bulldog, whatever tricks you teach it, and nothing will turn it into a greyhound. But if you cross your bulldog with a greyhound, its progeny with another greyhound, that progeny with a third greyhound, and so on (aristocracy has time), in the course of a century the bulldog strain will vanish. If you bring up your bulldog in greyhound ways the process is hastened. It takes time—like the Oxford lawn, three or four hundred years. Whether it is worth while is of course another question.

If we take our aristocrat as we find him, we discover, as a rule, that he does inherit certain traditions. For instance, there is the tradition of fair play, which means that you may resort to any trick, however vile, providing it has been played before, providing it is sanctioned by time. Thus, the young aristocrat who takes a partner in an enterprise will seldom let him down, but at college he will make enough debts to wreck his father's small fortune. One is not done, and the other is. Likewise, in the case of women, the aristocratic tradition is that a man must be ready to lie, to perjure himself, to risk his career, to kill, if necessary, in the defense of a woman's reputation—provided that the woman belongs to his own class. If she belongs to a lower social class, then the aristocrat's rule is different; all he has to do is to let the girl down and pay for the damage. Again, as regards work, the aristocrat may earn money, but until very recently (I mean fifty years or so) he lost caste unless he earned this money either in the service of the state (army, navy, diplomacy, civil service) or in that of the church. The legal profession is not quite aristocratic; it requires brains.

It follows from all this that there can be no aristocrats without money, for the state pays its servants badly. It does this for two reasons—one, that the state is as mean to its servants as it is lavish to its favorites; the other, that if the state were to pay its soldiers and sailors properly, then it would make the profession of officer attractive to non-aristocrats. We have evidence of it in England, where babies from Sandhurst are given commissions while young officers with four years of fighting are being told to go back to the office or the shop where they belong.

Money is the essence of aristocracy. I repeat it because it is an overlooked fact. One can be a poor gentleman, as was Colonel Newcome, but one can be a poor gentleman only if one's fathers were rich gentlemen. Without money aristocracy cannot endure, because human beings must live, must choose between bread and tradition; in this case only the Japanese commit hara-kiri. The

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poor aristocrat cannot afford to send his son to the school where he himself learned to maintain his aristocratic attitude. The boy makes different friends, acquires different ways, and in due course falls below the lofty gospel of Tarzan of the Apes; he ceases to act as an English gentleman.

That is the main question. We are told that blood will tell; the truth is that money will tell. Thanks to the rapid industrial development of England and America, I have observed many instances of this; within my acquaintance I see the first generation of money, the second and the third. Some of the second have been to Eton and to Oxford; they are "all right" until they get excited. But the third generation, so far as their voice, their clothes, their physical habits go, are quite good enough for the House of Lords, which, of course, as standards go, is no longer exactly— But never mind. Obviously it must be so, for men must do something. When they have enough money they turn to sport, the arts, politics, some form of leadership. Being rich, they need not grab; as Anatole France puts it, the rich are obviously more moral than the poor, since they never steal bread. They can afford to do the decent thing, the handsome thing; they get praise for that. They like it. They go on doing it. Then everybody cries out, "Behold the tradition!"

An evidence of this is the condition of the born aristocrat whose family is poor. I can think of one who, lacking money, has twice served a term in jail; of another who lives in a state of suburban decay and whose sons will go into the offices of merchants or auctioneers; of a third who, rebelling against family poverty, has gone on the stock exchange; of a fourth who runs a motor garage. What is interesting about the stock-broker and the garage-keeper is that, by degrees, they have lost the aristocratic tradition; they dress, talk, shove, lark, like any young hustler whose father can afford to buy him a blue suit and a spotted tie. One of them is practically a bounder. All that because they have no money. When people have money they evolve at extraordinary speed. Women, notably, level up very quickly. The British peerage has absorbed girls from the chorus, from the shop, and sometimes from the street, who have become the real thing; their only danger is that they may overdo it. Likewise the American peeresses, infinitely more refined and more intelligent than the English bourgeois type. I will name nobody, but say only that it is extraordinary to see the American peeress among her English sisters. She acquires the English accent, the English reticence; her sons, as a rule, revert to the English aristocratic type. Presumably because they have money.

The reader should not conclude that in trying to disentangle the origins of the aristocratic tradition I am despising another tradition—that of the middle class. It is very strong; it is found all over the world, almost identical. Leaving out national influences, one may say that the ironmaster in Pittsburg, the ironmaster in Sheffield, and the ironmaster in Essen is much the same kind of man. His family is much the same kind of family. His class likes much the same kind of meals, morals, and mats. That is a strange fact when we consider how young is the middle class. It will be urged that there always was a middle class; that in the Middle Ages the master workman, member of a guild, was a middle-class man. That is not true. In the first place, however rich he might be, he was socially below the meanest squire in whose veins ran an attenuated drop of noble blood. In the second place, there was little social difference between the master and his workman. Very often the workman married his master's daughter and took on his father-in-law's trade. The real middle class of America and Europe arose solely from steam. Steam made industry; electricity is the daughter of

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steam. It is steam which made high production, therefore created the class of managers, agents, small merchants, wholesalers of all sorts—middlemen, small lawyers, etc., the people who today are well educated enough to earn anything between fifteen hundred and fifteen thousand dollars a year.

The middle-class tradition is one that many people laugh at. It amuses the rebel mind because it is so sober. The middle class has never gone about in a feathered hat, with a sword by its side, and so it tends to exaggerate sobriety. The successful lawyer in a country town reacts against the feathered hat; he tends to go about boasting of his broadcloth. He is so modest that he becomes arrogant. The middle class irritates by that trick which resembles the bragging of the millionaire who tells everybody that he arrived in New York without shoes, and with only a quarter in his pocket.

The tradition of the middle class indeed exhibits certain peculiarities which arouse unjust merriment. For instance, I am told that in certain American circles, and I am sure in remote English circles, the use of the word "leg" is not favored, and that it is better to say "limb"; there really are people who do not go to bed, but who prefer to "retire." It sounds just like *Cranford;* those ways are nearly dead, but their spirit is not. That spirit will die only when classes are dead. The middle class had to adopt peculiar purity of speech, and hypocritical purity of life, because the middle class is a *parvenu* caste. It has only lately risen from the poor; it still has relatives among the poor, fortunately distant, and so it can't afford to be mistaken for the class from which it sprang. Now the poor, having little to live for, live as hard as they can; drink is their good companion (though it is no longer so in America), and their morals are as good as they can be. Well, the middle class drinks (or drank) quite as much as the poorer class; it swears quite as loudly when ladies are not present; its morals are as good as they can be, when nobody's looking. But it tries. It tries very hard to be well-spoken and well-behaved, because that distinguishes it from the poorer classes, who do exactly the same things, but make no effort fairly to speak or to behave.

So we obtain a middle-class tradition —to work hard, to save, to go to church, to paint the woodwork in colors that don't show the dirt (that's a summary, isn't it?), to have a piano and make the young ladies sing, to avoid strong drink, to send undesirable relatives abroad, to talk about the weather because it's safe. This sounds very dull, but the middle class is really good stuff; its tradition of decency, of generosity within bounds, and of justice to all classes, even to its own, all that is the pig-iron of the world out of which the spirit of the future will probably forge a finer steel.

As for the poor, they are here easily dismissed, for the poor have no tradition. They have a certain kind of morals, conventions, and habits, but tradition they have no time for, because they are poor. The poor man is much too busy earning food, shelter, and clothing for himself and his family to develop high-falutin impulses to behave in a way which would please his great-grandfather. Most of the time the poor man doesn't know who his great-grandfather was; as regards his father, he seldom knows where he was born. He has no family portraits, no records. His goods too often get burned, or lost, or pawned. So his sole guide is found in convention, which among the poor is more powerful than among the rich. The poor man has definite ideas about food; he will eat nothing unaccustomed; caviar, *marrons glacés*, *foie gras*, would make him suspicious. He is only now (in England) getting used to electric light. He doesn't like radiators; they might explode. He connects certain rites with births, weddings, and funerals. The poor man probably had traditions affecting clothes, games, etc., up to the beginning of last century, but steam took traditions from

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him while giving them to the middle class. As knives, forks, tramways, and baths were produced by the million, the poor began to live better. Thus they lost such traditions as they had. The rich had always lived fairly well, so greater comforts affected them little. Hence they have preserved certain class traditions while the poor have become more and more individual in the growing struggle for life.

Family tradition is quite another thing, and tends, if it exists at all, to impose itself in an extreme way. I mean that a man cares either nothing at all for the family past or he is oppressed by it. Family tradition is more powerful in the old countries than in the new countries—the Chinaman has more traditions than the Australian. Indeed the novelty of a country may be the test; whereas the Englishman tends to say that what was good enough for his grandfather is good enough for him, the American, for instance, tends to look to his grandfather for what he should avoid.

The tradition of the family is particularly strong in regard to occupation, and this operates almost as strongly in America as it does in England. If a man has spent forty years selling blacking, if he has thus kept a family in comfort and adequately satisfied his own soul, he must think it abnormal that his son should want to do anything but sell blacking. Likewise the son, who all his life has heard blacking exalted at meals, who has seen all good things—presents, pocket-money, visits to the seaside—flow from blacking, tells himself that the best thing he can do is to sell blacking. The fact that his father may also leave him a profitable business must influence any sober young man. I think it is in this way that the great legal families of England have arisen; the political families fall into the same class. In the case of a judge, for instance, it is natural that his son should go to the bar, because, in the days when the judge was only a barrister, he came to know many attorneys who can put business into his son's way. Thus, in England, many of our barristers are the third generation in the law; some of them find lawyers in their families for two or three hundred years. As for politics, we seem to have had political Cecils (the family of the Marquesses of Salisbury) ever since the seventeenth century. Lord Harcourt, politician, is the son of a great Whig politician; Lord Gladstone is the son of William Ewart Gladstone; Mr. Balfour is a political Cecil; the Marlboroughs have figured for a long time. This is the case also in finance, which is the new aristocracy, however much its appearance may belie it. The Vanderbilts, the Goulds, the Astors, are financial aristocrats; the Astors are well over a hundred years old and remain financial. You find this among the rich, and to a great extent you find it among the middle class. In a family allied to me the third generation of warehousemen is conducting the business; in another family, which makes scientific appliances, I know the fourth generation. We are all like Mr. H. G. Wells's manufacturer in *The New Machiavelli*, who wanted his nephew to make basins because he made basins, and thought the boy should leave school at sixteen because he had left school at sixteen.

We accept it readily enough, many of us. Sometimes family tradition becomes burlesque, and imposes upon us automatic deeds. I can think of the case of an old lady who every week of her life read *The Spectator*. When she died her daughter, who had never opened the paper, went on ordering it all the same. It still comes; it is never read; in due course it goes down to the servants. Perhaps they read it; one never knows. But family tradition exhibits other sides, which are not burlesque. Say that for a long time a family has been proud of its name. One doesn't quite know why; when a name is fanciful, one can put that down to human vanity. One can be pleased to be called Ogden St. John Fitzjames, but it is difficult to under-

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stand the family pride of, say, the Johnsons of Suffolk, except, perhaps, that generations of Johnsons have been decent folk, so that the last generation of Johnsons does not like to think that the nephew who bears his name may go to jail or become a bankrupt. In that sense family tradition is a nuisance, and makes people do many silly things. The Scotch and Irish are in that way the most irritating. Birth is generally the thing of which they are most proud, presumably because it cost them no labor.

It must, of course, be admitted that class tradition and family tradition are, to a certain extent, modified by the country in which the individual lives. I have suggested that traditions are stronger in old countries than in new countries, but even in the new as well as the old we find differences between the traditions. In a way, new countries, lacking long tradition, tend to exaggerate that tradition. Because they haven't got one, they want one; they sometimes try to make one, their practical minds probably considering that traditions have to be made like everything else. They either despise or worship; I feel sure that undergraduates of Topeka University (if there is one) either look down upon Harvard and Yale as fungus-grown institutions or are hard at work creating a Topekan tradition that shall make the old universities sorry for themselves.

But, all the same, try as we may to react against or promote tradition, we are influenced by the place in which we live. I don't want to generalize, and to say, like the Englishman at Boulogne, that all Frenchwomen have red hair; it is not true that all Germans are fat, that all Americans begin their sentences by, "Look here." What is true is that certain characteristics, such as vivacity or brevity, are more common in one country than in another. I have met excitable Scotchmen; that should prove my argument. So we must accept that there are national traditions, because the greater frequency of a certain habit or temperament is bound to weigh on the ordinary course of life in that country. Thus one may say that the British tradition is one of accurate but slow justice, of hatred of general ideas. The average Englishman nowadays tends to enjoy the sight of novelty in a rather hysterical way, but detests the application of novelty in his own life. Go slowly and go carefully is the mainspring of his actions. He tends to be sentimental and cold, by which I mean that he easily conceives affection for unworthy objects and comic causes, and that these affections wear off when they conflict with the things that really matter—money, political vanity, or games.

One sees the importance of national tradition when one considers how different is that of the Frenchman. His tradition amounts to this: Make money, save money, get money. Enjoy ideas, but don't let them worry you; respect women, if you must; never be unready for the war that earns glory; be sceptical, be assured that nothing is quite true or untrue; never leave France, for it is the best country in the world. One can go on for a long time with these comparisons; one can say that the German tends to be sentimental, somewhat hysterical, devoted to pure ideas, and ruthless only when inflamed by a theory. One might even generalize about the American, though that is extremely difficult, because, at least so I am told, there are a dozen Americas, because the American type varies so much from rigid Maine to soft California. An American type has certainly sprung up, energetic, cultured, tending to excessive ambition, and inclined to toy with humanitarian ideas; but I doubt whether it has yet imposed itself, and whether the immigrants have been molded into a consistent shape. That, in a sense, is the hope of America, for she has not yet set hard; she may escape the thrall of heavy national tradition.

The reader will conclude that I am not very fond of national tradition.

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Indeed I am not, for I think that national traditions, when they are strong, tend to conflict with other national traditions, and therefore to create wars. The French tradition, from the ninth century right up to the ridiculous expedition of Napoleon III to Mexico, was the tradition of glory (disgusting word), and the source of endless wars. The Prussian tradition—likewise its ridiculous mechanism—landed the wretched Prussians into four wars in fifty years. The English tradition has, in that sense, proved less damaging, because England has seldom attacked powerful antagonists; she selected savages easy to overawe. She has avoided considerable foes, and preferred to subsidize the states which did the actual fighting.

It may be fairly said before closing this side of the subject that national tradition seems to be a new phenomenon. There was hardly such a thing as a truly national tradition before the end of the eighteenth century. Until then wars were conducted mainly by armies of brigands paid by loot; the regulars were mercenaries, and one often found Scotchmen under one flag gaily fighting other Scotchmen under another flag. National tradition was practically consolidated by Napoleon, who substituted for the semi-illegal press-gang legal conscription. National feeling has developed to its maximum only during the last century. It is now at its crisis, thanks to the excitement of the war. A man is nowadays judged according to whether he is, say, a Dutchman, and a detestable neutral, an Italian, and an ex-ally, or a German, only more detestable than the neutral. The war has immensely strengthened national tradition. It made a nationality the main characteristic of a man; for four and a half years all one wanted to know was: (1) What is your nationality? (2) Are you of military age? That hysteria will, of course, subside, for there are no patriots in peace-time. Also, the differences which have sprung up all over the world between the nations engaged in the conflict may be summarized in this: War may not have taught us to love our enemies, but it has certainly taught us to hate our allies.

I believe that the forces which before the war were working against the national tradition will once more operate. Travel, commercial links, international combines, aircraft—all this, by mingling men, reduces the national sense to the sense of the pocket. The growing international relations of labor work in the same direction, so that, in one way, at least, capitalist and labor man are united in a common task. How long this will take I do not know, but I am assured that the growth of international relations will reduce the potency of the national impulse. Immigration will also have its effect. It is all very well for Mr. Zangwill to call America the Melting-pot, but it would be an illusion to think that the pot is not affected by the stuff one melts in it.

The effects of tradition are neither wholly good nor bad. To begin with, nothing that is human can be summed up like that; in this world there are neither black demons nor stainless saints—ours is a piebald population. At bottom I should like to speak evil of tradition, because I am a modern; if I wanted to open a shop, I should not paint upon its front, "Founded in 1776," but, rather, "Reorganized in 1920." I see tradition rather as a black spirit that hovers behind us, prompting us to do things because our forefathers did them, preventing us from examining these things in the light of our common sense. I dislike the past. I feel that the railway improves on the stage-coach, that we wash more thoroughly than our grandparents, and that we write better novels than ever did Thackeray. Only, when these aversions have been set down, I am forced to acknowledge that when I do meet a man who does not too loudly proclaim his traditional impulses, and yet is following them out—well, I rather like him. I detest the insolence of the aristocratic young officer, but I like his clothes

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and the way he has his hair cut. I dislike the grand lady who talks about the "lower classes," but she is a rather charming woman to meet. It's very awkward. Why can't people exemplify three centuries of culture and be modern all the same?

I suppose that tradition is a good thing, like whisky, if one does not have too much of it. (I do not want to open in an American magazine such a painful question as this; I suppose that my readers, while reserving their views on spirits, are modern enough to consider that on tradition we might go dry.) I must admire the tradition of the English middle class, which raised Cromwell and humbled the tyrant Stuart, that burned Bristol Town Hall to get a voice in the election of Parliament. Though its tradition does lead us to the worst pictures, the worst novels, and the greatest void of ideas, it does represent something which mankind cannot do without. America has had its share of that fine tradition, its sense of duty, its sense of justice, its courage, through the Pilgrim Fathers, through the hardy English stock which hunted savages out of the rich lands between the coasts of two oceans. Likewise we cannot do without the American tradition of openness to every idea and to every device. It is a significant thing that the bulk of scientific inventions in America originates from men with English, Scottish, and Irish names—men who were not listened to in their own country, but were listened to in America. The world needs the harsh Scottish tradition, its leaning toward education for its own sake; it needs the tradition of Japanese courage, of German thoroughness, of French lucidity. Our traditions may become old men of the sea that we bear on aching shoulders; the soldier's pack is heavy, but yet it contains things that the soldier must have.

It may be that everything in the world is more or less traditional. We are sure of this when we consider the formation of European states. It does not matter which one you select, whether France, Germany, Italy, or Spain. First an agricultural people harried by barbarian invaders. Then come the local lords, maintaining a restricted peace over small areas. Then greater lords who impose overlordship on the minor lords. Then the kings, overlords of the minor lords, increasing the area of peace and ultimately of prosperity. Simultaneously with the overlords you see the common people rising, creating guilds or powerful cities such as Venice. The power of the common people increases. The power of the kings increases. The overlords rise against the king-autocrat and impose upon him some sort of Magna Charta. Then the common people rise and impose upon him a people's Parliament. Ultimately the kings tend to fall, the Parliament to grow supreme; the struggle extends on economic lines between the new aristocrats (the rich) and the new common people (the poor).

That is the harmonious course of nearly all history; America shares in it, starting at a different stage. American history merely starts a little later. The beheading of Charles I mattered to the United States nearly as much as it did to Britain. The English tradition of popular government crossed the Atlantic in the *Mayflower;* it was the spirit of the Cromwellians that caused the historical tea-chests to be thrown into Boston Harbor. As history develops, tradition will weaken, because tradition binds individuals less and less strongly as they grow more individual. Education is the enemy of tradition, just as personal examination is the enemy of faith. As soon as a man begins to think he begins to doubt. In his childhood he tries to say "Shibboleth" in the way he is told to—but the grown man replies: "Why should I say 'Shibboleth' as you do? It doesn't matter how I pronounce it." Authority then gasps, "But, my dear fellow, your father could pronounce 'Shibboleth.'" And the untraditional man retorts: "Maybe. But I won't. I'll say it in my own way."

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THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH

II.—THE VANISHING PRINCE

BY GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

THIS tale begins among a tangle of tales round a name that is at once recent and legendary. The name is that of Michael O'Neill, popularly called Prince Michael, partly because he claimed descent from ancient Fenian princes, and partly because he was credited with a plan to make himself prince president of Ireland, as the last Napoleon did of France. He was undoubtedly a gentleman of honorable pedigree and of many accomplishments, but two of his accomplishments emerged from all the rest. He had a talent for appearing when he was not wanted and a talent for disappearing when he was wanted, especially when he was wanted by the police. It may be added that his disappearances were more dangerous than his appearances. In the latter he seldom went beyond the sensational—pasting up seditious placards, tearing down official placards, making flamboyant speeches, or unfurling forbidden flags. But in order to effect the former he would sometimes fight for his freedom with startling energy, from which men were sometimes lucky to escape with a broken head instead of a broken neck. His most famous feats of escape, however, were due to dexterity and not to violence. On a cloudless summer morning he had come down a country road white with dust, and, pausing outside a farm-house, had told the farmer's daughter, with elegant indifference, that the local police were in pursuit of him. The girl's name was Bridget Royce, a somber and even sullen type of beauty, and she looked at him darkly, as if in doubt, and said, "Do you want me to hide you?" Upon which he only laughed, leaped lightly over the stone wall, and strode toward the farm, merely throwing over his shoulder the remark, "Thank you, I have generally been quite capable of hiding myself." In which proceeding he acted with a tragic ignorance of the nature of women; and there fell on his path in that sunshine a shadow of doom.

While he disappeared through the farm-house the girl remained for a few moments looking up the road, and two perspiring policemen came plowing up to the door where she stood. Though still angry, she was still silent, and a quarter of an hour later the officers had searched the house and were already inspecting the kitchen garden and corn-field behind it. In the ugly reaction of her mood she might have been tempted even to point out the fugitive, but for a small difficulty—that she had no more notion than the policemen had of where he could possibly have gone. The kitchen garden was inclosed by a very low wall, and the corn-field beyond lay aslant like a square patch on a great green hill on which he could still have been seen even as a dot in the distance. Everything stood solid in its familiar place; the apple-tree was too small to support or hide a climber; the only shed stood open and obviously empty; there was no sound save the droning of summer flies and the occasional flutter of a bird unfamiliar enough to be surprised by the scarecrow in the field; there was scarcely a shadow save a few blue lines that fell from the thin tree; every detail was picked out by the brilliant daylight

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as if in a microscope. The girl described the scene later, with all the passionate realism of her race, and, whether or no the policemen had a similar eye for the picturesque, they had at least an eye for the facts of the case, and were compelled to give up the chase and retire from the scene. Bridget Royce remained as if in a trance, staring at the sunlit garden in which a man had just vanished like a fairy. She was still in a sinister mood, and the miracle took in her mind a character of unfriendliness and fear, as if the fairy were decidedly a bad fairy. The sun upon the glittering garden depressed her more than darkness, but she continued to stare at it. Then the world itself went half-witted and she screamed. The scarecrow moved in the sunlight. It had stood with its back to her in a battered old black hat and a tattered garment, and with all its tatters flying, it strode away across the hill.

She did not analyze the audacious trick by which the man had turned to his advantage the subtle effects of the expected and the obvious; she was still under the cloud of more individual complexities, and she noticed most of all that the vanishing scarecrow did not even turn to look at the farm. And the fates that were running so adverse to his fantastic career of freedom ruled that his next adventure, though it had the same success in another quarter, should increase the danger in this quarter. Among the many similar adventures related of him in this manner it is also said that some days afterward another girl, named Mary Cregan, found him concealed on the farm where she worked; and if the story is true, she must also have had the shock of an uncanny experience, for when she was busy at some lonely task in the yard she heard a voice speaking out of the well, and found that the eccentric had managed to drop himself into the bucket which was some little way below, the well only partly full of water. In this case, however, he had to appeal to the woman to wind up the rope. And men say it was when this news was told to the other woman that her soul walked over the boarder line of treason.

Such, at least, were the stories told of him in the countryside, and there were many more—as that he had stood insolently in a splendid green dressing-gown on the steps of a great hotel, and then led the police a chase through a long suite of grand apartments, and finally through his own bedroom on to a balcony that overhung the river. The moment the pursuers stepped onto the balcony it broke under them, and they dropped pell-mell into the eddying waters, while Michael, who had thrown off his gown and dived, was able to swim away. It was said that he had carefully cut away the props so that they would not support anything so heavy as a policeman. But here again he was immediately fortunate, yet ultimately unfortunate, for it is said that one of the men was drowned, leaving a family feud which made a little rift in his popularity. These stories can now be told in some detail, not because they are the most marvelous of his many adventures, but because these alone were not covered with silence by the loyalty of the peasantry. These alone found their way into official reports, and it is these which three of the chief officials of the country were reading and discussing when the more remarkable part of this story begins.

Night was far advanced and the lights shone in the cottage that served for a temporary police station near the coast. On one side of it were the last houses of the straggling village, and on the other nothing but a waste moorland stretching away toward the sea, the line of which was broken by no landmark except a solitary tower of the prehistoric pattern still found in Ireland, standing up as slender as a column, but pointed like a pyramid. At a wooden table in front of the window which normally looked out on this landscape sat two men in plain clothes, but with something of a military bearing, for indeed they were the two chiefs of the detective service of that

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district. The senior of the two, both in age and rank, was a sturdy man with a short white beard, and frosty eyebrows fixed in a frown which suggested rather worry than severity.

His name was Morton, and he was a Liverpool man long pickled in the Irish quarrels, and doing his duty among them in a sour fashion not altogether unsympathetic. He had spoken a few sentences to his companion, Nolan, a tall, dark man with a cadavorous equine Irish face, when he seemed to remember something and touched a bell which rang in another room. The subordinate he had summoned immediately appeared with a sheaf of papers in his hand.

"Sit down, Wilson," he said. "Those are the depositions, I suppose."

"Yes," replied the third officer. "I think I've got all there is to be got out of them, so I sent the people away."

"Did Mary Cregan give evidence?" asked Morton, with a frown that looked a little heavier than usual.

"No, but her master did," answered the man called Wilson, who had flat, red hair and a plain, pale face, not without sharpness. "I think he's hanging round the girl himself and is out against a rival. There's always some reason of that sort when we are told the truth about anything. And you bet the other girl told right enough."

"Well, let's hope they'll be some sort of use," remarked Nolan, in a somewhat hopeless manner, gazing out into the darkness.

"Anything is to the good," said Morton, "that lets us know anything about him."

"Do we know anything about him?" asked the melancholy Irishman.

"We know one thing about him," said Wilson, "and it's the one thing that nobody ever knew before. We know where he is."

"Are you sure?" inquired Morton, looking at him sharply.

"Quite sure," replied his assistant. "At this very minute he is in that tower over there by the shore. If you go near enough you'll see the candle burning in the window."

As he spoke the noise of a horn sounded on the road outside, and a moment after they heard the throbbing of a motor-car brought to a standstill before the door. Morton instantly sprang to his feet.

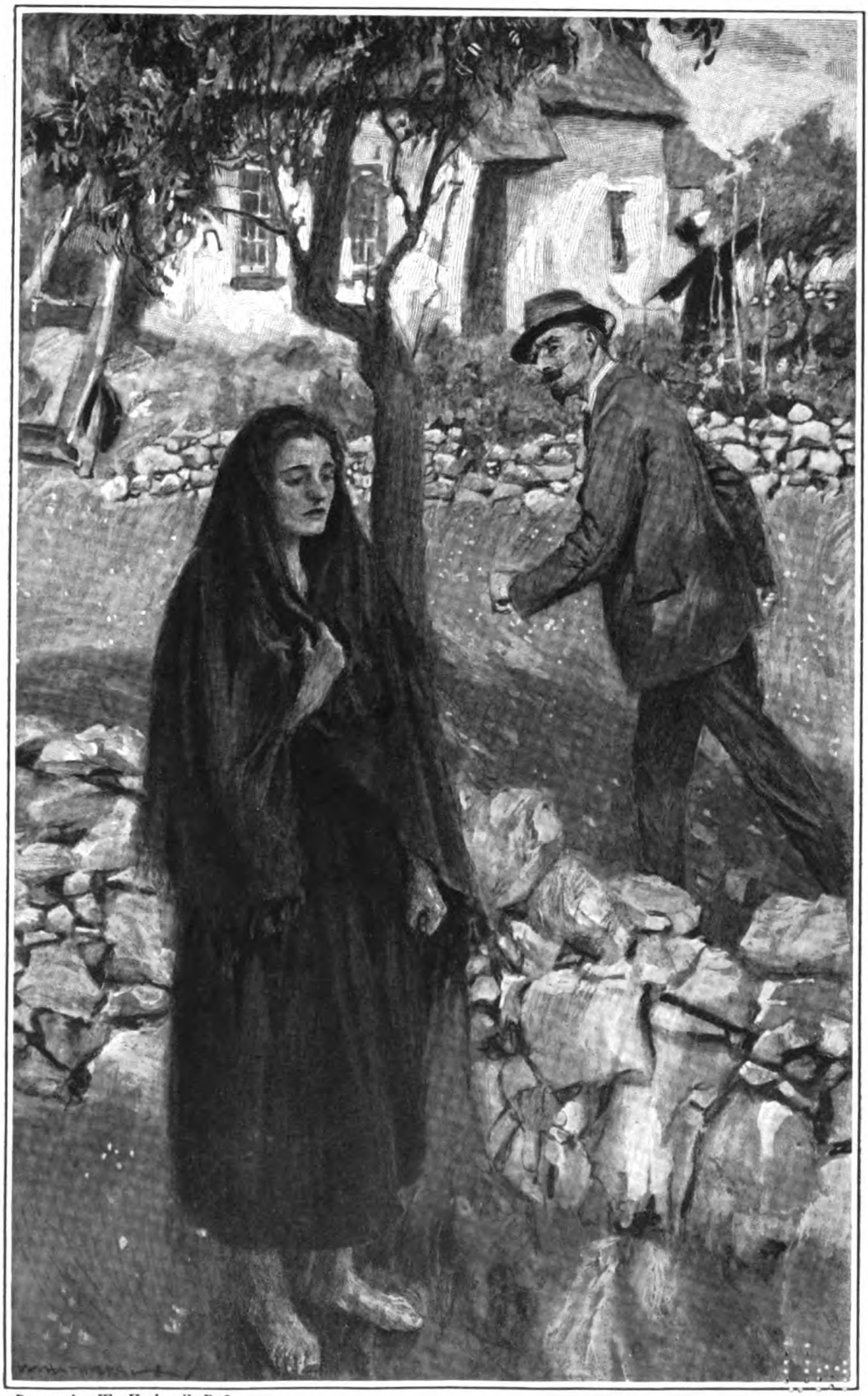
"Thank the Lord that's the car from Dublin," he said. "I can't do anything without special authority, not if he were sitting on the top of the tower and putting out his tongue at us. But the chief can do what he thinks best."

He hurried out to the entrance and was soon exchanging greetings with a big handsome man in a fur coat, who brought into the dingy little station the indescribable glow of the great cities and the luxuries of the great world.

For this was Sir Walter Carey, an official of such eminence in Dublin Castle that nothing short of the case of Prince Michael would have brought him on such a journey in the middle of the night. But the case of Prince Michael, as it happened, was complicated by legalism as well as lawlessness. On the last occasion he had escaped by a forensic quibble and not, as usual, by a private escapade; and it was a question whether at the moment he was amenable to the law or not. It might be necessary to stretch a point, but a man like Sir Walter could probably stretch it as far as he liked.

Whether he intended to do so was a question to be considered. Despite the almost aggressive touch of luxury in the fur coat, it soon became apparent that Sir Walter's large leonine head was for use as well as ornament, and he considered the matter soberly and sanely enough. Five chairs were set round the plain deal table, for Sir Walter had brought with him a young relative and secretary named Horne Fisher, a rather languid young man with a light mustache and hair prematurely thinned. Sir Walter listened with grave attention, and his secretary with polite boredom, to the string of episodes by which the

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Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.

"THANK YOU, I HAVE GENERALLY BEEN QUITE CAPABLE OF HIDING MYSELF"

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police had traced the flying rebel from the steps of the hotel to the solitary tower beside the sea. There at least he was cornered between the moors and the breakers; and the scout sent by Wilson reported him as writing under a solitary candle, perhaps composing another of his tremendous proclamations. Indeed, it would have been typical of him to choose it as the place in which finally to turn to bay. He had some remote claim on it, as on a family castle; and those who knew him thought him capable of imitating the primitive Irish chieftains who fell fighting against the sea.

"I saw some queer-looking people leaving as I came in," said Sir Walter Carey. "I suppose they were your witnesses. But why do they turn up here at this time of night?"

Morton smiled grimly. "They come here by night because they would be dead men if they came here by day. They are criminals committing a crime that is more horrible here than theft or murder."

"What crime do you mean?" asked the other, with some curiosity.

"They are helping the law," said Morton.

There was a silence, and Sir Walter considered the papers before him with an abstracted eye. At last he spoke.

"Quite so; but look here, if the local feeling is as lively as that there are a good many points to consider. I believe the new Act will enable me to collar him now if I think it best. But is it best? A serious rising would do us no good in Parliament, and the government has enemies in England as well as Ireland. It won't do if I have done what looks a little like sharp practice, and then only raised a revolution."

"It's all the other way," said the man called Wilson, rather quickly. "There won't be half so much of a revolution if you arrest him as there will if you leave him loose for three days longer. But, anyhow, there can't be anything nowadays that the proper police can't manage."

"Mr. Wilson is a Londoner," said the Irish detective, with a smile.

"Yes, I'm a cockney, all right," replied Wilson, "and I think I'm all the better for that. Especially at this job, oddly enough."

Sir Walter seemed slightly amused at the pertinacity of the third officer, and perhaps even more amused at the slight accent with which he spoke, which rendered rather needless his boast about his origin.

"Do you mean to say," he asked, "that you know more about the business here because you have come from London?"

"Sounds funny, I know, but I do believe it," answered Wilson. "I believe these affairs want fresh methods. But most of all I believe they want a fresh eye."

The superior officers laughed, and the red-haired man went on with a slight touch of temper:

"Well, look at the facts. See how the fellow got away every time, and you'll understand what I mean. Why was he able to stand in the place of the scarecrow, hidden by nothing but an old hat? Because it was a village policeman who knew the scarecrow was there, was expecting it, and therefore took no notice of it. Now I never expect a scarecrow. I've never seen one in the street, and I stare at one when I see it in the field. It's a new thing to me and worth noticing. And it was just the same when he hid in the well. You are ready to find a well in a place like that; you look for a well, and so you don't see it. I don't look for it, and therefore I do look at it."

"It is certainly an idea," said Sir Walter, smiling, "but what about the balcony? Balconies are occasionally seen in London."

"But not rivers right under them, as if it was in Venice," replied Wilson.

"It is certainly a new idea," repeated Sir Walter, with something like respect. He had all the love of the luxurious classes for new ideas. But he also had a

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critical faculty, and was inclined to think, after due reflection, that it was a true idea as well.

Growing dawn had already turned the window-panes from black to gray when Sir Walter got abruptly to his feet. The others rose also, taking this for a signal that the arrest was to be undertaken. But their leader stood for a moment in deep thought, as if conscious that he had come to a parting of the ways.

Suddenly the silence was pierced by a long, wailing cry from the dark moors outside. The silence that followed it seemed more startling than the shriek itself, and it lasted until Nolan said, heavily:

"'Tis the banshee. Somebody is marked for the grave."

His long, large-featured face was as pale as a moon, and it was easy to remember that he was the only Irishman in the room.

"Well, I know that banshee," said Wilson, cheerfully, "ignorant as you think I am of these things. I talked to that banshee myself an hour ago, and I sent that banshée up to the tower and told her to sing out like that if she could get a glimpse of our friend writing his proclamation."

"Do you mean that girl Bridget Royce?" asked Morton, drawing his frosty brows together. "Has she turned king's evidence to that extent?"

"Yes," answered Wilson. "I know very little of these local things, you tell me, but I reckon an angry woman is much the same in all countries."

Nolan, however, seemed still moody and unlike himself. "It's an ugly noise and an ugly business altogether," he said. "If it's really the end of Prince Michael it may well be the end of other things as well. When the spirit is on him he would escape by a ladder of dead men, and wade through that sea if it were made of blood."

"Is that the real reason of your pious alarms?" asked Wilson, with a slight sneer.

The Irishman's pale face blackened with a new passion.

"I have fáced as many murderers in County Clare as you ever fought with in Clapham Junction, Mr. Cockney," he said.

"Hush, please," said Morton, sharply. "Wilson, you have no kind of right to imply doubt of your superior's conduct. I hope you will prove yourself as courageous and trustworthy as he has always been."

The pale face of the red-haired man seemed a shade paler, but he was silent and composed, and Sir Walter went up to Nolan with marked courtesy, saying, "Shall we go outside now, and get this business done?"

Dawn had lifted, leaving a wide chasm of white between a great gray cloud and the great gray moorland, beyond which the tower was outlined against the daybreak and the sea.

Something in its plain and primitive shape vaguely suggested the dawn in the first days of the earth, in some prehistoric time when even the colors were hardly created, when there was only blank daylight between cloud and clay. These dead hues were relieved only by one spot of gold—the spark of the candle alight in the window of the lonely tower, and burning on into the broadening daylight. As the group of detectives, followed by a cordon of policemen, spread out into a crescent to cut off all escape, the light in the tower flashed as if it were moved for a moment, and then went out. They knew the man inside had realized the daylight and blown out his candle.

"There are other windows, aren't there?" asked Morton, "and a door, of course, somewhere round the corner? Only a round tower has no corners."

"Another example of my small suggestion," observed Wilson, quietly. "That queer tower was the first thing I saw when I came to these parts; and I can tell you a little more about it—or, at any rate, the outside of it. There are four windows altogether, one a little way from this one, but just out of sight. Those are both on the ground floor, and so is the third on the other side, making

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a sort of triangle. But the fourth is just above the third, and I suppose it looks on an upper floor."

"It's only a sort of loft, reached by a ladder," said Nolan. "I've played in the place when I was a child. It's no more than an empty shell." And his sad face grew sadder, thinking perhaps of the tragedy of his country and the part that he played in it.

"The man must have got a table and chair, at any rate," said Wilson, "but no doubt he could have got those from some cottage. If I might make a suggestion, sir, I think we ought to approach all the five entrances at once, so to speak. One of us should go to the door and one to each window; Macbride here has a ladder for the upper window."

Mr. Horne Fisher, the languid secretary, turned to his distinguished relative and spoke for the first time.

"I am rather a convert to the cockney school of psychology," he said in an almost inaudible voice.

The others seemed to feel the same influence in different ways, for the group began to break up in the manner indicated. Morton moved toward the window immediately in front of them, where the hidden outlaw had just snuffed the candle; Nolan, a little farther westward to the next window; while Wilson, followed by Macbride with the ladder, went round to the two windows at the back. Sir Walter Carey himself, followed by his secretary, began to walk round toward the only door, to demand admittance in a more regular fashion.

"He will be armed, of course," remarked Sir Walter, casually.

"By all accounts," replied Horne Fisher, "he can do more with a candlestick than most men with a pistol. But he is pretty sure to have the pistol, too."

Even as he spoke the question was answered with a tongue of thunder. Morton had just placed himself in front of the nearest window, his broad shoulders blocking the aperture. For an instant it was lit from within as with red fire, followed by a thundering throng of echoes. The square shoulders seemed to alter in shape, and the sturdy figure collapsed among the tall, rank grasses at the foot of the tower. A puff of smoke floated from the window like a little cloud. The two men behind rushed to the spot and raised him, but he was dead.

Sir Walter straightened himself and called out something that was lost in another noise of firing; it was possible that the police were already avenging their comrade from the other side. Fisher had already raced round to the next window, and a new cry of astonishment from him brought his patron to the same spot. Nolan, the Irish policeman, had also fallen, sprawling all his great length in the grass, and it was red with his blood. He was still alive when they reached him, but there was death on his face, and he was only able to make a final gesture telling them that all was over; and, with a broken word and a heroic effort, motioning them on to where his other comrades were besieging the back of the tower. Stunned by these rapid and repeated shocks, the two men could only vaguely obey the gesture, and, finding their way to the other windows at the back, they discovered a scene equally startling, if less final and tragic. The other two officers were not dead or mortally wounded, but Macbride lay with a broken leg and his ladder on top of him, evidently thrown down from the top window of the tower; while Wilson lay on his face, quite still as if stunned, with his red head among the gray and silver of the sea-holly. In him, however, the impotence was but momentary, for he began to move and rise as the others came round the tower.

"My God! it's like an explosion!" cried Sir Walter; and indeed it was the only word for this unearthly energy, by which one man had been able to deal death or destruction on three sides of the same small triangle at the same instant.

Wilson had already scrambled to his feet and with splendid energy flew again at the window, revolver in hand. He

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fired twice into the opening and then disappeared in his own smoke; but the thud of his feet and the shock of a falling chair told them that the intrepid Londoner had managed at last to leap into the room. Then followed a curious silence; and Sir Walter, walking to the window through the thinning smoke, looked into the hollow shell of the ancient tower. Except for Wilson, staring around him, there was nobody there.

The inside of the tower was a single empty room, with nothing but a plain wooden chair and a table on which were pens, ink and paper, and the candlestick. Half-way up the high wall there was a rude timber platform under the upper window, a small loft which was more like a large shelf. It was reached only by a ladder, and it seemed to be as bare as the bare walls. Wilson completed his survey of the place and then went and stared at the things on the table. Then he silently pointed with his lean forefinger at the open page of the large note-book. The writer had suddenly stopped writing, even in the middle of a word.

"I said it was like an explosion," said Sir Walter Carey at last. "And really the man himself seems to have suddenly exploded. But he has blown himself up somehow without touching the tower. He's burst more like a bubble than a bomb."

"He has touched more valuable things than the tower," said Wilson, gloomily.

There was a long silence, and then Sir Walter said, seriously: "Well, Mr. Wilson, I am not a detective, and these unhappy happenings have left you in charge of that branch of the business. We all lament the cause of this, but I should like to say that I myself have the strongest confidence in your capacity for carrying on the work. What do you think we should do next?"

Wilson seemed to rouse himself from his depression and acknowledged the speaker's words with a warmer civility than he had hitherto shown to anybody. He called in a few of the police to assist in routing out the interior, leaving the rest to spread themselves in a search-party outside.

"I think," he said, "the first thing is to make quite sure about the inside of this place, as it was hardly physically possible for him to have got outside. I suppose poor Nolan would have brought in his banshee and said it was supernaturally possible. But I've got no use for disembodied spirits when I'm dealing with facts. And the facts before me are an empty tower with a ladder, a chair, and a table."

"The spiritualists," said Sir Walter, with a smile, "would say that spirits could find a great deal of use for a table."

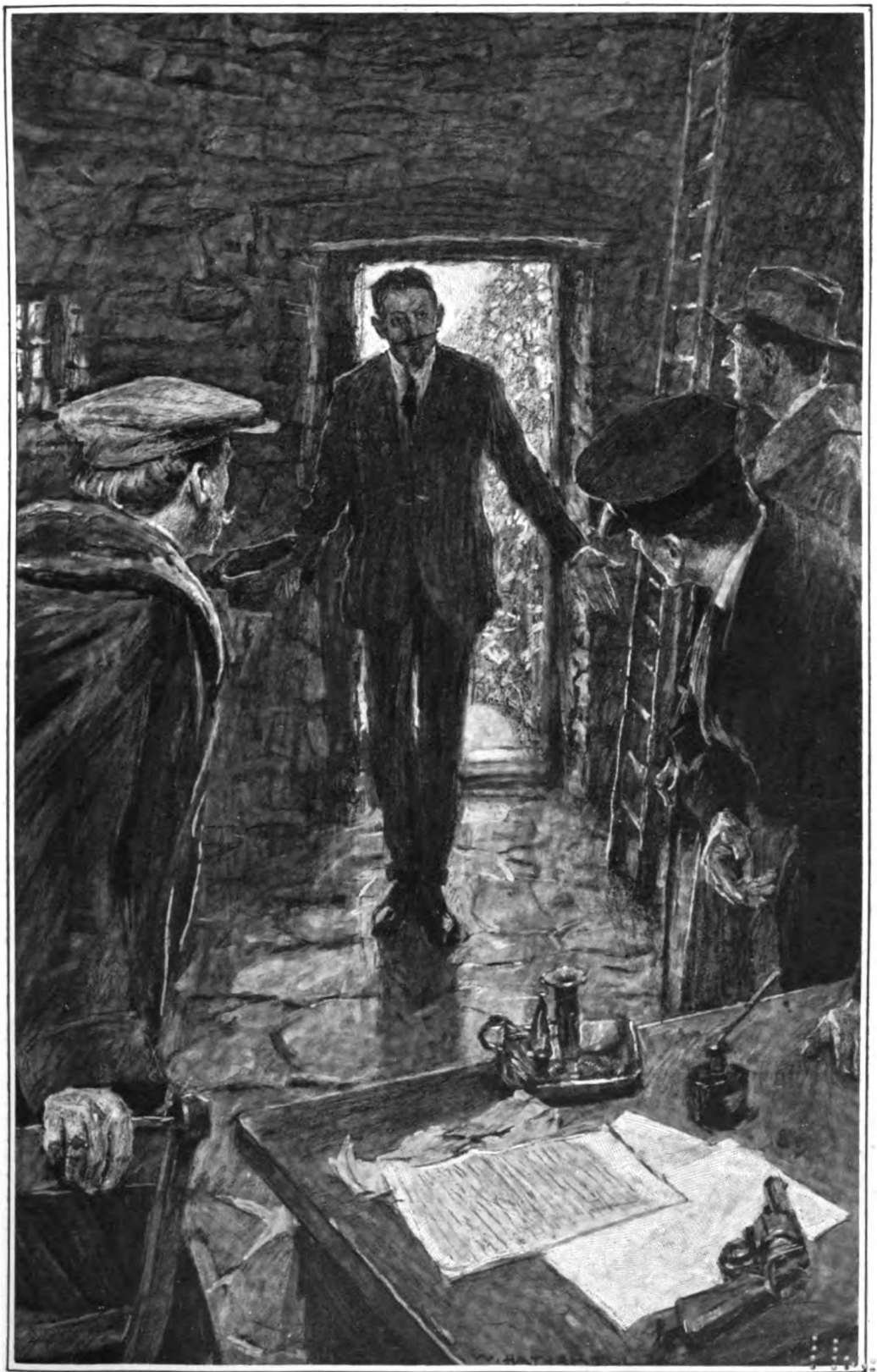
"I dare say they could if the spirits were on the table—in a bottle," replied Wilson, with a curl of his pale lip. "The people round here, when they're all sodden up with Irish whisky, may believe in such things. I think they want a little education in this country."

Horne Fisher's heavy eyelids fluttered in a faint attempt to rise, as if he were tempted to a lazy protest against the contemptuous tone of the investigator.

"The Irish believe far too much in spirits to believe in spiritualism," he murmured. "They know too much about 'em. If you want a simple and childlike faith in any spirit that comes along you can get it in your favorite London."

"I don't want to get it anywhere," said Wilson, shortly. "I say I'm dealing with much simpler things than your simple faith, with a table and a chair and a ladder. Now what I want to say about them at the start is this. They are all three made roughly enough of plain wood. But the table and the chair are fairly new and comparatively clean. The ladder is covered with dust and there is a cobweb under the top rung of it. That means that he borrowed the first two quite recently from some cottage, as we supposed, but the ladder has been a long time in this rotten old dust-bin. Probably it was part of the original furniture,

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Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I. Engraved by H. Leinroth

"GENTLEMEN, THIS IS A POOR PLACE, BUT YOU ARE HEARTILY WELCOME"

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an heirloom in this magnificent palace of the Irish kings."

Again Fisher looked at him under his eyelids, but seemed too sleepy to speak, and Wilson went on with his argument.

"Now it's quite clear that something very odd has just happened in this place. The chances are ten to one, it seems to me, that it had something specially to do with this place. Probably he came here because he could do it only here; it doesn't seem very inviting otherwise. But the man knew it of old; they say it belonged to his family, so that altogether, I think, everything points to something in the construction of the tower itself."

"Your reasoning seems to me excellent," said Sir Walter, who was listening attentively. "But what could it be?"

"You see now what I mean about the ladder," went on the detective; "it's the only old piece of furniture here and the first thing that caught that cockney eye of mine. But there is something else. That loft up there is a sort of lumber-room without any lumber. So far as I can see, it's as empty as everything else; and, as things are, I don't see the use of the ladder leading to it. It seems to me, as I can't find anything unusual down here, that it might pay us to look up there."

He got briskly off the table on which he was sitting (for the only chair was allotted to Sir Walter) and ran rapidly up the ladder to the platform above. He was soon followed by the others, Mr. Fisher going last, however, with an appearance of considerable nonchalance.

At this stage, however, they were destined to disappointment; Wilson nosed in every corner like a terrier and examined the roof almost in the posture of a fly, but half an hour afterward they had to confess that they were still without a clue. Sir Walter's private secretary seemed more and more threatened with inappropriate slumber, and, having been the last to climb up the ladder, seemed now to lack the energy even to climb down again.

"Come along, Fisher," called out Sir Walter from below, when the others had regained the floor. "We must consider whether we'll pull the whole place to pieces to see what it's made of."

"I'm coming in a minute," said the voice from the ledge above their heads, a voice somewhat suggestive of an articulate yawn.

"What are you waiting for?" asked Sir Walter, impatiently. "Can you see anything there?"

"Well, yes, in a way," replied the voice, vaguely. "In fact, I see it quite plain now."

"What is it?" asked Wilson, sharply, from the table on which he sat kicking his heels restlessly.

"Well, it's a man," said Horne Fisher.

Wilson bounded off the table as if he had been kicked off it. "What do you mean?" he cried. "How can you possibly see a man?"

"I can see him through the window," replied the secretary, mildly. "I see him coming across the moor. He's making a bee-line across the open country toward this tower. He evidently means to pay us a visit. And, considering who it seems to be, perhaps it would be more polite if we were all at the door to receive him." And in a leisurely manner the secretary came down the ladder.

"Who it seems to be!" repeated Sir Walter in astonishment.

"Well, I think it's the man you call Prince Michael," observed Mr. Fisher, airily. "In fact, I'm sure it is. I've seen the police portraits of him."

There was a dead silence, and Sir Walter's usually steady brain seemed to go round like a windmill.

"But, hang it all!" he said at last, "even supposing his own explosion could have thrown him half a mile away, without passing through any of the windows, and left him alive enough for a country walk—even then, why the devil should he walk in this direction? The murderer does not generally revisit the scene of his crime so rapidly as all that."

"He doesn't know yet that it is the

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scene of his crime," answered Horne Fisher.

"What on earth do you mean? You credit him with rather singular absence of mind."

"Well, the truth is, it isn't the scene of his crime," said Fisher, and went and looked out of the window.

There was another silence, and then Sir Walter said, quietly: "What sort of notion have you really got in your head, Fisher? Have you developed a new theory about how this fellow escaped out of the ring round him?"

"He never escaped at all," answered the man at the window, without turning round. "He never escaped out of the ring because he was never inside the ring. He was not in this tower at all, at least not when we were surrounding it."

He turned and leaned back against the window, but, in spite of his usual listless manner, they almost fancied that the face in shadow was a little pale.

"I began to guess something of the sort when we were some way from the tower," he said. "Did you notice that sort of flash or flicker the candle gave before it was extinguished? I was almost certain it was only the last leap the flame gives when a candle burns itself out. And then I came into this room and I saw that."

He pointed at the table and Sir Walter caught his breath with a sort of curse at his own blindness. For the candle in the candlestick had obviously burned itself away to nothing and left him, mentally, at least, very completely in the dark.

"Then there is a sort of mathematical question," went on Fisher, leaning back in his limp way and looking up at the bare walls, as if tracing imaginary diagrams there. "It's not so easy for a man in the third angle to face the other two at the same moment, especially if they are at the base of an isosceles. I am sorry if it sounds like a lecture on geometry, but—"

"I'm afraid we have no time for it," said Wilson, coldly. "If this man is really coming back, I must give my orders at once."

"I think I'll go on with it, though," observed Fisher, staring at the roof with insolent serenity.

"I must ask you, Mr. Fisher, to let me conduct my inquiry on my own lines," said Wilson, firmly. "I am the officer in charge now."

"Yes," remarked Horne Fisher, softly, but with an accent that somehow chilled the hearer. "Yes. But why?"

Sir Walter was staring, for he had never seen his rather lackadaisical young friend look like that before. Fisher was looking at Wilson with lifted lids, and the eyes under them seemed to have shed or shifted a film, as do the eyes of an eagle.

"Why are you the officer in charge now?" he asked. "Why can you conduct the inquiry on your own lines now? How did it come about, I wonder, that the elder officers are not here to interfere with anything you do?"

Nobody spoke, and nobody can say how soon any one would have collected his wits to speak when a noise came from without. It was the heavy and hollow sound of a blow upon the door of the tower, and to their shaken spirits it sounded strangely like the hammer of doom.

The wooden door of the tower moved on its rusty hinges under the hand that struck it and Prince Michael came into the room. Nobody had the smallest doubt about his identity. His light clothes, though frayed with his adventures, were of fine and almost foppish cut, and he wore a pointed beard, or imperial, perhaps as a further reminiscence of Louis Napoleon; but he was a much taller and more graceful man than his prototype. Before any one could speak he had silenced every one for an instant with a slight but splendid gesture of hospitality.

"Gentlemen," he said, "this is a poor place now, but you are heartily welcome."

Wilson was the first to recover, and he took a stride toward the new-comer.

"Michael O'Neill, I arrest you in the

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king's name for the murder of Francis Morton and James Nolan. It is my duty to warn you—"

"No, no, Mr. Wilson," cried Fisher, suddenly. "You shall not commit a third murder."

Sir Walter Carey rose from his chair, which fell over with a crash behind him. "What does all this mean?" he called out in an authoritative manner.

"It means," said Fisher, "that this man, Hooker Wilson, as soon as he had put his head in at that window, killed his two comrades who had put their heads in at the other windows, by firing across the empty room. That is what it means. And if you want to know, count how many times he is supposed to have fired and then count the charges left in his revolver."

Wilson, who was still sitting on the table, abruptly put a hand out for the weapon that lay beside him. But the next movement was the most unexpected of all, for the prince standing in the doorway passed suddenly from the dignity of a statue to the swiftness of an acrobat and rent the revolver out of the detective's hand.

"You dog!" he cried. "So you are the type of English truth, as I am of Irish tragedy—you who come to kill me, wading through the blood of your brethren. If they had fallen in a feud on the hillside, it would be called murder, and yet your sin might be forgiven you. But I, who am innocent, I was to be slain with ceremony. There would be long speeches and patient judges listening to my vain plea of innocence, noting down my despair and disregarding it. Yes, that is what I call assassination. But killing may be no murder; there is one shot left in this little gun, and I know where it should go."

Wilson turned quickly on the table, and even as he turned he twisted in agony, for Michael shot him through the body where he sat, so that he tumbled off the table like lumber.

The police rushed to lift him; Sir Walter stood speechless; and then, with a strange and weary gesture, Horne Fisher spoke.

"You are indeed a type of the Irish tragedy," he said. "You were entirely in the right, and you have put yourself in the wrong."

The prince's face was like marble for a space; then there dawned in his eyes a light not unlike that of despair. He laughed suddenly and flung the smoking pistol on the ground.

"I am indeed in the wrong," he said. "I have committed a crime that may justly bring a curse on me and my children."

Horne Fisher did not seem entirely satisfied with this very sudden repentance; he kept his eyes on the man and only said, in a low voice, "What crime do you mean?"

"I have helped English justice," replied Prince Michael. "I have avenged your king's officers; I have done the work of his hangman. For that truly I deserve to be hanged."

And he turned to the police with a gesture that did not so much surrender to them, but rather command them to arrest him.

This was the story that Horne Fisher told to Harold March, the journalist, many years after, in a little, but luxurious, restaurant near Piccadilly. He had invited March to dinner some time after the affair he called "The Face in the Target," and the conversation had naturally turned on that mystery and afterward on earlier memories of Fisher's life and the way in which he was led to study such problems as those of Prince Michael. Horne Fisher was fifteen years older; his thin hair had faded to frontal baldness, and his long, thin hands dropped less with affectation and more with fatigue. And he told the story of the Irish adventure of his youth, because it recorded the first occasion on which he had ever come in contact with crime, or discovered how darkly and how terribly crime can be entangled with law.

"Hooker Wilson was the first crim-

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inal I ever knew, and he was a policeman," explained Fisher, twirling his wine-glass. "And all my life has been a mixed-up business of the sort. He was a man of very real talent, and perhaps genius, and well worth studying, both as a detective and a criminal. His white face and red hair were typical of him, for he was one of those who are cold and yet on fire for fame; and he could control anger, but not ambition. He swallowed the snubs of his superiors in that first quarrel, though he boiled with resentment; but when he suddenly saw the two heads dark against the dawn and framed in the two windows, he could not miss the chance, not only of revenge, but of the removal of the two obstacles to his promotion. He was a dead shot and counted on silencing both, though proof against him would have been hard in any case. But, as a matter of fact, he had a narrow escape, in the case of Nolan, who lived just long enough to say, 'Wilson' and point. We thought he was summoning help for his comrade, but he was really denouncing his murderer. After that it was easy to throw down the ladder above him (for a man up a ladder cannot see clearly what is below and behind) and to throw himself on the ground as another victim of the catastrophe.

"But there was mixed up with his murderous ambition a real belief, not only in his own talents, but in his own theories. He did believe in what he called a fresh eye, and he did want scope for fresh methods. There was something in his view, but it failed where such things commonly fail, because the fresh eye cannot see the unseen. It is true about the ladder and the scarecrow, but not about the life and the soul; and he made a bad mistake about what a man like Michael would do when he heard a woman scream. All Michael's very vanity and vainglory made him rush out at once; he would have walked into Dublin Castle for a lady's glove. Call it his pose or what you will, but he would have done it. What happened when he met her is another story, and one we may never know, but from tales I've heard since, they must have been reconciled. Wilson was wrong there; but there was something, for all that, in his notion that the new-comer sees most, and that the man on the spot may know too much to know anything. He was right about some things. He was right about me."

"About you?" asked Harold March, in some wonder.

"I am the man who knows too much to know anything, or, at any rate, to do anything," said Horne Fisher. "I don't mean especially about Ireland. I mean about England. I mean about the whole way we are governed, and perhaps the only way we can be governed. You asked me just now what became of the survivors of that tragedy. Well, Wilson recovered and we managed to persuade him to retire. But we had to pension that damnable murderer more magnificently than any hero who ever fought for England. I managed to save Michael from the worst, but we had to send that perfectly innocent man to penal servitude for a crime we know he never committed, and it was only afterward that we could connive in a sneakish way at his escape. And Sir Walter Carey is Prime Minister of this country, which he would probably never have been if the truth had been told of such a horrible scandal in his department. It might have done for us altogether in Ireland; it would certainly have done for him. And he is my father's old friend, and has always smothered me with kindness. I am too tangled up with the whole thing, you see, and I was certainly never born to set it right. You look distressed, not to say shocked, and I'm not at all offended at it. Let us change the subject by all means, if you like. What do you think of this Burgundy? It's rather a discovery of mine, like the restaurant itself."

And he proceeded to talk learnedly and luxuriantly on all the wines of the world; on which subject, also, some moralists would consider that he knew too much.

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AMERICA GOES BACK TO WORK

IV.—THE GREAT SOUTHWEST

BY EDWARD HUNGERFORD

THE great new railroad station at Kansas City is not merely situated in almost the geographical center of the United States, but is a hub from which steel spokes stretch north, south, east, west. The New York Mail of the Wabash rests cheek by jowl with the Golden State Limited, the wheels of which will not cease turning until they have brought it into Los Angeles or San Diego, while on a near-by track one sees the Rock Island Express, bound north to St. Paul, Minneapolis, and even Winnipeg, standing alongside Santa Fé and Union Pacific flyers headed straight toward Dallas, Galveston, Memphis, New Orleans, El Paso, San Francisco, Chicago. In no other one station in America may one see at the same time such a number and variety of express trains. Our great terminals of the East —South Station in Boston, the Grand Central and the Pennsylvania in New York, Broad Street Station in Philadelphia—will handle more trains in the course of the average business day, but the major portion of them will be in suburban or commuter service. Yet each of these Eastern stations serves but one, or, at the most, two railroads. The Kansas City Union Station serves not only twelve separate and important systems, but, as each of these will average two or three distinct radiating lines, some twenty-seven or twenty-eight quite independent routes. This means a vast through passenger traffic—itself apparently quite justifying the $6,000,000 expenditure on the station building which was finished but half a dozen years ago, as well as the additional $44,000,000 spent on its approaches.

In no other station in America may one see such a variety of travel-bound folk. They are vastly more interesting than the trains. The great station, like most of its compeers in the United States, was built to last at least half a century, which, translated, means that well within a decade of its completion it is frequently crowded almost to the point of suffocation. Its great halls are nightly filled with a vast motley of human beings. At certain seasons of the year when traffic mounts to highest level these overflow the long brigades of benches in the waiting-rooms and camp with seeming hopelessness upon its marble-tessellated floor. At all times they flow through the spacious apartments. They eddy up against the bronze-fronted ticket wickets, form little streams and rivulets to and from the baggage- and parcel-rooms and lunch-rooms and restaurants, and find a lively satisfaction in studying at the news-stalls and the souvenir-stands. These last are tremendously fascinating. At no other railroad station in the United States have I seen news-stalls to be compared even with those at the Kansas City hub—their merchandise displayed after the fashion of department stores in a way fairly to compel purchase.

In this center of ceaseless activity one sees an ever-changing, but constant, cross-section of our American life: Canadians from the far north; tourists scurrying by Limited from New York or Chicago to the California coast; home-seekers, poor, patient, huddled folk who seem dazed and affrighted by the turmoil around about them, men, women, and children, too, bound to be future first

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citizens of future prosperous communities down in the Panhandle or New Mexico or Arizona; soldiers, negroes, Indians, become not merely prosperous, but genuinely wealthy with the oil booms of the past few years; Mexicans and Kansas City folk who seem forever fascinated by, and attracted to, their great new railroad station. One does not wonder why. I have gone across the land, from east to west and back again, north and south, and seemingly to all the places in between, and found no other one spot in all the land which is even comparable with this in entertainment. It never grows stale. Its variety does not cease.

St. Louis was the traditional gateway of the Southwest. In the days when the larger part of the traffic of this great new land moved on its rivers—the Mississippi, the Missouri, the Red, and the Arkansas—her supremacy was unquestioned; her rule was absolute. To her broad but ever-crowded levee came hundreds of steamboats, slow-moving and swift, and they were tethered side by side, their noses to the land, "like horses at the rail in county-fair time," I think Winston Churchill once put it.

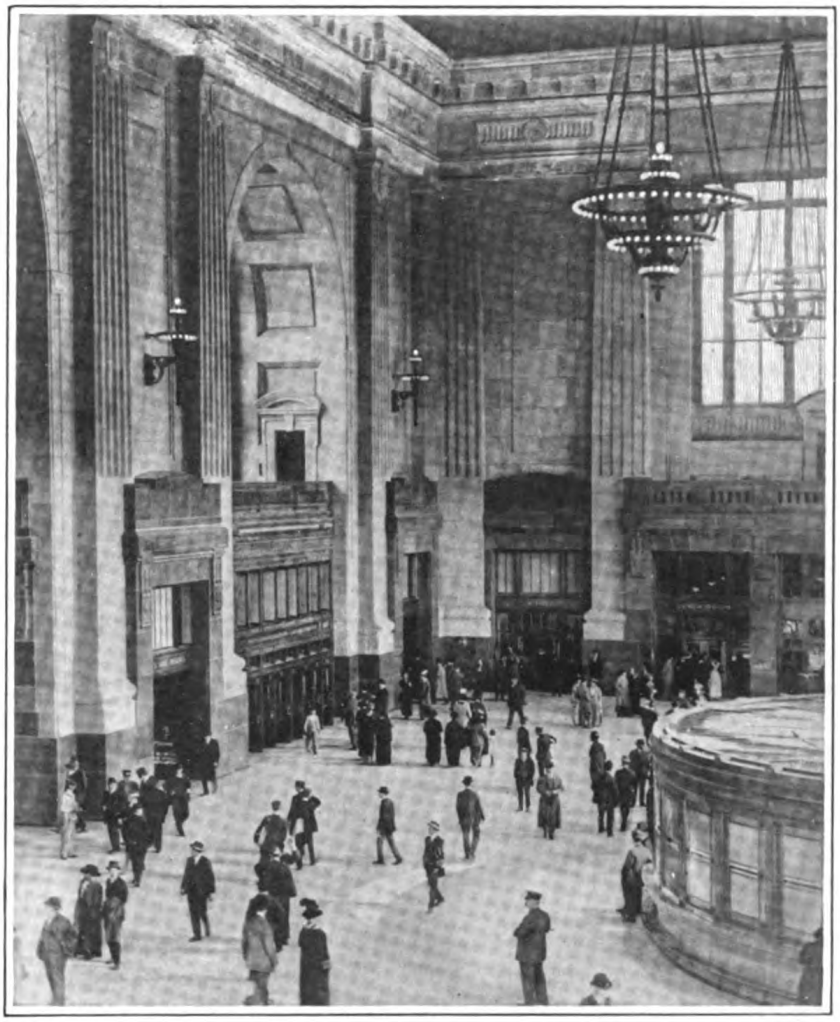
To-day St. Louis is no longer the supreme mistress of the Southwest and its destinies. She still is a most important distributing point into it, and an industrial city whose vigor and whose enterprise is never to be underrated, but she had to share her distinction as the gateway city to an empire of incredible wealth with that upstart town at the western border of Missouri, Kansas City, blithe, young, irrepressible, growing to-day like a youth in his teens. The railroad wrought the transformation. The trade of the river, rich in sentiment and in tradition, waned and to-day has all but died. Efforts to revive it have not as yet been particularly successful. The river steamboat, which Mark Twain loved to glorify, rich in color and carving and every other sort of ambitious artistic effort, has been crowded off by the ugly and thoroughly unsentimental box-car. A single train of these can carry from thirty to fifty times as much cargo as the old-time river boats, and at twice the speed.

While St. Louis still stood at the height of her power, a little woe-begone settlement nestled under the bluffs at the big bend of the Missouri, close to the spot where the Kaw emptied its waters into the larger stream and where the new territory of Kansas had its beginnings. The hamlet was known as Westport, and it was but a few miles distant from the then flourishing village of Independence. Independence had a fame of her own. She was a junction of no mean importance, and until comparatively recent years there still stood at her court-house square a laconic sign-post the two outstretched arms of which gave direction to the roads toward which they pointed. Its one arm read, "To Santa Fé"; its other, "To Oregon." From it the long trails stretched.

Farther up the river Westport was completely overshadowed by two or three much more ambitious towns—Leavenworth, Atchison, and St. Joe—the last rejoicing in the possession of a railroad, the Hannibal & St. Joseph, which had begun to play its own part in the remaking of the West. Once each day the train pulled in from the East. It was met by the two links of transportation which bound it to the Far West. Against the crude platform there were backed the stage-coaches of Ben Holliday that would carry a man all the way to Sacramento, if he had but the time, the courage, and the persistence, while at its end there rested the pony-rider, who, with his relays, would make that selfsame journey of two thousand miles in ten days—twelve at the outermost.

That was yesterday; this is to-day. The Westport of yesterday has become the Kansas City of to-day, high set on its hills above the river and a rail center of commanding importance. It is a genuine gateway, now, with its thirty-eight grain-elevators (with a total capac-

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THE KANSAS CITY STATION IS A HUB FROM WHICH RADIATE TWELVE OF AMERICA'S GREATEST RAILROAD SYSTEMS

ity of 25,000,000 bushels). It already is the largest primary winter wheat-market in the world. It lives wheat—and breathes it—yet it does not pin its faith alone on this great staple foodstuff, for, while it is the third largest center of the flour industry in the country, it is also the second for fruits and vegetables as well as for meat in car-load lots. In these days it has become very rich, just as the country for which it is the premier distributing center has also become rich, and therefore, quite naturally, perhaps, it has become the fifth of all American cities in its bank clearings.

Rich? The Southwest is fairly rolling in wealth, not wealth tightly amassed by a few, but wealth well distributed. Perhaps you have been reading in these recent months of the developments of the amazing oil-fields of Oklahoma—that brown and seemingly desolate land—and of Texas. It is already an old story now, as our get-rich-quick yarns of America go—of Burkburnett with the oil-wells drilled in the back yards of little houses, and modest people suddenly transplanted into the problems of the very wealthy. I myself met a man in Kansas City the other day who had amassed a competence through the Midas-like thrust of the oil-well borer. He had just purchased for himself not one, but two, private railroad cars, one

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for his own use and the other for the use of his son just attaining his majority. It would cost either of them the equivalent of twenty-five full railroad fares each time he set forth in one or the other of these luxurious equipages, in addition to all the costs of storing, equipping, and operating them. Yet this was a matter not even to be considered by this made-over-night millionaire, who confessed to me that until three years ago he never had ridden in a Pullman car, not even one of the moderate-priced tourist-sleeper variety. Day coaches heretofore had been his lot.

It was not an hour later that I stood in a haberdasher's shop there in the gateway city to the Southwest. An ill-dressed and slouchy man entered the place and demanded silk shirts. The salesman, with the sagacity born of his kind, showed him shirts priced at twelve dollars each.

"Are these the best you have?" demanded the customer.

The haberdasher's assistant choked. "We have a line at fifteen dollars," he finally admitted.

The customer took three, drew out a crisp fifty-dollar bill. The salesman thought of the change.

"Perhaps you would like some collars, too?" he suggested.

The suggestion met with an instant negative:

"I have never worn a collar in my life, and I don't intend starting in now."

Stories of quickly acquired wealth do not particularly fascinate me. Perhaps it is because of the atoms of jealousy which are in the veins of so many of us, but still I like to think of Kansas City, not in terms of railroad trains, or wheat-milling or bank clearings, but in those of houses—of real homes. She is a city of wage-earners and of householders. Of her entire population of nearly 350,000 folk—89 per cent. of them American-born—52 per cent. of her families own their own homes, as against 39 per cent. in New England and 36 per cent. in the North Atlantic states. And, while her much larger and much more cosmopolitan neighbor, St. Louis, with her great new motor-car industries, was forced recently to organize housing corporations so that her new-comers would not have to sleep in the open during the rigors of next winter, a thorough canvass throughout Kansas City developed no need whatsoever for such a step upon her part. In fact, during the first three months of the present year she granted more than 600 permits for houses to cost less than $6,000 each—a healthy sign indeed.

In fact, I think that it is but fair to say that it is this even development of wealth throughout the Southwest that has almost proved its social salvation. Kansas City's workers have prospered, exceedingly, just as her captains of industry have prospered exceedingly. And so she has been saved the bitter misunderstandings which have shaken so many of our industrial centers in the North and East. With the exception of a very bitter street-railway strike and the recent unpleasantness among the switchmen of the steam railroads—this last, of course, not local in any sense—she has had no strikes of any consequence since well before the coming of the war. She has contented herself with the building of more of the little homes that form so distinct a feature of her personality.

It was the late Col. William R. Nelson, editor and proprietor of the Kansas City *Star*, whose wealth, whose great good sense, and whose vision were responsible for the beginning of these small houses of extreme good taste. Colonel Nelson had personality; his bitterest enemies admitted that, and the *Star* showed it continually. But, because he had vision and good sense as well, he reached out into the outskirts of the growing city, a full dozen years ago, and purchased some fifty or sixty acres on the sloping edge of a deep ravine. A part of that land he took for his own home; the rest of it he divided into sites for the homes of the sort of folk whom

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he felt that he would like to have as neighbors. He built the houses himself, of most attractive architectural form. They never have been sold; merely rented, and to folk who were acceptable in every sense of the word. In no other way could the community within a community have attained a lasting success.

It is this taste for real homes, homes of good taste and good architecture, which has quite recently become a fairly dominating factor of life in other portions of our Southwest. You see these neat houses all the way down across it—at Topeka, at Emporia, at Hutchinson, at old Santa Fé, and Albuquerque; even in frontier cities like El Paso and Douglas and Tucson. Outwardly, these houses give expression of an inward desire for the really better things of life. On the April afternoon when I found myself in Lawrence and wandering about the campus of the rapidly growing University of Kansas, the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra was there, for both afternoon and evening concerts. On the following two evenings it played in McPherson and in Pratt, little farming towns which but a decade ago would openly have scorned classical music. Emporia was having a wonderful time. It had succumbed completely to the overall craze, and was inducting into office its new mayor—also the pastor of a local Methodist church—who proudly wore blue jeans as he took his oath of office. Yet Emporia's real delight is in the deeper things of life—literature, art, music. If you do not believe that, ask William Allen White. He knows. He has lived long enough to see Kansas the crude transform herself into Kansas the erudite; and a spirit of real culture accompanied her acquisition of learning.

One does not often think of Kansas as an industrial state. The usual comment which I heard early this year on her Governor's really ingenious plan for an industrial court was that it was a bully



KANSAS CITY'S BUSINESS CENTER HAS ACHIEVED A METROPOLITAN EFFECT

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experiment—for an agricultural commonwealth. Yet Governor Allen himself has assured me that fully 25 per cent. of her male population is to-day unionized. She is one of the greatest railroad states in the Union; 40,000 union workers are employed in the vast packing-houses of that Kansas City which is situate west of the Kaw and entirely within Kansas territory, while there are 13,000 miners in the Pittsburgh (Kansas) coal districts. It is these last who from the outset began to stir up trouble for Governor Allen's industrial court, which, you probably will recall, was enacted into law by a special session of the legislature during the worst phases of the nation-wide soft-coal strike last January.

"State socialism," groaned the big labor employers of the state when it first seemed likely that the doughty Governor of Kansas was going to have his way and would enact his pet inaugural measure. But the laborers—the mine laborers in particular—shrieked to high heaven. "It is servitude; Russia could not be worse!" was the burden of their plaint.

Governor Allen smiled. He realized the great mental strain under which many men labor when brought face to face with hard and radical change. The legislators sat in session but three days. They were determined to solve their problem promptly. The industrial court bill went through. Allen signed it.

"The Governor is a skunk," Alexander M. Howat is reported to have said immediately thereafter.

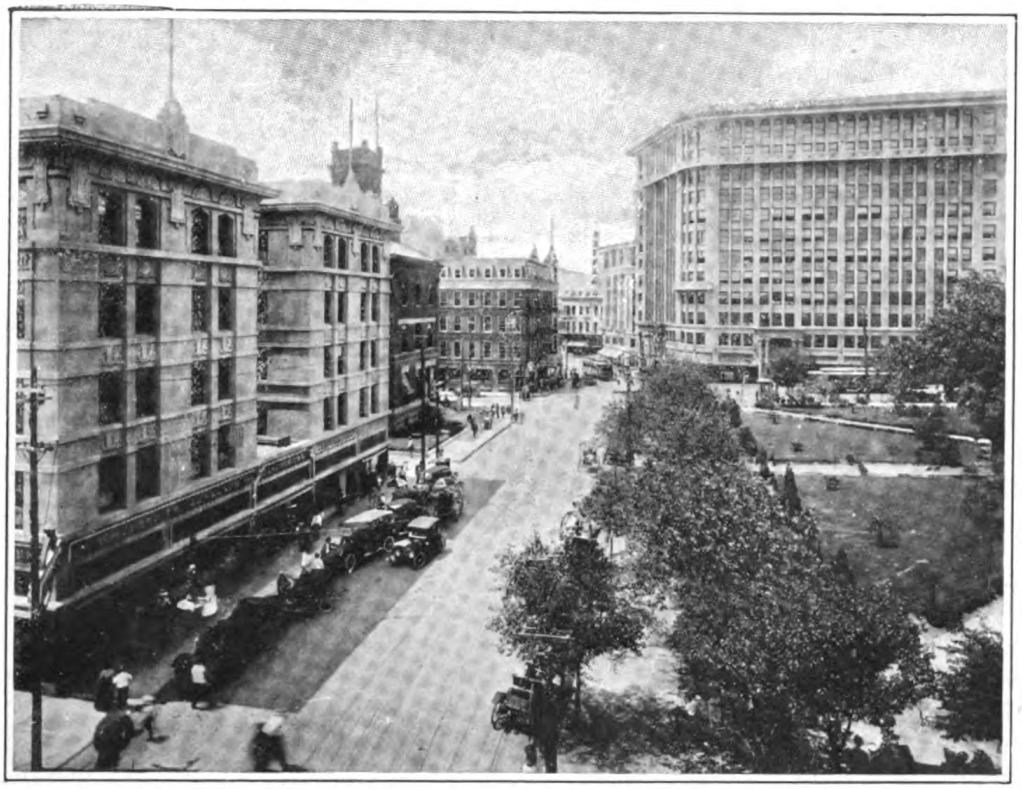
With such a remark Howat commands our immediate attention. He is a resident of Kansas, although I rather imagine that Kansas would be glad to exchange him with any other state in the Union, at a very low rate of exchange, but with the definite understanding that the arrangement would be both permanent and final. In his official person, Howat is the head of the Kansas Miners' Union. He is a very busy executive. In the past three years alone he has inaugurated more than 400 strikes which have netted his followers an increase of exactly $778.94 in wages. Their losses in wages, however, for the time that they have been out have exceeded $2,000,000.

For the mines of Kansas, like those of other sections of the land, both bituminous and anthracite, are tremendously overmanned. Herbert Hoover has estimated that the average coal-miner in the United States is employed not to exceed two hundred days out of each year. In dull seasons, generally the summer season, the operators are quite content to have them idle. Why mine coal and sell it at the bottom of the market? That is the ingenuous argument which these operators advance. To support it they lay off miners in the long, dull months of summer, which means, in turn, that the miners must be employed in the busy one of fall, winter, and spring at excessive wages in order that their earnings in these nine months may carry them through the rest of the year. To accumulate great coal reserves in the dull months—and at the same time equalizing the wages of their workers—has apparently been quite outside the ken of these Western bituminous operators. They have preferred the short-sighted system, while coal strikes and railroad strikes have been bringing the country close to the edge of fuel famine, and labor shortage was increasing all the way across the land.

I do not think that Kansas will feel the impending danger of fuel famine very soon again. She has learned her lesson. Never again will her university boys and her business men be compelled to don blue jeans for the necessity of going down into her mine-workings, as they were compelled to do last winter. In the space of three months her miners have turned out more coal than in the preceding five. Her industrial-court bill has proved itself a different sort of measure from the Adamson railroad bill of four years ago, and in despite of Howat.

We have nearly drifted away from Howat, yet we are not through with him.

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BEAUTY AND DIGNITY MARK EL PASO'S STREETS AND BUILDINGS

Neither is the all-powerful state of Kansas. He started real trouble immediately upon the passage of the industrial-court measure. Governor Allen signed the enacting statute on Saturday. On the following Monday four hundred miners in the Pittsburgh district struck again. They called it a protest strike; the state of Kansas called it something considerably worse than that. It moved and moved quickly. Before night it had haled seven or eight of the ring-leaders of the "protest" into court. Through its Attorney-General it talked pretty frankly to these, in a friendly tone, but in one filled with determination. They saw a new light, took a fresh tack. Theirs was not a protest strike, after all. It was not even a strike. It was "blue Monday."

"Forget it," said the common-sense of the Attorney-General, and the men went home.

A few days later they were again in the Industrial Court, seven hundred of them; but this time in a new rôle, that of plaintiff. Perhaps this Attorney-General fellow knew what he was talking about. Perhaps the new law was, as he said, a sort of two-edged sword which would cut the bosses and cut hard if they did not play fair. They began filing complaints. The Attorney-General swung into action —in their behalf. Then Howat heard what was in the wind. He was outraged. As president of the Kansas Miners' Union it was not only his privilege, but his exclusive function, to be the clearing-house for all the complaints of the miners.

He, too, acted, and acted quickly. He called a meeting of the district federation and hastily put through a resolution stating that any miner who appealed to the Industrial Court would be fined $50, and any union that supported them in such heresy, $5,000. The money would either be taken from the funds of

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the individual unions or, in the case of the workers, from their wages, in accordance with a long-established practice with the operators.

Once again the state interfered. It said that it would never again permit "check-offs" of that sort against the miners' wages. And it began—under its most primal rights—an inquisition into the entire Pittsburgh situation. All the miners co-operated, with the exception of Howat and his immediate staff. They sulked. And Howat began calling the Governor abusive names. Soon after he was placed under arrest—not for calling names, but for resisting the state's right of inquisition. He was put in jail at near-by Girard. Seven or eight hundred miners followed him over there and called "Speech!" up to his cell. The sheriff was an obliging fellow, and Howat spoke. The next day the Governor removed the sheriff. When the Pittsburgh miners heard of this they started upon another excursion to Girard—some five or six hundred of them this time.

The time was ripe for riot. But there was no riot. The deputy sheriff who came out said that Howat was no longer in the jail. If they were unwilling to take his word for it they could search the place. For a moment it looked as if there would be real trouble. But the next moment some one laughed. The laugh spread through the crowd. There could be no riot. Humor and rioting do not go together. The miners felt cheap, and frankly said so as they found their ways home.

As these paragraphs are written Howat is still in jail and is likely to remain there unless Kansas finds some way of deporting him, which is far easier said than done. At a later stage in this article we shall come in another way to this perplexing question of deportations. For the moment consider that the Industrial Court of Kansas has had its first test by fire and shown itself, if not impregnable, at least a veritable fortress of strength. If Governor Allen were not so inherently modest he might regard this one measure as a personal triumph. Already he has received more than fifteen thousand letters commending the measure, while as conservative a local organization and one possessing as intimate a knowledge of the real situation as the Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce has passed a formal indorsement of it, and other states, both near by and distant, have prepared similar legislation in their own interests.

Nor does Kansas labor itself hesitate to-day to indorse the new plan. The miners themselves are rapidly coming around to favor it. They are beginning to see the futility of losing $2,000,000 in wages in order to gain less than $800. In the first year of their present organization they are reputed to have paid Howat, their chief, more than $157,000 in fees and in wages.

Surely the state of Kansas can—and will—do more than this. And the miners will not be out one cent for her interest and her protection. Already she has begun to show them what she can do. For many years the cost of their powder has been deducted from their wage payments. It has been a blind bargain. Powder costs fluctuate and the miner has had no way of knowing what his cost him until he received his pay-envelope. Protests against this archaic method of doing business have hitherto been in vain. The state has already made an adjustment of it.

Neither are the miners of Kansas to be fined for any sort of alleged impropriety in the future, without having full and fair hearing in the matter. This applies with equal force both to their employers and their union chiefs. The employers have already been required to show the causes of fining, and Howat's organization has been informed that it can no longer make a practice of fining a miner twenty-five dollars for an overproduction of coal.

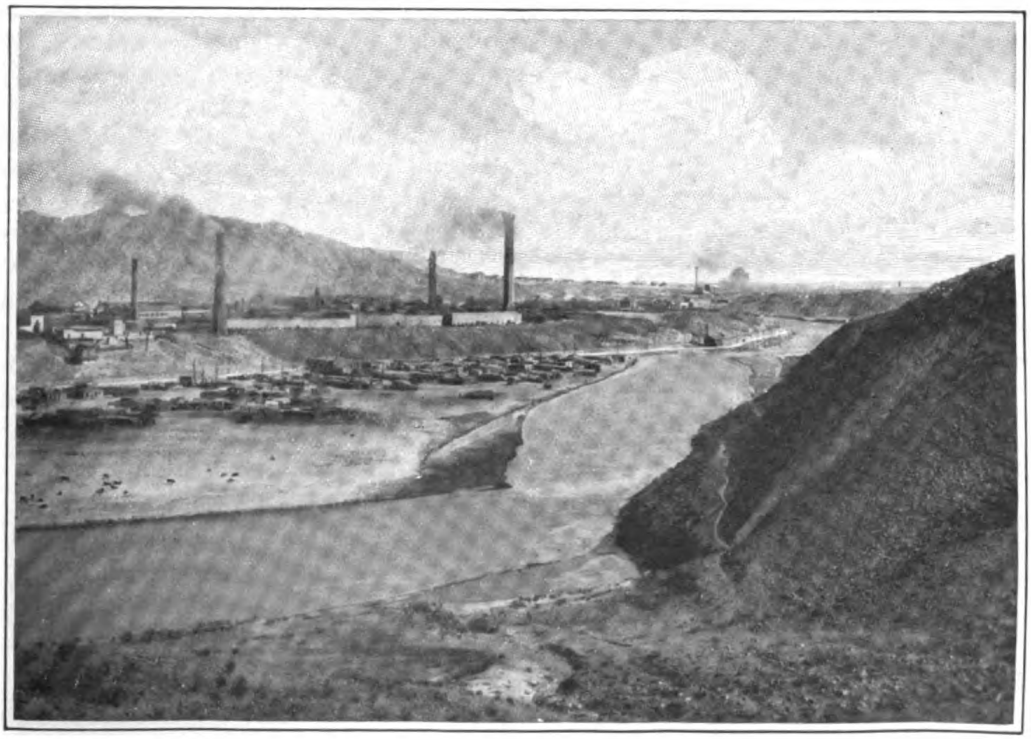
"Ours is the court of the penniless man," Governor Allen told me the other day. "It is its particular function to

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help the oppressed who is not possessed of fighting-means. To him the state will furnish without cost lawyers, engineers, surveyors, all the expert talent that is necessary for him to fight his case, and if he be not satisfied with the decision of our new court he may carry his case up to our highest jurisdiction, the Kansas Supreme Court, while the cost of his lawyer, his transcripts, and all the other material necessary to the prosecution of his case will be paid by the commonwealth."

I am by no means sure that this radical innovation which I found in Kansas is an absolute panacea for our industrial ills. These seem so many, so varied, in many cases so very, very acute, that one wonders if any one man—or any group of men, no matter how experienced or talented it may be—can be capable of producing an absolute remedy. Yet of one thing I feel fairly assured—Governor Allen's method is infinitely better than the one that I found at the other edge of the Southwest, down in Arizona by the Mexican border. That was the method of deportation, of law by force rather than of law by right. And to that method we shall have come in a moment. First consider, however, the setting for the bitter labor drama down upon our Southwestern frontier.

Northern Mexico might be called the back yard of our Southwest, just as St. Louis and Kansas City are its front doors and Memphis and New Orleans its side ones. Perhaps that is hardly definite enough. It might be fairer to say that poor Mexico, the vexed and torn states of Chihuahua and Sonora in particular, are the bad lands beyond the back yard. At present these last are in a fearful state of torment. Factions and contra-factions sweep back and forth over the faces of the northern provinces. When I went into Ciudad Juarez—just across the Rio Grande from El Paso—the other day I found it only a little bit more battered and war-worn than when I last had seen it, six years before. True,



GREAT SMELTING AND REFINING PLANTS EXTEND TO THE VERY EDGE OF THE MEXICAN BORDER

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it was that railroad communication had been re-established with Mexico City, but railroad communication of the crudest sort imaginable, and to all appearances for a short time only. One took a train out of Juarez in the early morning and rode in an ancient Pullman until night came and with it the city of Chihuahua. There the train waited on a siding until dawn. Wise men and wise trains do not travel far afield in northern Mexico after dark.

On the second day the train journeyed from Chihuahua to Torreon and there spent another night upon a siding. On the third night, however, it generally took a chance and ran directly through to the capital. But the journey from Juarez to Mexico City, which up to eight or ten years ago took but a mere thirty-six hours in a comfortable through Pullman, now consumes more than twice that time—when it can be accomplished at all, and then only with great hardships and discomforts. For marauding Mexicans have a most unconscionable habit of burning railroad bridges. For one thing, most of the bridges down there are built of wood, and for another they cannot shoot back.

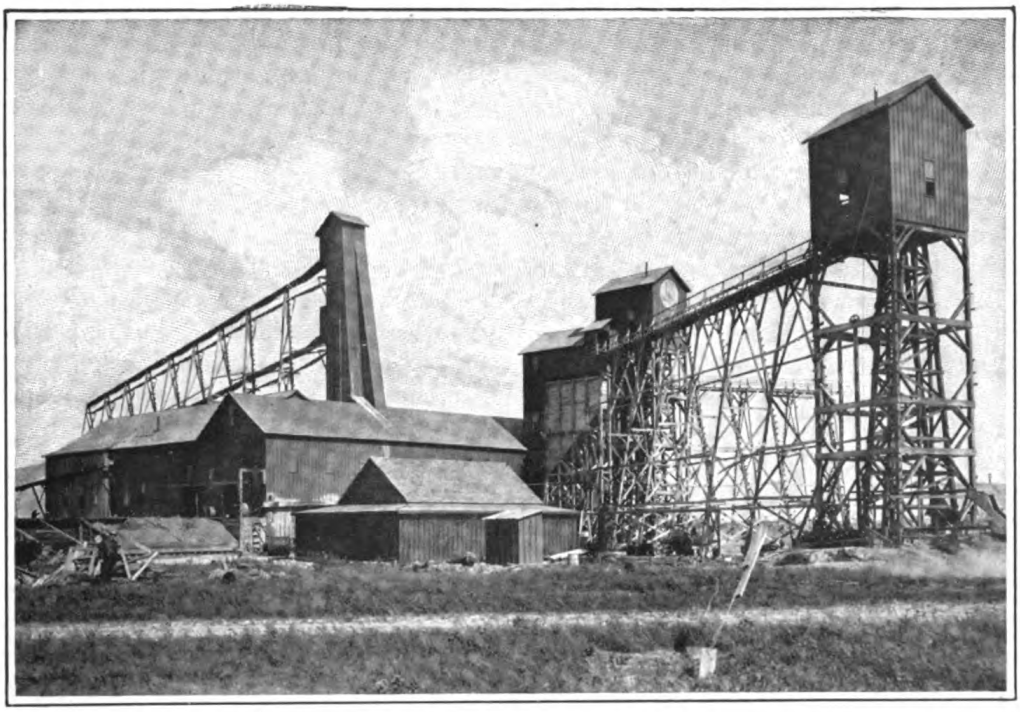
On one day last April the Southern Pacific of Mexico, which thrusts a long thousand-mile line directly south from Tucson upon the main stem of the system down toward the Mexican west coast, lost seventeen bridges in this way. That was far better, however, than the preceding day's record, when twenty-one bridges had been burned.

"They wreak an especial vengeance upon our bridges," Colonel Epes Randolph, the president of the road, told me there at Tucson. "Two rival factions scouting across the country will suddenly come upon each other. They will arrive within seeing distance, but not within shooting. Then each will recall that it has important business back in the direction from which it came, and it will retire, burning a bridge or two and calling it a glorious victory, a triumphant day's work."

Passports still are required for entrance into Mexico, when, indeed, there is any entrance whatsoever. The system was first put into effect at the time of the enactment of our draft laws and is likely to be continued for an indefinite period, if, indeed, all intercourse between the countries is not entirely stopped. For the casual one-day visitor across the boundary to-day, however, the passport restriction is reduced to a minimum; a typewritten slip of paper bearing his name and good for the issued day only is given him on his declaration of good faith and intention, and the Mexican authorities honor it readily. There are also season or yearly passports bearing the photograph of the holder, which may be used freely. Between the holders of all of these there are enough folk crossing the ancient international bridge from El Paso to Juarez to fill completely the trolley-cars which cross each quarter of an hour, and there is at all times a waiting queue of men and women—many of them tourists—at the passport office at El Paso awaiting the precious little typewritten slips. But the average El-Pasoan, who is not privileged to be the possessor of a photograph passport, may have only the small one-day slip but one time in ten. The reason for this ruling is not hard to discover. El Paso is dry, very dry, these days, but Juarez is wet, very wet indeed. Old bartenders, recruited from upper Broadway, New York, or the loop district in Chicago, have taken their last stand there, just beyond the international bridge. The liquor which they dispense is very bad, very high-priced, and very powerful. A great deal of drunkenness is the immediate result of it, and the less immediate result is the permanent withdrawal of passport privileges to these folk who do not know how to behave themselves when they visit a neighboring state.

On the other hand, the citizens of Douglas or of San Diego seemingly may travel as freely as they wish across the international line—always, of course,

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LEAN TOWERS OF INDUSTRY NOW DOT OUR WESTERN PLAINS

with at least a perfunctory regard for passport regulations. Perhaps Agua Prieta is less sin-filled than Ciudad Juarez. Certainly it is far more progressive. Despite all of its political troubles it has recently erected upon the very border a custom-house which would do real credit to any American town. The border between Douglas and Agua Prieta is no imaginary thing at that. The two towns shoulder close to each other; an unbuilt strip of perhaps a hundred yards in width separates them. Yet that is not all; a stout fence, man-high, and built of steel and concrete, pierced by but two well-guarded gateways—one for the highway and the other for the railroad—marks the precise location of the international boundary. To this the Mexicans have added, for somewhat obvious reasons, well-dug trenches, more than man-high and provided with frequent rifle-pits.

To them we feel the United States must seem a real haven, albeit a somewhat uncertain haven in many ways. To those of them who really desire to come to us and help solve our serious labor problem passport barriers have been lifted for the moment. But the Mexican is a bit canny about rushing into our arms. Despite his many peculiarities of living, he makes, under the right sort of intelligent direction, a most efficient laborer. The brisk railroad which runs from Tucson east through El Paso and up to Santa Rosa and so close to the international boundary that for some miles its telegraph poles are set precisely upon the line, employs many hundreds of him, but it finds him most willing to accept employment upon that section of its line which runs west from El Paso and so very close to the border. On its division stretching north and into the far and distant reaches of New Mexico, Manuel or Pedro is far more reticent. His distrust of gringos in general is great indeed. They speak a strange tongue and have strange ways. His lack of knowledge and misunderstanding of us is pitiable, is only second to one other thing—our own disgraceful lack of knowledge of

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him and of his problems. The fine schools of our border towns teach French and Latin and many other things, but few of them teach Spanish. And the misunderstandings between two folks, each proud to the very point of high conceit, grows apace.

We have drifted away from Arizona and its deportations, picturesque Bisbee with its perplexing labor problem and astonishing solution for the worst of them; Bisbee with its gaunt, bare hills and the broad valley to the south of them. One of the greatest of these peaks is to-day fast disappearing. Restless man, with his inquisitive diamond-drill has found copper in great quantities underneath the high slopes and peak of Sacramento Hill—a mere twenty-three million tons, according to the fairly exact estimates of the engineers, and of a high grade at that. Dr. James Douglas, the skilled scientist from McGill University, stumbling around and over these untenanted hills thirty-eight or thirty-nine years ago, and finally unearthing the Aladdin-like possibilities of the Copper Queen, knew that the nut-brown peak of Sacramento held even greater possibilities than his first borings, but the cost of delving underneath it seemingly was prohibitive. There was other copper and of high grade—to his first smelter there at Bisbee there came 23-per-cent. ore in thousands of tons at the beginning, but to-day the ore averages 6 per cent. and is still considered very good, while the Copper Queen alone has produced $1,000,000 a month of its immensely valuable industrial product.

Yet only chance seemed finally to establish the mine. The firm of New York bankers which had financed the Montreal scientist and sent him down into southern Arizona grew discouraged at his lack of success. On his urgent appeal it finally advanced him a final twenty thousand dollars, and on that final twenty thousand dollars the Copper Queen was found. To-day its workings extend here and there and everywhere under the brown hills—a vast hidden city with three hundred miles of streets and half of them equipped with electric railways for haulage of men, of powder and of ore, but a city different from the ordinary overground affairs in that its streets are cut in twenty-one different levels, the lowest of them eighteen hundred feet below the surface of the sea. Into these subterranean labyrinths some eight hundred miners and their helpers clamber daily—working in two eight-hour shifts. In busy times these headings hold as many as twelve hundred workers—but not with copper selling at a less price than sugar. The copper operators are quite as sagacious as the coal operators.

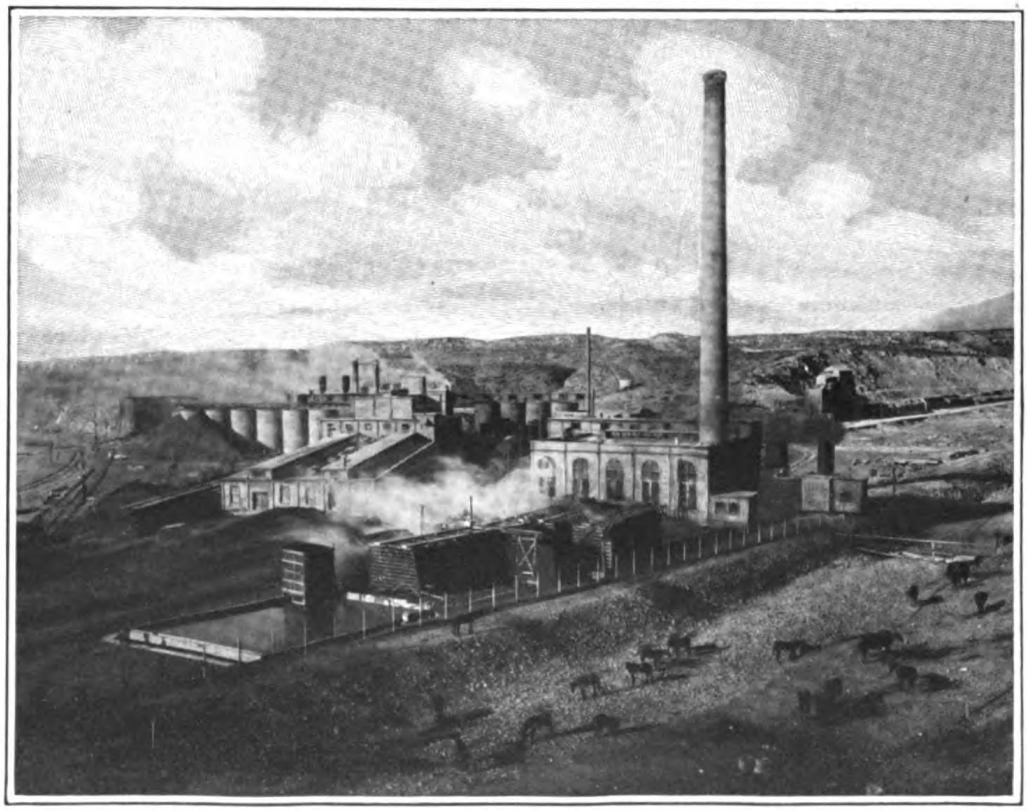
The Sacramento Hill work is reckoned as a separate job, just as separate, in fact, as the smelters which the corporation owning the Copper Queen finally built down at Douglas on the line—creating a brand-new town for the purpose—as its coal-mines up in New Mexico, or the thousand miles of railroad that links them all together and vies in the excellence of all its details with such old-established lines as the Pennsylvania or the Lackawanna. Yet it is barely done.

Vision! We may be full of eccentricities, we Americans, full of misunderstandings, conceit, immaturity, but we do have vision, too. The station and park which this copper-owned railroad built less than a decade ago at the little frontier city of Tucson would do great credit to any city of a quarter of a million folk. The work which the copper corporation has done in Bisbee, against exceedingly great odds, is most creditable, too. It has built the hotel, the churches, the railroad station, many of the houses, of unpretentious but neat fashion, but in all the town one could not find a level space large enough for even a tiny baseball-park. So it was necessary to locate such a necessary adjunct to any American town four miles below the city, where the cañon sweeps into the plain.

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Yet baseball-parks or movie-houses, good schools and churches and hospitals apparently could not prevent Bisbee from reverting to the primitive methods of earlier days. Three years ago the great cataclysm came to pass. The copper town, five thousand feet above the level of the sea, decided that it could stand no more of the professional agitators within its narrow limits. Something of the mob spirit of the old West still surged in its veins. First intolerant, then suspicious, it finally became outraged. And, outraged, it acted, acted with strength and instantly. Mob spirit rooted out fifteen hundred of the mine workers and marched them down to the little ball-park in the open plain. The inquisition began. The sheriff and his deputies conducted it. Ranging the recalcitrants in a single file, they demanded of each if he was willing to work or to take the chances of his idleness. Four hundred agreed to return to the mines; the other eleven hundred remained obstinate. That night they traveled—and traveled far, to the little border town of Columbus, New Mexico—nearly two hundred miles distant, where they were herded for another term of days in another bull-pen. And the excellent railroad which the copper company owns collected four cents a mile, legal passenger space for each of them!

In the mean time the state of Arizona acted. It still is acting. It has brought the high sheriff of the county—one Harry Wootton—to trial in his court-house in ancient Tombstone. As this is being written the trial has been in progress for three months and the prosecution has hardly finished its case. Yet this is but the first of a long series of cases. More than a hundred other defendants are still awaiting trial, for the part they took in the summary deportation.



A MODERN CEMENT PLANT—EL PASO, TEXAS

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"They can't try them in fifty years," said a prominent and conservative merchant of Arizona to me in speaking of the first trial. "I haven't the wildest idea where they could ever get the jurymen. They exhausted panel after panel in trying to fill the box for Wootton's trial. It's hard to find twelve men in the entire state of Arizona who can honestly say that they are without prejudice in this thing. We don't propose to have our affairs run for us by agitators either from overseas or from out of the big cities that are hot-beds of anarchy and Bolshevism."

It is hard to be in Arizona and not have vast sympathy for the Arizonians in this, their dilemma. One quickly sees how sorely they have been tried. And, on the ground, one begins to acquire the viewpoint of the Southerner who insists upon regarding the negro as a problem almost beyond solution, although seeking that solution by means that sometimes are so strange as to be all but unbelievable. Deportation is to my own untutored Northern mind an almost unbelievable solution of the problem that tried Bisbee—as many and many another industrial community has been tried—quite beyond her patience. Yet deportation is seemingly only a little less barbarous than lynching, and quite as unsatisfactory as a permanent solution of a genuine economic problem, for may one not quickly rise to inquire what about the rights of Columbus, New Mexico, in a case like this? Is that town which Villa raided to suffer again because Bisbee rose in her righteous indignation? Have I any right to thrust garbage into my neighbor's yard? How of the other communities who received the deportees after they had been scattered out from New Mexico? Is not the great wave of crime which I found in the Middle West and in the Far West to be attributed in part, at least, to deportation methods such as this of Bisbee, as well as of some other communities which have followed her shining example, only in less degree and with less attendant publicity? Each of the three days that I spent in Kansas City was marked with a highway robbery or burglary of surpassing proportions; and on the day that I arrived in San Diego a United States mail-truck—at night, but in the heart of the city—was held up and robbed of a sack reputed to have held $80,000—an almost unthinkable crime in other days.

Almost everywhere on my way to the West coast I found these evidences of what the police reporters used to call a "crime wave," and I discovered other folk quite willing to connect this with the wholesale deportation down at Bisbee. You cannot start an economic whirlwind without reaping its consequences.

No, I do not think that Bisbee solved one of the most serious of our industrial problems, as well as a very grave social one. She has not come anywhere near solving it. Yet Henry J. Allen, Governor of Kansas, may actually have done so. That his plan still has many defects and imperfections he probably will be the first to admit. But that it has great strength I am anxious to aver. And even if its strength were far less, its imperfections greatly multiplied, I still would be sure that it was vastly better than the crude and semi-barbarous Bisbee method. We do progress in this land—or should progress. And progress must lead us far past self-operation of the law—whether it be with a rope over a tree branch or a rolling train-load of men crowded like cattle in dirty stock-cars.

Within the confines of a single magazine article it is all but impossible to touch even ever so lightly upon even the more important activities of a territory so vast in its ramifications, so varied in its interests as our great and growing Southwest. One is tempted to dwell once again upon her advances in education—to note with a pleased pride the great growth of the state universities at Columbia, Missouri; at Lawrence, Kansas; at Tucson, Ari-

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zona—other places as well. All of her advance is not expressed in the nice new houses in Bisbee or in the travels of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. Yuma is to have a Chautauqua this summer.

"It is incredible, the change that has come to the moral tone of this town within the past decade," one of its merchants told me.

The moral advance preceded prohibition—in all probability made it possible. Prohibition does not seem to have done much toward advancing the moral tone—not in the Southwest, at any rate. Of drunkenness and minor crime there is undoubtedly much less, happily, but of serious crimes there seems to be a steadily mounting increase. Prohibition apparently does not solve that problem. At a later time, and after we have seen California and the problems of the Californians, we shall come to it in greater detail and with some analysis. For the present it will have to go over.

I should also like to tell of farming in those fertile bottoms and up across well-watered plains; of cattle standing in the short grass and alfalfa in its wondrous green. The little towns of Kansas are not more fascinating than the farms which have made them possible. These, too, feel the problem of America going back to work. The industrial problem of labor supply comes home to them pretty keenly these days. In the preceding article I spoke of the great growth in both the size and number of our automobile factories, and asked, without answering, from where the labor was to come which would be needed to operate them. I know now. It is from farms—farms of Kansas and Nebraska and Oklahoma and New Mexico and Arizona, as well as of our other agricultural states. From farms which can ill afford to spare it.

A gaunt Kansas farmer rode beside me one afternoon on Santa Fé Six coming east from Topeka to Kansas City last April.

"I am up against it," he finally blurted out, after we had attempted the healing of all the ills of a sick world within the passing of the all too brief hour. "It's the help problem. I've got to cut my acreage another year—perhaps in half. Last summer I paid six dollars a day and board for workers to help harvest my wheat. This year I don't seem able to get them—at any figure. Next year I shall grow less wheat."

Less wheat! Less potatoes. Less stock upon the ranges. More hungry, helpless mouths in our growing cities to be fed. Did you study the census returns as your evening paper brought them to you—a few towns each night? Fascinating, is it not, to see the growth of wonder cities such as Flint or Akron or Wilmington or Bridgeport? For myself, however, I do not believe that the figures which indicate city growth will ever fascinate me until I can be assured that alongside of them may be printed statistics showing at least an equal, if not a greater, growth in our rural districts. Until then we have a genuine cause for alarm. That such a growth will eventually come I can have no doubt. The pendulum swings. It swings very slowly indeed, but it does swing. Still does it swing cityward, but I believe that the day is coming when it will begin to move in the opposite direction. This ought to bring us back to more normal states, both of mind and of body.

In the mean time we shall have to make the best of a very bad situation—or give serious consideration to the possibilities of admission of Oriental labor to our neglected farm acres. I am not advocating such an admission—not yet, at any rate. I merely am asking that it be given serious consideration, without bias or prejudice. In our next article—upon the Pacific coast—we shall see what California has accomplished, or failed to accomplish, with this very problem, and we may find a means of guidance toward its solution as a matter of national policy.

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MR. HOWELLS

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

POMPOUS criticism will presently approach him, and, with the air of settling everything, settle nothing; for pompous criticism, which should be a science, and not an art, is neither; is no more, in fact, than the autobiography of critics, revealing their taste and education, each bit of it wearing forty masks and setting up to be the whole academy. In the long run, the people recommend a work of art to the pompous critic; they sometimes take his recommendations temporarily; but for permanent use it is he who takes theirs, yet remains unaware that his pomposity is thus, after all, a meekness. Nevertheless, the innocent pretenders, each under the forty stately masks, will soon be at work telling us something about themselves (most of them naïvely enough, and carrying the masks in unwitting imitation of historic pomposities) though they will think they are telling us important things about Mr. Howells: to what "group" he belonged, for instance; his relation to Mr. Hardy; his comparative position in letters; and all the rest of the zoölogy. With these magnificent inspections we workshop men, who revered him, have nothing to do; we can bring only our mourning wreaths.

We know what he has been to us, what he did for us, what his strong and gentle teaching saved us from doing; and in time we may be able to make it generally understood how he led the way out of a wilderness of raw and fantastic shapes where many of us dallied, making childish figures in imitation of the foolish things we found there. He was a critic, himself, indeed; not a pompous one, but one who knew how to make things and showed how to make them.

Some twenty years and more ago, when he was upon his "lecture tour" about the country, he came to a midland city where a nervous young writer, just beginning to publish, had been appointed his local courier or guide, to take him to the dinner given for him and to the church where he was to speak, and to see to his comfortable accommodation generally. No privilege could have been thought greater by the young man, who had met Mr. Howells but once before, and then under unfortunate circumstances; for the youth, a glee-club performer just out of college, had suddenly, to his own utter horror, been called upon to rise, at a Thanksgiving dinner of the Lantern Club, and sing a solo without accompaniment. Already speechless to find himself in the same room with Mr. Howells, it was more possible for him to find a voice for singing than words to decline, but the voice he found was a quavering one at a pitch nature had never planned for him, and the noises he made in his struggle were so strange that four years later, when he was appointed a day's courier for this illustrious auditor, the vocalist was still anxious to explain that the sounds had been unintentional, and the honor of making them unsought.

Of course Mr. Howells had forgotten; probably a great many people had sung to him almost as badly. He was all kindness, as he always was, and, having heard somewhere that his guide was attempting to follow the profession of a novelist, he sympathetically told him something about the pompous sort of critics, as the two drove to the lecture together in a slow little cab. What he said was not to be forgotten; nor was his

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kind, sad voice, a little pityingly amused, as he talked. "Ah, you'll find they can still hurt you long after their power to please you is gone!" And he went on to sketch Tennyson's picture of a critic—a tiny, almost imperceptible figure in the remotest distance, no more than a dot on the horizon. "But this little, little figure, so far from you, shoots an arrow; and the arrow comes all that long, long way and finally drops down into your breast!"

To the young courier it seemed incredible that anything could strike into the breast of the man who spoke. He was our great figure in letters, secure to remain for the rest of his days dominant at the very top of possible attainment. All over the country he was an actual part of the daily life of his readers, and he had the best readers. Here and there one found a person, otherwise intelligent, who "didn't care for Howells," just as there are intelligent people who do not care for Rembrandt or George Washington, but it is safe to say that, leaving out specialists, virtually all of the intelligent readers of Howells's day are Howells readers. "All my life," one of them wrote, this winter, "I have thought of him whenever anything important happened to me, or whenever I saw anything that interested me a great deal. 'There!' I'd always say to myself, 'what would Mr. Howells think of that?' How strange it seems, sometimes, that I have never seen him! It is he who is responsible for whatever I have in the way of a mind."

She was not isolated in this view, but typical, a reader from that day when, in the public mind, he had a coadjutor; when it was thought the knowing thing to speak the two names together, "Howells and James"; and *Life* drew Howells and James as analytical surgeons coldly dissecting and scrutinizing bits of hearts, in a laboratory. "It is he who is responsible for whatever I have in the way of a mind," she wrote; and there is laurel for him worth the winning, for her meaning is that his writing showed her more than how to read books; it showed her how to read her own life. "Wayside hints," George Meredith called novels.

"Howells and James," we said, in those days, forcing this partnership ourselves where so little of a real partnership existed; and the novel-skimmers, who knew neither Howells nor James, but spoke of them together thus glibly, meant *Silas Lapham* when they said "Howells," because in Lapham had been found a type of American business man, so "everybody" read the book; while in *Daisy Miller* (from whom Mr. James so long failed to escape, strive as he did) "everybody" had discovered a type of American girl. "Henry James" meant *Daisy Miller* to the "public" until the later accruement of a legend which left his name finally established in security as the symbol of impenetrable subtlety.

A light-minded painter, "talking art," said that popular liking for a picture depends upon the imitative fidelity of the painter and the public's familiarity with the subject. A farmer sees a painting of a coonskin tacked upon a barn door, faithful to the last hair and knot-hole. "There!" he says. "That's art. I could look at it all day. I'd like to own it. How much is it?" And there was the old story of the rivalry between two Greek painters; each painted a picture for a great prize, and, on the appointed day, each brought forth his painting before the multitude. The first removed the veil that covered his picture and revealed a cluster of grapes so lifelike in color and form that a bird flew down and pecked at the fruit. "My grapes are so true they have fooled the bird; I claim the prize." And, turning to the second painter, "Now remove the veil from your picture and see if you can fool a bird."

"The prize is mine," said the second. "I have fooled my rival, himself a painter. The veil *is* my picture."

With an "American reading public" that found "the American business man" and "the great American girl" its

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most important and most familiar types, *Silas Lapham* and *Daisy Miller* could not fail of a popularity overshadowing (so far as that public went) the other popularities of "Howells and James." However, it is now only in the memories of the middle-aged and elderly that the names are linked. With the coming of the twentieth century, Howells was Howells, and James was James; yet it is probable that no newspaper sketch of Mr. Howells, however, brief, has omitted to mention *Silas Lapham*, since the day the book was published.

It is a great novel, but overshadows other books of his in the minds of only those who have not read the others. The whole great mass of Howells's work is Howells and has made him the force that he is in American life and American thinking; and, upon American reading and writing, the greatest influence that American letters has produced. And the mass of his work is voluminous; he published more than one hundred books, though a great quantity of his writing for magazines is not yet in "book form."

In all this prodigy of production there is not a cheap word or an insignificant one; yet he wrote dramas and farces and the libretto of a comic opera! Probably every elderly amateur in the country has played in some of the farces; but one need not be elderly to have done that; these gaieties of his are as merry and true to-day as ever they were. How they did go over the country as they came out! They began to be acted everywhere within a week or two of their publication, and a college boy of the late 'eighties and "golden 'nineties" came home at Christmas to be either in the audience at a Howells farce or in the cast that gave it. Few things were surer. "Popular?" Yes, Mr. Howells was popular; and he was also "the other thing for the few"—but never either popular or "the other thing" deliberately; he courted neither the great common audience nor the great little audience; he courted not at all.

He went his own way, not the way of any audience, and, though he had a great many thoughts that could not be made plain to "the multitude," he made those thoughts as plain as such thoughts could be made in writing; exquisite clarity is one of his dominant characteristics. Clarity was in the very nature of him. With seeming ease, he wrought intricate marvels of construction, beautiful little phrases delicately set like jewels into interlaced clauses, but all of transparent crystal. Mark Twain said it best, in that paragraph quoted sometimes of late in the newspapers:

> Where does he get that easy and effortless flow of his speech, and its cadenced and undulating rhythm and its architectural felicities of construction, its graces of expression, its pemmican quality of compression, and all that? All in shining good order in the beginning, all extraordinary, and all just as shining, just as extraordinary to-day, after forty years of diligent wear and tear and use. He passed his fortieth year long and long ago; but I think his English of to-day—his perfect English, I wish to say—can throw down the glove before his English of that antique time and not be afraid.

Mark Twain was not mistaken, and Mr. Howells's English—"his perfect English"—was to continue the challenge unafraid for years after Mark Twain had paid it this tribute. Mr. Howells's beautifully made English never faltered and was with him to his final hour among us. His last article to be published before his death (printed in the December number of this magazine, "Eighty Years and After,") is of a velvet texture not to be surpassed by any one; not surpassed by Mr. Howells's own younger self. Written at eighty-three, written of that age as no one else has ever written of it, explaining it and the decades approaching it so that the whole junior view of old age may now be illuminated to a new comprehension, this essay is in its workmanship as mystifying, coming from a man of his years, as are some of the historic precocities of genius at the other end of life. Reading the superb writing, for it is superb, one

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feels that its sure contriving, its rich and graceful weaving, could come from only such pains as hands of youth or brave middle-age are strong enough, elastic enough, to take.

Yet, when one thinks of what he had accomplished, there is no marvel that his prodigious vigor was never lessened, but remained his when he had become an octogenarian. For, to put briefly a part of his accomplishment, he revolutionized his country's best taste in "creative literature;" he destroyed the tawdry gewgawed idols and lifted up in their place honest standards not fringed with tinsel. It was slow work; he did it patiently, without oratory, without nagging, and without invective; if he complained, his tone was tolerantly derisive. Slow, steady, and at times obscured, his revolution was accomplished by means of a growing influence which became in time the most profound and subtle that has been exerted upon the letters of his country. It is, indeed, a deeper influence than yet appears upon the surface of things, for its growth is not arrested, nor has it reached the full that it is destined to reach; but it is irresistible, because it offers better for poorer; therefore it will live and will have its way. There is a problem here which may be left derelict in company with another: Did he educate the readers first, and thus provide them for the authors, or did he educate the authors first and thus provide them for the readers? We abandon the question with that of the primary appearance of the hen or her egg. The great thing is that something was done.

His influence is not that simple one, an effect upon imitators. He has had these in great numbers, of course, for vigor always draws them, and whenever a new vigor appears they flock after it, usually producing flaccidities done with the mere gesture of the vigor they are following—often following so blindly, indeed, that many of them are as innocently unconscious of what they are doing as is the "public" that reads them. Until after the Civil War most of our imitators reproduced fragments of Scott, Bulwer, Poe, Cooper, or of the great British apostles of ebullience, and later some were caught by translations of French realists, so that we had American novels written in the manner of Zola's translators. Howells had both English and American imitators, most of them less faithful in counterfeit than the followers of Henry James, however, for the latter's "mannerisms" are much the more pronounced, much the more infectious, and prevail heavily nowadays, often in combination with those of Mr. Conrad; whereby you may see something like a whole "school of younger writers," whose work is consistently out of James and Conrad, even to the building of half a sentence with the one and the rest of it with the other. But it is with great difficulty that any device in Mr. Howells's writing may be wrought upon to answer such definition as "mannerism" or "trick of expression"; his work is all too smooth in those undulations Mark Twain mentioned, and the existence of a train of imitators is a fact not particularly significant compared to the great fact of his revolutionary influence. When the tribe has a great chief, it is only a symptom that some of the medicine-men borrow his robe and feathers, liking to be mistaken for a great man, and that some of the young braves copy his stride in admiration. What counts is the sanity his opinions impose upon all the tribe. What counts is his showing them the truth, and, if they must have fetishes, his giving them better ones than they had. The figure holds well enough, for there is a sort of tribe of readers and authors.

Mr. Howells had no self-consciousness in his chieftainship, nor did he appear to have any consciousness that he was a chief—in fact, it is to be doubted that he ever thought of such a thing. Being a chief did not interest him; what he wanted was to see wiser readers and wiser authors, whether he or another helped to make them so. He loved ex-

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cellent writing, was exquisitely sensitive to words and their placing. How could he be otherwise, who used "his perfect English"? Yet he could be somewhat tolerant of a flawed taste or of ignorance in "prose" when another quality, his first demand, was made evident. His first demand, his whole great point for his own art, was that fiction should be lifelike; that the pictures it made should be truthful. Here was this bookman's real passion, after all—life, not books. Or, you might say he felt that art is man's praise of God, and that man, in order to praise, should seek God as He shows Himself in His works.

George Harvey, quoting David Munro, of blessed memory and one time editor of the *North American Review*, says that Munro found a true epitome when he said Mr. Howells was "a man who in conversation appears as the gentlest of spirits, but, directly he takes his pen in hand, becomes the master." This is true, and yet, pen in hand, he was still as gentle as a master can be. Much, much more he condemned by his silence than by his speech; you will better learn what he despised by what he praised than by what he attacked.

"The gentlest of spirits," said that hearty Scotchman, David Munro, a gentle spirit himself, and a lively one. Mr. Howells's gentleness was another thing he had "born to him, no doubt," but he added to the native quality something grown out of his experience and his accumulated understanding of opposite types. It is difficult to imagine Mark Twain and Henry James finding an easy common ground for intercourse; it is difficult to imagine their "getting together" heartily and companionably, liking each other and each other's work. But Mr. Howells was happily intimate with both of them for a long lifetime, and loved them and what they wrote and said. And here stood a noble triumvirate, united by Mr. Howells and by nobility, but not by any similarity of work, except that each one dug all his life for truth. When these three are so lately gone from us it is strange to hear sometimes that, so far, we "need have no illusion that there is such a thing as an American literature." Of course "time will bring them their meed," as usual. And with Mr. Howells, as with every great man, we begin to find him by losing him.

Those favored people who saw the two friends, Mr. Howells and Mark Twain, together in this flesh will now often bring to mind that happy picture, for it helps to dull the smart of new grief to recall the merry moods of absent travelers, and Mr. Howells was almost always merry when he was with Mark Twain. Both their heads were white when men now middle-aged first saw them. Below the great shock of Mark Twain's white mane his remote blue gleam of eye concealed his purpose, as his voice did, until he came to the climaxing revelation it was his way to pack into the conclusion of almost every remark of his; while Mr. Howells, his perfect audience, would visibly adore each word as it slowly came, and rock and cry with laughter as noiseless as he could make it.

"The gentlest of spirits," and the wisest; thus he will be remembered. Yet there was no softness in his gentleness. His gentleness was the human kindness of a powerful iconoclast who began the overturning of the false gods. He lived to see the fragments derided and his destructive work well on toward completion; but, more than this, his iconoclasm was not anarchic; he pulled down a poor thing, not merely to pull down; he did it to set up a better. He remembered that when half-gods go the gods should arrive, and he had the gods with him.

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THE PESSIMIST REWARDED

BY JAMES HOPPER

JOHN SUNDERLAND, at twenty-three, had reached the peak of all wisdom and was a pessimist. Looking back to that long-distant day when first he had been set upon this earth, he knew that since then he had learned many things. The most important were:

1. When an unknown girl's name is spoken one's mind immediately pictures this girl as entrancingly beautiful; yet when one meets her one finds she is not.

2. When one hears a feminine voice on the other side of a wall one thrills with the certitude that the voice belongs to pulchritude incomparable; yet when one has passed the wall, it does not.

3. As long as one is walking behind a girl she is a goddess. But when one is passing her with a quick side glance her nose isn't right.

Knowing all this, and having no intention of being the dupe of life, John had fashioned for himself a system. This was, to expect always the worst. Then, when the worst came, one was not at all surprised; and if what came was not altogether the worst, one was content.

From which it must not be deduced that John was gloomy, pale, and ingrown. He was, as a matter of fact, a smooth-browed youth who had done all his profound thinking on the fly, while flitting from flower to flower. He was not as introspective as he believed himself to be. On the contrary, when set down face to face with himself all alone, he usually had a very poor time. So, when his oculist said, 'I use drops; you will have to make an appointment and then stay with your eyes shut for two hours," John was filled with dismay.

He had gone to the oculist partly because of a fancied eye strain (he had taken to painting lately), but specially because all the youths of his generation were coming out in horned spectacles and he thought he would like to be obliged to wear them. The doctor's ultimatum, though, almost discouraged him out of the plan.

"Two hours?" he protested. "Doing nothing, nothing at all? Not even reading a magazine?"

"You certainly must not read," said the physician. "You will have to hold your eyes tight shut. You must keep the light out of them entirely while the drops work. But that will take only two hours," he added, with that easy resignation we have for other persons' hardships.

John considered a minute, then surrendered and put down his name for Saturday, two o'clock. The result, which he already visualized, was, he decided, worth some trouble.

As the time of the appointment approached, though, he found himself disliking it increasingly. Two hours all by oneself, doing nothing—he could not think of anything worse. He tried a discreet experiment. He looked at the time, shut his eyes, and waited. When he thought he had been thus about fifteen minutes, he opened his eyes and looked at his watch. Only half a minute had gone! This reduced him to despair. He calculated that, if half a minute with eyes shut seemed fifteen minutes, then two hours with eyes shut would seem six hundred hours. Six hundred hours in that doctor's office, all by himself, doing nothing. No, that was impossible! Feeling the need of sympathy, he confided in Sam.

The two were at the time each in his

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room of the suite which, since their recent graduation from college, they shared in the big city. Each in his room, with the door open between, stood before the mirror of his dresser, preening before going out for the evening to a place held carefully secret from the other—adjusting his tie, or slicking his hair back in the accepted style of the period, which aimed at giving every man the appearance of a canvas-back duck. John threw his confession out through the door, and Sam immediately came in, a dripping military brush in each hand, interested and sardonic.

"Well," he suggested, intelligently, "why don't you *do* something?"

"What can I do, in a doctor's office, with my eyes shut?" John waited.

Sam gazed up at the ceiling, received inspiration, and, without hesitation, voiced it.

"Twirl your thumbs," he said.

John gave him a malevolent look, and switched his indignation to the currying down to lustrous flatness of the last of his recalcitrant locks.

Sam set himself to thinking some more. He thought with his nose to the ceiling; he thought with his eyes upon his feet. "I'll tell you," he cried, brightly. "I'll tell you! Have sweet music played you!"

He meant by this nothing helpful; he meant by this only sarcasm. For, after having played tackle to John's end on the same football team for three years, he had seen John's lately acquired enthusiasm for music with concern, exasperation, and sorrow. But one can never be sure of the effect of one's words; it is dangerous to suggest. At these words, evilly meant as they were, John felt himself penetrated by the ray of an idea. This grew swiftly to full light.

"Get me the paper!" he shouted.

The command was so enthusiastic that Sam, before he knew it, had brought the newspaper which John could have obtained himself. John threw it across the table, opened to the theatrical announcements, ran his finger down the columns, halted it, read carefully, and chuckled.

"Sam," he said, "we are going to a concert Saturday. The Philmelodic plays at Carnegie Hall. That's only a block and a half from the doctor's office. We'll go together; I'll take my drops, then you'll take me. You'll take me to the concert, and you'll sit with me like a good boy. It will civilize you, it will do you good—"

"Like a little fish I will!" said Sam, recovering. "Like a white rabbit! Saturday I'm going skating. And if I don't I'll play handball. And if I don't I'll swim—in the Sound—amid the icebergs. But no concertina for *me!*"

John realized that the sincerity of this vehemence left no hope for argument, and steered into a compromise. "Well, you can take me there, anyway, and then come for me when it is over."

Sam sniffed at the proposition suspiciously, saw no chance of a trap, and consented.

"Very well," he agreed. "I'll take you to the place, I'll put you in your seat—and then good-by. At the end of the jamboree I'll come back for you and lead you to the doctor's like the blind man's dog. But I don't stay in between, mind you. No sitting in that hall for me, with a lot of long-hairs, listening to piccolos!"

According to this understanding, on Saturday the two appeared at the oculist's office, where a pretty, starchy, white nurse with soft, bared arms placed in John's eyes the elixir which for two hours was to plunge him into Stygian night. "Keep them shut," she warned, graciously, smoothing down the lids with a touch like a light caress. Upon which, this command fortified by a thick black bandage, he felt himself taken vigorously in tow by Sam. He felt himself led outside, across the street, along a long block, up steps. They were in the lobby now. Propping him up against the wall, Sam left him to buy the ticket. This seemed to take an unconscionably long time, but Sam at last returned,

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seemingly well pleased with the outcome.

"Got you a seat where you can see *every*thing," he boasted, and seized John's arm as with an anchor-hook. John felt himself led down a carpeted slope, then pushed along a narrow aisle to a seat. "Well, so long," he heard Sam say, in a tone of suspicion and immense hurry. "I'll be back when the trombones have quit. Well, so long—this is a rotten place."

He was alone. He felt small, a lost, doll-size little man beneath a vast and resonant dome. Sam had brought him too early; a silent emptiness was all about, punctuated now and then, now near, now far, by the sudden explosion of a seat slapped down by an usher. There was something a little creepy about it, about this slamming of seats ahead of beings, single or in groups, invisible to him, as if the place were slowly filling with ghosts.

The darkness against his eyes was not black. It was a grayish-rose; it was not unpleasant. The whole experience, in fact, was rather amusing. He was putting one over on the Fates, for one thing. It had been decreed he should lose two hours out of his life, and he was salvaging these hours. He was going to hear music with his eyes shut—and there was nothing more delicious than hearing music with the eyes shut. He grew still more pleased with himself. The hall was filling faster. The slamming of seats was now almost continuous; several times spirits passed along his own aisle, brushing his knees vaguely and hissing soft excuses. There were people seated ahead of him; he heard a woman say, "Isn't it too bad?" There were people behind him; he heard a lady say, "I do like my Beethoven," in the tone of one saying, "I do like my coffee in the morning"—with condescension for the coffee. Some one plumped down into the seat to his left, and an odor of stale cigar-smoke told him the sex of this new neighbor. In the seat to the right there was as



"WE ARE GOING TO A CONCERT SATURDAY"

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yet no one. He sent over an investigating hand to be sure. No, the seat was empty; no one was there. When she came, who would she be?

He remembered his system, of expecting always the worst, and answered, "Probably a he."

All about him now was a rustling of settling draperies and a subdued but eager rumor like the cackling of a barnyard far away. A charming phenomenon followed—the invisible orchestra, upon the stage, tuned up. Strings hummed delicately, the reeds gave short runs of notes like drops of dew, a harp cascaded all the way down and all the way up again, discreet brasses blew forth bubbles of gold. All these voices, unrelated, singing each to itself in its own small world, yet united in a wild, free harmony like birds in a glade.

A baton tapped upon a desk; all the small voices scurried to silence, as if frightened; there was a last trill of some disobedient flute, a second rap, and then—

And then, simultaneously with the striking up of the orchestra, John knew that she had come. The seat to his right was occupied; she was there. He knew it, truth to tell, partly through the evidence of a sense much and wrongly decried—through a fragrance of violet, of pale violet, of the shadow of the ghost of a pale violet. But he knew it also, and still more surely, through something still more impalpable and subtle, yet ever the more penetrating, which could not be analyzed, which had no name, and yet which, invading his being deliciously, made him as sure, as sure as could be. Not for the slightest fraction of a second did he think the presence there by his side masculine.

But he was the child of a sceptic century. After a minute, under the cover of the torrents of music now flowing from the orchestra, he sent out his right hand on an imperceptible tour of exploration just beyond the legal confines of his seat. The scout did not go far, and John thrilled to the message. His fingers had touched the softness of a sealskin cloak; his heart leaped to the corroboration. It *was* a girl who sat there by him—a beautiful girl!

They sat side by side, he and she; he in his darkness, she in the light, but both enveloped in music; it was exquisite. The discovery he had lately made he did not allow to become useless; every now and then he moved his little finger and brought it into light contact with the warm, soft fur, and heaped surety upon surety, proof upon proof, thrill upon thrill.

It came to him suddenly, though, that one does not wear a garment of fur in a hot concert-hall. The cloak was not on her; she had cast it on the back of the seat behind her, where it served as background to her beauty: what he had been caressing so guardedly was something detached from her!

The sense of this disappointment, however, was soon lost. The thing was charming as it was—this being in a black night with an exquisite presence divined by his side. And this, to music! He found himself turning poet. He fashioned a proverb. "To sit silent and with closed eyes by beauty divined by—" it began.

It refused to do anything but begin, however, and after a few vague efforts he gave up his search for a second clause. His mind took refuge from idleness in a contemplation of the probable quality of the beauty invisible to him. She was dark, he decided. She had brown eyes—great gazelle eyes, liquid and profound. Her eyelids were a little heavy, he decided, and long-fringed; her beauty was a little austere and sad, yet infinitely tender.

How much better it was not to speak! How superb to forgo the gabblings of mere words and thus to sit side by side in silent and secret communication, walled in on all sides, as if in a cell, by the shifting tapestries of the music!

This being settled, he was taken with an overwhelming desire to speak to her, to hear her voice.

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"I DID NOT KNOW—THAT IT WAS A LADY I WAS DISTURBING"

For the second time the orchestra had come to a stop. He had in his hands a program which Sam, upon leaving, had slipped him—in subtle irony, no doubt. He now rustled the sheet helplessly till he thought the effect had been gained. He then turned his head blindly one-quarter to the right and said:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but could you tell me what has been played?"

The answer did not come right away; his fate, for a moment, poised on the pin-point of a hesitation. But when it came he was transported with delight. The voice was of gold,—of pure gold just slightly veiled, of frosted gold.

"I beg your pardon," he repeated, with great contrition. "I did not know —that it was a lady I was disturbing."

The voice, lowered now to a murmur, said, "There was no disturbance." And this was all.

But what had it said at first, the beautiful voice—what had it spoken to his first question? He could not remember. Oh yes! "That was the second movement," it had said. Wonderful words! They left still a chance open!

"I beg your pardon. But the second movement of what?" he pressed, quick as a flash.

"Of the fifth. Beethoven's fifth," the beautiful voice rang; a voice of gold without the violence of gold, a bell tolling deep in an ocean pool, vibrations of gold filtered through haze.

"It is the most wonderful music," he said, meaning her voice, "which I have ever heard."

"It *is* beautiful, isn't it?" she said, meaning the symphony. "And," she added, hopefully, "there are two more movements—the scherzo and the finale."

"Thank you," he said, penetratingly, as though it were she who had composed the piece, and she who had had the grace to see there should be more of it.

During the scherzo his feelings were mixed. He was glad there was more to the symphony, because he liked it. On the other hand, if there had not been more to it, the orchestra would now be playing a new selection, and he would be able to ask what it was. Now, when the scherzo would end, there would be nothing he could say to set a-chiming the golden voice. Oh yes, there was! Inspiration came to him with the last chord.

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"That was the scherzo, wasn't it?" he brightly asked.

"It was," the marvelous voice answered, fireworks in his night. "Yes, that was the scherzo."

"And now we are going to have the finale," he continued, eagerly.

"Yes," the golden voice chimed, "the finale comes now."

How well they agreed! Two minds, etc.; two souls, etc.! O Ecstasy!

There was no symphony after that—short selections followed, each itself. A blessed soprano sang three distinct and separate songs, and then was prodigal with two encores, so that five times John obtained communication and was answered. The orchestra continued his good fortune. He said, "What was that?" and heard her exquisitely reply, "Mendelssohn's 'Fingal's Cave.'" He said, "And what was that?" and heard her answer, ineffably, "Weber's 'Invitation to the Dance.'" By that time a sweet sense of companionship, of secrets shared, was in his heart so strong that he knew it must also dwell in hers.

But the best of moments—especially the best—have a way of passing. The concert came to an end with a crashing chord.

John, sitting there blindly, felt the audience flowing out about him as a tide leaves a stranded boat. He knew She had arisen and stood near him. Then suddenly he knew she was not alone. Some one was standing by her, some one who had been sitting all this time to her right. She was not alone—everything was spoiled!

Then he heard her say: "This way, mother. Turn this way. It's this hook—there, I have it now!"

"Mother!" his being silently sang. "It is her mother, only her mother! Mother—the sweetest word of tongue or pen!"

He knew they were putting on their furs. A small moment of hesitation followed, and then, "Good afternoon!" he heard. "Good afternoon!" he cried, hastily rising in his night. A gentle rustling along the aisle diminished, grew faint, distant—they were gone, she was gone!

John sat down heavily and waited for Sam. He felt very much alone. The general swirl of departure which had been around him at first had now withdrawn far from him, about the exits—a milling there, a shuffling of feet and drone of conversations. It diminished, it stilled; the hall was hollow and empty. He cursed the faithless Sam. "Why couldn't he be on time!" A minute passed, and a door banged shut with a definite accent. "Good Lord! I'll be locked in!" he thought, and a second bang completed his panic. Picking up his hat and overcoat, he groped his way out of the row of seats and slowly up the carpeted incline of the main aisle. He had not gone far, however, ere he encountered a most lovely phenomenon—the golden voice, afloat there somewhere before him, a will-o'-the-wisp in the darkness. It was saying:

"I beg your pardon—but couldn't we help you? Aren't you a bit lost?"

"*Could* you help me?" he cried, enthusiastically. "I should think you could! Am I lost? I'm very much lost. My chum, who was to meet me here, has failed me and I'm going to be locked in!"

"We won't allow that," the other voice said, the voice of the one who had been called mother and who had had to be hooked up. It was a fairly nice voice, too, but of course one voice in this darkness would have been preferable. "Come; we'll take you outside."

John found himself going up the aisle pleasingly framed by two ladies. One was to his left, one to his right. Which was to his left and which was to his right he had no obvious way of knowing, yet with utter certitude he knew which was which. It was Golden Voice who was to his right; it was her little hand which held that elbow so lightly, which directed his blind steps so gently.

In the lobby they waited a little for Sam—who did not appear. And finally

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GOLDEN VOICE WAS TO HIS LEFT, CLOSE TO HIS HEART

the mother said, "We will take you home."

"Oh no, please don't!" John protested, insincerely. "That would be far too much trouble. Besides, I am supposed to go to my oculist's first. If you will take me to a telephone I'll call for a messenger-boy to lead me. The oculist is quite near," he added, artfully. "Just down one block, and then across the street."

"If it is so near, why can't *we* do it?" that charming mother suggested. "Come—it will give us a little walk!"

No force had to be used on John, who could hardly believe his luck, and pres-

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ently he found himself once more deliciously framed, and, with a hand on each elbow, descended the steps to the street. A dry snow had fallen, which was soft underfoot; there was no wind; it was wonderful walking—he would have liked to walk on thus forever. There had been a rearrangement of the positions, and now, without being told, he knew that Golden Voice was to his left, close to his heart.

And now they were crossing the street, and now they were on a tile floor, and now an implacable elevator came whizzing down while brazen doors slid open. And now he had been placed delicately within the elevator. "Good - by"—"Good-by"—and it was all over. The elevator boy did the rest and took him to the doctor's office.

That evening when Sam came in, using a trick known of many people, he immediately took the offensive.

"Where the deuce were you?" he thundered at the astonished John. "Looked all over for you! Where were you hiding yourself?"

John, recovering, told his friend what he thought of his dereliction. "Well," said the latter, after listening attentively, and, as far as appearances went at least, not much abashed, "you got along all right, Johnnie, didn't you? How did you make the riffle?" he asked, solicitously.

"I—I got a messenger-boy," said John, suddenly discovering that the truth was sacred, and his alone.

Sam opened his mouth like a fish—then closed it. "You are *some* boy," he said, after a moment.

"What do you mean?" John asked, surprised by this admiration.

"Oh, nothing," said Sam, "only that you are some fellow to have thought of that. To have thought of using a messenger-boy!"

John eyed him suspiciously, not quite satisfied. Upon which Sam lit a cigarette and strolled off into his own room.

This was in the evening. But it was only the next morning, upon waking up, that John remembered his much-neglected system.

He had awakened feeling very happy, without knowing why; then had remembered why, and had felt all the happier—when abruptly his system came down hard upon his head.

Yesterday he had forgotten it utterly; he had violated every one of its tenets.

He had sat, blinded, near a young woman, and immediately had imagined her beautiful! A young woman! Why, he didn't even know she was young! True, her mother had been there. But why shouldn't the mother be eighty, and she forty?

He had sat near a woman he could not see, and immediately had pictured her young and beautiful. He, at his age (twenty-three), with his experience! He had been a soft idiot, sentimental as any seminary girl!

The succeeding days saw him, a chastened and a wiser man, holding tight to the system. He recapitulated its tenets ceaselessly. "They're *all* pretty," he would say, "across the partition." And, "As long as you are walking behind she's a peach." He invented a new one: "They're all fair—in the dark!"

He came down from the general to the particular. "She's probably spectacled and forty," he exclaimed, violently—forty being his idea of ruin.

This hurt him dreadfully. It was as if, with an ax, he were shattering a marble statue, or with hobnails grinding a frail flower. But he gritted his teeth and persisted. "She may be cross-eyed," he cried, "with crooked teeth!"

Meanwhile, in the power of an obscure and violent urge, he was haunting the musical places as never before. He missed nothing. Recitals, quartets, oratorios, symphonies; high warbles of sopranos, bass rumblings, the colored screams of choruses and silken shimmerings of strings—he heard everything. At Carnegie Hall he was known for the strange insistence with which he asked always for the same seat—Number 5, Row K, in the orchestra. This

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mania was the subject of discussions between the young man and the young woman who "spelled" each other in the box-office. "He's a bit coo-coo," said the young man, lightly. "I s'pose so," the young woman agreed, reluctantly. "Isn't it too bad? Usually it's some old guy is that way —and *he's* so nice-looking. But I guess he's nuts, all right!"

He grew morose and strange. One walking behind him would have heard him talking to himself. "What bosh!" he would cry, stopping suddenly and with his right fist striking the palm of his left hand. This meant that he had caught himself with his system in full rout. That for an hour, for centuries, he had been dreaming of a girl with brown eyes—great gazelle eyes, liquid and profound. Of eyelids heavy and long-fringed, of a beauty a little austere and sad, yet infinitely tender. "What bosh!" He seized hold of his system savagely. "She may be an albino," he mused, in atrocious torture, "with pink eyes!"

What with this obsession, and his denial of it, he grew thin and a bit feverish. A half-inch came off the circumference of his neck. This loosened his collars and gave him an appearance pleasingly Byronesque. He came out with a Windsor tie. Meanwhile he neglected utterly his palette and his brushes.

Sam seemed to be following all this with a sort of morbid interest. Nearly every night he asked, "Well, where have you been to-day?"

John could feel him observe him out of the sides of his eyes, but would answer, frankly, "I heard Kreisler" (or Elman, or Schumann-Heink, or the Flonzaleys, or whatever it might be), upon which Sam looked up to the ceiling and shook his head and groaned.

Weeks passed; spring was near, and also the end of the musical season. John was sitting in Carnegie Hall, seat 5 K, orchestra, waiting for the concert to begin, and exercising his system. "Now, the bearded lady," he was saying to himself. "I remember seeing her at Sells's circus when I was a child. The bearded lady did not own an unpleasant voice. It was rather a nice voice. Any one sit-



MEANWHILE HE NEGLECTED UTTERLY HIS PALETTE AND HIS BRUSHES

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ting by the bearded lady with his eyes shut and bandaged, hearing her voice, could well imagine her beautiful—"

A start broke abruptly the string of this bitter cogitation.

Just a little before, two ladies had entered the box diagonally across from him and his eyes had been resting on them unconsciously. They were dressed with quiet elegance; they bore themselves with gracious poise; their gestures were harmonious, and, without knowing it, John had been taking pleasure in the sight of them. "Mother and daughter," he had said to himself, even while his brain pursued a more serious subject. "They have on pretty hats."

Suddenly the eyes of the younger woman, slipping over the house, lit upon him. Immediately her hand groped for her mother's arm and pressed it; her lips moved. The mother, in turn, found him. For a moment both had their eyes upon him. Then, with a common movement, they faced each other and rippled into discreet merriment.

His heart leaped. "It's they," he thought, with absolute certitude. And then, "But why are they laughing? . . . It's they, anyhow. Oh, I'm going up to them!"

But the orchestra struck up and held him where he was. While waiting he observed. The young woman's hat sat most becomingly on her fine head. But he was keeping tight hold of himself. "Those big picture-hats—one can't tell a thing with one of those wide brims. They beautify like a halo; the details melt in their blue shadows; *every one* is beautiful, at a distance, beneath a picture-hat! . . . But why are they laughing at me?"

Once more, unaware of being so closely watched, the two women had rested their eyes upon him, and then, turning to each other in common understanding, had bubbled forth with some secret joy.



"*WHY* ARE YOU LAUGHING ?" HE IMPLORED

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He went up when the music had ceased, in rather a truculent state of mind. This rapidly left him as he approached, however, and when he finally stood at the curtains of the box a panic held him there a minute. But he broke through it and through the curtains. He was within the box; in their chairs they were turning toward him.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I beg your pardon, but—"

But now his carefully prepared speech went by the board in the confusion of two distinct and large surprises.

The first was to discover that all of this time, in spite of his efforts to expect the worst, he had been absolutely certain that she would prove beautiful. All of the time, inside himself, he had *known* she would be beautiful.

The second surprise was to find that, although she was not exactly beautiful, he did not care at all. He did not care at all, at all! He *liked* her that way! He altogether approved of her as she was. Their eyes met in frank pleasure; he felt his heart sliding toward her as if on a smooth, straight track.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but—"

Her eyes were not at all those which he had been visioning—while pretending to himself he had not. They were not the profound brown wells in which he had dreamed of drowning himself. But they were better, much better. They were brown eyes with the quality of blue; brown eyes full of a gay, frank light that shone out in level rays beneath lashes curling upward; golden specks danced in them as dimples dance in rosy cheeks. And her nose was not the cold academic organ he had imagined his ideal; it turned up a bit, intelligently, and on its tip was an audacious freckle, set just a little askew—a most humorous, a most sympathetic freckle!

"I beg your pardon," he began again. "But—"

But instead of what he had meant to say, he found himself saying, "Why are you laughing at me?"

For they were laughing at him. Their eyes, upon him, were luminous with a secret merriment. "*Why* are you laughing?" he implored.

"Because we are so happy," said the mother. "So happy to see you well. And because we wasted so much sympathy upon you. 'Isn't it terrible?' we have been saying. 'Such a nice young man, blind so young!' We have wept over you, secretly, in our pillows at night!"

"You thought me blind!" John exclaimed, understanding. "But I wasn't," he went on, eager to efface this suspicion upon his manhood's invulnerability. "I was simply having my eyes tested. And there is nothing the matter with them."

"I can see that, clearly," said the mother.

Undeterred by this slight attack, he took the chair nearest that of Golden Voice.

She had other freckles. Under her right eye were half a dozen—tiny grains of sand in the hollow there, in the bluish pool of soft shadow. They corrected what the first one, the jolly one, might have had of too jaunty and too robust; they were frail and delicate and languid; they were adorable. A monstrous idea came to John—what monstrous ideas young men have at that age! He thought that he would like to kiss her there; he would like to kiss those pale, frail freckles in the soft hollow there. Instead of doing this, though, he merely leaned toward her to whisper:

"And did you really weep in your pillow at night?"

"Oh no," she said, quickly. "That was mother!"

But at his evident discouragement she corrected herself. "Well—I did, too, a little bit. A little bit like that." She raised her hand and measured the quantity—a thin line of light between her thumb and finger.

"But now," she added, at the sight of his extravagant satisfaction, "now we laugh at you. Don't you think we have some right to laugh at you?"

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He admitted that perhaps they had, and the conversation thus started did not stop there. What did they say? That it was a fine day. And what a great winter we have had, so good for skating—and don't you like to skate? —and, just crazy about it!—and, isn't tobogganing terribly exciting — and winter, on the whole, more fun than summer—except that summer is so wonderful—with the swimming and the yachting?—I just love the water, but aren't high mountains also marvelous? Thus they spoke light words while their young hearts beat hard, and the small words echoed and re-echoed within them as through vast halls, and their throats tightened. The mother was not deceived. Instinctively she had drawn her chair a little apart.

"How they do carry on!" she thought, tenderly, yet with an ache in her heart. "What pleasure they do take in each other—how bright are her eyes, how his eyes shine!"

When the concert was over very little music had been listened to. But this time, when leaving, John asked if he might call, and took the address. And, finding Sam home upon arriving in his rooms, so exhilarated was he that he made no attempt to hold his pleasure to himself.

"I've found them!" he cried, "and here's their address," he added, brandishing his note-book.

Sam looked at him calmly and said, "If you had asked me, I should have given you that address long ago. It's the address of my California cousins, now in this city. When I took you, with your blinders, to the concert, I bought you a seat next to them on purpose. I knew they had taken you from the hall to the oculist. I have known all of the time whom you were hunting. And if only you had told me the truth, instead of the messenger-boy yarn, I should have given you their address long ago!"

"Sam," John cried, indifferent to all this, "she is the most wonderful creature ever placed upon this little earth ball since this little earth ball swam into the light!"

"I don't know about that," said Sam. "You see, we played together when we were children, so you'll excuse me for not feeling exactly as you do."

MATINAL

BY HESPER LE GALLIENNE

HOW calm, beloved, is the morning air—
See how the mist encircles yonder hill
Like a tired wood-nymph who, tho' sleeping, still
Covers her lover with her flowing hair.
Come! Let us seek an Autumn-tinted lair
And with warm bracken make a couch of ease,
Then, 'neath a canopy of golden trees
Watch the new day climb up the sunlit stair.

Here, while the day is young, while Life is free,
Let us be happy as were wont to be
The gods, who from Hymettus' honey'd brim
Drank of the morning as they rose from rest
To sing the great Apollo's dawning hymn
Upon some jagged mountain's pagan crest.

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THE CHURCH OF TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

BY WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD

With a Rejoinder by

The Rev. HENRY SLOANE COFFIN, D.D.

Minister in the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, and Associate Professor in the Union Theological Seminary

WE are not in the midst of a religious revival in America to-day, but we have plunged over our heads into a sea of religious and spiritual curiosity.

With our ouija-boards that sell faster than the manufacturers can make them; with our books on spiritualism that fill special tables in the country's bookstores; with lectures on spiritualism so frequent and so well attended that lecturers like Sir Oliver Lodge become almost physically exhausted trying to keep their engagements; with a great religious play drawing ten thousand persons a day to Madison Square Garden—that temple of prize-fighting, politics, and six-day bicycle-racing; with our best play-writers turning from frivolous plays, at which they are masters, to religious plays which outdraw all their best efforts at lightness and girl-show naughtiness; with our moving-picture managers insisting that the plays they must have are the plays that deal with human redemption; with theaters in almost every American city which are used Sunday mornings for sermons by men and women of strange creeds; with new beliefs and doctrines arising so rapidly that even in social intercourse one hears the technical phrases of new religions bandied about as easily as stock-market terms; with a great literary master like Maeterlinck harking back to witchcraft and telling an intelligent American audience how to mark or scar wax dolls so that an injury corresponding to the scar or mark will appear in the corresponding part of the body of some other human being; with credited scientists writing as a scientific fact the statement that certain unknown material oozes from the bodies of mediums and hardens itself into the shape of rods or long arms by which a medium, with hands and feet bound, may reach about a darkened room and work his will; with many persons actually believing that they are conversing with the spirits of their dead and with many millions of other persons trying to believe that it is possible to do so—with all these unexpected facts before us, only one fact stands out that we can all explain. And that is:

We, in America to-day, are all groping toward invisible, spiritual things. Millions of us, each in his own way, seem to be essaying a Pilgrim's Progress. We are all trying to find something solid to which we can anchor our faith. To put it simply, our revival-loving forefathers would have told us that we were hunting for the Rock of Ages—for something that would "tower o'er the wrecks of time."

No great religious revival, such as was occasionally prophesied by church leaders in England and America, as a result of the war, has come upon us. But it is an inescapable fact, apparent to the most casual newspaper-reader, as well as to the most thoughtful students of the affairs of America, that never before in the history of our country has there been such a general turning of the masses to the things of the soul—the super-natural, if we would avoid a theological phrase—as we see all about us to-day.

William James, that eminent psychologist who, in his famous lectures at Harvard, so gently and wisely took your

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and my religious emotions apart and, as a conclusion, said in his *Varieties of Religious Experience* that men turned to religion because their souls were sick, would perhaps, if he were alive to-day, by means of his coldly scientific diagnosis, find most of us with sick and ailing souls; and he would tell us that, in all our gropings, we were seeking a cure.

Sick souls or no sick souls, the scores of millions of us in the United States who are interesting ourselves in the world of spirit, are seeking invisible, immaterial, holy things, such things as in other days our fathers and mothers turned to the church to find.

But are puzzled men and women of to-day turning to the church?

The scores of church leaders of all denominations with whom I have held conversation within the past few months desire to know why the masses appear as sheep without a shepherd.

"Why do not the distracted masses turn to the church?" they ask.

And the masses, by their very attitude, reply: "Why should we turn to the church? Are the things we seek to be found there?"

To-day there are perhaps more seekers for spiritual things outside the church than in it. What is more startling, is this: There are perhaps as many nominal Christians outside the church as in it.

The question naturally arises—what then is the matter with the church?

In answering this question I must give some facts which are so remarkable that, before I begin to set them down, I must try to free myself of blame for having assembled them. I did not gather them in their entirety; before I have completed this article I shall tell who did gather the bulk of them, and in that telling I expect to give any discouraged or critical reader new hope for a fine, better, glowing day for the church and for all hungry-souled folk who are seeking something to anchor to in the world of spirit.

What is the church? I have put this question to the foremost religious leaders of America to-day, just as I might have put to bankers the question, "What is the banking system of America?" or to railroad men, "What is the railroad system of America?" By "the church" I meant to designate the vast body of Protestant denominations which contained the great proportion of American church-goers. I am somewhat alarmed at the prospect of having to paint the picture which has resulted. If I had not in my quest discovered also reasons for great hope, I should not, in fear of uprooting the faith of one single man or woman, have put down the facts which I have assembled.

"What is our church?"

It is an institution which numbers 26,000,000 men and women in the United States. These 26,000,000 men and women of us whom you see going to church along the streets of our great cities and along the roads of our little towns and our rural districts are devotees of Christianity. We 26,000,000 spend annually an average sum of $10.60 apiece to keep the church running. One hundred and seventy thousand ministers who preach to us make up the most poorly paid body of professional men in the United States. And every year the money that is spent on pastors grows less. If money could carry this nation toward the Rock of Ages, we are going away from it, not toward it.

Not one-half of these 170,000 ministers receive as much as $700 a year; they have lower wages than the lowest-paid in the steel industry. In a certain town of 1,800 people, with 13 church buildings and 13 ministers, half of the ministers, recently, have had to take time from their ministry to do other work for a living.

Only 162 ministers in the United States receive between $6,000 and $7,000 a year. The average salary of the 170,000 ministers is $937.

These 26,000,000 persons who are members of the American Protestant de-

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nominations are, therefore, guided in their religious life by self-sacrificing men who are vastly worried about how they and their own families shall live in these days of financial difficulties.

And who are the 26,000,000 of us who go to these churches? How may we be classified and divided?

"What is the average church?" I asked a prominent clergyman whose duty for some years has been to study the churches of the country.

His accusation came as bitingly and as directly as if it had been made by a man outside the church.

"It is a one-cell atom," he answered, "constructed for preaching and for hearing sermons. That's its limit."

Our average Protestant congregation in the United States numbers a little more than 100 members. The proportion of men to women, as shown by the government census, is 40 to 60. The leaders in our church activities—the busy, energetic members who assist in the collection of funds and in the care of the building itself—are mostly women. At least one-half the members are not directly wage-earners. In every congregation there are fine old men and women of an earlier day who have "fought the good fight and kept the faith," but who are now through with active participation in church affairs or even with wage-earning. Many of the members are non-wage-earning housewives.

The average "board of directors" consists of three men and two women. There will perhaps be about a dozen persons in each congregation who are actively interested in the welfare of their church. They will work for it and sacrifice for it, and will worry about the pastor's salary and about the coal and the wood and the physical well-being of the church itself. This dozen will consist mostly of women. They are the "sisters" of the church. Two or three of these women will be on the church board; so far as material activity goes, the minority on the board will be men.

The chances are that in the rural districts the dozen leaders in our average church will be influential persons in their own community. The men will be leading farmers and the women farmers' wives. In the towns, however, the personnel will be different. The women, only too often, we must admit, will not be influential leaders in the town life and the men usually will not be the town's most influential citizens. For instance, there will be no capitalist among them, nor will there be any union man. They will be men who come from the middle classes and whose lives are brightened and relieved of monotony by their personal and official interest in the little world of their local church.

By this I do not mean to say that influential citizens are not interested in our church. Everywhere, so reveals a search that has been recently conducted into our church affairs, the good citizens want the local church to succeed, but apparently many of them don't want to attend it.

In a New York suburb recently—a suburb of well-kept, good, sound American homes—the local church got into financial difficulties. The average congregation such as I have described—manned by the less influential members of the community and supported by pocketbooks that were the leanest in that neighborhood—had been unable to keep the church going. There was a well-known, public-spirited man in the community whose father had once been a clergyman; the church folks turned to him.

"You don't go to church," the directors said to him, "but we know that you won't want to see our church go down. Will you take hold and pull us out?"

"I will," said the business man.

The next day, at the country club, he broke the news to the usual Saturday-afternoon gathering of leading citizens, that if they didn't do something pretty soon, they would be living in a community without a church.

"What! Our town without a church?"

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exclaimed a prominent club member. "We'll have to avoid that."

Everybody in the club agreed that something must be done immediately.

"We've got a finance committee that put our golf club on its feet in a hurry," suggested a member. "Why not turn the church over to the finance committee of the golf club?"

The golf club of that select little village put the church on its feet and is keeping it there. But the golf-club members do not go to church.

Two hundred and fifty members of a church in another select suburb of one of our big cities attended an annual dinner recently to hear Frank Vanderlip, the financial expert, talk on the financial plight of the nations.

On the train to town the next morning the man who had acted as chairman of the dinner said:

"Well, we can get two hundred and fifty of our men members out to a dinner to hear a banker, but we can't get more than twenty of them to come to church on Sunday to hear our minister. And he's a good minister, too, the best we could get."

How much higher education will be manifested in the little average church of which we are speaking? In the average church in the United States how many college men or women play leading parts? In most of the churches how many influential individuals have had the benefit of a university education aside from the minister himself?

Here we have our average American church, a "one-cell atom," constructed, as my clergyman friend put it, for no other services to the community than preaching, its leaders—devout as they may be in their church lives—out of touch with the lives and problems of the great outside world, manned by the poor—for not many years ago it was said that the average income of American church members, including the great percentage of the aged and unsalaried housewives, was $400 a year—and shepherded by unselfish men almost as poor as themselves.

It is true that at one end of this average which we have struck we find the great, rich city church and at the other end the pitiful little structure of the remote rural districts where itinerant pastors preach at infrequent intervals.

But in the rich city churches we members pay less to the church per capita than do the members of our average churches. The average, be it remembered, is $10.60, or 2.8 cents per day. The men under silk hats and the ladies shouldering rich furs, who gather at Easter-time in our great city churches, pay *less* than $10.60 a year to keep the church alive! In the average "poor" church—and, as we have seen, the average church *is* poor—there has been no decrease in recent years in annual per-capita contributions to the church, but in the rich churches a fact has been discovered that may, perhaps, emphasize the age-old contention that religion is only for the poor and for folks who are in trouble.

In 548 "high-salaried" churches in the United States the members paid 4 cents less per capita into the church in 1918 than they did in the anxious war year of 1915, and in 208 "rich churches"—the highest type of church in the official classification—the members paid 19 cents less in 1918 than they did in 1915.

But the extremes—the rich church with its members who seem to appreciate the church in an inverse ratio to their prosperity, and the utterly poor church, supported by folk on the edge of civilization and society—need not enter into our calculation.

The average church toward which average, truth-seeking Americans might be expected to look for the solution of the many problems of the spirit, or even of their material well-being, is what concerns us; and the fact remains that as we analyze it we begin to discover that it seems to need help from these Americans as much as they need help from it.

Our average church, as it is to-day, is

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not a strong institution. In depicting it, one runs counter to hundreds of churches dotting America, which are doing their work well, which are holding up to men and women the faith that if this world followed the philosophy of Christ it would be a better world and which are proving that men and women who live the golden rule get from life about all that life has to give. Nor does the average church take in the wonder-working city missions which are found in almost every American metropolis, such as the famous Jerry McCauley mission, or John Callahan's Hadley Rescue Hall, in the Bowery in New York, where men who have sunk to the depths of human misery are put on their feet again and redeemed by the philosophy and teachings of the Galilean.

Facts about the interest of the American people in the church are as interesting and enlightening as facts about the church itself. The Protestant church, of which we have struck an average, numbers 201 different denominations; it includes all but the Jewish and Catholic congregations of America. In these 201 denominations it would seem that every American would find some shade of religious opinion to which he might attach himself. But of the 106,000,000 of us, leaving out 25,000,000 children under ten years of age, only 26,000,000 of us are members of Protestant churches, and only 44,788,000 of us are members of any church at all—Protestant, Catholic, or Jewish. Incidentally, there are 218,000 Protestant churches and 15,194 Jewish and Catholic churches in America.

We may be a Christian nation, we may even be a religious nation, but who can say that we are a church-going nation?

About half of us in the United States are nominal church members, but far less than half of us are church-goers. Our forefathers were church members and church-goers, but it is a fact that we church-goers ourselves pay less per capita in the United States to-day to keep our church alive than they did, in spite of the change of money values and our increased prosperity. The gain in membership in our Protestant churches last year was the smallest in twenty-five years, and it has been falling for many years past. Here is an official table that shows the startling facts:

Year	*Gains*
1912	528,777
1913	1,235,513
1914	728,007
1915	542,962
1916	756,867
1917	1,339,557
1918	154,320
1919	56,301

There is a minister for every 642 of us in the United States, but only a little more than 100 of us hear the average minister on Sunday. Great churches, famous in American history, are in financial difficulties. One reads in the daily press that the famous old Plymouth church, in Brooklyn, in debt $7,000, tried to raise $10,000 in a drive and secured only $4,000, and announces that its debt will double this year, unless aid is forthcoming. Changes of the times affect the churches. It was discovered the other day at St. Paul's Episcopal church in Cleveland's old Euclid Avenue that only two families in the church lived within sound of St. Paul's bells. Young men no longer turn to the ministry for their life-work. In 1913 there were 20 per cent. fewer theological students in the United States than in 1912. Our fathers lived in a day when the ministry was a profession which attracted thousands of our best young men. But between 1870 and 1910, a period in which our population almost tripled, the increases in the student body of three professions was: dentistry, 5,405 per cent.; law, 1,083 per cent.; theology, 238 per cent. Thirty years ago 30 per cent. of the students entered the ministry; to-day only 3 per cent. do so.

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Those bright young fellows of thirty years ago are the ones who to-day are ministering to us but are so poorly paid that they find themselves unable in many cases to send their own children to school.

This constant decrease in the number of theological students in the United States is, I find, most alarming to some of the leaders in the Protestant churches and most comforting to others. It brings up the question of whether or not our churches have not made the mistake of depending too much on theology and too little on religion.

"Has the church been teaching theology instead of Christianity?" is a question that may start an argument in every gathering of our Protestant clergymen these days.

"Theology has been knocked into a cocked hat," was the virile fashion in which an eminent churchman, known throughout the country, expressed himself to me recently. "Theology isn't religion, and the trouble with the church is that it has mistaken it for religion. Theology doesn't heal broken hearts; it doesn't teach us how to follow in the footsteps of Christ. The church is an organization based on religion. Theology is a code for operating that organization. Our churches of all denominations have been trying to walk on two legs, one of religion and one of theology. Indeed, I think some of us have been trying to hop on that one leg of theology. The thing that will save the church today is to step out solidly on religion and stand planted there like the Rock of Ages. This world wants to know about Christ, not what we ministers think about Christ."

And at this point I find another difference in opinion between church leaders that is hard to satisfy.

Was it Christianity or theology that kept our devout fathers and mothers in the church, that kept the church alive and powerful? Fear, as a motive toward religious devotion, has almost entirely disappeared with the weakening of theology. Hell with its fires has faded out of the ken of this generation. Hell is not preached in the Protestant churches; it is rarely preached in the Jewish churches; and to-day I even find eminent Catholic writers declaring that a belief in the existence of actual flames in purgatory is not an essential of salvation. The Greek and Russian Catholic churches long ago abandoned the preaching of an actual, soul-terrifying hell.

Was it theology which gave to Christianity the sense of fear that drove our forefathers to seek safety in religion? And along with the challenging of theology has this element of church strength passed away? I find some clergymen regretting this as a fact; I find others pleased that it is so.

The dark picture which I have painted of the position of the church is not entirely of my own making. Most of the facts and figures which I have given were prepared by leaders in the Interchurch World Movement, men who are eminent in the world of the American Protestant church; the conclusions which I have reached and the averages which I have struck have been prepared after consultation with men whose names are known to every layman in the United States. Many of these gentlemen, it is true, would not, perhaps, draw the same conclusions from these data that a layman or an outsider might draw. When I say the leaders of the movement are eminent men I have in mind such individuals as S. Earl Taylor, Methodist layman, who recently promoted the Centenary Movement of that denomination; John D. Rockefeller, Jr.; John R. Mott, head of the Y. M. C. A.; Dr. William Hiram Foulkes, general secretary of the Presbyterian New Era Movement; Dr. J. Y. Aitchison, of the Baptist denomination; Dr. Abram E. Cory, who gained fame in the church world by his direction of the Men and Millions Movement of the Disciples of Christ; George Innes, wealthy United Presbyterian layman of Philadelphia; J. Elwood Cox, of North

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Carolina, wealthy layman of the Society of Friends; James M. Speers, rich merchant of New York; Roger Babson, famous statistician; Carl E. Milliken, Governor of Maine; Daniel Baker, millionaire Methodist layman of Baltimore; Dr. Wilton Merle-Smith, pastor of the Central Presbyterian church of New York, and other business men and ministers of the Protestant churches throughout the country.

Thirty or more denominations joined in this movement. If there be any critic of our churches more relentless than these men of the church, he might well be accused of infidelism, agnosticism, and all the other crimes that the church, in olden days, used to prefer against its enemies. Indeed, men have been burned at the stake for criticizing the church as these men criticize it. But their motive has been fine. Frankly, and in good, sound American fashion, they have sought to discover the ills which they hope to remove.

There was something in this church movement that struck the pride of an American. All the other churches in Christendom have been bemoaning the fact that the church was not more felt in the war, and is not being felt in the world crisis to-day. We Americans are not bemoaners and we are not talkers only; we are doers, and the Americans in the American church decided that they were going to try to do something to stir the whole world. Either there is a God of power in this universe or there isn't one. The American church leaders believe there is one, and they declare that they are going to try to form the church into an instrument which can more effectively bring God's help to humanity.

It is these men—and, make no mistake, they are leaders in the Protestant churches in the United States to-day—who see favorable signs in the abatement of theology which I have mentioned. But in their plans, which have been considered by conventions of laymen and clergymen, one finds these same onrushing, enthusiastic church leaders turning from theology to sociology—the helping of humanity.

Here rises another difference of opinion among men of our churches.

"Ought the church now to give itself cntirely to religion, or will it fulfil its mission if it turns to sociology?" is the gist of a question that is being asked in the heart of churchdom.

At a great conference of church leaders in Atlantic City, in which it was recommended to start a campaign for the Interchurch World Movement, I found men of two opinions.

"What has money to do with religion?" was the question put to one clergyman.

"I don't know," he answered. "But it's a fair question. I believe that the church is a divine institution. Others believe that it is a man-made institution. If it's a man-made institution, then maybe more money can help it. If it's a divine institution, then maybe we need more God in it."

"It isn't the things that people can feel and eat and drink and wear that they expect from the church," said another church leader. "It's the invisible things they seek, and the invisible things are things that money won't buy. They come from above, and money never brought anything down from up there."

"Humanity is in trouble these days, young man," said another clergyman. "Can this world lift itself out of the mire by its own boot-straps? Or have we not the right to believe that a great and good God will reach down with supernatural power and raise us onto solid ground? The trouble with us is we have gotten away from prayer; from our mothers' knees. We got to worrying about theology and isms, and how to get money to run our thousands of little churches, and we did that work so poorly that it took all our time and worship away from God. We must get back to God in America, and we must get our children back to God, or be-

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fore long we shall not be a Christian nation."

The reports that I have read by the hundreds of church conditions in the United States disclose this same struggle between materialism and spirituality. One report will be coldly materialistic, but highly and energetically critical of social conditions. Another report will be filled with a splendid spirituality and dreams of the day when God will come so close to us as a nation that we shall all see and understand and love Him, and thus change our lives to goodness.

"Sociology is no substitute for spirituality," wrote the church leader who prepared a church survey on conditions in South America. And in the same conference in which this report was read it was charged by an association of business men in Ohio that the agents of the Interchurch World Movement, who were investigating the steel strike, were imbued with Bolshevism. It just happened that John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was a member of the conference and the convention turned the charge of Bolshevism over to a committee of five of which Rockefeller was made chairman. It took four weeks of negotiation, including the services of attorneys, to get the Ohio business men to withdraw the charges.

"Shall we make our own standards for the church or put the burden upon God to make them for us?" is the query, in a gist, that is bruited in the churches to-day.

Was I right when I gathered that it is the white-haired men of another generation of Americans, who insist on more spirituality in the church? The young men, who seem to have as great influence as their elders, appear to be the element who are directing the church toward sociological and economic activities. It is the creed of these young American Christians that spirituality will have a better chance for growth in America when social justice has been established.

Both the white-haired men and the young men agree that something has failed. The white-haired men seem to hold that it is our church which has failed, not our religion. The younger men with whom I have talked are determined that both religion and the church shall be put into a place of helpful power, if this can be done.

"Why not, by the grace of God, make the hearts of men so clean and good that they will not seek to be cruel and heartless?" ask the clergymen of other generations. "Kind hearts will prevent exploitation of labor, sweat-shop conditions, low wages, child labor, and all these other things you are talking about. Start the children at their mothers' knees and they will not grow up to be cruel men and women."

"It's too late to change the hearts of men who are already oppressing their fellows," say the younger churchmen. "We must rise as champions of the oppressed and show them that Christ is on their side."

Among the Catholics as well as the Protestants is found this conflict between idealistic Christianity and social service. Edward A. Pace, Ph.D., has written a pamphlet which is available in the pamphlet-racks of most of the Catholic churches of New York, in which he says:

> Christ is the Incarnate God; that is the vital truth without which there can be no such thing as the Christian religion. Once that is discarded we may have eloquent pleas for humanity and earnest strivings after fellowship and endless schemes for service; we may have enthusiasm and vision; but we will not have Christianity. . . . Of God's design no thought will be taken. . . . Shall we teach the people and their children that life is a struggle for existence and then expect them to love one another?

The men among the clergymen of the United States to-day who take the present condition of the world as a challenge to Christianity are favoring a deeper movement than a merely sociological one, while those who take it merely as a challenge to the church declare that

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Christianity has not failed and that the church must reach back to Christianity and forward to social service and defend the rights of those who suffer from social and economic injustice.

What does the American public expect from the church? On this question also I find that the church leaders are divided. The people of America want to send their children to Sunday-school just as soon as the Sunday-school is made worth while, say the younger men in the church movement. They freely admit that the Sunday-school is not efficient. Their figures show that over 20,000,000 children in the United States do not go to Sunday-schools of any denomination. The Sunday-schools are not graded; the teaching is not efficient; the teachers in the main are not chosen from among those who could do the work well, but from among those who, without regard for qualifications, are willing to devote their time to the work. The Sunday-school is oftentimes a hit-or-miss organization, in which prizes are given for attendance, but which is not sufficiently attractive either to catch or hold the child's attention.

The more conservative church leaders believe that there ought to be more co-operation between parents and the Sunday-school. Children who are under spiritual influence at home, they say, will find inspiration in the Sunday-school. I have heard criticisms of the Sunday-school in this battle between the modern young church leaders and the leaders of the older generation which I do not think wise to print, because of rank bitterness.

"The Sunday-school is a broken-down institution," is one of the mildest criticisms I have heard. "We must make it scientific and helpful and we must have it graded, like the public schools."

It is very evident that many church leaders of to-day believe that America expects an American church to be liberal and progressive. Here are a few actions that have been taken by some of the leading church conferences or church boards within the past year:

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian church has formally adopted a program for "more equitable distribution of wealth, abatement of poverty, abolition of child labor, regulation of industrial employment for women, one day a week rest, conciliation and arbitration in industrial disputes, and the development of a Christian attitude of society toward offenders against the law."

The bishops of the Methodist church have sent out to the ministers of that church an even more radical program dealing with social conditions. It provides "equitable wages for laborers that shall have the right of way over rent, interest and profits, collective bargaining, democratic training, the advance of workers through profit-sharing and through positions on boards of directors." The effect of this declaration of the Methodist bishops is to commit every Methodist minister in the country to principles which are considered almost the very essence of extreme progressivism.

The Federal Council of churches, representing 23,000,000 Protestant Church members, has gone on record as favoring "industrial councils and shop committees, a living wage which is a first charge on business before dividends; heavier taxes for the rich than for the poor; economic independence for women in the home, together with the control of her own person; a professional standing equal to that of white men for colored clergymen, and parks, playgrounds, equal wages, equal facilities for travel, courtesy when traveling, and adequate housing, lighting, etc., for negroes."

An interchurch conference of 350 leaders and clergymen of city churches in Cleveland in June, 1919, advised that all churches be thrown open for the discussion of all public problems in which moral issues are involved, and favoring church bodies which would bring employers, employees, and the public into

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conference. This conference declared openly that a majority of the people in our cities "live under economic injustice and unhealthful conditions." It declared that social unrest and discontent among workers was justifiable and that Christianity had failed to inspire and direct the life of American cities.

Interesting as this liberalism may be, it finds opponents in the church, but these opponents, strange to say, do not seem to consist entirely of employers or possessors of wealth. Judge Elbert H. Gary, Chairman of the Steel Corporation, when asked about the Interchurch campaign, wrote to the leaders of the Interchurch Movement, "I believe a genuine religious campaign is of the highest importance in combating the Bolshevik spirit."

The opponents of this church plan for social uplift point out, as I have said, that it is spiritual and not material things that the world expects from the church. Many great industrial concerns, with no sense of religion at all, and the legislatures of many states, are doing to-day, they say, what the church is planning to do to-morrow. The church is said to be like "the shadow of a rock in a weary land." If it were really that, would not the worried masses of America have turned to the church long ago? Instead of developing the church into such a shelter-rock, ask the opponents of these ideas, are not the social uplifters of the church preparing a make-believe, *papier-mâché*, grand-opera scenery rock, which they are rolling about the dreary desert of this world, begging the while that people cultivate an artificial need of its shade? If the church really held up Christ, these critics say, the world would flock to it; nothing else that the church can hold up will be any inducement. As it is now, they urge, the people are inclined to seek Christ and religion and knowledge of the hereafter outside the church.

Will it not develop that in the great stirring of our church to-day these two sets of church leaders will each lend help? Both agree that the church is in a very bad way; that, as it is now, it is a declining institution, and that unless strong hands put it on its feet it will soon become unworthy of consideration as a source of help in our modern life.

They agree that the great organization which includes millions of members, one hundred and seventy thousand educated clergymen, hundreds of religious newspapers, scores of great publishing-houses, hundreds of schools, colleges, and universities, asylums, hospitals, and charitable institutions, as well as some two hundred thousand buildings which are used as meeting-places, ought to be felt as a power in the homes, in the lives, and in the institutions of the people of the United States. How to put this great machine to work is their problem.

In the Interchurch World Movement some thirty of the leading denominations have tried to put aside their differences in creed and theology and get the church back onto its feet. They are not attempting a union of the scattered denominations.

The big task which the Protestant churches in America took upon themselves in the hope of making the church again a vital factor in the world's affairs is not confined to America alone. There are plenty of signs in the world that Christianity has been challenged by the peoples of other religions. Of the 1,700,000,000 people in the world, only 38 per cent. are of Christian races. The other two-thirds of the world are filled with whispers about the failure of Christianity. Missionaries of the Christian denominations in every part of the world are hearing the accusation:

"You Christians fought the most awful war this world has ever known."

"Yes, it is in the Christian world alone, not in the Islamic world, or the Confucian world, that the rights of men are being worked out," reply the missionaries. "Christ taught democracy and the right of the individual to his own soul, his own body, his own thoughts.

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We have just driven from the Christian world the last vestige of pagan autocracy; we had to kill one another to do it, but we have succeeded."

A church newspaper, which was printed daily at Atlantic City during the Interchurch World Conference, published the fact that Turks took the pews from the Christian church at Diabekir, Turkey, and carried them to the race-track, where they were used as seats by the effendi, and later, instead of being restored to the church, were scattered about in the homes of the Moslems. This incident was used as an example of how Christianity stands in the outside world.

Our church statisticians have developed the fact that almost one per cent. of the male populations of the dark races were drawn, one way or another, into the war. These men of other religions are returning to the heart of India, to the heart of China, and to the heart of darkest Africa to tell their own people how bad the Christian can be, at his worst. Caucasian efficiency, indeed, impressed them. Burmese soldiers, returning home, told their fellows of the efficient Y. M. C. A. and its work in the war, and within a few months a Young Men's Buddhist Association was formed on Y. M. C. A. lines, and it is spreading so rapidly that it is becoming a great Buddhist power. But it was efficiency, and not Christianity, which seemed to impress them.

The war, with its mingling of races, has shown some millions of us that our Christianity may be as strange and weird a religion to men of other races as their religion may be to us. It must show definite and marked results to get their attention. To the millions of dark men who were dragged into the fighting and the misery of it, that Crucified Man with His message of love meant nothing. A British officer who acted as censor for an Indian regiment in France said to me:

"I came across a letter the other day that made me stop and think. An Indian soldier was writing back to his folks in India. He said to them: 'The people are very honest here in France. You can leave a rupee beside the road and come back the next day and find it where you left it. They punish men who steal by nailing them to a tree. Everywhere we go in France we see wooden figures of a man who is punished this way. These figures are to remind the French people that they must not steal.'"

To the man on the street in the United States one question about the church seems to stand out before all others, and this is, "Why don't all these churches unite and stop fighting over doctrines?" There is not a city or a village or a country district which does not have its story to tell of wasted effort, wasted money, and general inefficiency growing out of the division in the churches. This country is sprinkled with little, inefficient churches, consisting of small congregations ministered to by underpaid clergymen. Almost side by side they stand in the streets of our towns, separated from one another in theology and in religious and social effort. If business men find efficiency and strength in entering into combines, why should not the Protestant churches do the same? asks the average citizen.

To those of the fifty-four million Americans who do not go to church this apparent unwillingness of the Protestant churches to unite into one great powerful organization appears to be the greatest weakness of the church. Its wastefulness seems to them too un-American. Here is a story I hear in church circles.

"How is your church going?" a man asked a resident of a certain village.

"It ain't goin' very well," answered the resident, "but, thank the Lord, the others ain't doin' very well, either."

Not one-tenth has been told of the waste and evaporation of effort which is going on in the Protestant church to-day

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as a result of divisions among our churches.

Perhaps, with theology subordinated to its rightful position, and with real religion for which there is such unquestioned need taking its place, a great union may one day be brought about. I find that millions of church members desire it.

A REJOINDER

THIS estimate of the present status of the Protestant church in America is written by a journalist evidently anxious to show himself sympathetic, but not intimately familiar with the church's life and work. It contains a number of statements which deserve consideration and will provoke discussion. He has handled various statistics and seeks to interpret them; and he comes to the conclusion that the church "is in a very bad way" and "that unless strong hands put it on its feet, it will soon become unworthy of consideration as a source of help in our modern life."

This is a bold statement to make of an institution with so long a history behind it and so many million attached and earnest members to-day. Is it borne out by the facts?

It would be easy to show that some of the figures hardly bear the interpretations put upon them. For example, he cites the existence of 201 denominations as an evidence of the hopelessly divided condition of the Protestant forces; but the large mass of Protestant Christians are to be found in seven or eight communions; and these communions have interdenominational machinery which enables them to function at least as harmoniously as did the various branches of our army and navy and the civi ian authorities during the war. We must plead guilty to wasteful overlapping and serious neglect, but the Germans did not find our military contribution to the war negligible. Church leaders are devising closer co-operation and working steadily, if painfully slowly, toward unity. He speaks of the lack of educated people in the churches; but the average of education among church members is decidedly above that of the total population, and college graduates are by no means as conspicuously absent as he appears to think. He complains that "the directors" of the churches are predominantly women, and it is true that women perform more than half of the active lay work of most congregations, but the official direction of the churches in most of the larger communions is still, whether wisely or unwisely, almost exclusively in masculine hands.

There are various ways of estimating the efficiency of the church. One is that taken by this article, which sets up an ideal of steadily mounting financial outlay and of steadily growing numbers, and regards as failure any declension from this ideal. But the church is an ancient institution with a many-centuried past. It has had times of vast wealth in material resources, and these are not always looked back upon as the periods of its largest usefulness. It has seen epochs when practically all the inhabitants of a land conformed outwardly to its observances, but these have rarely been the seasons of its greatest spiritual power.

Or, we may fairly compare the efficiency of the church with the efficiency of other institutions, equally divine and equally human, such as government, industry, the school, and the home. Is the church among ourselves in any worse plight than they? It would be easy to bring facts to show that government and industry and education and family life in our country are "in a very bad way," but should we conclude that they will soon become "unworthy of consideration as sources of help"?

But it may fairly be asked that the church, which is the inspiration of government and industry, school and home,

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shall be in better case than they. What is the church actually doing at this moment?

1. It is the only institution with the sole aim of furnishing men, women, and children with Christian ideals and convictions. Week after week, summer and winter, it keeps at this task, awakening and appealing to the consciences of the people. Its buildings may be poor, its ministers underpaid, its congregations small; but in every community it steadily holds up the basic faith by which a democracy lives. For every democracy exists upon a threefold faith—faith in the capacities of ordinary human beings, faith in the power of spiritual ideals, faith in the universe as friendly to human brotherhood. This faith the Protestant church ceaselessly and clearly proclaims—faith in the capacities of ordinary persons because one plain man, the Carpenter of Nazareth, has manifested the fullness of God; faith in the power of ideals which accord with the mind of this Jesus, because they are the inspiration of the Spirit of God; faith in the universe as friendly to brotherhood, because His Father is Lord of heaven and earth. This faith the churches, big and little, not only inculcate in their congregations Sunday after Sunday, but through them they succeed in making this the living faith of the great mass of the American people. And the church sustains the consciences of the people in this faith. It may be wrong in its moral emphases, stressing too heavily negative virtues, such as abstinence from certain forms of pleasure, and neglecting positive virtues, such as justice, tolerance, etc., but more than any other agency it keeps steadily quickening the consciences of men, and supplying the morale for citizenship, for industry, for family life. Its radius of influence is vastly wider than the immediate circle of the regular church-goers.

2. The church is the only institution supplying people with contact with the Invisible God, and interpreting to them His else unrecognized presence in all their experiences. To persons who do not believe in His existence, this is a questionable service. To the believing members of the church who know what their spiritual reinforcements are, this is the church's pre-eminent contribution. For religion is not doing something, however useful, nor trying to be something, however good; but it is being connected with Someone in whose fellowship power for service and character is found. In every age those who have been aware of, and have actually used, these resources in the Unseen have never been the majority of the population; but they have been creative personalities in their generations. There are groups of men and women in every community who know what this life with God in Christ is; they may not be able to interpret it intelligently, or to make it convincing and appealing to the mass of their neighbors. But it is their chief possession, and a possession which they succeed in passing on to some, at least, of the rising generation, and so long as this fellowship of men with God and with one another in Him exists, the church is in no danger of extinction. As a matter of fact, the various practical movements to which Mr. Shepherd alludes are outgrowths of this unique experience which the church, with all its imperfections in material resources, underpaid ministers, disunited forces, etc., steadily mediates.

3. The church supplies the community with the majority of its public-spirited and socially minded citizens. Mr. Shepherd seems to me wide of the mark when he asserts that there are more spiritual seekers outside the church than in it. Study the group in any town who are to the fore in public undertakings, and the majority of them are the products, either directly or by inheritance, of the church. When the government wished to promote the sale of Liberty bonds, the conservation of food, the work of the Red Cross, or any other of the activities necessary to the carrying on of the war, it was significant what

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efforts were made to enlist the co-operation of the churches. In them were the people with the consciences to be appealed to and the devotion to carry out the obligations imposed on them. Church circles in our country contain the bulk of each community's idealism. There are noteworthy idealists outside; and it is regrettable that our churches do not succeed in enlisting them; but the men and women with the conscience to make their idealism effective are for the most part either members of the church or they are living on the survival of a church training or a church heritage.

Much that Mr. Shepherd says deserves attention. Ministers are seriously underpaid, and this hinders some men from entering the calling and burdens many who are in it. But ministers would remind the community that they have some rewards which cannot be calculated in money—the sense of fulfilling a most essential public service, the chance to be helpful friends of all sorts and conditions of men, the opportunity to give freely to all who will take it the richest of treasures—life with God in Christ. There are too many poverty-stricken and pitifully small churches side by side in many places. The movement to form a "United Churches of Christ in America," with a council armed with powers to foster mergers, deserves to be vigorously pushed. The statement that in many churches there are neither large capitalists nor laboring men is partly true, but it is more deplorable that there are so few churches in which capitalists and laboring men are to be found side by side both as communicants and on the official boards of the church. One need not be greatly alarmed at apparent decreases in the number of additions to the membership of the churches. Figures of this sort fluctuate; and it is not surprising that the last two years should have shown a shrinking, for these figures cover the period of the war, when many ministers and church workers gave themselves to the service of the men in camps and overseas, and every congregation found its usual activities necessarily curtailed. The figures a year from now will undoubtedly show an increase.

There are two other questions which Mr. Shepherd raises. One is the question of theology. He quotes some "eminent," but certainly unthinking, churchman as saying that "theology has been knocked into a cocked hat." Theology is simply orderly thinking about the religious life. It changes, exactly as men's opinions change on government, or economics, or science. The theology commonly held fifty years ago is not acceptable to educated people to-day; but interpretations of God and of man's life with Him are just as widely made now as then, and these interpretations are theology. A man may have a life with God and at the same time hold a confused explanation of it. The clearer his interpretation becomes the richer and more satisfying his life will be.

The other is the question of "sociology," as Mr. Shepherd calls it. The church certainly cannot commit itself to some particular economic theory, such as capitalism or socialism. But the church must apply the teaching of Christ to the social as well as to the personal life of men. This social application is increasingly made through Sunday-schools and sermons and various forums and discussion groups. The cry used to be raised that the church was indifferent to the interests of the socially disinherited; to-day it is as often charged with being too much interested in them and too unappreciative of the services rendered by the well-to-do.

But in both these matters of "theology" and "sociology" the church has no option. It is here to represent Jesus Christ. He came to help men to live with God, and, obviously, they must learn to think clearly of Him with whom they live, so that theology is an inescapable task. He came to help men to live with one another in nations and industries and homes, and the application of

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His Spirit to their social relations is equally essential to its ministry.

Leaders and active members in the Church of Christ to-day are not depressed. Never was it more widely recognized that our world must have more conscience, and more thoroughly Christian conscience, in order to establish satisfactorily its international relations, its commerce and industry, its family life. Never was there a keener interest in that for which the church exists. The fact that the churches are so constantly criticized is itself an advantage. Criticism implies that the churches are in people's thought, and that great expectations are cherished of them, expectations loftier than they are meeting. It is far better to be criticized, however sharply, than to be ignored. The currents of thought in intellectual circles are not hostile to the Christian point of view, as they seemed often to be even a generation ago. Our intellectual leaders treat religion with sympathy and evident anticipation. While money does not pour into the church's treasury in overwhelming abundance, huge sums are annually raised, and Christian enterprises at home and abroad receive a hearty support. The church movements of the hour are evidences that the Christian constituency is being roused to a greater generosity. There may be no evidence of a religious revival in a marked increase in church attendance; but, on the other hand, there is no manifest falling off. Mr. Shepherd's statement that "our forefathers were church members and church-goers" is not borne out by facts. Those of us who have read Beveridge's recently completed biography of Chief-Justice Marshall, with its vivid picture of life in this country a century ago, know that church-going was by no means universal. One small and casually conducted Presbyterian church was the only representative of Protestant Christianity at the national capital. Christianity has usually seemed to contemporaries in a state of decline, so that one is not surprised to find Mr. Shepherd entitling his account "a dark picture"; but the invalid has been an unconscionable time in dying, and those who view the present against the background of the long Christian centuries see no reason for pessimism at the present outlook.

Mr. Shepherd speaks for a large number of high-minded and Christian-hearted men and women. The churches need them fully as much as they need the church. Criticism from without has its uses; but constructive effort from within is vastly more effective. Like all other organizations, churches may not seem easy to work with and improve; but if a man really is loyal in his heart to Christ and wishes to further His cause in his own community and in the world, let him throw himself into the life and work of any congregation and in a surprisingly short time he will find that his willing service is cordially appreciated, and that, if he be wise and friendly, as well as earnest and vigorous, his leadership will be welcomed, and he can help make the far from adequate church of to-day the church all lovers of the country and the world hope to see it.

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A MIDSUMMER IDYL

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

AS I sit here of a midsummer day, in front of the wide-open doors of a big hay-barn, busy with my pen, and look out upon broad meadows where my farmer neighbor is busy with his haymaking. I idly contrast his harvest with mine. I have to admit that he succeeds with his better than I do with mine, though he can only make hay while the sun shines, while I can reap and cure my light fancies nearly as well in the shade as in the sun. Yet his crop is the surer and of more certain value to mankind. But I have this advantage over him—I might make literature out of his haymaking, or might reap his fields after him, and gather a harvest he never dreamed of. What does Emerson say?

> One harvest from the field
> Homeward bring the oxen strong;
> A second crop thine acres yield,
> Which I gather in a song.

But the poet, like the farmer, can only reap where he has sown, and if Emerson had not scattered his own heart in the fields his Muse would not reap much there. Song is not one of the instruments with which I gather my harvest, but long ago, as a farm boy, in haymaking, and in driving the cows to and from the pasture, I planted myself there, and whatever comes back to me now from that source is honestly my own. The second crop which I gather is not much more tangible than that which the poet gathers, but the farmer as little suspects its existence as he does that of the poet. I can use what he would gladly reject. His daisies, his buttercups, his orange hawkweed, his yarrow, his meadow-rue, serve my purpose better than they do his. They look better on the printed page than they do in the haymow. Yes, and his timothy and clover have their literary uses, and his new-mown hay may perfume a line in poetry. When one of our poets makes "wild carrot blooms nod round his quiet bed" he makes better use of this weed than the farmers can.

Certainly a midsummer day in the country, with all its sights and sounds, its singing birds, its skimming swallows, its grazing or ruminating cattle, its drifting cloud shadows, its grassy perfumes from the meadows and the hillsides, and the farmer with his men and teams busy with the harvest, has material for the literary artist. A good hay day is a good day for the writer and the poet, because it has a certain crispness and pureness; it is positive; it is rich in sunshine; there is a potency in the blue sky which you feel; the high barometer raises your spirits; your thoughts ripen as the hay cures. You can sit in a circle of shade beneath a tree in the fields, or in front of the open hay-barn doors, as I do, and feel the fruition and satisfaction of nature all about you. The brimming meadows seem fairly to purr as the breezes stroke them; the trees rustle their myriad leaves as if in gladness; the many-colored butterflies dance by; the steel blue of the swallows' backs glistens in the sun as they skim the fields; and the mellow boom of the passing bumblebee but enhances the sense of repose and contentment that pervades the air. The hay cures; the oats and corn deepen their hue; the delicious fragrance of the last wild strawberries is on the breeze; your mental skies are lucid, and life has the midsummer fullness and charm.

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As I linger here I note the oft-repeated song of the scarlet tanager in the maple woods that crown a hill above me, and in the loft overhead two broods of swallows are chattering and lining up their light-colored breasts on the rim of their nests, or trying their newly fledged wings while clinging to its sides. The only ominous and unwelcome sound is the call of the cuckoo, which I hear and have heard at nearly all hours for many days, and which surely bodes rain. The countryman who first named this bird the "rain crow" hit the mark. The cuckoo is a devourer of worms and caterpillars, and why he should be interested in rain is hard to see. The tree-toad calls before and during a shower, mainly, I think, because he likes to have his back wet, but why a well-dressed bird like the cuckoo should become a prophet of the rain is a mystery, unless the rain and the shadows are congenial to the gloomy mood in which he usually seems to be. He is the least sprightly and cheery of our birds, and the part of doleful prophet in our bird drama suits him well.

A high barometer is best for the hay-makers and it is best for the human spirits. When the smoke goes straight up, one's thoughts are more likely to soar also, and revel in the higher air. The persons who do not like to get up in the morning till the day has been well sunned and aired evidently thrive best on a high barometer. Such days do seem better ventilated, and our lungs take in fuller draughts of air. How curious it is that the air should seem heavy to us when it is light, and light when it is heavy! On those sultry, muggy days when it is an effort to move, and the grasshopper is a burden, the air is light, and we are in the trough of the vast atmospheric wave; while we are on its crest, and are buoyed up both in mind and in body, on the crisp, bright days when the air seems to offer us no resistance. We know that the heavier salt sea-water buoys us up more than the fresh river or pond water, but we do not feel in the same way the lift of the high barometric wave. Even the rough, tough-coated maple-trees in spring are quickly susceptible to these atmospheric changes. The farmer knows that he needs sunshine and crisp air to make maple sugar as well as to make hay. Let the high blue-domed day with its dry northwest breezes change to a warmer, overcast, humid day from the south, and the flow of sap lessens at once. It would seem as if the trees had nerves on the outside of their dry bark, they respond to the change so quickly. There is no sap without warmth, and yet warmth, without any memory of the frost, stops the flow.

The more the air presses upon us the lighter we feel, and the less it presses upon us the more "logy" we feel. Climb to the top of a mountain ten thousand feet high, and you breathe and move with an effort. The air is light, water boils at a low temperature, and our lungs and muscles seem inadequate to perform their usual functions. There is a kind of pressure that exhilarates us, and an absence of pressure that depresses us.

The pressure of congenial tasks, of worthy work, sets one up, while the idle, the unemployed, has a deficiency of hemoglobin in his blood. The Lord pity the unemployed man, and pity the man so over-employed that the pressure upon him is like that upon one who works in a tunnel filled with compressed air.

Haying in this pastoral region is the first act in the drama of the harvest, and one likes to see it well staged, as it is to-day—the high blue dome, the rank, dark foliage of the trees, the daisies still white in the sun, the buttercups gilding the pastures and hill slopes, the clover shedding its perfume, the timothy shaking out its little clouds of pollen as the sickle-bar strikes it, most of the song-birds still vocal, and the tide of summer standing poised at its full. Very soon it will begin to ebb, the stalks of the meadow grasses will become dry and

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harsh, the clover will fade, the girlish daisies will become coarse and matronly, the birds will sing fitfully or cease altogether, the pastures will turn brown, and the haymakers will find the hay half cured as it stands waiting for them in the meadows.

What a wonderful thing is the grass, so common, so abundant, so various, a green summer snow that softens the outlines of the landscape, that makes a carpet for the foot, that brings a hush to the fields, and that furnishes food to so many and such various creatures! More than the grazing animals live upon the grass. All our cereals—wheat, barley, rye, rice, oats, corn—belong to the great family of the grasses.

Grass is the nap of the fields; it is the undergarment of the hills. It gives us the meadow, a feature in the northern landscape so common that we cease to remark it, but which we miss at once when we enter a tropical or semi-tropical country. In Cuba and Jamaica and Hawaii I saw no meadows and no pastures, no grazing cattle, none of the genial, mellow look which our landscape presents. Harshness, rawness, aridity, are the prevailing notes.

From my barn-door outlook I behold meadows with their boundary line of stone fences that are like lakes and reservoirs of timothy and clover. They are full to the brim, they ripple and rock in the breeze, the green inundation seems about to overwhelm its boundaries, all the surface inequalities of the land are wiped out, the small rocks and stones are hidden, the woodchucks make their roads through it, immersed like dolphins in the sea. What a picture of the plenty and the flowing beneficence of our temperate zone it all presents! Nature in her kinder, gentler moods, dreaming of the tranquil herds and the bursting barns. Surely the vast army of the grass hath its victories, for the most part noiseless, peace-yielding victories that gladden the eye and tranquilize the heart.

The meadow presents a pleasing picture before it is invaded by the haymakers, and a varied and animated one after it is thus invaded; the mowing-machine sending a shudder ahead of it through the grass, the hay-tedder kicking up the green locks like a giant, many-legged grasshopper, the horse-rake gathering the cured hay into windrows, the white-sleeved men with their forks pitching it into cocks, and, lastly, the huge, soft-cheeked loads of hay, towering above the team that draws them, brushing against the bar-ways and the lower branches of the trees along their course, slowly winding their way toward the barn. Then the great mows of hay, or the shapely stacks in the fields, and the battle is won. Milk and cream are stored up in well-cured hay, and when the snow of winter fills the meadows as grass fills them in summer, the tranquil cow can still rest and ruminate in contentment.

As the swallows sweep out and in near my head they give out an angry "Sleet, sleet," as if my presence had suddenly become offensive to them. I know what makes the change in their temper. The young are leaving their nests, and at such eventful times the parent birds are always nervous and anxious. When any of our birds launch a family into the world they would rather not have spectators, and you are pretty sure to be abused if you obtrude upon the scene. The swallow can put a good deal of sharp emphasis into that "Sleet, sleet," though she is not armed to make any of her threats good. Who knows that all will go well with them when they first make the plunge into space with their untried wings? A careful parent should keep the coast clear.

They have been testing their wings for several days, clinging to the sides of the nest and beating the wings rapidly. And now comes the crucial moment of letting go and attempting actual flight. Several of them have already done it, and I see them resting on the dead limbs of a plum-tree across the road. But more are to follow, and parental

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anxiety is still rife. I shall be sorry when the spacious hay-loft becomes silent. That affectionate "Wit, wit," and that contented and caressing squeaking and chattering give me a sense of winged companionship. The old barn is the abode of friendly and delicate spirits, and the sight of them and the sound of them surely bring a suggestion of poetry and romance to these familiar scenes.

Is not the swallow one of the oldest and dearest of birds? Known to the poets and sages and prophets of all peoples? So infantile, so helpless and awkward upon the earth, so graceful and masterful on the wing, the child and darling of the summer air, reaping its invisible harvest in the fields of space as if it dined on the sunbeams, touching no earthly food, drinking and bathing and mating on the wing, swiftly, tirelessly coursing the long day through, a thought on wings, a lyric in the shape of a bird! Only in the free fields of the summer air could it have got that steel-blue of the wings and that warm tan of the breast. Of course I refer to the barn-swallow. The cliff-swallow seems less a child of the sky and sun, probably because its sheen and glow are less, and its shape and motions less arrowy. More varied in color, its hues yet lack the intensity, and its flight the swiftness, of those of its brother of the hay-lofts. The tree-swallows and the bank-swallows are pleasing, but they are much more local and restricted in their ranges than the barn-frequenters. As a farm boy I did not know them at all, but the barn-swallows the summer always brought.

After all, there is but one swallow; the others are particular kinds that we specify. How curious that men should ever have got the notion that this airy, fairy creature, this playmate of the sunbeams, spends the winter hibernating in the mud of ponds and marshes, the bedfellow of newts and frogs and turtles! It is an Old World legend, born of the blindness and superstition of earlier times. One knows that the rain of the rainbow may be gathered at one's feet in a mud-puddle, but the fleeting spectrum of the bow is not a thing of life. Yet one would as soon think of digging up a rainbow in the mud as a swallow. The swallow follows the sun, and in August is off for the equatorial regions, where it hibernates on the wing, buried in tropical sunshine.

Well, this brilliant day is a good day for the swallows, a good day for the haymakers, and a good day for him who sits before his open barn door and weaves his facts and midsummer fancies into this slight literary fabric.

THE ADVENTURERS

BY E. E. SPEIGHT

ALONG the ways of my soul they passed
Impetuously,
Nor saw the trembling flowers.
In panoply they rode
With music swift and loud.
And I know not whither they went,
Nor who shall restore
The broken ways, nor where is well to hide,
Should they return
Maddened with victory.

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THE LIVER BANK

BY MARIE MANNING

JOHN WARREN FORBES had "passed." He had been snatched from high-school at the end of his second year and sent to "prep." where he had been submitted at all hours to painful inoculations of learning that he might qualify for a certain scholarship long identified with his family.

The inoculations were, of course, not continuous; there were respites for food, exercise, and pure loafing, but to the victim the process seemed as protracted as removing the tail from a fox-terrier, joint by joint. However, it was all over now, and "Forbsy" had absorbed a sufficient number of the germs of wisdom to react very creditably on paper, in the way of examinations.

His grandmother, a bit heady over the achievement of her descendant, presented him with ten dollars. The unexpected influx of wealth loomed to the prep. boy a forever-and-ever talisman proof against the incursions of want.

Doubtless he would have known more about the gilded pastimes of his age and station—movies, the thrilling abomination of having girls about, the joy of cultivating hair sleekly brushed back—had it not been for two factors in his life: adenoids and Aunt Belle. Adenoids kept him from school for two years, during which time Aunt Belle forced, pruned, lopped, and fertilized his mentality till he was able to leave prep. quite ready for the scholarship, a queer, sensitive, hobbledehoy made up chiefly of elbows and raw sensibilities.

He had gone to prep. the runt of the establishment, but something had pulled him out a foot, and discrepancies were always occurring between the tops of his shoes and the hems of his trousers. There were other changes, too, besides those of his long-distance hands and feet. He had gone to Doctor Sawyer's, hating girls as accessories to the torture of dancing-school; he couldn't bear their tee-heeing giggling and the way they nibbled candy for hours after he had bolted his. He hated them still, but somehow or other the mystery of the troublesome sex haunted him. He listened endlessly to other fellows talk, fellows who had sisters and actually lived in the same houses with these sphinxes.

There were no girls in the Forbes household; mother, father, John Warren, and a six-year-old brother named Maddox made up the family. Maddox had acquired a gusty temper because so many ladies told him he looked like "a little angel" and wanted to kiss him. Otherwise he had a refractory liver, a source at once of importance and income. The money received by the angelic tornado for drinking hot water, eating spinach, and sometimes taking castor-oil, he was in the habit of salting away in a padlocked stronghold known as "the liver bank." John Warren never saw his brother's bank without a defrauded feeling. One had a good work-aday liver that ran up no doctor's bills, and what came of it? Nothing!

There was a girl named Margery Hunton whom John Warren had known well before he went to prep., and he decided when he came home that he hated her harder than he did the other girls because he was more curious and thought more about her than he did about the rest. When Margery was not around in the flesh, her image was.

He could not order it home as he did

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Maddox or his faithful dog, because it paid no attention to these objurgations; and he could not fight it, as he would have fought a boy who dogged his footsteps. In his helplessness he had to let this image of Margery Hunton tag along, but he hated her for collusion.

He would walk down the street blocks away from her home, scowling, and wondering how he appeared to her, and before he knew it something had assumed control of his legs and was walking him past her door. And ten times to one there would be the hateful thing! He would scowl and despise her inferiority, but she usually called out something pleasant and his hate melted. "It's a wonder she doesn't know what a pest she is!" he would say to himself a dozen times a day. At other times he would be vitally interested in the way she wrinkled up her nose when she laughed, and other "foolishness" that was exclusively hers. And so he would forget, for the time being, that she was a pest and be furiously angry when other boys joined them, and ask, savagely, "why they butted in." Still, he was sure he hated her.

About this time he began to brush his hair straight back, because most of the boys who "butted in" did so. The fervor of the devotee immediately obsessed him; the object of his tenderest solicitude, the child of his fancy, his pride, and his despair, became his hair. He watered it morning, noon, and night; he watered it in betweentimes; he made sudden excursions to the bathroom in its interests—like Isabella and her pot of basil, he might have watered it with his tears. He had certain secret rites, performed alone in his room at night with an old silk stocking of his mother's, but his locks always fell like a house of cards the moment the water dried out of them. On the contrary, the hair of the "butters-in" stood up, wet or dry. In his predicament John Warren even considered mucilage.

He had been home from prep. about a week when Margery Hunton called him up on the 'phone one day, told him she was giving a lawn party and wanted him to come. His mother, who was sewing in the room where the telephone was, said something to the seamstress, and he noticed their faces had the gravity of repressed smiles.

He turned on his mother fiercely. "I don't want to go to that old party."

"Why did you say you would, dear?"

"That Margery Hunton took me up so quick— What do they do at lawn parties, mamma?"

"Wander about, and eat ice-cream after a while."

"'N' you play the mandolin 'n' wear white pants." This from the floor where Maddox, prone on his stomach, read the adventures of "The Seven Goslings."

"Bring down your white trousers and Mrs. Simpson will let down the hems and face them."

There was something horrible in the thought of having the seamstress do this thing. Why couldn't they be sent to a tailor like any other man's? But he knew the suggestion would be vetoed. It took a good deal of feminine strategy to get him ready for the lawn party; he had outgrown all last summer's clothes and the garments that were to replace them had not yet been selected. The extent to which his mother and the seamstress were concerned in his toilette seemed nothing short of disgraceful, considering his age and size. Mrs. Simpson let down the hems of his white trousers and constructed "cuffs" to make them longer; the effect was creditable enough, but he loathed the means. His mother bought him a chromatic tie and a negligé shirt; Mrs. Simpson performed a second operation on the sleeves of his blue-serge coat, and he became a summer man with ten dollars in his pocket.

On the night of the lawn party the neighborhood was made aware of the festivities by nine Japanese lanterns suspended from the back porch at Margery's; one took fire and then there were eight, like the little Indians of gate

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memory. Besides the lanterns there were four girls and four boys, and, true to the prediction of Maddox, not only one mandolin, but two. White trousers also prevailed.

Margery introduced John Warren as Mr. Forbes and he thus became formally acquainted with Mr. Harris, who, as "Bones," fought him to a black-eye finish before he went to prep.

And there was a girl named Annabelle, who lisped, and another with a lumpy forehead reputed to be intellectual—they called her Miss Davis and she was some sort of a relative of Margery's. The fourth girl was Bessie Chiswell, who had once lived next door to the Forbeses. She was pretty and dignified, but John Warren's perverse fancy clung to the time her mother had spanked her with a slipper. He had witnessed the tragedy from his bedroom window, which afforded a view of the Chiswells' back porch.

Mr. Brown and Mr. Harris went through a sort of pussy-wants-a-corner game to avoid sitting next the intellectual Miss Davis. Margery, as hostess, was devoting herself to an older man, who must have been every day of nineteen or twenty; they called him Mr. Urquhart. While John Warren planned how he could sit next to the hated Margery, Miss Davis fell upon him and asked him about school; she wanted to know if he was "through" Cicero.

He told her no, and she told him not to worry—Cicero was a bore, but Horace was fascinating.

He added Miss Davis to his hate album and stood up for his old friend Cicero. She told him she intended to write problem plays and that she "lived in a dream world where the seeming was the real."

Forbes told himself he did not give a darn where she lived. Two perspiring colored men carried in an ice-cream freezer through the back gate—the porch faced that way.

Mr. Harris, who had secured Bessie, and Mr. Brown, the lisping Annabelle, now began to tune their mandolins and play shivery-sounding songs with a more or less shivery technique. The cook and the two colored men got into an altercation about the placing of the freezer, the honors going to the cook.

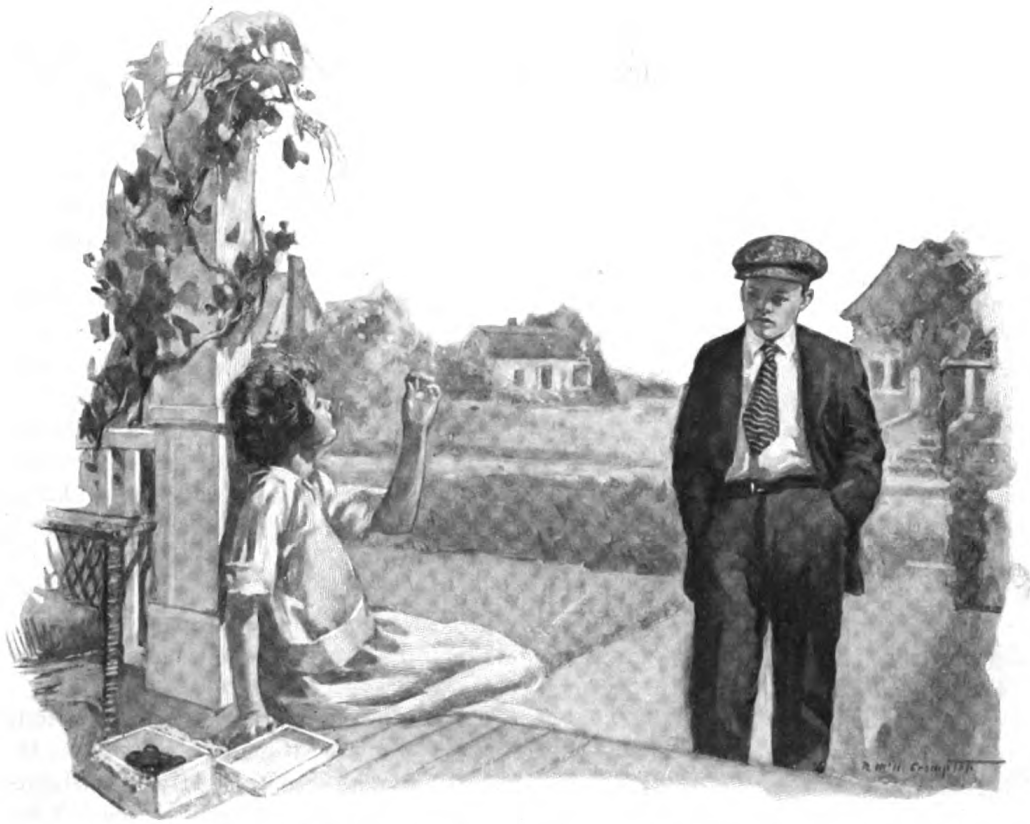
John Warren, stealing a look at Margery, made up his mind she was "inscrutable." He had acquired the word lately and it lodged in his vocabulary like a fish bone in the throat. But Margery, sitting in the glow of a Japanese lantern, talking to the middle-aged Urquhart, now appealed to him as alone worthy of the epithet. He felt the thrill of a Columbus or a Balboa in applying the term to her. "Inscrutable, inscrutable," he murmured to himself, and his feeling for her changed; he no longer hated her; in some indefinable way she had contributed to his esteem.

Beside him, on the slat bench, Miss Davis seemed to be running an intellectual Marathon all her own. Without turning a hair, she took a long jump from Omar to Bernard Shaw. She threw the hammer straight through Zola and the school of French realists. Without perceptible heaving, she ran through three centuries and proclaimed O. Henry the intellectual descendant of Kit Marlowe. And the more she pitched and tossed great names about, the more John Warren hated. Sometimes he felt she was making them up—the half he had never heard of before. At such times he took comfort in contemplating the inscrutable one on the adjoining bench.

The amiable tinklings of Mr. Brown and Mr. Harris assumed new purpose. Mr. Urquhart was blowing smoke rings with magnificent technique—he had not even thought it necessary to pass his cigarette-case to any of the other men. A heartening rattle of spoons and plates was evident from the kitchen, and, true to the prophecy of his mother, pink ice-cream appeared.

Mr. Urquhart brought Miss Davis a plate of ice-cream, almost forcibly displacing John Warren, who sat beside her. And, with a baffled feeling, the prep. boy

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AT TIMES HE WOULD BE VITALLY INTERESTED IN THE WAY SHE WRINKLED UP HER NOSE

wondered if there was more in that kind of talk than he had imagined.

Miss Davis and Mr. Urquhart began to discuss an evening they had spent at the Cambridge. In the words of its own unblushing advertisement, the Cambridge was "the most exclusive hotel in town and was prepared to cater to the most exclusive patronage."

"The orchestra was extr'ordinary—for a hotel," Miss Davis condescended.

"And the eats! Oh, boy!" Mr. Urquhart became as a little child.

"The open-air ball-room in the court made dancing so comfortable." The woman was human—she danced.

"And the 'peach Melba,'" dreamily recalled Mr. Urquhart. "Oh, boy!"

"Some cabaret people from New York were really excellent. You've all seen Polonitzka dance, of course?" Miss Davis encouraged her young friends. But no, not one of them had seen the famous Russian dance. A hush of shame and inexperience made them all dumb, while Miss Davis and Mr. Urquhart flung wide the banner of their cosmopolitanism. Margery was no longer inscrutable; she was a wide-eyed little girl who listened to these wonders with an open mouth.

The honking of an automobile in the street below arrested the recital of these glories. Miss Davis and Mr. Urquhart, it seemed, were going on to more mature festivities at the country club; they made their farewells and honked away, taking all the joy of the lawn party with them. They had made it a flat and childish affair, in which the tinkling of the two mandolins was drowned in the far-off glories of the Cambridge orchestra and Polonitzka's dancing. The pink ice-cream suddenly became a wretched understudy for the glories of peach Melba.

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Mr. Harris then produced his trump card in the way of news—"Urquhart and Miss Davis were engaged, and she was seven years older than he."

Margery sighed, "It must be splendid to go to the Cambridge and see Polonitzka dance."

There was no human envy in her tone nor hope of such achievement, only a sigh for the unattainable. And, though the affianced pair had not remained long, they had wrecked the party as completely as if they had taken crowbars and axes to the work of demolition.

"That was Turkish tobacco he smoked," Mr. Brown remarked to Mr. Harris. "I know the smell."

Mr. Harris made no comment—he was doing something to his mandolin; but for this tinkling the party had the hush of a funeral.

In a flash John Warren Forbes remembered something which imparted an almost superhuman sense of power; he remembered the ten-dollar bill his grandmother had given him for passing his examinations. To make sure he was not dreaming, he put his hand in his pocket. It closed over something crisp. Yes, the wealth of a Monte Cristo was his. The gift of his grandmother could command an Arabian Night entertainment at the Cambridge Hotel. His face flushed, his hands grew clammy as he pumped out:

"What's the matter with you coming to the Cambridge with me, night after next, 'n' see Polonitzka dance?"

There were no takers among the lawn party to this invitation; it was regarded as a witticism of questionable taste. Mr. Brown, still tuning his mandolin, uttered a derisive, "Sure!"

John Warren, feeling every inch a prince, sprang to his feet, fully expecting a counter-display of enthusiasm on the part of his friends.

"Say, wha's the matter with you people? Don't you want to go to the Cambridge?"

The wild improbability of such a figure entertaining at the Cambridge seemed evident. Excitement had laid low the upstanding locks; they hung a demoralized "bang." The tie had escaped coat anchorage and hung wild and free as an insurrectionary flag.

Messrs. Brown and Harris wondered how a gentleman could joke at his own and his friends' poverty in the presence of ladies.

Their attitude affronted the prince, who was having a hard time remembering he was a gentleman in long white trousers attending a lawn party. He wanted to be debonair, to take them to the Cambridge as if such a thing might have been habitual, but their attitude goaded him into the detestable brag of a fifth-grade boy. Reaching into his pocket, he displayed his grandmother's gift and was immediately overcome by remembering the vulgarity of such a thing.

But the lawn party was, apparently, less concerned with gentility than Forbsy, who was promptly overwhelmed with noisy enthusiasm. He hadn't been joking; he actually meant it. Immediately they decided what a splendid fellow he was, even if his hair would never stand, nor his tie stay in place!

Their joyous anticipations of the Cambridge attracted the attention of Margery's mother, who, with the valiant assistance of the Encyclopedia Britannica, was composing a club paper on "Social Customs of the Early Phœnicians." Her mind submerged in the late festivities of Tyre and Sidon, Mrs. Hunton grasped vaguely that John Warren's grandmother had given him a present for passing his examinations, which he generously proposed spending in taking his young friends to a movie, or something of the sort. She gave her immediate consent and hastened back to the Phœnicians, leaving the early social customs of the Americans to proceed unchallenged.

Reaction—chill and deadly—laid hold of John Warren next morning; he awakened with a feeling that all was not well. It dogged him during breakfast, cur-

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tailing his customary supply of flannel-cakes and prompting the family to ask him questions which were a disgrace to one of his age. After almost forcibly ejecting his mother and grandmother from the room, he succeeded in achieving a tête-à-tête with his father, and very subtly, as he thought, led the conversation in the direction of the Cambridge, winding up with:

"How much would it cost to eat there —say dinner?"

His father's trained eye appraised the fallen hair, obtrusive wrists, ankles, outgrown clothes, and general hobbledehoy aspect of his older son, and concluded his first suspicions were unfounded—the idea was too preposterous.

"About five dollars a plate, if one knows how to order well."

"Do you have to eat dinner to see Polonitzka dance?"

"You pay about four times the price of everything and they throw in the Russian lady and her gyrations. If you're thinking of entertaining, take a vegetarian." His parent departed, chuckling over the idea.

At the end of an hour, one looking over John Warren's shoulder would have seen four sheets of foolscap covered with strings of names beginning Margery, Bessie, Annabelle, Harris, Brown, Self, and then followed problems in division, division, division—long and short—with the sum of ten dollars unfailingly as the dividend.

He flung the paper aside and walked out. Wretchedness dogged his footsteps, following him into "Prince's cut-price drug-store," where he went to refresh his sinking spirits with a "banana split."

He went home and prowled from room to room, like a strange cat, finally seating himself alongside his mother. He inquired if people ever invited other people to dinner, then told them not to come, if they weren't sick or dead or anything?

"Which is supposed to be sick or dead, the host or the guests?"

John Warren brushed the melancholy locks from his eyes. "S'pose every one's perfec'ly well, but the man who's



HE PERFORMED CERTAIN SECRET RIGHTS ALONE IN HIS ROOM AT NIGHT WITH A STOCKING

givin' the dinner just changes his mind and tells them not to come. Could that be done, mamma?"

"No gentleman would act that way."

"It would be against a gentleman's honor to tell them to stay home?"

"Code, I expect you mean. But what on earth are you bothering your head about such things for? Are you contemplating a dinner party?" And his mother laughed, even as his father had done.

He went to his own room and again

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began his calculations regarding six dinners at five dollars a head—if one knew how to order well—the whole to be subtracted from a ten-dollar bill. By mid-afternoon he had decided to eat nothing at his dinner party, which would reduce the gross total five dollars; this would still leave him fifteen dollars short.

A chill despair that localized itself in the pit of his stomach took possession of him. He confided to his hate album his grandmother for presenting him with the root of all evil, Miss Davis and Mr. Urquhart for inspiring him to this folly, and his young friends for their eagerness in taking him up so quickly. And, lastly, made of his own countenance the frontispiece of the hate album for being a "simp." Any other boy in the world would have known that ten dollars was *nothing* to take a bunch like that to the Cambridge. He was a "simp" and deserved his fate. As a gentleman he could not tell his guests to stay home, as an honest man he could not pay for the entertainment to which he had invited them; in either case his plight was contemptible.

No desperate expedients for raising the sum of fifteen dollars occurred to him; the amount was too colossal; as well try to raise the national debt. He had lived too long in a world apart, a world dominated by adenoids and Aunt Belle's cramming, to have any knowledge of the expedients of youth. The good lady had talked a good deal about honor and being a gentleman, and not falling back in his studies because adenoids had kept him out of school, but she had neglected finance and human nature, so that John Warren knew less about being a boy than his brother Maddox, aged six.

With every hour his panic grew, and finally crystallized into the thought of running away from home; in blacker moods, suicide seemed the only solution. He would have cheerfully welcomed arrest, a sudden attack of smallpox, a broken leg—anything that would have saved him from his party at the Cambridge the following evening.

By eleven o'clock, when the house had quieted down and he was supposed to be asleep in his room, he decided on flight, with perhaps suicide as a tragic finale. But before this step could be taken there was work to be done, letters to be written, and final disposition to be made of certain cherished effects. His first letter was to his mother and there was no difficulty about its composition; it required no literary effort, his mother being well acquainted with his seamiest side. He wrote·

DEAR MAMMA,—When you get this I shall be gone. I hope you will excuse my absence, but circumstances over which I have no control compel me to go away. It is a question of honor that makes me go; no gentleman could stay and still be a gentleman. Also it would not be honest to stay. I am leaving my knife for father. Maddox can have my monkey-wrench and you can have my fountain-pen to remember me by. Don't worry over me mamma, and I thank you for being so nice to me always. With best wishes for the family's success,

Your Aff't son,
JOHN WARREN FORBES.

Then he grimly hooked his legs around those of his chair, preparatory to the great literary composition of his life, his farewell letter to Margery. The first dragon to confront him was the proper method of beginning. In every-day life he called her Margery, but was that proper for a life-and-death letter? He took counsel with himself, gravely and soberly, and wrote as a series of possibilities, "Dear Miss Margery, Dear Miss Hunton, Miss Hunton, Dear Madame—Honored Miss Hunton." He condemned them all with wanton destruction of stationery and a murmured accompaniment of "rot, rot, rotten!"

How did a man write to a girl whom he was never going to see again? The letter must be very formal and distant. It must be Dear Madame or just plain Madame. He decided in favor of plain Madame as more befitting the tragic occasion. His first attempt ran:

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MISS DAVIS SEEMED TO BE RUNNING AN INTELLECTUAL MARATHON

MADAME,—If I could have died on some lonesome battle-field—

He stopped and considered. But was a battle-field lonesome? It would be bloody, glorious, gruesome perhaps—but it would not be lonesome. He considered substituting bloody or gruesome, but rejected both in favor of glorious, and began again:

MADAME,—If I had died on some glorious battle-field, I would have been worthy of your friendship.

This was rotten. He put his head on one side pathetically, like a melancholy bird. It was bad enough to have to go away for your honor without having to worry over literary composition. Then that splendid phrase he was so fond of came to his relief:

But circumstances over which I have no control compel me to go far away. I cannot explain; a question of honor leaves me no other choice. Good-by.

Doubt overcame him; the letter was too short and also lacking in lofty sentiments. Memory again pointed the way. Doctor Sawyer at prep. was addicted to concluding his homilies with:

And may you be blest with such happiness as is compatible with steadfast principles.

Without realizing the tepid quality of this wish, he filched the phrase and concluded his letter:

I am, madame,

Yours very truly,
JOHN WARREN FORBES.

An exhilarating relief at having done the thing made him almost cheerful. He reviewed his situation. The boys would talk about him and speculate over the mystery that led him to go away—and perhaps take his promising young life—

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and Margery would ask, more than all the rest, "why had he done it?"

There was rich comfort in this, and the picture of him supplying a perpetual mystery to the gang was not without its thrill. But it was a sad picture, that of a young hero wandering off into the world, perhaps to die, and doing it be cause he could not redeem the pledge his generous young heart had prompted him to offer. The thought evoked tears small and trickly at first, followed late by a more fortissimo accompaniment. But it was the sonorous nose-blowing that aroused to utter wakefulness little Maddox, sleeping in the next room.

Maddox heard, and with the ear of a connoisseur recognized the sounds. Tears were all right for him, but the thought of his hero brother reduced to tears was appalling. Accordingly, Mad dox, the faithful, cast about for consola tion that could be offered to a boy of John Warren's advanced age. Natu rally it was epicurean; great indeed must be his brother's woe if it could not be lifted by news of pop-overs and straw berry jam for breakfast.

"Say, John Warren, c'm on to bed; we're goin' to have pop-overs 'n' straw-berry jam for breakfast."

For a second the stricken boy's spirits soared like the upward dart of a fighting-plane, then fell like a plane with a broken wing. Strawberry jam and pop-overs were not for him, nor break fast, nor to-morrow. Again he was over-come by the cruel anticipation of having to go away and maybe die for his honor. It was bad enough in any case, but to be obliged to make this dark and melan-choly exit the morning before strawberry jam and pop-overs was the last straw. The tears that the doomed hero thought inaudible became a series of hoarse, jerk-ing sniffs.

Maddox, being wholly free from stoi-cism, abandoned his bed and crept to his stricken hero.

"What 'n heck 're you buttin' in here for? Go to bed—go to sleep—go to thunder!"

But Maddox only took a harder grip on the matting with his bare feet. He knew his brother's troubles were finan-cial—the endless figuring told him that —and there began to work in the brain of the child capitalist benevolent proj-ects, for Maddox was a moneyed man. The liver bank, already referred to, was no childish affair fed with the grudging pennies of grown-ups. It was a squat in-stitution literally bursting with tainted money, representing, as it did, a shock-ing system of barter and exchange be-tween the angel child and his mother. The liver bank was a scandal; any one who has sat ten minutes in a mothers' congress could have told you the in-iquity of paying a child money for eating what was good for it and taking an occasional dose of medicine. But the liver bank was a fact.

The staggering gift of this institution Maddox now offered to his brother, offered it freely, handsomely, and with no conditions, saying merely, "You take it, J'n War'n—I don't want it."

Here at last was the friend in need—the despised little brother who had been teased, patronized, and ordered about ruthlessly. The young gentleman who contemplated entertaining at the leading hotel suddenly felt as if he were wearing a tight collar—a collar that invisible fingers were pulling. The poor, despised little kid had offered his bank—dang it! Was a man of his age going to slop over again?

"You take it, J'n War'n; 'twon't take me long to get more, not with my liver."

The big brother picked up the little one and hugged him, as he hugged his dog Major sometimes, but as he hadn't hugged a fellow-creature since he had set up to be a man and put on "long pants."

"Kid, you're a brick! I'll take it for a loan, and I'll work like the deuce till every penny is paid back. I'm going to keep people's lawns in order and water their grass. Gee! kid, yo're some little brother!"

To Maddox the hearty enthusiasm of

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his hero and his immediate zest in life, now that he did not have to go away or die for his honor, was reward enough. John Warren was almost a god to Maddox; to sacrifice to him was a privilege. What was a liver bank between such friends—what was a liver bank at all when one possessed the talisman of such a liver?

On the night of the festivity a pale young man with a damp and slicked-back hair, feet and hands that jerked, seemingly under the control of an outside influence, led his guests down that valley of palms, gilt, and staring eyes that the ambitious town enjoyed calling 'peacock alley." As he proceeded his face burned fiery, and the automatic hands and feet appeared to have been left on some arctic shore.



"IF I COULD HAVE DIED ON SOME LONESOME BATTLE-FIELD"

And when he had run the gamut of this trial by eyes, a fresh terror assailed him. Perhaps they would think his party too young to be let in. Just inside the door loomed the head waiter, like an executioner. Would he expel them before all those people?

He stood before the executioner, a pitifully young cockerel awaiting the fall of the ax. "Six, sir?" inquired the head waiter, without batting an eye. He presented six menu cards in French. Their troubles began. None of the diners-out, it happened, had "taken" French; the boys "took" Latin and the girls would not take a foreign language till next year.

The barmecidal list began with, Hors-d'œuvre and continued bewilderingly, "canapé d' anchois, canapé de homard, timbales à la cardinal," and so on to the bitter end of the mysteries under that head. The subdivision classified "Potages" continued bafflingly elusive, nor was there any ray of understanding with "Poissons," which conveyed sinister intimations. Like soldiers fighting in the dark, they battled their way through Relevés, Entrées, Rôtis, Salades, Frappés, Gâteaux, without recognizing friend or foe.

By this time twelve minutes had passed, and their waiter went to another table. Margery then recognized the solitary word "bœuf," and, though beef was not appetizing on such a hot night, she immediately decided in favor of it. In sheer despair, Annabelle ordered the unknown quantity "Écrevisse." John Warren again reviewed the list and ordered the first item, "canapé de caviar." Mr. Brown took "potage Mongol" on account of friendly associations with the name. He once owned a compound dog whose too obvious antecedents resulted in the name of "Mongol." And, while he suspected no connection between the two, the name in that gulf of the unknown was heartening.

Bessie, employing her native tongue, asked for a ham sandwich, and Mr.

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Harris said, "Same for me." The waiter seemed a bit puzzled by what might be called the chronological sequence of the various orders.

"Shall I serve them all at the same time, sir?" he inquired.

They consulted, and, deciding to stand or fall together, ordered simultaneous service. A colored 'bus-boy gave them bread, butter, and ice-water, which they devoured; again he supplied them; again they ate ravenously; the process of supplying and despatching bread, butter, and water continued—in its simplicity it suggested mailing letters. They were less afraid of the 'bus-boy than of the waiter. John Warren asked him when Polonitzka would dance.

"De gues'es most in gineral eats on twell ha'f pas' ten or 'leben, den she dances."

Panic ensued. They would never be able to get enough words off the menu card to keep them going till that time. Meantime the waiter arrived with their order. Margery's beef was almost quiveringly underdone; she helped herself to a sprig of parsley and a spoonful of gravy. "Canapé de caviar" appeared to be an arrangement of bird-shot on a round of toast. But it was Annabelle's choice which contributed the surprise and amusement of the feast. The cover of the dish, on being removed, disclosed scarlet insects, resembling tiny lobsters. Annabelle could not even persuade herself to eat the shrubbery with which they were decorated.

The 'bus-boy hung around, friendly and attentive; he gave Annabelle more rolls and she mailed them. John Warren ate his bird-shot, and the two patrons of



A PALE YOUNG MAN LED HIS GUESTS DOWN THAT VALLEY OF PALMS

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the ham sandwich ate their orders greedily, then took to the shrubbery. Still every one was desperately hungry, in spite of the constant mailing of bread, butter, and ice-water due to the friendly co-operation of the 'bus-boy. No one had the courage, after Annabelle's experience, to again try the lottery of the bill of fare, where a nice, tempting word like "écrevisse" was apt to come back to you in the shape of little red grasshoppers.

Presently Margery threw up her head like an impatient young pony. "I wish people would stop staring at this table; every time I look up some one is smiling at us."

"Same here!" echoed Mr. Brown and Mr. Harris.

"Isn't it awful," Margery spoke from the depths of an intensely practical nature, "to have to pay for raw meat, little red grasshoppers, 'n' things like that, when we could have a nice table at Prince's cut-price drug-store and have lovely things like 'banana split' and 'marshmallow delight' and 'Chocolate Tower of Babel'?"

"Oh, boy!" murmured Messrs. Harris and Brown in chorus.

"What do you all say about passin' up this Polonitzka dame and going to Prince's for banana splits?" inquired the host.

"Sounds all right to me!" "Second the motion!" "Banana split every time!" were some of the enthusiastic exclamations. So Forbsy paid the bill, tipped the waiter like a man of the world, tipped the friendly 'bus-boy, and they left the splendors of the Cambridge.

"S'pose you go to Prince's and get a table and order the banana splits. I'm going home and get my brother Maddox."

This sudden enthusiasm for the superfluous child seemed strange to the diners-out, who recalled Maddox chiefly as a small boy chronically being sent home by his older brother.

It was evident to the three girls, when John Warren arrived with the Angel Child, a few minutes later, that he had been kidnapped from his slumbers and that his mother had been no party to the enterprise. A lack of women's editing was perfectly apparent to the three pairs of feminine eyes. No single button had found its mate in the way of a button-hole.

But these discrepancies had no effect on the little brother, who was enjoying the exultation of a small country on terms of intimacy with a great and powerful one—besides, he loved the great country. So, drunk with power over his new ally, Maddox brazenly ordered "Chocolate Tower of Babel." This structure had minarets of marshmallow, rose windows of cherries, a moat of chocolate sauce, a drawbridge of lady-fingers—and his mother had never let her darling get nearer to one of these liver-wrecking confections than the street side of Prince's plate-glass window.

The Angel Child without a qualm picked up the doubtful drug-store spoon —his things at home were sterilized— and dug into that pyramid of concentrated self-indulgence, asking, casually:

"How long d'jew think it will take me to get 'nother bank started, J'n War'n?"

And John Warren, not dreaming he prophesied, answered, "No time at all, kid."

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THE SHADOW SIDE

BY ELLWOOD HENDRICK

WE have boasted, and with good reason, that the United States is the Land of Opportunity. We may well be proud of it. But, having accomplished something worth while in building a nation, it will be the height of folly if we sit twirling our thumbs in the belief that things will take care of themselves. They will not; and yet we have shown a disposition to think that they will. In providing that every one shall have a chance we have been wasteful of opportunities; we have exalted the incompetent and starved the competent. It has been as though we owned a menagerie, and in feeding the animals were to declare that elephants are entitled to just as much meat as lions, whether they eat it or not, and that every lion should receive as much hay as an elephant. We should thus give the animals equal sustenance without regard to their internal structures. So the elephants would waste meat while lions wasted hay, and the animals might go hungry while we went bankrupt.

In the United States army a series of intelligence tests was employed whereby men were graded according to mentality: mark A indicating a very active, competent, and able mind; B, a mind of high order; C+, better than average; C, average; C−, below average; D, dull; D−, undeveloped, and E representing a mental age of seven to ten years.

Subsequent indexing showed no commissioned or non-commissioned officers worthy of mention in the dull and undeveloped classes, but a vast number of illiterate recruits. Literate recruits showed a maximum number of the average, or C type, and about the same proportion from and including C− down, as from and including B up. That is, literate recruits showed a symmetrical average; corporals were better than average, sergeants better than corporals, and among commissioned officers types A and B predominated.

Now education will do a good deal for us, but it will not make good and reliable leaders of persons having dull or undeveloped minds. These are with us, they always have been with us, but they have to be carried along. We cannot make them wise by denying them liquor or tobacco, or by sending them to high-school or college. Granted a state or a municipality, or indeed any organization ruled by D and E men, and it is certain to end in disorder. They cannot compute consequences. They are children without guidance. They cannot undertake affairs and carry them through. They can work by the day, and the majority of them are to be found in the ranks of labor. Those with rich connections are provided for, but these are comparatively few in number, in the same measure that rich persons are comparatively few in number. A considerable body ranging from D− to idiocy is cared for by the state.

There are plenty of men of types A, B, and C in the ranks of labor, and it is no reflection upon labor that it has cared for the incompetents and carried them along. Organized labor as established in America would have a better standing without this burden, because the mere presence of such defectives brands the group with the stigma of mental inferiority. Without them organized labor would have more sense—and it knows it. There would be fewer reckless strikes in

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breach of contract, among other things; and that somewhat indefinite ideal called Democracy in Industry might become more concrete and attainable.

In what follows we shall propose the application of such tests—assuming them to be improved and elaborated—to us all, and in so doing we shall consider two related phases of effect—namely, upon industry, and upon the body politic. We cannot get away from the idea of democracy in industry, because the subject is in the air, and nearly all persons are discussing it; and as for democracy in government, it needs no argument to confirm the fact that a good part of the world has run amuck over it.

We propose the subject rather for discussion than for immediate action, for, unlike some of our grave Senators in Congress, we are neither under obligation to oppose measures of welfare because these did not originate with a representative of our party, nor, in making the proposal, do we feel obliged to support it should sound criticism prove it to be unavailable.

Let us suppose that we, meaning the reader, the writer, and all the friends and associates of both, were on one side of a great, high iron fence, and that on the other side were people very like us, and in some cases related to us by ties of blood, if not of affection or even of acquaintance. Suppose we were poor, and had to work all the time, and that our children also had to work, and that sometimes we had to go hungry. And suppose those on the other side were rich, and dressed elaborately; that their women dolled themselves up and scorned and snubbed us, and that their men paid no attention to us whatever. Suppose every now and then some of our bright young people should manage to get over the fence, being more agile and spry than the rest of us, or by having induced rich men or women to send for them, and that, as soon as they got over, they would have no more to do with us. We might not behave well at all. We might possibly feel resentful. We might even go so far as to refuse to be content "in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call us."

We on our side of the fence would not recognize any fundamental differences between our organisms and those of the rich. Our human wants are the same as theirs, and, even as they, some of us have esthetic tastes that would fain be gratified. We would state, also, that we have the burden of the fools to carry because we are charitable; that we have fed them and cared for them while the rich repudiated them. True, those on the other side of the fence have moments of generosity in which they give us things that they think we ought to want. But even their generosity does not take the sting from our grievance—the grievance that only as a gift can we obtain the things we hold to be our right. Now suppose bad times are upon us, and that we suffer want, actual want. We are hungry, but those other folks go right on in their affluence and luxury. They may make some negligible economies; they may cut down superfluous expenses; they may discharge a few extra servants (who would thus be thrown over to our side)—but they do not feel the real pinch of poverty as we do; they never rise from the table unsatisfied, face the cold with insufficient clothing, stifle from the heat, or are unable to send for medical attendance when ill. And when, being mortal, after all, any of them succumbs, the survivors do not have to deny themselves in order to bury their dead befittingly. As we dwell on these things our anger grows, and, anger being very contagious, our minds become alike, so that all unconsciously the intelligence of the group ascending from C suffers itself to be dominated by the unreasoning fury of those on the lower level who are ever at the mercy of their passions. Our habitual inhibitions are sloughed off. D— is in the ascendant, and before we realize it we become a roaring crowd of Bolsheviki.

A gentleman of great wealth said during a period of hard times: "We have

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closed down the works in which I am interested, and I hear that there is trouble among the hands. They hate me like poison, and it will be as much as my life is worth to show myself there. But I'm going. I intend to give up my golf and go out to the works to see if there isn't some way in which we can run, at least on part time, to keep them at work."

Suppose we were the gang, living with our families in an out-of-the-way place, and that the works in question which constituted our only source of income were to be shut down on short notice. We should be in sore straits, and we should doubtless blame the old man who had ordered the shut-down. We should hold that he ought to have dropped his golf long before, and used every effort at the outset to prevent the catastrophe. We should reason that we had gone there and settled down with our households because he wanted us—because he had invited us, in fact, and that now it was his business to look after us; to see to it that as part of his organization we should not suffer. He will use every precaution that his machinery shall not deteriorate during the period of idleness, and he owes it to us to take equal pains that we shall not starve.

That is the situation to-day in those phases of industry which we regard as unregenerate; this division into two groups, the owners and administrators on the one hand, and the workers on the other. It is also the situation among a very considerable number of our voters. The sense of separation is keener on the part of the laborers, because they have fewer possessions, fewer distractions, than the rich, and because into many groups of laboring-men has crept the philosophy of Karl Marx which is based on the assumption that capital and labor are normally in a state of opposition. It presents democracy among workers as arrayed in hostility against employers who therefore must stand without the democratic pale. It proposes that one class shall fight the other and conquer it. And there, in practise, it stops.

Now democracy in practice is not a perfect thing, and it has failed more often than it has succeeded. As a machine it does not work of itself. It drags along on the edge of collapse, even in such municipalities as New York and Philadelphia. The votes of the ignorant and the angry kill progress. "A plebiscite autocracy," said Bismarck, "is the worst kind of autocracy," and Bismarck was a shrewd observer, even though he would have failed to qualify as a teacher of moral philosophy before a conscientious board of examiners. "The test of democracy," said a man who gives thought to such matters, "is the ability to choose good leaders and to keep them." We frequently see the rankest breaches of contract in labor organizations. These are brought about by majorities consisting of D or D− minds that are unable to see farther than the next pay-day in advance, and angry minds that have ceased to think at all. If such men were to control industry, then industry would perish, because in the long run it requires intelligence as well as integrity to administer affairs. On the other hand, were labor freed from its handicap of inferior mentalities from D− down, it could participate with capital in far greater measure than it now does; indeed, in course of time it would join in the control of capital, just as bankers now join in it. It is the drag of its stupid members and of those who have permitted their minds to become numb and useless with anger that at present renders negotiations with organized labor so often futile or unsatisfactory. Grown men and women with the minds of children are seldom honest. They lack the mathematical vision to reckon consequences. They do not know enough to vote with discrimination, or to choose honest men for leaders, or to keep their promises. Stupidity will kill any organization, whether a hod-carriers' union or a trust company. It is the one dose fatal to democracy. Granted intelligence, and

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democracy is likely to worry through, one way or another, but where stupidity predominates the prospect is hopeless. That is the point Karl Marx missed in his philosophy. At the same time labor, under its present inadequate organization, can destroy capital, and credit, and civilization. That is the hazard to-day. That is what is happening in Russia, and that is what is threatening in Germany. In fact, the dark menace hangs over France and England and us. To destroy is far easier than to build up. Children are by nature destructive. So are men and women with undeveloped minds. They can do constructive work, but only under direction; they lack the endurance, the vision, and the powers of co-ordination needed to plan constructive work and bring it unaided to a finish.

Democracy fails when it lacks intelligence in the selection of its leaders. No great public was ever wise enough to manage its own affairs in detail. The great defect of many men gifted with the faculty of directing affairs is that they cannot direct others to do work for them; they must do everything themselves, and thus they limit their own capacity. As citizens, we cease to function as intelligent voters as soon as the ticket becomes too long and bears too many names, because the long ticket requires that we function as voters in ignorance. Intelligence among voters is necessary in order to look ahead, to judge men, and to compute consequences. It cannot be expected, for instance, of the voters of a large city that they be able to determine which man has the best capacity and professional training to serve as engineer of public works, or as health officer. Such selection, we have already learned, requires special information which is not held in common by all voters, no matter how intelligent they may be. The substance of democracy is representative government, not mob rule.

What is our present situation in public affairs and in industry? We have the conservatives who are sometimes called reactionaries, and these have the merit of wanting to conserve the wealth of humanity. Usually they strive to avoid the waste of wealth that has already been saved. Their fault is a lack of active sympathy. Their "hearts bleed" for the sufferings of the poor, but they do not do much constructive thinking or acting to remedy the trouble. This is by no means true of all, but it is true of a number large enough to work a great deal of damage.

On the other hand, we have the radicals who see the defects in the social order and—here again we speak of a large number rather than of all—they encourage anger and resentment that tend to pull down the prevailing order; but they are very defective in their designs for building up. Also, there are many unprincipled radicals ambitious to lead, but who lack the minds to do so in order. They see in disorder their chance to come to the fore, and thus hope to find profit in anarchy. The merit of honest radicals is their perception of defects, and their fault lies in their methods of correction. They do not seek really competent men to direct affairs. Many hold to the theory that "the right man will appear," that one who can be depended on to guide the ship of state into the gentle waters of peace will come forth when a condition of strain arises; but there never was a greater delusion. Was Robespierre the right man? Is Lenin? Or Trotzky? Was Andrew Johnson? Does the tragic history of the world show that the right man always comes to the front? We must have a curious notion of rightness to believe in such a delusion. Sometimes it does happen that the right man appears, but it is rank blasphemy to hold that "in God's own time" he inevitably will do so. It is right to hope for him and to work for him, but it requires our best efforts and intelligence to select him.

In these tests that we propose we are taking for granted that it would be possible to make and record for public inspection a mental test of every citizen that would be more definite and a better

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gage of his or her capacity than the army tests we have mentioned. We must imagine that such tests could be made, and that they would be construed and recorded both honestly and effectively. Suppose every one were compelled either to submit to them or else to receive a rating too low to carry with it the privileges of citizenship. Then we could not cover our defects. Birth, family, education, would be powerless to save us. Of course we should need a common-school education—we need it now—but there would be nothing to hinder the man who never had got beyond the grammar-school from ranking as A, while the Bachelor of Arts might easily rate as C−, or even as D. This would be true democracy, for our souls would stand naked before the tests.

If we were all recorded in this manner, how much would it profit us, for instance, to go about, with a D mind and a fat pocketbook, committing economic excesses? Who would admire? Imagine an overdressed D woman trying to impress with the aid of a bejeweled lorgnette a group of A and B men and women with the duty and propriety of recognizing her superiority and of "knowing their places." What a world of new comedy would arise from the efforts of the unworthy to establish their worth by the arts of posing! And nobody under D would be allowed to vote. In a democracy it is our minds that are needed rather than our faces. We have publicity as to faces; why not establish publicity as to our minds? It would be a grand leveler.

Suppose it were possible to determine the A and B men who have at once good character and the ability and experience to lead. They probably would constitute less than 10 per cent. of the population; and yet, if they were all killed off at once, before the rising generation matures, it is doubtful if the nation could endure. We live by the grace and invention of less than one-tenth of our number! In the course of time, if these were suddenly killed or taken from us, some kind of order would be evolved, but the chances are that it would take the form of a dictatorship. To maintain order by a dictatorship is far more simple than by the complex processes of democracy. Leadership is a rare gift with which but few of us are endowed. Many of the best leaders undertake their responsibilities with fear and trembling, because they are alive to their obligations and realize the cost of error. Most feeble-minded persons think they can lead and "would like to try."

There is a delicate problem involved in these intelligence tests. If we were to pass with an A, or even with a B rating, we should be proud of it, but were we classed as C− or D we might not want it known at first. This would be a mistake, and in time we should overcome our reluctance or make the best of it, at any rate. The purpose of the test is to keep us from doing damage; to save us from assuming obligations we are unable to fulfil. There is every reason why those of low rating may attain great beauty of life, and there is nothing to prevent them from enjoying themselves to their fill. Their chances of happiness would be far better were they secured from one of the most poignant tragedies of life—that of a task beyond one's capacity to fulfil, with the consequent misery this entails on others. Persons of inadequate mentality are capable of doing certain kinds of routine work, and this should be open to them. And for the very reason that they would be restricted in their opportunities for advancement, public sentiment would see to it that they were happily conditioned in their employment and in no wise abused by those supervising them.

Indeed such classifications might well make for greater social content no less than for better social order. We like to regard ourselves as individuals, with qualities peculiar to ourselves or resembling those of persons we admire. If we fail to achieve distinction we prefer to attribute the fact to circumstances rather than to our own shortcomings.

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But to the situation created by the establishment of tests we could soon adjust ourselves. Many persons have endowments of a high order coupled with others little more than rudimentary, and nearly every one of us is feeble-minded in one respect or another. To realize such shortcomings is a great advantage. That is a feature of intelligence. But usually we guess wrong, for we are, most of us, but poor diagnosticians of our own wits. An eminent authority tells us that most great poets have been good men of business. With many artists of the first rank this holds true also. Of course great poets do not always make money and good painters, for instance, are not necessarily clever salesmen of their own wares. The fact is the best minds in poetry and art are usually too devoted to production of work of a high order to consider immediate returns or to follow the markets. Pot-boilers are easiest to sell, but the true artist does not care to make pot-boilers. On the other hand, it is the claim of many men and women who devote themselves to art in various forms that they almost approach imbecility in matters of business. Often they are right, except that the claim is too narrow.

Again, with all respect to our friends who address themselves to the study of genetics and heredity, no one knows better than they that types of mind are not always transmitted in direct descent; that Mendel's law applies to a multitude of characteristics; that Darby and Joan, both classified as A, may have a son or daughter who combines the eyes of Darby with the hair of Joan, and yet in mental equipment may take after a D— great-uncle who was hanged for murder. The progeny of the great are often little, and *vice versa*. Organized tests would be a severe blow to false family pride, and no conceivable public measure would do more to overthrow the pretensions of an aristocracy of wealth than this very record of persons according to their capacities.

If industry were organized on such tests and the men duly graded as they were employed, the low types might for a while hunt for berths for which they were unfitted, but soon they would be forced to settle down to the only kind of work open to them, and probably, once placed, the bread-winning exigencies of their existence would prevent them from paying attention to the orators of anarchy. And the orators of anarchy would have the intelligent body of the public ranged against them. The A's and B's would get their rightful opportunities, and soon would be earning their deserts. Thus would class distinction be overcome. Competent men are always in demand, and with the assurance that promotion lay ahead, the higher type would fit themselves for better things in store, knowing that their own fortunes were literally in their own hands to make or mar. Meanwhile the D and E types would be cared for by industry instead of by labor. Occupation suited to their limited capacities under special guidance would be provided for them; they would be safeguarded from accident to themselves and from the liability to injure others, and they would no longer be the drag that holds back their superiors and delays industrial progress as it does now. We should never forget that the D and E men and women are our brothers and sisters and, even as we, entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, but none the less we should take every precaution to prevent them from playing with machinery—above all with the machinery of administration!

Let us imagine an industrial establishment in which fifteen hundred men are employed. The record cards of the various employees would be examined. There are, let us say, eight or ten young fellows with type A minds among them. The employer would soon give them their opportunity to work their way ahead and become parts of the organization, because they are always greatly needed. They, for their part, would take their chances and contribute that quality of invention that leads to success, in

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which they would share. The unions, by the elimination of the undeveloped minds, would consist of the skilled workmen, and would understand enough of the economics of the situation to know how unprofitable strikes are. They would not have to strike. Publicity of accounts would take care of that. As things are, there's no use in offering figures to a moron. He thinks he can understand them, but he can't. People who can understand get along much better than those who cannot understand. The incompetents would be segregated, and would work to better effect if looked after than as now when their chief contribution is confusion. And any competent child which the incompetents might produce would have his chance. Nobody would be ruled out.

With this proposed grouping of talents, capital and labor could work together harmoniously, because defective foremen and superintendents, and also officers of corporations, all of whom would have to undergo tests, would also be eliminated from posts of authority. Men of high rating but low moral standards who might seek to corrupt their weaker brethren would have to be dealt with in such wise as to render their efforts not only unprofitable, but distinctly dangerous to themselves. But to put incompetent men into office and then to tell them to go ahead and do their best is no less than a form of sabotage.

By the signal addition to the councils of industry which skilled labor would contribute, if relieved of its burden of the unfit, an important provision would be made against the useless expense caused by idleness and unemployment from which workers now suffer. And in place of the unscalable fence between the rich and the poor there would be avenues of intercommunication uniting the two groups, to the benefit of both.

There are many difficulties, naturally, in the way of this test-rating, as there are in every forward step. But if the loss of the 10 per cent. of men of ability and character who are endowed with the capacity for leadership would break up the country—and it is our firm conviction that it would so do—we may even now be nearer the urgent need of this measure of conservation than seems likely to those who lack foresight and vision.

Within the realm of scientific research there are two general methods of procedure. One is to test everything in sight and available until a solution of the problem is reached or abandoned. It is the slow and expensive method of trial and error. We use it with men in industry, and the consequent wastes and losses are immense. The incompetent man that it puts into the wrong place causes disorder and misunderstandings and anger and suffering. The more enlightened method is to study the philosophy of a problem from the standpoint of mathematics and natural science until, as very often happens, both material and methods are indicated. This is the *modus operandi* we should employ in industry when dealing with the human element involved. It would avoid waste of men and waste of the possibilities of happiness.

In government it would eliminate the incompetent voters, and the demagogue would be the only one to suffer. The incompetent would be better off because they would live under better government. Foolish ideas that are known to be vicious if realized would not be proposed as a lure for votes. "Floaters in blocks of five" that played so important a part in elections of the past would no more be available. The yellow press, which claims such amazing stupidity on the part of the people that, did it tell the truth, we should be on the level of the Australian bushman in intelligence, could no more corrupt parties and dictate elections. A great change might come over public opinion and public thought. We might seek the truth rather than seek what can be "put over."

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THE LION'S MOUTH

A REVELATION

BY BURGES JOHNSON

THE other day I was reasoning to myself that perhaps the most curious thing about the ouija-board is the fact that great numbers of people don't believe in it. Surely now and then words come through us and not from us! Odd phrases, rhymes, sentiments, that pop out or start to pop out and are prevented because we take thought just in time—these are not our work, but that of some imp or goddess behind us.

"Are my poems inspired?" said a poet in answer to my question. "No—but I think that in each worth-while poem a key phrase or line or couplet has come to me from somewhere without action on my part. Then by downright hard work I give it a setting." The muse of poetry evidently stands behind him, dictating, and he gains in power as he becomes more and more "mediumistic"!

But a perverse imp stands back of my chair. The things that it utters are foreign to my nature, for I am instinctively reverential, and I usually succeed in choking them back. But with a ouija-board, smooth as to surface, with the feet of the little table well polished and every circumstance nicely calculated to banish inhibitions—well, frankly, I am afraid of it. The imp is unhampered enough as it is. He is ready enough to shout at funerals, say boo at a bishop, or make clucking noises at dinner-parties. He is inconsequential. He is profane. "Hark, hark the lark!" quotes my companion, ecstatically. "Just hear him bark," says my imp—though I myself revere the poem—"He's always noisy after dark."

"We are groping through the limbo of an inchoate world," says the professor at my right. "Woof!" says my imp, and I choke him just in time.

These few introductory remarks of a confessional sort will explain my attitude toward ouija-boards. I don't like them because they may work. Certainly I do not want witnesses present whenever I try one. Yet I tested one once. I did it alone, contrary to the rules of the game, and you can believe this scientific report or not, just as you like. Perhaps you'd better not.

I locked my study door and took the thing upon my knees, placing all my fingers softly upon the little three-legged table, as the pictures indicated. After some cogitating I propounded my first question. "Are you there?" I asked. For a moment nothing happened. Then—and I admit a certain spinal chill—it began a laborious march. "GJSWOGIDOX," it said. "That's just gibberish," I thought, triumphantly. But then my more scientific self urged me to be fair. The question itself was nonsensical. Of course it was there. I held it on my knees.

"Will you speak the truth?" I asked. There was no answering motion. I tried varying pressure—still no result. "Oh, well," I thought, "silence may mean consent. One should, after all, exercise every power of interpretation." At this I fancied I felt a faint movement—perhaps in affirmation.

"Tell me," I said now, with more boldness, "do you voice unrecognized adumbrations of my own brain, or of some one not present in the flesh?"

This time Ouija slid forward without hesitation.

"SHUSH," it answered.

Was there such a word? I could not

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find it in the dictionary, and yet it seemed to have a vague connotation in my mind. Did it convey contempt—if so, of whom? I decided to ignore it and proceed on some—on any—hypothesis.

"Who speaks through you?" was my next question.

"SHMEESHMITE," came back promptly.

Here was something positive, something constructive. Shmeeshmite, shmeeshmite—Hittite, Perizite, Jebusite—

"Are you," I asked, "some one long dead, belonging to an age inconceivably distant, some one struggling against terrific odds to become articulate?"

"GLUBBB," said Ouija. Was this Shmeeshmite for Yes or No? In either case the third "B" seemed to me needlessly emphatic.

I realized that I must either give up or again continue upon some hypothesis. So far, the conversation had lacked thrill, or anything approaching revelation. I was feeling drowsy.

"Spirit from an ancient world"—I tried now a tone of deep deference—"were you great or lowly, rich man or beggar man—" I checked myself on the point of chanting "doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief," and hastily added, "prince, philosopher, or poet?" At my last word the little table undeniably tipped up under the pressure of my fingers.

"Ah," I muttered, "at last!" Then, continuing in my tone of deference: "How can I serve you? Speak!—I am your willing amanu—in fact, your secretary."

What followed was unquestionably surprising. I had settled back into my study chair, and I am not positive that my fingers still rested in their places; but, regardless of all that, the little table began a most energetic and surprisingly rapid dash from letter to letter. I must trust to memory—I had no means of transcribing—but you will grant that such an experience should make a vivid and lasting impression.

This, to the best of my recollection, is what I read:

ASPRODS HAVE MEANT SO MORE TO ME
AS I WOULD HOPE THEY MEANT TO YOU.
INDEED 'TIS NOT SO MUCH YOU DO
AS WHEN OR WHERE THAT BIDS ME BE.
I SIT AND GURBLE CEASELESSLY
AND SNOOK AND SNITHER, THROUGH AND THROUGH.
ASPRODS HAVE MEANT SO MORE TO ME
AS I WOULD HOPE THEY MEANT TO YOU.

O ALOPHAR, O PONGEREE!
WHATEVER ELSE WE HOLD AS TRUE
IS WHILOM FOLLY; AS A GOO
MIGHT TWITTLE UP AND DOWN A TREE
ERE CERBERUS HAD SET HIM FREE.
O ALAWACK! OH TWO TIMES TWO!
ASPRODS HAVE MEANT SO MORE TO ME
AS SOME DAY MAY IT BE TO YOU!

I think that the poem left me in a sort of maze. At first I was at a loss for any form of acknowledgment of the communication.

"Thank you very much," I murmured, feebly. "It seems to be some sort of a love-song." Ouija was silent, and I felt that somehow more was expected of me. "Parts of it," I added, in a feeble effort at familiarity, "like the curate's egg, parts of it are excellent!"

You may believe my testimony or not, just as you like, but no sooner had I spoken than the Ouija bit one of my fingers. I don't know how, but the red mark was still there several hours later when I was relating this experience to my wife.

You see I have reasons other than theoretic for my dislike of ouija-boards. I have sought no further revelation. What this one may mean Sir Oliver Lodge alone knows.

THE CLASSIC HYPOCRISY

BY BEN RAY REDMAN

HYPOCRISY is not a pleasing word. People generally have little use for the man who pretends to be something he is not, but one hypocrisy there is which enjoys a wide and kindly toleration. One hypocrisy there is which is

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welcome at the dinner-table, which shows itself boldly in the club, which stalks unchallenged through all social gatherings brazen and unashamed. It is the hypocrisy by which we lay claim to an intimate knowledge of certain volumes which we have never opened; in short, it is the "classic hypocrisy." All men would drive the religious hypocrite from the face of the earth, but the literary hypocrite goes smiling on his plausible way and is received on all sides as a most estimable and entertaining member of society.

There are certain volumes which every cultivated man is assumed to have read; these are the literary productions which we consider the very backbone of our culture. We have collected these books and set them in a place above their fellows and have bestowed upon them the dignified, if somewhat inaccurate, title of "classics." They are a literary species quite apart; they are a legacy of culture which no man dares refuse. But, strangely enough, they are in many cases the very books which we have not read. These "classics" adorn our library shelves; there they are bound in cloth and calf, buckram and levant, with their titles stamped boldly in golden lettering on their backs. Our earliest childhood contains some memory of their material presence. The books we have read have been filled with references to them. Their external appearance has become daily more familiar to us and concerning their contents we possess innumerable bits of hearsay evidence. They are the books we intend to read; they are the books about which we must talk. So we read of them, talk about them, and delay the day of actual perusal. Our intimacy with them increases by leaps and bounds; we become more and more sure of our knowledge concerning them; we refer to them readily and with aplomb, until at length there comes a time when the necessity for reading them has passed. We have become convinced that we have read them. Our long-continued bowing acquaintance has finally led us to a totally unwarranted assumption of friendship, and, although we have actually never been introduced, we have come to speak of them with an almost offensive familiarity.

We assume others have read these "classics" and they assume the same of us. It is a reciprocal deception and greatly facilitates social intercourse. Two persons chat easily of Cervantes and his melancholy knight, and after the banalities are briefly exhausted they glide serenely to the surer ground of the latest play. They are quite at home in *Don Quixote*, of that neither has a doubt. Details may be vague in their minds; they may not remember exactly when they did read it, but that is most natural, for, as they will assure you, they have not re-read it for years. This worthy pair would be horrified at the mere suggestion that their knowledge of *Don Quixote* had been gained from what they had read about it, instead of from what they had read in it. They would be vastly more horrified, we are sure, if they were confronted with certain passages from an unabridged, unexpurgated edition of this heroic tale concerning which they chat so glibly.

Not in the realm of the novelist alone does this hypocrisy exercise itself; it reaches out into the fields of philosophy, of history, of ethics, and of poetry. Now this consuetudinary reverence for names is unquestionably an excellent thing for the bookseller; it assures the sale of certain standard sets and of inevitable individual volumes whenever there is a new-built library demanding contents. Its effect upon our literary conscience is more dubious. We acquire the habit of gaining our knowledge second-hand and in condensed form. This method is expeditious and inviting. As well read the Upanishads and ignore the Vedas. These "classics" of ours might, for the great majority, be lost manuscripts from the library of Cæsarea, concerning which we can gain knowledge only from a Eusebius.

We remember a lecture delivered some years ago at Columbia in which the

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speaker prefaced his remarks by saying he believed himself the only living man who had ever read all of Spenser's "Faerie Queene." Those among his audience who realized the extent of his claim realized also that he was a humorist. Some may have taken him at his word; others, still more foolish, may have silently disputed his lonely preeminence. Be that as it may, at the close of his lecture he hesitated for a moment and then in an abject tone admitted that he was suffering from the qualms of a guilty conscience. "Gentlemen," he said, "I have been guilty of a slight exaggeration; I never did actually finish it."

Now let us consider for a moment. The "Faerie Queene" is a poetic monument, and a rather bulky one; it is one of our "classics." Every cultivated person is sure he has read it, but would be rather uncomfortable were he catechized too closely concerning its contents. What stupid pretense! We have ceased to chatter of Amadis de Gaul or to make casual reference to Orlando Furioso, but we still hold desperately to the illusion that we know the "Faerie Queene"; it is a foundation stone of our culture which we would not surrender for any bribe. So we remain happy in our general deceit, and the great hypocrisy continues to increase and flourish. But, in truth, how far have the great majority of us traveled along that interminable track of stretching cantos? Must we not answer with our friend the lecturer that we "never did actually finish it"?

Let us abstain from reference to the full content of "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained"; let us pass by the more lengthy poems of Dryden and of Pope and turn our attention to a totally different quarter of the literary field. On a lower library shelf, perhaps, we find the *Anatomy of Melancholy* "Oh yes," remarks our literary friend, quite at his ease, "Burton—extraordinary man—surprising erudition—a regular mine of quotations. By the by, have you read the *Four Horsemen*?" Our friend has completely covered the subject of the *Anatomy* in his own mind; perhaps he has covered it more thoroughly than many others would find it convenient to do. The *Anatomy of Melancholy* is one of our most redoubtable "classics"; it rests in solid dignity upon the shelves of every well-equipped library How often, we wonder, is its stately calm disturbed? Fifty editions since its first appearance in 1621 seem to furnish a strong argument for its continued popularity. It has won the admiration of such diverse types of genius as Milton and Keats, Southey and Lamb. It has ceased, perhaps, to furnish a theme for daily discussion, but it is still one of the works which we assume to be generally known. Its name persists; we meet it upon every hand. Does it persist in more than name? As a matter of fact, Burton is as familiar to the average cultivated man of to-day as Valleriola, Cadmus, Hercules de Saxonia, Halyabbas, or any other of the innumerable authorities from whose writings our learned author so indefatigably quotes. He is surely as familiar as these—but hardly more so.

We all know something of philosophy these days; at least there is strong evidence for the assumption in the conversation one hears at tea and dinner table. Some one mentions Bergson in passing; Locke, Liebnitz, Spinoza, and Descartes —each is introduced and dismissed with an apt phrase. Then some more daring soul speaks, "But, after all, the pragmatic method is the only workable one." There is no dissent and the company settles back with the satisfying conviction that the conversation is on things worth while. One lady of our acquaintance, whenever the name of Kant is mentioned, always murmurs softly, "Categorical imperative." We fear she would be grievously embarrassed were she called upon to elucidate the significance of these two words; but she clings to them fondly and persistently. They suffice her purpose; they possess a cabalistic power and serve as a kind of

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password to prove that she, too, is among the elect who have been initiated into the mysteries of the pundit of Königsberg.

When we come to history the case is rather worse. Here again are classics, immortal works which we must know, but they are more bulky and more awe-inspiring in their mere material aspect than the productions of any other branch of literature. Here the temptation of hypocrisy is stronger than elsewhere, for it is a twofold temptation. We are tempted not to read them because of their appalling length, and we are further dissuaded from the task because we are already conversant with the salient facts which they present. These massive volumes are merely an elaboration and detailed presentation of a history which we already know. Why, then, must we read them? Do we not already know their contents? The temptation is too strong. Can we ask a man who has seen the six volumes of Gibbon's *Rome* over his desk for years to admit he has never finished the first volume? It would be placing too great a faith in mankind to expect a truthful answer. He cannot have lived with the work a lifetime and still be unfamiliar with it. Guizot's *France*, Grote's *Greece*, Greene's *England* —these are landmarks in his library. He looks up at them with a sense of complacent satisfaction; they are his books. Should a visitor take down a volume, he would be a boor to remark that the pages were uncut.

What is the moral of our preachment? It is not a preachment, but a simple statement of an existing condition. The situation as we see it is this: The man of to-day who is socially inclined is expected to talk fluently and intelligently of New Thought, Bolshevism, psychic phenomena, better babies, golf, labor reform, aeronautics, birth-control, diplomacy, Amy Lowell, and a thousand other unrelated and widely scattered subjects. Industrially this is an age of specialization, conversationally it is an age of amazing diffusion. Confronted by demands such as these, what chance have our classics? Montaigne and Le Sage, Fielding and Richardson, gather dust upon our shelves. We needs must pass them by, summoned by the insistent trivialities of a full and hurried existence. We, "the heir of all the ages," find ourselves mightily embarrassed by the infinite extent and variety of our literary inheritance. We simply do not possess the time to reap a fraction of the benefits of our legacy. But we are not honest.

When will this silly deception, which deceives no one, cease? When will the nations of the world disarm? What nation so foolish as to scrap its engines of war unless assured all other nations will do the same? What man so bold as to free himself from the practice of this hypocrisy unless he knows his intellectual honesty will find a universal response among his fellows? We are not optimistic. The "classic hypocrisy" is too pleasing, it is too mutually satisfactory, not to be assured of existence so long as there are books to read and men to read them, or not to read them, as the case may be.

But—last thought—would it not be of some encouragement toward honesty if men could be convinced that many of our precious "classics" are, after all, sadly overrated affairs?

A NURSERY TALE

BY C. A. BENNETT

ONCE upon a time there was a Gardener who established a Nursery for the Choicest Plants. He proposed to develop them so that they would be acclaimed everywhere as Champions, Leading Varieties, and A Credit to any Garden. With this object he devised an elaborate system of nurture. All his plants were grown in large conservatories where they could receive Strict and Constant Attention. If they had been left to grow in the open air, sustained only by Natural Influences, they might have developed Eccentrici-

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ties. So the candidates for admission were first subjected to a Searching Entrance Test; thereafter they were watered regularly with pure water in carefully measured quantities; they enjoyed soils containing just the right amount of Nutritive Elements, and they received, daily, fixed proportions of sun light and shade. Nevertheless, the plants did not thrive; they lacked vigor and refused to blossom.

The Gardener pondered this. Then he decided that the plants were not being watched carefully enough. So he instituted a system of daily measurement of growth. Furthermore, eight times a year all plants were pulled up by the roots for general inspection, and then replanted. The results were carefully tabulated and recorded on cards by a special clerk. Thus the whole record of any plant could be found at a moment's notice. This was an Immense Stride; yet, strange to say, the plants still refused to thrive.

The Gardener decided it was the fault of the heating plant. So he had the old plant taken out and a new and expensive one installed in its place. But even this did not cure the strange distemper among his plants.

The Staff of Under-gardeners waited on him and assured him that the trouble lay in the wage-system. He could not expect his men to do good work if they did not receive a living wage. This was Easy. He started a Drive, and soon wages were raised all round. Yet the malady among the plants persisted.

So he called in a group of Horticultural Experts. After long and careful examination they diagnosed the trouble and made the following recommendations:

i. Each plant to be grown whenever possible in a separate pot.
ii. New pots, twice as porous as those in use, to be purchased.
iii. Where plants were grown in boxes not more than six plants to be grown together in any one box.

All these recommendations were followed—without result.

The Gardener emerged from a long and profound meditation. Suddenly he Saw It All. It was the Old Buildings. Just look at them! How could any plant prosper in them? So he started another Drive.

The New Conservatories were the Last Word in Modernity. "All is well!" said the Gardener, and waited.

Alas, among the plants, *même jeu!*

After this he tried in turn the following remedies: The Lengthening of the Botanical Year, A new card-index system, Exchange Gardenerships, More Frequent Testings and Uprootings, Shortening the Botanical Year, Rapid Promotion of Under-gardeners; Aluminum Watering-cans, More Sunlight for Promising Plants. But in spite of everything the plants refused to thrive, and on exposure to the open air either died or reverted to the Wild Type.

So he gave up gardening.

He is now doing well as a College President.

CHEERIO, COLLEGIANS!

BY MERRILL ANDERSON

TIMES are looking up for the college graduate. Perhaps I'm unduly hopeful because I've been out two years. Perhaps that hopefulness is due to the fact that I almost managed to live within my salary last week. But there is an economic basis for this belief, too.

The business man used to say, in filling a vacancy: "Why get a college man? A twelve-year-old girl is cheaper and just as helpless. Not much cheaper, but small leaks mount up." Now, however, the Child Labor Law (the triumph of the century for the college graduate) is bound to cause a reaction in the labor market. As the supply of unskilled labor dwindles the marginal man will be called into use—and the college man's case will become less desperate.

But I am most of all encouraged by signs I observe at class reunions. I sat next to an old football hero at the last alumni banquet. His prosperity cheered

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me mightily. He was manufacturing a cardboard poster embellished with pictures of Foch, Poincaré, Albert, George the Fifth, Mary the Other Four-Fifths, Wilson, etc. In the middle was a big blank oval with "Our Hero" printed underneath, and another blank panel for "Our Hero's War Record."

"A market in every home where there's a soldier or sailor," he explained. "Manufacturing cost, seven cents. All mail-order. Sells for a dollar. If they want something fancy, coat it with shellac; puts a shine on it—additional cost, three cents—sells for $1.50. Great stuff!"

So it seemed. And at that very banquet was a man I had seen a few days before in the Grand Central. He was growing wealthy as a red-cap porter, but was just as modest and unassuming as in his college days. It is only fair to mention that he had an advantage in that field over the rest of us; he was colored.

One of the biggest publicity men in the movie game to-day is a college graduate who gives Oscar Wilde most of the credit for his success. His rivals all admit he's a live wire, though some of them claim he short-circuits occasionally. In any case, he is the one who put Pearl Mulkeen up among the Big Six. He is the one who started her nickname, "Googoo," which made such a hit. He is the one who composed the quatrain about her:

> "Googoo" Mulkeen—
> She's the snappiest little queen
> You ever seen
> On the boards or the screen.

And with this as a starter he had Oiving Boilin write the music for "Googoo"—later sung between reels in every movie-house in the country.

Past that, he is the one who discovered the tremendous publicity value of "Googoo's" heliotrope pajamas with the cerise and henna polka-dots. He had them photographed in color and used in all ads, after working up a series of human-interest stories around them. Then, when her next big picture came out, he sold it on the pajama scene and the advertising back of it. He hinted to me that he was thinking of having "Googoo" turn to striped nightgowns next year.

There is another good friend of mine, Dave Barry, who majored in physics and was especially brilliant in electricity—as a boy he learned the Morse code before the multiplication table. He couldn't find any position he wanted for some time after graduation. So finally he became disgusted and got a job as motorman on a trolley-line. A month or so later his car ran into a dump-cart owned by an Italian contractor, who sued the company. When the trial came off, Dave was the chief witness for the defense. He made a good showing until they began to cross-examine him.

"Your car was going rather fast, wasn't it?" asked the plaintiff's lawyer, gently.

"No," said Dave; "I was slowing down for the curve and whistled, but he rattled out from back of the trees when we weren't more than forty feet away. So of course we got him."

A while later the same lawyer asked:

"The cart was pretty well broken up, wasn't it?"

"Yes," said Dave, "smashed to bits."

"Why, do you think?"

"The car had a good deal of momentum—and the dump-cart wasn't strong enough to stand it."

The plaintiff's lawyer began hopping around and waving his arms so that everybody could see what he had done.

"There!" he shouted. "'A *good deal* of momentum,' you say. A minute ago you said the car was going slowly, and you were slowing down still more for the curve. Rather queer, isn't it?"

Dave doesn't smile so very often, but he did then.

"Not at all," he averred. "The car was heavy, and *momentum equals mass times velocity.*"

The little lawyer collapsed and the case was settled in favor of the electric

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company. Dave was fired a week later for getting the company into a lawsuit; he now teaches physics.

In these happy days, even Literature smiles on the worldly fortunes of her devotees. The other day a classmate of mine dropped in to urge me to advertise in two magazines he is editing, *The Boiler-makers' Journal* and *The Gasfitters' Gazette*. He proved, to my satisfaction at least, that he has the highest class circulation in the country—purchasing power, of course.

I know another who is even more notably successful. He was managing editor of the *Literary Magazine*, and entered an old, staid publishing house immediately after graduation. He is on the road now, selling subscription sets of Elinor Glyn in ten volumes, full levant, with eighteen volumes of Thackeray thrown in free. His total sales for the year were beaten by only one man, a former whisky salesman.

Sometimes talents that are not wholly developed during college come into full bloom a year or two later. Take Holden. He went out for track in college, but seemed to have no natural aptitude whatever. He finished last at every distance—if he finished at all. After two weeks he gave it up. Yet I met him a few days ago—a runner for a big bond house. His salary (incredibly tiny just now) is to be raised next week, he says, or else he'll quit.

But the best evidence of all, to my thinking, lies in the story of Pifflicated Brass. You are acquainted with it. It is the most widely advertised patent medicine on the market. "Two million people take Pifflicated Brass for red blood, strength, and endurance."

Exceeding ingenuity has been used in convincing the public that Gotch-eared Leo, the Python of the Mat, was once a feeble, anemic baby. Then his intelligent and highly progressive mother started mixing Pifflicated Brass (for red blood, strength, and endurance) with his milk.

Years passed. Gotch-eared Leo was wearing the heavyweight wrestling-belt. It is to be feared that he grew conceited and began to attribute his success to his own innate red blood, strength, and endurance. For presently he fell, at the hands of Schwladzk, the Throttler—fell heavily. Three days later his picture had disappeared from the bill-boards, and all over the country gaudy new posters announced, "Schwladzk, the Throttler, Heavyweight Champion of the World, takes Pifflicated Brass for Red Blood, Strength, and Endurance." So you see there must be something in it—for somebody.

There are three men who write "copy" for Pifflicated Brass advertising—three men I go to occasionally for information and advice. I like them—would gladly lend them money, if it were not like pushing the Twentieth Century Limited to help it along.

These "P. B. Triplets" seemed to have tried every conceivable idea for their ads. They were growing desperate. Then came a gleam that quite dazzled them. They conspired o' nights to give it beauty of form. And when it was done, it showed, with Homeric simplicity, how and why the non-college man usually succeeds beyond the A.B. The secret was this: more brass in his blood. With a superabundance of red blood, strength, and endurance, the big, manly, virile grammar-school grad batters his way over and beyond the horde of anemic, brassless book-worms.

Presently there came a letter of congratulation from the president of the P. B. Corporation. "The finest ad ever turned out by the house . . . pulled enormous returns." Whereupon the P. B. Triplets joined in a noisy dance of glee. And all three waved their Phi Beta Kappa keys hilariously, for they had shed much glory on their *alma maters*.

Then if Pifflicated Brass fails you, there is always the army. "Let Uncle Sam Pay You While You Learn a Trade." To the recruiting sergeant "a man's a man," and he asks no embarrassing questions about higher education.

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EDITOR'S DRAWER

THREE ON AN ISLAND

BY ROGER CURLY

THIS is the tale of two men and one woman on a desert island. To be sure, the thing has been done before; that is to be expected, since the world has been cooling for half a million years, and is yet by no means cool. To be sure, the thing has been done badly before, but that is not the least reason why it should not be done badly again.

Why the tale is never of one man and two women I do not know.

To begin with, they were on a ship. You have to be on a ship to begin with if you want to be wrecked on a desert island. Of course, you can be such a fool as to set out of Hell Gate in a canoe, hoping eventually to reach the desert island, but it is never done. It was a tramp ship, which adds local color to the story. What the woman was doing on a tramp ship near a desert island I do not know; it may be that she wanted to be wrecked; it may be that she had been wrecked before.

As for the two men, one of them was a gallant son of the wind, a follower of high adventure, a wastrel of the deep, a sturdy stick of flotsam of the outsea waves. Before what happened to the ship which did happen he scoured pots in the galley and got lightly out from under the captain's feet. Nevertheless, you might see that his soul was proud. The other was a big, hulking rotter who had never done an honest day's work in his life. He was the pampered son of a Chicago packer whose money had been in the family long enough to make him speak naturally with a broad "a." A blighted bounder, a Yale graduate, a social parasite



OUR HERO JUMPED ON FRANCIS WHILE HE SAT PEACEFULLY ON THE SAND

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FRANCIS CAME CHARGING BACK, THE BISCUITS CLASPED UNDER HIS RIGHT ARM

who didn't have brains enough to scour pots and get lightly out from under the captain's feet. During the war he had dodged the draft by enlisting in the machine-gun corps. There was really nothing decent about him, not even his name, which was Francis.

The tramp ship breezed along merrily enough down the Gulf Stream. Its speed was seven knots an hour. Francis amused himself by ragging the skipper to death, by climbing all over the ship from bowsprit to mizzenmast yard arm, and by all the old nautical games which luxurious passengers play on shipboard. In short, he made the general nuisance of himself that he was.

The woman sat each day alone on the afterdeck, gazing with wide, sea-blue eyes out at the roiling rollers of the rollicking sea. Unwept tears were in her glance, unpondered ponderings in her head, as she sat there day after day, thinking, thinking. . . . And our hero scoured the pots and got lightly out from under the captain's feet.

Then it happened. What it was makes no difference. You may read the details in the log-book of the tramp ship, if you are curious, and the log-book is at the bottom of the deep green sea. It may be that the starboard engine blew up in a cloud of fire and steam, and there was a little tin armistice day on the ocean. It may be that her cargo shifted like a heavy dinner in a good seaway, and the sad old tub turned turtle. It may be that she ran into a roistering hurricane from out the Caribbees, and yielded herself too wantonly and unmaidenly to that amorous embrace. It may be that the spike of a floating island or a fighting sailfish slit her up the midriff, and the giant waters sucked in her hold. It may be that she ran foul of *The Flying Dutchman*. It may be simply that the poor old boat lay down and died.

But it happened. How it was makes no difference. You may understand that with such plenitude of reasons why the tramp ship should have drowned itself there is no need of confining the cause of our adventure to one. Perhaps everything happened at once, which would have been exciting.

And they, the one woman and the two men, got clear of her when it happened, eventually reaching the desert island. They took with them one keg of water and three tins of biscuits. The island was an old-fashioned coral island, built by those heroic osseous animalcules which, together with Flagler, founded Florida. And it was an island. Our hero at once circumnavigated its narrow confines, and certified that it was actually and in fact an island, name unknown, location unknown, but limitations only too apparent. As far as he could see on all sides there stretched out from its shallow, sandy beaches unfathomed leaf-green water.

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To be sure, he could not see very far, for the perennial haze of the tropics lay like fleecy veils all about it, but he rightly reasoned that beyond the haze and the leaf-green water there must be more haze and more water, stretching out past infinitude.

The woman flung herself prone on the sands in a rather luxurious attitude and sobbed. Her lamentations must have been sobs, and I, for one, am not going to be ungentlemanly enough to call them caterwaulings. Francis sat down and gazed placidly seaward; apparently he had no conception of the fact that he had been wrecked on a desert island, and that a story hung on his deeds.

But our hero surveyed his little kingdom. On it he found five dusty palms, a sad-eyed orange-tree which sagged at the hips, twenty-seven spears of marsh grass, and a redolent mango-tree. The palms would have furnished nutriment and drink had they only been cocoanut palms, but the unkind hand which placed them there had decreed that they be royal palms, a breed which, like the male cow, gives no milk. The unfortunate orange-tree was in winter blossom, with blooms fair enough to deck a bride. But neither our hero nor Francis wanted to be a bride; and as for the woman, she could well speak for herself. The blossoms most certainly were not good enough to eat. Of course the twenty-seven spears of marsh grass would have served for three meals a day each for three days, or for one meal a day during a nine days' wonder. But they were tougher than they were filling, and our hero placed no hopes in them. As for the mango-tree, the mangoes on it were all exceedingly green.

It is to be expected that our hero, being an outdoor man, should assume command of the expedition. His soul felt the cosmic urge. His time had come. On the ship he had been only the man who scoured the pans and got lightly out from under the captain's feet, but here he was the natural born leader, and the best man. He did not tell Francis this, however.

His method of assuming leadership was simple. While Francis and the woman sat on the sand he picked up the three tins of biscuits and the keg of water and carried them to the center of the quarter-acre island. Carefully he buried them under a heap of sand and palm leaves. Francis looked on in mild wonder.

"Why are you doing that?" he yawned.

"We've got to conserve our supplies," said our hero, hoarsely.

Francis shrugged his shoulders and gazed seaward again. The woman still sobbed. No one paid any attention to her, and it may well be that was the reason of her sorrow. A defenseless woman alone on a desert island with two men reasonably expects to come in for some attention.

The man in whose hands rested the fate of our little party, and their ultimate rescue knew exactly what to do. The first thing was to build a fire. This would serve two purposes, to keep them warm and to signal passing ships, provided they were not already far out of the lane of ships. To be sure, the day was very hot, and there was not much need of keeping warm; but the winter was only three months away, and no one ever knows what may happen. As for signaling ships, the fog had now rolled in so close about them that only a little patch of that little island was still uncovered by it, and already wisps of clinging damp mist rolled about them. There really wasn't much use of building a fire, if you want to be logical. But who is ever logical on a desert island? And where is the marooned sailor without his beacon blazing day and night, and his lone strip of weather-beaten shirting floating pennantwise hopelessly seaward?

Our hero gathered together green branches from the trees, and piled them high on the beach. He then borrowed Francis's watch, which Francis surrendered with a bored air, and the watch of the woman, which she gave to him with an acutely heartrending sob. He placed the two together with a drop of water between them, as every good derelict does in every desert-island story, and thus made an excellent sun-glass. He held the implement painfully over the heaped-up branches for hours. There was not even a smolder of smoke. Of course there was no sun, with that heavy fog rolling in, but I am agnostic enough to doubt whether anything much would have happened even if there had been a full-noon sun. It is only Boy Scouts and Hottentot savages who can light a fire by the sun.

Francis lolled on the beach and watched our hero during the hours. At last he drew out his water-proof match-case and offered it to our hero. He was that kind, no good at primal stuff, always falling back on the implements of civilization.

That put the end to our hero's endurance.

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He saw that the three of them could not get off the island alive, and he resolved to strangle Francis. It was beastly; oh yes, it was bloody, but they had returned to nature where the natural instincts hold sway, and where the law must not be judged as it is in man-made courts.

Following his decision, our hero jumped on the back of Francis while he sat peacefully on the sand. He dug his fingers into that polished son-of-civilization's throat. I should like to spare, for the sake of timid women who read this story, the harrowing details, but I must go on. . . . Francis rose with our hero on his back, and shook his shoulders as a mastiff shakes off water. Our hero dropped to the ground, and Francis pushed his face, pushed it most violently and impatiently. Thereafter he sat down again in the sand, gazing peacefully seaward.

The fog rolled round them. The three, each to each, were ghostly shadows. By and by Francis yawned, stretched himself, and rose again. He strolled toward the misty center of the desert island.

"Where are you going?" asked our hero.

"I'm hungry, Rat-face," said Francis. "I'm going to get something to eat."

Vain were the pleadings of our hero, vain his pointing out that they might be marooned here for years, during which their only nutriment must be those three tins of biscuits.

"I'd rather die at once with a tin of biscuits inside me than prolong the agony through twenty years," said Francis. He spoke with a flippant tongue, for he had never known the pangs of hunger. He disappeared into the mist. Our hero now looked slantwise at the woman. She looked slantwise at him. He decided that he would be merciless, he would be brutal. He was the caveman, and she was the cavewoman. The invisible Francis was only the *cave canem*. . . .

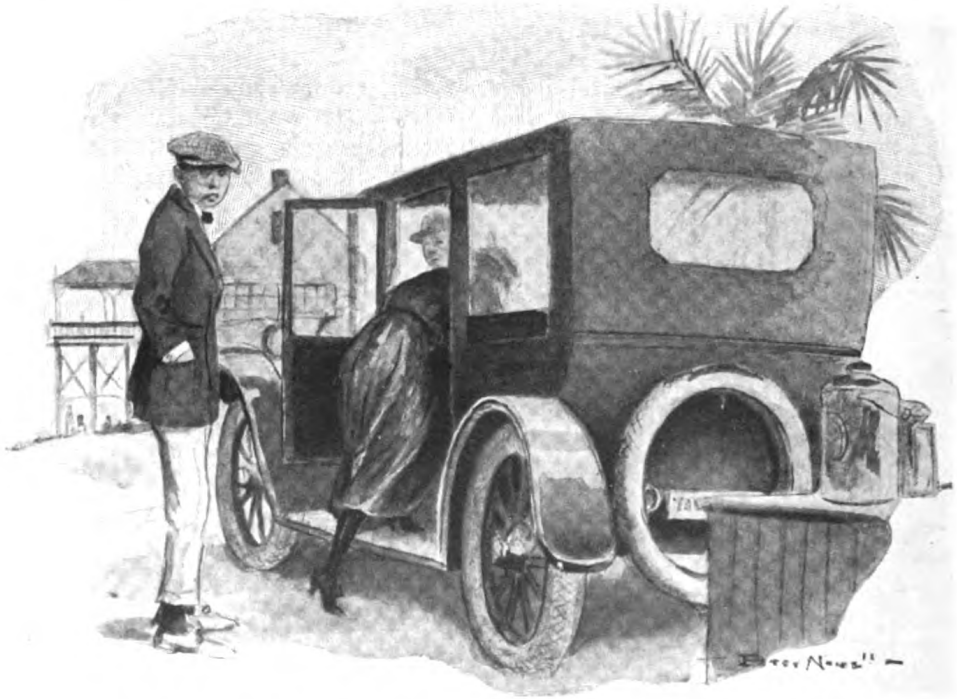
The woman shrieked: Francis came charging back through the mist, the three tins of biscuits clasped under his right arm. With his left arm he pushed the face of our hero again, pushed it quite in this time. Our hero retreated.

Francis acted as though nothing had happened, which was quite the case. "You tipped the keg of water over when you buried it," he informed our hero. "It is all spilled out in the sand."

Our hero looked horror-struck, which is an expression hard on the face.

"However," said Francis, with his habitual shallowness, "we still have the biscuits."

He opened one of the tins of biscuits. It



THEY FOUND A TAXICAB BY THE BATHING-BEACH, AND MOTORED INTO MIAMI

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was like Francis, since he was no good for primeval sports, to be able to do a little kitchen trick like that. He gave the opened tin to the woman. He opened another and offered it to our hero. That strong character refused with rejecting palms.

"Eat our only food?" he scoffed. "It will be weeks before we are picked up. We shall be hungry by then."

The tide had begun to go out. Our hero walked through the mist down to the edge of the lengthening sand and began to collect little spidery crabs which dwell in cockle-shells. Francis watched our hero in idle amusement while he collected a hatful.

"What are you doing?" he inquired, genially.

"On these," said our hero, "you will live for the next years. They will be the sole food for your proud stomach."

Francis did not seem eager to introduce the new food to his proud stomach. He ate his tin of biscuits placidly, and then began on the third tin. Francis had a good appetite, and the misty sea air seemed to have whetted it. The woman finished her tin as Francis finished his second. There was not one crumb left.

Without water to drink save the leaf-green seas about them, without food save the spidery crabs, without intelligence save the native intelligence of our hero, the scourer of pans and the wastrel of the deep—thus were they left on the barren desert island.

Do you want me to report how they starved by inches, if such an interesting thing may be done? Do you want me to report how, under the combined plagues of famine, thirst, and the woman, Francis finally went stark mad, and the woman and our hero lived on his bones till another tramp ship came and bore them away from the desert island? Do you want me, rather, to tell how the natural resourcefulness of our hero overcame Francis's civilized stupidity? How he made Francis his slave, built bungalows and roads on the desert island, and married the woman according to the laws of the deep water? Do you want me to finish with the happy ending of how at last they all were saved, and Francis was a changed man forever after, and learned to scour pots with the best of them?

I should like to, for that is but poetic justice. There is no doubt that Francis was a bounder; to but hear his broad "a" would make you agree with me in that. There is no doubt that our hero was worthy of the woman. There is no doubt that the woman was worthy of him.

Fate is not fiction, and I am but a recorder. The mist began to lift and melt away. The leaf-green tides rolled farther seaward. A hundred yards away from the desert island appeared the green banks of Key Biscayne. Francis stepped out into the leaf-green water, which was leaf-green because it was so very shallow that the bright sands shone through, and forded through to the key. The woman followed him. Together they walked half a mile down the key, found a taxicab by the bathing-beach, and motored into Miami.

The Usual Thing

TOMMY was two years younger than Harry and, as is usual in many such cases, Harry's outgrown clothes fell to his lot.

On one occasion Harry made a startling discovery. "I've got a loose tooth," he announced. "I think I'll pull it out."

"Don't do it," implored Tommy, "or mother will make me wear it!"

Not Enthusiastic

A DIMINUTIVE darky and his sister were in the back yard of a wealthy Georgian's house. The girl was admiring things, and exclaimed:

"How yo' like to live heah, Rastus?"

Rastus dug round in silence, but presently replied:

"Kinder good fish bait heah."

Rather Apt

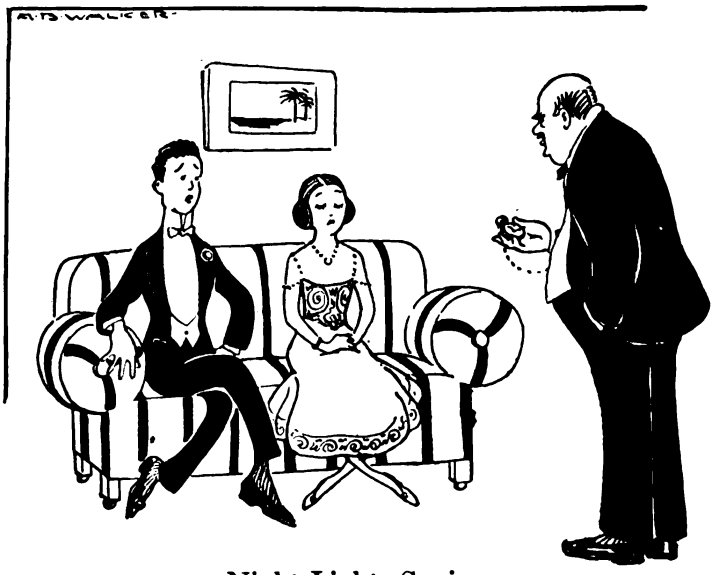
THE new chaplain very much wanted to amuse as well as instruct his men, and, accordingly, on one occasion arranged for an illustrated lecture on Bible scenes and incidents.

One seaman who possessed a phonograph was detailed to discourse appropriate music between pictures. The first of these represented Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. The sailor cudgeled his brains and ran through his list, but he could think of no music exactly appropriate to the picture.

"Please play up!" whispered the chaplain.

Then an inspiration came to the seaman, and, to the consternation of the chaplain and the delight of the audience, the phonograph ground out, "There's only one girl in this world for me!"

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Night-Light Saving

"Young man, my daughter receives callers on city time but they depart on standard"

Unequal Losses

FREDERICK was sitting on the curb, crying, when Billy came along and asked him what was the matter.

"Oh, I feel so bad 'cause Major's dead—my nice old collie," sobbed Frederick.

"Shucks!" said Billy. "My grandmother's been dead a week and you don't catch me crying."

Frederick gave his eyes and nose a swipe with his hand, and, looking up at Billy, sobbed, despairingly:

"Yes, but you didn't raise your grandmother from a pup."

A New Exchange

IT may be a libel, but they tell this story at the expense of a telephone operator in a Western town.

The young lady "central" had gone to church and, perhaps by reason of loss of sleep occasioned by overwork, had fallen into a quiet and peaceful slumber.

After the usual prayer the pastor picked up the hymnal.

"Brethren and sisters," he said, glancing first at the choir and then at the congregation, "we shall sing hymn three hundred and forty-three. Hymn three hundred and forty-three."

"The line is busy," said the operator, suddenly waking and hearing the preacher's last words. "I'll call you."

Thrift

BARBARA JANE, age three, was accompanying her mother on a short shopping trip. In her hand she carried a large cookie given her just before starting. They had gone only a short distance when Barbara Jane suddenly stopped.

"Wait a minute, mamma."

Turning, she started back toward home, closely inspecting the sidewalk as she went. Her mother, thinking that perhaps her daughter had lost her ring or some other small article, searched, too, as she followed Barbara Jane. A big policeman, who happened to be standing near, seeing that something seemed to be lost, also began to search the sidewalk. A kindly disposed citizen next joined in the quest. But nothing was to be found.

"Barbara Jane, what *are* you hunting for?" finally asked her mother.

"Why, mamma, I've lost my raisin out of my cookie," replied Barbara Jane.

A Diplomat

"IT was a very shrewd and diplomatic culprit," says a Denver lawyer, "who was brought before a judge in our town not so long ago. The judge fixed him with a stern eye and said:

"'You are charged with having registered illegally.'

"'Your Honor,' said the man, 'maybe I did, but they were trying so hard to beat Your Honor that I became desperate.'"

Her Reason

'CINDY, who had served her mistress faithfully for some months, suddenly announced her intention of leaving.

"Why, 'Cindy," said the lady, aghast at such a misfortune, "I thought you were pleased with your position. I'm sure pleased with you. What can be the trouble?"

"Well, ma'am, I tell yo' how 'tis. They's too much movement o' the dishes fo' de fewness ov de vittles."

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It Promised Well

ONE night, during the recent engagement of a well-known actor, two boys—just plain boys—sat in the gallery before the play began. One of them asked:

"Is this play any good, Jim?"

Jim picked up his program and read, "'Hamlet, A Tragedy by William Shakespeare.'" He laid down his program and, turning to the other boy, answered:

"I don't know anything about 'Hamlet,' but some of the best plays I have ever seen have been by this William Shakespeare."

The Difference Between "Temporary" and "Permanent"

"UNCLE GIP" B. was a member of a certain legislature, a hardy, perennial old representative from a backwoods county. The legislature was his biennial vacation, for his home county was a dull place, and very, very dry. But a smart old Solon like "Uncle Gip" generally was able to make "arrangements," so he managed to be happy throughout his sessions, and, to the undiluted joy of the House, he took a prominent part in all proceedings, of any nature whatsoever.

They were wrangling over the *temporary* organization of the said House early one session. "Uncle Gip" had been on his feet for half an hour, telling exactly how it should be done. The opposition had been heckling him unmercifully; his temperature was rising by leaps and bounds. Finally the opposition leader sprang up and shouted, in exasperation:

"*Will* the gentleman yield to a question?"

"Uncle Gip" yielded, eyes snapping.

"Now, *do* you," asked his opponent, sarcastically, "actually know the difference between 'temporary' and 'permanent'? That's what I want to know!"

"*Sure*, I know the difference!" "Uncle Gip" bellowed at him, purple with rage. "I'm drunk, and that's temporary, but you're a fool, and that's permanent!"

How to Identify Him

AN agitated woman burst into a police station in Chicago not long ago with this announcement:

"My husband has been threatening to drown himself for some time, and he's been missing now for two days. I want you to have the river dragged."

"Is there anything peculiar about him by which he could be recognized if we should find a body?" asked the inspector.

For a moment the woman hesitated and seemed at loss. Then a look of relief came to her face and she replied:

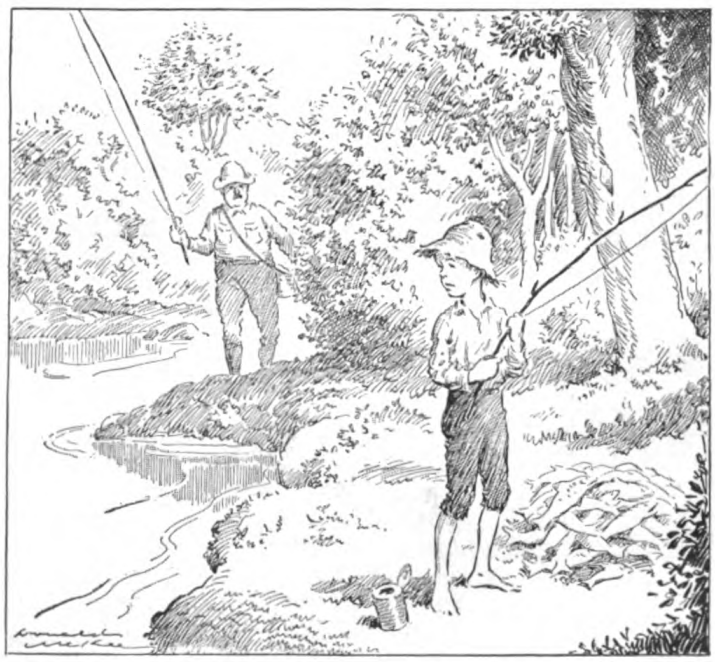
"Why, yes! He's deaf!"

Why the Dinner Was Delayed

IT was the same little Italian restaurant, the same crowd, the same good cooking, and the same wine if you . . . The service was the same, no neater than before. But the spaghetti—it took so long to serve the spaghetti.

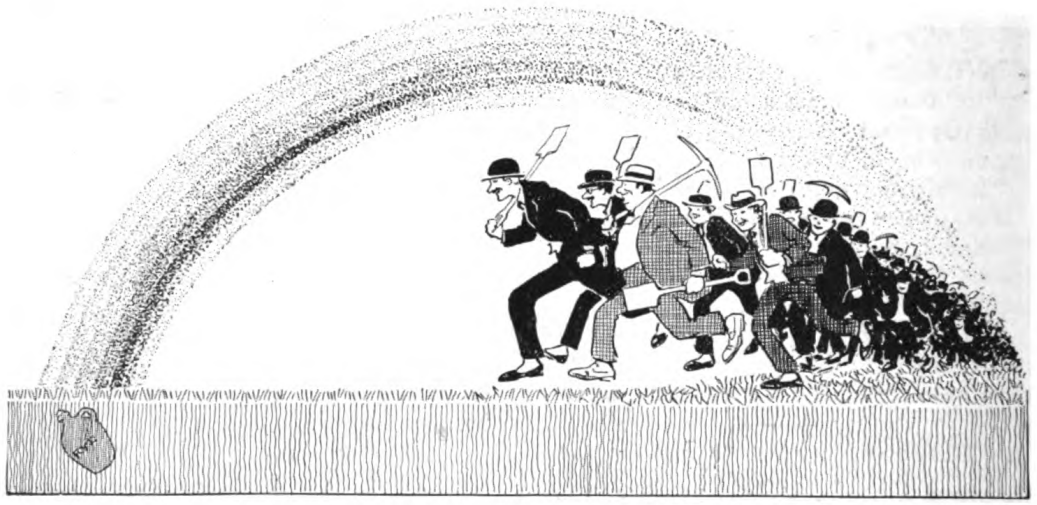
"What's the delay, Joe?" asked the impatient diner.

"You see, sir," explained Joe, "food is so high we have to be careful of the portions. Each one is entitled to one yard of spaghetti and no more. And spaghetti is so hard to measure exactly."



"Any fish in that pool, son?"
"Not now"

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"The Pot at the End of the Rain-bow—1920"

COUGHS

BY BURGES JOHNSON

THEY say little boys
Who are making a noise
Are doing just what you'd expect.
But I wish I could cough
Without starting folks off—
It has a most dreadful effect!

I can whistle and call,
I can whoop in the hall,
I can pound on a pan with a stone,
And the folks might be nice;
But if I cough twice
Then nobody lets me alone.

I can say I'm a bear,
I can growl from a lair,
Or make diffrunt sounds in my play,
But if air makes me choke,
Or I cough for a joke,
Why, no one believes what I say.

Yet any one knows
That a tickle just grows,
With maybe no reason but dust;
And times when you swallow
It sticks in some hollow,
And then you must cough or you bust.

Though I say what I choose,
They all feel of my shoes
Or they tie an old scarf round my chin.
I must put on a coat,
Or they look down my throat
And tell me I gotta come in.

So, when grown-ups are there,
Why, I always take care,
If I'm feeling the start of a cough,
And I bury my face;
Or I hurry some place
Where it's safer to let it go off.

The One She Got

A VERY pretty and youthful matron was the defendant in a case tried in a Pennsylvania court. Under the circumstances her examination was purely a matter of form; still the legal requirements must be observed.

"It is understood," said the district attorney "that during the absence of your husband you shot a burglar."

"I did," the young woman admitted.

"What became of him?"

"The other burglar took him away."

"The other burglar?"

"Yes, sir; the one I shot at."

Wished to Know the Worst

AN Eastern business man, visiting a town in the West for a brief period, found himself obliged to submit to the tender mercies of the local barber. The experience was anything but satisfactory—he was knicked, gashed, and generally mishandled. At the completion of the job the Easterner sat up in the chair and demanded a drink of water.

"You are not going to faint, I hope, sir," said the barber, noticing his customer's distressed expression.

"No," was the answer; "I merely want to ascertain whether my face will hold water."

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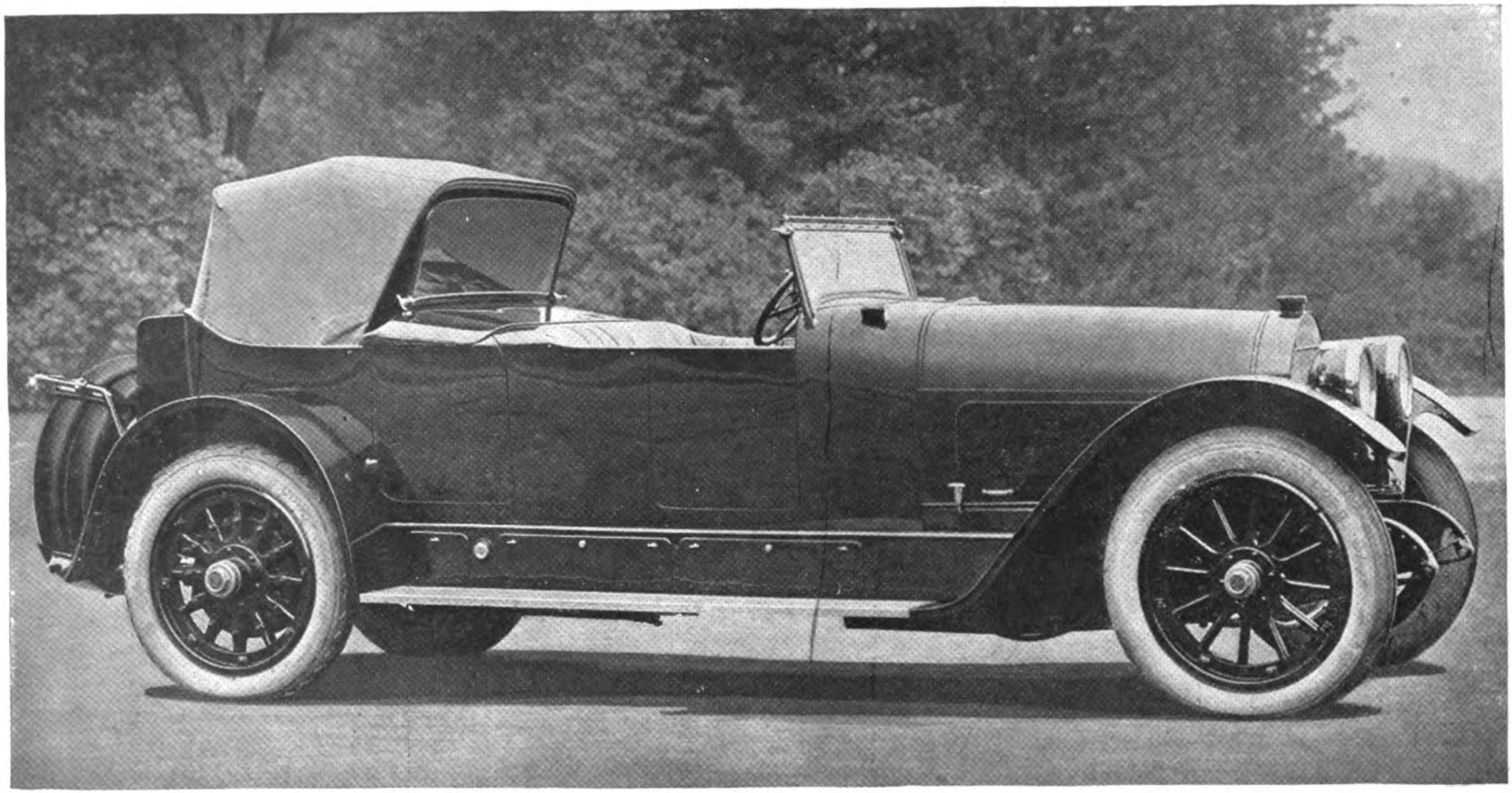
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The tonneau cowl and windshield give maximum protection to the passengers in the rear compartment.

HARE'S MOTORS, INC., NEW YORK CITY

We Shall Keep Faith

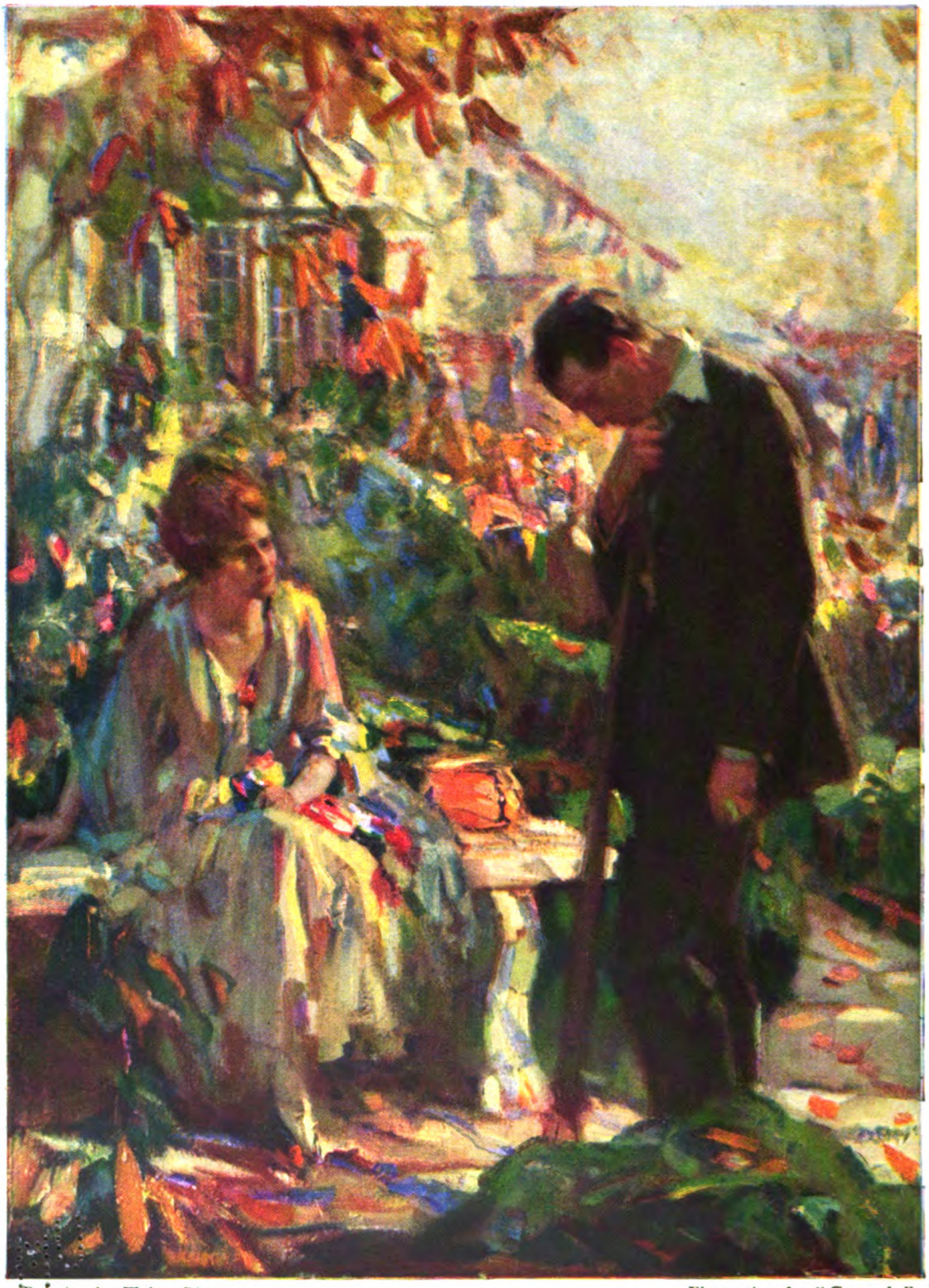
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Painting by Walter Biggs — Illustration for "Gargoyle"

"AFTER TO-DAY WE MUST NEVER SPEAK OF THESE THINGS"

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. CXLI SEPTEMBER, 1920 NO. DCCCXLIV

GARGOYLE

BY EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK

GARGOYLE stole up the piazza steps. His arms were full of field flowers. He stood there staring over his burden.

A hush fell upon tea- and card-tables. The younger women on the Strang veranda glanced at one another. The girl at the piano hesitated in her light stringing of musical sentences.

John Strang rose. "Not now, Gargoyle, old man." Taking the flowers from the thin hands, he laid them on the rug at his wife's feet, then gently motioned the intruder away. Gargoyle flitted contentedly down the broad steps to the smooth drive, and was soon hidden by masses of rhododendron on the quadrangle.

Only one guest raised questioning eye brows as Strang resumed his seat. This girl glanced over her shoulder at the aimless child straying off into the trees.

"I should think an uncanny little person like that would get on Mrs. Strang's nerves; he gives me the creeps!"

"Yes? Mrs. Strang is hardly as sensitive as you might suppose. What do you say of a lady who enjoys putting the worms on her shrinking husband's hook? Not only that, but who banters the worms, telling them it's all for their own good?"

The mistress of Heartholm, looking over at the two, shook a deprecating head. But Strang seemed to derive amusement from the guest's disapproval.

Mockwood, where the Strangs lived, had its impressiveness partly accounted for by the practical American name of "residential park." This habitat, covering many thousands of acres, gave evidence of the usual New World compromise between fantastic wealth and over-reached restraint. Polished automobiles gliding noiselessly through massed purple and silver shrubberies, receded into bland glooms of well-thought-out boscage. The architecture, a judicious mixture of haughty roofs and opulent chimneys, preened itself behind exclusive screens of wall and vine, and the entire frontage of Mockwood presented a polished elegance which did not entirely conceal a silent plausibility of expense.

At Heartholm, the Strangs place, alone, had the purely conventional been smitten in its smooth face. The banker's country home was built on the lines of his own physical height and mental breadth. Strang had flung open his living-rooms to vistas of tree branches splashing against the morning blue. His back stairs were as aspiring as the Apostles' Creed, and his front stairs as

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soaring as the Canticle to the Sun. As he had laid out his seven-mile drive on a deer track leading to a forest spring, so had he spoken for his flowers the word, which, though it freed them from the prunes and prisms of a landscape gardener, held them, glorified vassals, to their original masters, sun and rain.

Strang and his love for untrammeled nature were hard pills for Mockwooders to swallow. Here was a man who, while he kept one on the alert, was to be deplored; who homesteaded squirrels, gave rabbits their own licentious ways, was whimsically tolerant of lichens, mushrooms, and vagabond vines. This was also the man who, when his gardener's wife gave birth to a deaf and dumb baby, encouraged his own wife to make a pet of the unfortunate youngster, and when he could walk gave him his freedom of the Heartholm acres.

It was this sort of thing, Mockwooders agreed, that "explained" the Strangs. It was the desultory gossip of fashionable breakfast tables how Evelyn Strang was frequently seen at the gardener's cottage, talking to the poor mother about her youngest. The gardener's wife had other children, all strong and hearty. These went to school, survived the rigors of "regents'" examinations, and were beginning to talk of "accepting" positions. There would never be any position for little Gargoyle, as John Strang called him, to "accept."

"Let the child run about," the village doctors had advised. "Let him run about in the sun and make himself useful."

But people who "run about in the sun" are seldom inclined to make themselves useful, and no one could make Gargoyle so. It would have been as well to try to train woodbine to draw water or to educate cattails to write Greek. The little boy spent all of the day idling; it was a curious, Oriental sort of idling. Callers at Heartholm grew disapprovingly accustomed to the sight of the grotesque face and figure peering through the shrubberies; they shrugged their shoulders impatiently, coming upon the recumbent child dreamily gazing at his own reflection in the lily-pond, looking necromantically out from the molten purple of a wind-blown beech, or standing at gaze in a clump of iris.

Strang with his amused laugh fended off all protest and neighborly advice.

"That's Gargoyle's special variety of hashish. He lives in a flower-harem—in a five-year-old Solomon's Song. I've often seen the irises kowtowing to him, and his attitude toward them is distinctly personal and lover-like. If that little chap could only talk there would be some fun, but what Gargoyle thinks would hardly fit itself to words—besides, then"—Strang twinkled at the idea—"none of us would fancy having him around with those natural eyes—that undressed little mind."

It was in good-humored explanations like this that the Strangs managed to conceal their real interest in Gargoyle. They did not remind people of their only child, the brave boy of seven, who died before they came to Mockwood. Under the common sense that set the two instantly to work building a new home, creating new associations, lay the everlasting pain of an old life, when, as parents of a son, they had seemed to tread springier soil, to breathe keener, more vital air. And, though the Strangs adhered patiently to the recognized technicalities of Mockwood existence, they never lost sight of a hope, of which, against the increasing evidence of worldly logic, their human hearts still made ceaseless frantic attestation.

Very slowly, but very constructively, it had become a fierce though governed passion with both—to learn something of the spiritual life coursing back of the material universe. Equally slowly and inevitably had the two come to believe that the little changeling at the lodge held some wordless clue, some unconscious knowledge as to that outer sphere, that surrounding, peopled ether, in which, under their apparent rationality, the two had come to believe. Yet the banker

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and his wife stood to Mockwooders for no special cult or fad; it was only between themselves that their quest had become a slowly developing motive.

"Gargoyle was under the rose-arbor this morning." It was according to custom that Evelyn Strang would relate the child's latest phase. "He sat there without stirring such a long time that I was fascinated. I noticed that he never picked a rose, never smelled one. The early sun fell slanting through their petals till they glowed like thin little wheels of fire. John dear, it was that scalloped fire which Gargoyle was staring at. The flowers seemed to lean toward him, vibrating color and perfumes too delicate for me to hear. *I* only saw and smelled the flowers; Gargoyle looked as if he *felt* them! Don't laugh; you know we look at flowers because when we were little, people always said, 'See the pretty flower, smell the pretty flower,' but no one said, 'Listen and see if you can hear the flower grow; be still and see if you can catch the flower speaking.'"

Strang never did laugh, never brushed away these fantastic ideas. Settling back in his piazza chair, his big hands locked together, he would listen, amusing himself with his pet theory of Gargoyle's "undressed mind."

"By the way," he said once, "that reminds me, have you ever seen our young Solomon of the flower-harem smile?"

"Of course I haven't; neither have you." Young Mrs. Strang averred it confidently. "He never has smiled, poor baby, nor cried—his mother told me that long ago."

The banker kept his eyes on the tree-tops; he had his finger-tips nicely balanced before he remarked, with seeming irrelevance:

"You know that nest in the tree we call the Siegfried tree?"

She nodded.

"The other day a bird fell out of it, one of the young ones, pushed out by a housecleaning mother, I suppose. It killed the poor little feathered gawk. I saw Gargoyle run, quick as a flash, and pick it up. He pushed open the closing eyes, tried to place the bird on a hollyhock stalk, to spread its wings, in every way to give it motion. When, after each attempt, he saw it fall to the ground, he stood still, looking at it very hard. Suddenly, to my surprise, he seemed to understand something, to *comprehend* it fully and delightedly. He laughed." Strang stopped, looking intently at his wife.

"I can imagine that laugh," she mused.

Strang shook his head. "I don't think you can. It—it wasn't pleasant. It was as uncanny as the rest of the little chap—a long, rattling, eerie sound, as if a tree should groan or a butterfly curse; but wait—there's more." In his earnestness Strang sat up, adding, "Then Gargoyle got up and stretched out his hands, not to the sky, but to the air all around him. It was as if—" Here Strang, the normal, healthy man of the world, hesitated; it was only the father of the little boy who had died who admitted in low tones: "You would have said— At least even *I* could imagine that Gargoyle—well—that he *saw* something like a released principle of life fly happily back to its main source—as if a little mote like a sunbeam should detach itself from a clod and, disembodied, dart back to its law of motion."

For a long time they were silent, listening to the call of an oven-bird far back in the spring trees. At last Strang got up, filled his pipe, and puffed at it savagely before he said, "Of course the whole thing's damned nonsense." He repeated that a little brutally to his wife's silence before in softened voice he added, "Only, perhaps you're right, Evelyn; perhaps we, too, should be seeing that kind of thing, understanding what, God knows, we long to understand, if we had 'undressed minds,' if we hadn't from earliest infancy been smeared all over with the plaster-of-Paris of 'normal thinking.'"

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Time flew swiftly by. The years at Heartholm were tranquil and happy until Strang, taken by one of the swift maladies which often come to men of his type, was mortally stricken. His wife at first seemed to feel only the strange ecstasy that sometimes comes to those who have beheld death lay its hand on a beloved body. She went coldly, rigidly, through every detail of the final laying away of the man who had loved her to the utmost power of his man's heart. Friends waited helplessly, dreading the furious after-crash of this unnatural mental and bodily endurance. Doctor Milton, Strang's life-long friend, who had fought for the banker's life, watched her carefully, but there was no catalepsy, no tranced woman held in a vise of endurance. Nothing Evelyn Strang did was odd or unnatural, only she seemed, particularly before the burial, to be waiting intently for some revelation, toward which her desire burned consumingly, like a powerful flame.

Just before the funeral Strang's sister came to Doctor Milton.

"Evelyn!" in whispered response to his concerned look. "Oh, doctor, I cannot think that this calmness is *right* for her—" The poor, red-eyed woman, fighting hard for her own composure, motioned to the room where, with the cool lattices drawn, and a wave of flowers breaking on his everlasting sleep, the master of Heartholm lay. "She has gone in there with that little deaf-and-dumb child. I saw her standing with him, staring all about her. Somehow it seemed to me that Gargoyle was smiling—that he *saw* something—!"

For long weeks Doctor Milton stayed on at Heartholm, caring for Mrs. Strang. From time to time the physician also studied and questioned Gargoyle. Questioned in verity, for the practised hand could feel rigid muscles and undeveloped glands that answered more truthfully than words. Whatever conclusions Milton arrived at, he divulged to no one but Mrs. Strang. What he had to say roused the desolate woman as nothing else could have done. To the rest of the world little or nothing was explained. But, after the consent of the mother at the gardener's cottage had been gained, Doctor Milton left Heartholm, taking Gargoyle with him.

In the office of Dr. Pauli Mach, the professional tongue was freed. Milton, with the half-quizzical earnestness habitual to him, told his story, which was followed by the exchange of much interesting data.

The two fell back on the discussion of various schools where Gargoyle might be put under observation. At last, feeling in the gravely polite attention of the more eminent man a waning lack of interest, Milton reluctantly concluded the interview.

"I'll write to Mrs. Strang and tell her your conclusions; she won't accept them —her own husband humored her in the thing. What John Strang himself believed I never really knew, but I think he had wisdom in his generation."

Milton stood there, hesitating; he looked abstractedly at the apathetic little figure of Gargoyle sitting in the chair.

"We talk of inherent human nature," said the doctor, slowly, "as if we had all knowledge concerning the *possibilities* of that nature's best and worst. Yet I have sometimes wondered if what we call mentally askew people are not those that possess attributes which society is not wise enough to help them use wisely—mightn't such people be like fine-blooded animals who sniff land and water where no one else suspects any? Given a certain kink in a human brain, and there might result capacity we ought to consider, even if we can't, in our admittably systematized civilization, utilize it."

The Swiss doctor nodded, magnetic eyes and mouth smiling.

"Meanwhile"—in his slow, careful speech—"meanwhile we do what we can to preserve the type which from long experience we know *wears* best."

Milton nodded. He moved to go, one hand on Gargoyle's unresponsive shoulder, when the office door swung open.

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"Now this is real trouble," laughed a woman's fresh, deep-chested voice. "Doctor Mach, it means using one of your tall measuring-glasses or permitting these lovely things to wilt; some one has inundated us with flowers. I've already filled one bath-tub; I've even used the buckets in the operating-room."

The head nurse stood there, white-frocked, smiling, her stout arms full of rosy gladioli and the lavender and white of Japanese iris. The two doctors started to help her with the fragrant burden, but not before Gargoyle sprang out of his chair. With a start, as if shocked into galvanic motion, the boy sat upright. With a throttled cry he leaped at the surprised woman. He bore down upon her flowers as if they had been a life-preserver, snatching at them as if to prevent himself from being sucked under by some strange mental undertow. The softly-colored bloom might have had some vital magnetizing force for the child's blood, to which his whole feeble nature responded. Tearing the colored mass from the surprised nurse's arms, Gargoyle sank to the floor. He sat there caressing the flowers, smiling, making uncouth efforts to speak. The arms that raised him were gentle enough. They made no attempt to take from him his treasures. They sat him on the table, watching the little thin hands move ardently, yet with a curious deftness and delicacy, amid the sheaf of color. As the visionary eyes peered first into one golden-hearted lily, then into another, Milton felt stir, in spite of himself, Strang's old conviction of the "undressed mind." He said nothing, but stole a glance at the face of his superior. Doctor Mach was absorbed. He stood the boy on the table before him. The nurse stripped Gargoyle, then swiftly authoritative fingers traveled up and down the small, thin frame.

Life at Heartholm went on very much the same. The tender-hearted observer might have noted that the gardens held the same flowers year after year, all the perennials and hardy blooms John Strang had loved. No matter what had been his widow's courageous acceptance of modern stoicism, the prevailing idea that incurable grief is merely "morbid," yet, in their own apartments where their own love had been lived, was every mute image and eloquent trifle belonging to its broken arc. Here, with Strang's books on occult science, with other books of her own choosing, the wife lived secretly, unknown of any other human being, the long vigil of waiting for some sign or word from the spirit of one who by every token of religion and faith she could not believe dead—only to her wistful earthly gaze, hidden. She also hid in her heart one strangely persistent hope—namely, Gargoyle! Letters from Doctor Milton had been full of significance. The last letter triumphantly concluded:

> Your young John Strang Berber, alias Gargoyle, can talk now, with only one drawback: as yet he doesn't know any words!

The rapidly aging mother at the gardener's cottage took worldly pride in what was happening to her youngest.

"I allus knowed he was smart," the woman insisted. "My Johnny! To think of him speaking his mind out like any one else! I allus took his part—I could ha' told 'em he had his own notions!"

There was no doubt as to Gargoyle's having the "notions." As the slow process of speech was taught and the miracle of fitting words to things was given unto John Berber, alias Gargoyle, it was hard for those watching over him to keep the riotous perceptions from retarding the growing mechanistics. Close-mouthed the boy was, and, they said, always would be; but watchful eyes and keen intuitions penetrated to the silent orgies going on within him. So plainly did the fever of his education begin to wear on his physical frame that wary Doctor Mach shook his head. "Here I find too many streams of thought coursing through one field," said the careful

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Swiss. "The field thus grows stony and bears nothing. Give this field only one stream that shall be nourishing."

For other supernormal developments that "one stream" might have been music or sports. For Gargoyle it happened to be flowers. The botanist with whom he was sent afield not only knew his science, but guessed at more than his science. His were the beatitudes of the blue sky; water, rocks, and trees his only living testament. Under his tutelage, with the eyes of Doctor Mach ever on his growing body, and with his own special gifts of concentration and perception, at last came to Gargoyle the sudden whisper of academic sanction—namely, "genius."

He himself seemed never to hear this whisper. What things—superimposed on the new teeming world of material actualities—he *did* hear, he never told. Few could reach Berber; among fellow-students he was gay, amiable, up to a certain point even frivolous; then, as each companion in turn complained, a curtain seemed to drop, a colorless wrap of unintelligibility enveloped him like a chameleon's changing skin; the youth, as if he lived another life on another plane, walked apart.

Doctor Milton, dropping into the smoking-room of a popular confrère, got a whiff of the prevailing gossip about his protégé.

"I'll be hanged if I can associate psychics with a biceps like Berber's; somehow those things seem the special prerogative of anemic women in white cheese-cloth fooling with 'planchette' and 'currents.'"

"You've got another guess," a growling neurologist volunteered. "Why shouldn't psychic freaks have biceps? We keep forgetting that we've dragged our fifty-year-old carcasses into an entirely new age — a wireless, horseless, man-flying, star-chasing age. Why, after shock upon shock of scientific discovery, shouldn't the human brain, like a sensitive plate, be thinned down to keener, more sensitive, perceptions?"

Some one remarked that in the case of Berber, born of a simple country woman and her uneducated husband, this was impossible.

Another man laughed. 'Berber may be a Martian, or perhaps he was originally destined to be the first man on Jupiter. He took the wrong car and landed on this globe. Why not? How do we know what agency carries pollen of human life from planet to planet?"

Milton, smiling at it all, withdrew. He sat down and wrote a long-deferred letter to Mrs. Strang.

I have asked John Berber if he would care to revisit his old home. It seemed never to have occurred to him that he *had* a home! When I suggested the thing he followed it up eagerly, as he does every new idea, asking me many keen questions as to his relatives, who had paid for his education, etc. Of the actual facts of his cure he knows little except that there was special functioning out of gear, and that now the wheels have been greased. Doctor Mach is desperately proud of him, especially of the way in which he responds to *normal diversion-environments* and *friendships*. You must instruct his mother very carefully as to references to his former condition. It is best that he should not dwell upon the former condition. Your young friend, Gargoyle, however, sees no more spooks. He is rapidly developing into a very remarkable and unconceited horticulturist!

The first few days at Mockwood were spent at the little gardener's cottage, from which the other youngsters had flown. Berber, quietly moving about the tiny rooms, sitting buried in a scientific book or taking long trips afield, was the recipient of much maternal flattery. He accepted it all very gently; the young culturist had an air of quiet consideration for every one and absolutely no consciousness of himself. He presumed upon no special prerogatives, but set immediately to work to make himself useful. It was while he was weeding the box borders leading to the herb-gardens of Heartholm that Mrs. Strang first came upon him. Her eyes, suddenly confronted with his as he got to his feet, dropped almost guiltily, but when they

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sought his face a second time, Evelyn Strang experienced a disappointment that was half relief. This sunburnt youth, in khaki trousers and brown-flannel shirt, who knelt by the border before her was John Strang Berber, Doctor Mach's human masterpiece; this was not "Gargoyle."

"That is hardly suitable work for a distinguished horticulturist," the mistress of Heartholm smiled at the wilting piles of pusley and sorrel.

White teeth flashed, deep eyes kindled. Berber rose and, going to a garden seat, took up some bits of glass and a folded paper. He showed her fragments of weed pressed upon glass plates, envelopes of seeds preserved for special analyzation. "There's still a great undiscovered country in weed chemistry," he eagerly explained, "perhaps an anodyne for every pain and disease."

"Yes, and deadly poisons, too, for every failure and grief." The mistress of Heartholm said it lightly as she took the garden-seat, thinking how pleasant it was to watch the resolute movements and splendid physical development of the once weasened Gargoyle. She began sorting out her embroidery silks as Berber, the bits of glass still in his hand, stood before her. He was smiling.

"Yes, deadly poisons, too," agreeing with a sort of exultation, so blithely, indeed, that the calmly moving fingers of the mistress of Heartholm were suddenly arrested. A feeling as powerful and associative as the scent of a strong perfume stole over Evelyn Strang.

Before she could speak Berber had resumed his weeding. "It's good to get dictatorship over all this fight of growing," looking up for her sympathy with hesitance, which, seen in the light of his acknowledged genius, was the more significant. "You don't mind my taking Michael's place? He was very busy this morning. I have no credentials, but my mother seems to think I am a born gardener."

This lack of conceit, this unassuming practicality, the sort of thing with which Gargoyle's mind had been carefully inoculated for a long time, baffled, while it reassured Mrs. Strang. Also the sense of sacred trust placed in her hands, made her refrain from any psychic probing. For a long while she found it easy to exert this self-control. The lonely woman, impressed by the marvelous "cure" of John Berber, magnetized by his youth and sunny enthusiasms back to the old dreaming pleasure in the Heartholm gardens, might in the absorbed days to come have forgotten—only there was a man's photograph in her bedroom, placed where her eyes always rested on it, her hand could bring it to her lips; the face looking out at her seemed to say but one thing:

"*You knew me—I knew you. What we knew and were to each other had not only to do with our bodies. Men call me 'dead,' but you know that I am not. Why do you not study and work and pray to learn what I am become, that you may turn to me, that I may reach to you?*".

Mockwooders, dropping in at Heartholm for afternoon tea, began to accustom themselves to finding Mrs. Strang sitting near some flower-bed where John Berber worked, or going with him over his great books of specimens. The smirk the fashionable world reserves for anything not usual in its experience was less marked in this case than it might have been in others. Even those who live in "residential parks" are sometimes forced (albeit with a curious sense of personal injury) to accept the idea that they who have greatly suffered find relief in "queer" ways. Mockwooders, assisting at the Heartholm tea-hour, and noting Berber among other casual guests, merely felt aggrieved and connoted "queerness."

For almost a year, with the talking over of plans for John Strang's long-cherished idea of a forest garden at Heartholm, there had been no allusion between mistress and gardener to that far-off fantasy, the life of little Gargoyle. During the autumn the two drew plans together for those spots which next

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spring were to blossom in the beech glade. They sent to far-off countries for bulbs, experimented in the Heartholm greenhouses with special soils and fertilizers, and differences of heat and light; they transplanted, grafted, and redeveloped this and that woodland native. Unconsciously all formal strangeness wore away, unconsciously the old bond between Gargoyle and his mistress was renewed.

Thus it was, without the slightest realization as to what it might lead, that Evelyn Strang one afternoon made some trifling allusion to Berber's association with the famous Doctor Mach. As soon as she had done so, fearing from habit for some possible disastrous result, she tried immediately to draw away from the subject. But the forbidden spring had been touched—a door that had long been closed between them swung open. Young Berber, sorting dahlia bulbs into numbered boxes, looked up; he met her eyes unsuspiciously.

"I suppose," thoughtfully, "that that is the man to whom I should feel more grateful than to any other human being."

The mistress of Heartholm did not reply. In spite of her tranquil air, Evelyn Strang was gripped with a sudden apprehension. How much, how little, did Berber know? She glanced swiftly at him, then bent her head over her embroidery. The colored stream of Indian summer flowed around them. A late bird poured out his little cup of song.

"My mother will not answer my questions." Young Berber, examining two curiously formed bulbs, shook the earth from them; he stuffed them into his trousers pocket. "But Michael got talking yesterday and told me— Did you know, Mrs. Strang? I was thought to be an idiot until I was twelve years old—born deaf and dumb?"

It was asked so naturally, with a scientific interest as impersonal as if he were speaking of one of the malformed bulbs in his pocket, that at first his mistress felt no confusion. Her eyes and hands busying themselves with the vivid silks, she answered.

"I remember you as a little pale boy who loved flowers and did such odd, interesting things with them. Mr. Strang and I were attracted to your mysterious plays. . . . No, you never spoke, but we were not sure you could not hear—and"—drawing a swift little breath—"we were always interested in what—in what—you seemed—to *see!*"

There was a pause. He knelt there, busily sorting the bulbs. Suddenly to the woman sitting on the garden bench the sun-bathed October gardens seemed alive with the myriad questioning faces of the fall flowers; wheels and disks like aureoled heads leaned toward her, mystical fire in their eyes, the colored flames of their being blown by passionate desire of revelation. "This is your moment," the flowers seemed to say to her. "Ask him *now*."

But that she might not yet speak out her heart to John Berber his mistress was sure. She was reminded of what Strang had so often said, referring to their lonely quest—that actual existence was like a forlorn shipwreck of some other life, a mere raft upon which, like grave buffoons, the ragged survivors went on handing one another water-soaked bread of faith, glassless binoculars of belief, oblivious of what radiant coasts or awful headlands might lie beyond the enveloping mists. Soon, the wistful woman knew, she would be making some casual observations about the garden, the condition of the soil. Yet, if ever the moment had come to question him who had once been "Gargoyle," that moment was come now!

Berber lifted on high a mass of thickly welded bulbs clinging to a single dahlia stalk. He met her gaze triumphantly.

"Michael says he planted only a few of this variety, the soft, gold-hearted lavender. See what increase." The youth plunged supple fingers into the balmy-scented loam, among the swelling tuber forms. "A beautiful kind of ugliness," he mused. "I remember I used

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to think—" The young gardener, as if he felt that the eyes fixed upon him were grown suddenly too eager, broke abruptly off.

"Go on, John Berber. What you have to say is always interesting."

It was said calmly, with almost maternal encouragement, but the fingers absorbed in the bright silks fumbled and erred. "Used to think"—words such as these filtered like sunlight to the hope lying deep in Evelyn Strang's heart.

But young Berber leaned upon his garden fork, looking past her. Over the youth's face crept a curious expression of wrapt contemplation, of super-occupation, whether induced by her words or not she could not tell. Furtively Mrs. Strang studied him. . . . How soon would he drop that mystical look and turn to her with the casual "educated" expression she had come to know so well?

Suddenly, nervousness impelling her, she broke in upon his revery:

"How wonderful, with such dreams as you must have had, to be educated! How very grateful you must be to Doctor Mach."

She heard her own words helplessly, as if in a dream, and, if the unwisdom of this kind of conversation had impressed the mistress of Heartholm before, now she could have bitten off her tongue with that needless speech on it. Young Berber, however, seemed hardly to have heard her; he stood there, the "Gargoyle" look still in his eyes, gazing past his mistress into some surrounding mystery of air element. It was to her, watching him, as if those brooding, dilated pupils might behold, besides infinitesimal mystery of chemical atoms, other mysteries—colorless pools of air where swam, like sea anemones, radiant forms of released spirit; invisible life-trees trembling with luminous fruit of occult being!

When Berber turned this look, naked as a sword, back to Evelyn Strang, she involuntarily shivered. But the boy's face was unconscious. His expression changed only to the old casual regard as he said, very simply:

"You see, I wish they had not educated me!"

The confession came with inevitable shock. If she received it with apparent lightness, it was that she might, with all the powers a woman understands, rise to meet what she felt was coming. The barrier down, it was comparatively easy to stand in the breach, making her soft note of deprecation, acknowledging playfully that the stress of so-called "normal" life must indeed seem a burden to one who had hitherto talked with flowers, played with shadows. Berber, however, seemed hardly to hear her; there was no tenseness in the youth's bearing; he merely gazed thoughtfully past her efforts, repeating:

"No—I wish they had not taught me. I have not really gained *knowledge* by being taught."

Mrs. Strang was genuinely puzzled. Yet she understood; it was merely *theories about life* that he had gained. Again she called to mind a sentence in Doctor Milton's letter: "I know that you have followed the case in such a way as to understand what would be your responsibility toward this *newly made* human soul." Was it right to question Berber? Could it be actually harmful to him to go on? And yet was it not her only chance, after years of faithful waiting?

Trying to keep her voice steady, she reproached him:

"No? With all that being educated means, all the gift for humanity?"

The young fellow seemed not to get her meaning. He picked up the garden fork. Thoughtfully scraping the damp earth from its prongs, he repeated, "All that it means for humanity?"

"Why not"—urging the thing a little glibly—"why not? You can do your part now; you will help toward the solving of age-long mysteries. You must be steward of—of"—Mrs. Strang hesitated, then continued, lamely—"of your special insight. Why — already you have begun— Think of the weed chem-

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istry." Had he noticed it? There was in her voice a curious note, almost of pleading, though she tried to speak with authority.

John Berber, once called "Gargoyle," listened. The youth stood there, his foot resting upon the fork but not driving it into the ground. He caught her note of anxiety, laughing in light, spontaneous reassurance, taking her point with ease.

"Oh—I know," shrugging his shoulders in true collegian's style. "I understand my lesson." Berber met her look. "I had the gift of mental *unrestraint*, if you choose to call it that," he summed up, "and was of no use in the world. Now I have the curse of *mental restraint* and can participate with others in their curse." Suddenly aware of her helpless dismay and pain, the boy laughed again, but this time with a slight nervousness she had never before seen in him. "Why, we are not in earnest, dear Mrs. Strang." It was with coaxing, manly respect that he reminded her of that. "We are only joking, playing with an idea. . . . I think you can trust me," added John Berber, quietly.

The surprised woman felt that she could indeed "trust" him; that Berber was absolutely captain of the self which education had given him; but that from time to time he had been conscious of another self he had been unwise enough to let her see. She silently struggled with her own nature, knowing that were she judicious she would take that moment to rise and leave him. Such action, however, seemed impossible now. Here was, perhaps, revelation, discovery! All the convictions of her lonely, brooding life were on her. Temptation again seized her. With her longing to have some clue to that spirit world she and her husband had believed in, it seemed forewritten, imperative, inevitable, that she remain. Trying to control herself, she fumbled desperately on:

"When you were little, Mr. Strang and I used to notice—we grew to think—that because you had been shut away from contact with other minds, because you had never been told *what* to see, as children are told, 'Look at the fire,' 'See the water,' and so forever regard those things in just that way, not seeing—other things— Oh, we thought that perhaps—perhaps—"

It was futile, incoherent; her tongue seemed to dry in her mouth. Besides, the abashed woman needs must pause before a silence that to her strained sense seemed rebuking. She glanced furtively up at the youth standing there. It troubled the mistress of Heartholm to realize that her protégé was staring gravely at her, as if she had proposed some guilty and shameful thing.

At last Berber, with a boyish sigh, seemed to shake the whole matter off. He turned to his bulbs; half at random he caught up a pruning-knife, cutting vindictively into one of them. For the moment there was silence, then the young gardener called his mistress's attention to the severed root in his hand.

"A winy-looking thing, isn't it? See those red fibers? Why shouldn't such roots, and nuts like those great, burnished horse-chestnuts there—yes, and cattails, and poke-berries, and skunk cabbages, give forth an entirely new outfit of fruits and vegetables?" Berber smiled his young, ruminating smile; then, with inevitable courtesy, he seemed to remember that he had not answered her question. "I am not surprised that you and Mr. Strang thought such things about me. I wonder that you have not questioned me before—only you see *now* —I can't answer!" The boy gave her his slow, serious smile, reminding her.

"You must remember that I am like a foreigner—only worse off, for foreigners pick up a few words for their most vital needs, and I have no words at all—for what—for what vital things I used to know—so that perhaps in time I shall come to forget that I ever knew anything different from—other persons' knowledge." Berber paused, regarding his mistress intently, as if wistfully trying to see what she made of all this. Then he continued:

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"One of our professors at college died, and the men of his class were gloomy; some even cried, others could not trust themselves to speak of him. . . . I noticed that they all called him 'poor' Landworth. . . . I could see that they felt something the way I do when I miss out on a chemical experiment, or spoil a valuable specimen—only more so—a great deal more." The boy knit his brows, puzzling it all out. "Well, it's queer. I liked that professor, too; he was very kind to me—but when I saw him dead I felt glad—glad! Why"—Berber looked at her searchingly—"I grew to be afraid some one would find out *how* glad!"

The young fellow, still anxiously searching her face, dropped his voice. "You are the only person I dare tell this to—for I understand the world—" She noted that he spoke as if "the world" were a kind of plant whose needs he had fathomed. "But after that," concluded Berber, speaking as if quite to himself—"after that I somehow came to see that I had been—well, educated *backward*."

She moved impatiently; the youth, seeing the question in her face answered the demand of its trembling eagerness, explaining:

"Do you not see—I have—sometime *known*, not 'guessed' nor 'believed,' but *known* that death was a wonderful, happy thing—a fulfilment, a satisfaction to him who dies—but I have been educated backward into a life where people cannot seem to help regarding it as a sad thing. And—"

"Yes?—Yes?" breathed the eager woman. "Tell me—tell me—"

But he had come suddenly to a full stop. As if appalled to find only empty words, or no words at all, for some astounding knowledge he would communicate to her, he stammered painfully; then, as if he saw himself caught in guilt, colored furiously. Evelyn Strang could see the inevitable limitations of his world training creep slowly over him like cement hardening around the searching roots of his mind. She marveled. She remembered Strang's pet phrase, "the plaster of Paris of so-called 'normal thinking.'" Then the youth's helpless appeal came to her:

"Do you not think that I am doing wrong to speak of these things?" Berber asked, with dignity.

The mistress of Heartholm was silent. Recklessly she put by all Doctor Mach's propheçies. She could not stop here; her whole soul demanded that she go further. There were old intuitions—the belief that she and Strang had shared together, that, under rationalized schemes of thought, knowledge of inestimable hope was being hidden from the world. Here was this boy of the infinite vision, of the "*backward educated*" mind, ready to tell miraculous things of a hidden universe. Could she strike him dumb? It would be as if Lazarus had come forth from the open grave and men were to bandage again his ecstatic lips!

Suddenly, as if in answer to her struggle, Berber spoke. She was aware that he looked at her curiously with a sort of patient disdain.

"The world is so sure, so contented, isn't it?" the youth demanded of her, whether in innocence or irony she could not tell. "People are trained, or they train themselves, by the millions, to think of things in exactly one way." He who had once been "Gargoyle" looked piercingly into the eyes of this one being to whom at least he was not afraid to speak.

"Anything you or I might guess outside of what other people might accept," the boy reminded her, austerely, "could be called by just one unpleasant name." He regarded the face turned to his, recognizing the hunger in it, with a mature and pitying candor, concluding: "After to-day we must never speak of these things. I shall never dare, you must never dare—and so—" He who had once been "Gargoyle" suddenly dropped his head forward on his breast, muttering—"and so, that is all."

Evelyn Strang rose. She stood tall and imperious in the waning afternoon

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light. She was bereaved mother, anguished wife; she was dreamer driven out of the temple of the dream, and what she had to do was desperate. Her voice came hard and resolute.

"It is *not* all," the woman doggedly insisted. The voiceless woe of one who had lost a comrade by death was on her. In her eyes was fever let loose, a sob, like one of a flock of imprisoned wild birds fluttered out from the cage of years. "Oh no — no!" the woman pleaded, more as if to some hidden power of negation than to the boy before her— "Oh no—no, this *cannot* be all, not for me! The world must never be told—it could not understand; but *I* must know, I *must* know." She took desperate steps back and forth.

"John Berber, if there is anything in your memory, your knowledge; even if it is only that you have *imagined* things —if they are so beautiful or so terrible that you can never speak of them—for fear—for fear no one would understand, you might, you might, even then, tell me— Do you not hear? You might tell *me*. I authorize it, I command it."

The woman standing in the autumn gardens clenched her hands. She looked round her into the clear air at the dense green and gold sunshine filtering through the colored trees, the softly spread patens of the cosmos, the vivid oriflammes of the chrysanthemums. Her voice was anguished, as if they two stood at a secret door of which Berber alone had the key, which for some reason he refused to use.

"I—of all the world," her whisper insisted. "If you might never speak again—I should understand."

Berber, his face grown now quite ashen, looked at her. Something in her expression seemed to transfix and bind him. Suddenly shutting his teeth together, he stood up, his arms folded on his broad chest. The afternoon shadows spread pools of darkness around their feet, the flowers seemed frozen in shapes of colored ice, as his dark, controlled eyes fixed hers.

"You — you dare?" the youth breathed, thickly.

She faced him in her silent daring. Then it seemed to her as if the sky must roll up like a scroll and the earth collapse into a handful of dust falling through space, for she knew that little Gargoyle of the "undressed mind"—little Gargoyle, looking out of John Berber's trained eyes as out of windows of ground glass, was flitting like a shadow across her own intelligence, trying to tell her what things he had always known about life and death, and the myriads of worlds spinning back in their great circles to the Power which had set them spinning.

Not until after the first halting, insufficient words, in which the boy sought to give his secret to the woman standing there, did she comprehend anything of the struggle that went on within him. But when suddenly Berber's arms dropped to his sides and she saw how he shivered, as if at some unearthly touch on his temples, she was alert. Color was surging into his face; his features, large, irregular, took on for the instant a look of speechless, almost demoniac, power; he seemed to be swimming some mental tide before his foot touched the sands of language and he could helplessly stammer:

"I cannot— It—it will not come— It is as I told you—I have been taught no *words*— I *cannot* say *what I know*."

His powerful frame stood placed among the garden surroundings like that of a breathing statue, and his amazed companion witnessed this miracle of physical being chained by the limitations of one environment, while the soul of that being, clairaudient, clairvoyant, held correspondence with another environment. She saw Berber smile as if with some exquisite sense of beauty and rapture that he understood, but could not communicate, then helplessly motion with his hands. But even while she held her breath, gazing at him, a change came over the radiant features. He looked at her again, his face worked;

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at last John Berber with a muffled groan burst into terrible human tears.

She stood there helpless, dumfounded at his agony.

"You—you cannot speak?" she faltered.

For answer he dropped his face into his strong hands. He stood there, his tall body quivering. And she knew that her dream was over.

She was forced to understand. John Berber's long and perfect world training held him in a vise. His lips were closed upon his secret, and she knew that they would be closed for evermore.

They remained, silently questioning each other, reading at last in each other's speechlessness some comfort in this strange common knowledge, for which, indeed, there were no human words, which must be forever borne dumbly between them. Then slowly, with solemn tenderness, the obligation of that unspoken knowledge came into Evelyn Strang's face. She saw the youth standing there with grief older than the grief of the world stabbing his heart, drowning his eyes. She laid a quiet hand on his shoulder.

"I understand." With all the mother, all the woman in her, she tried to say it clearly and calmly. "I understand; you need never fear me—and we have the whole world of flowers to speak for us." She gazed pitifully into the dark, storming eyes where for that one fleeting instant the old look of "Gargoyle" had risen, regarding her, until forced back by the trained intelligence of "John Berber," which had always dominated, and at last, she knew, had killed it. "We will make the flowers speak—for us." Again she tried to speak lightly, comfortingly, but something within the woman snapped shut like a door. Slowly she returned to the garden seat. For a moment she faltered, holding convulsively to it, then her eyes, blinded from within, closed.

Yet, later, when the mistress of Heartholm went back through the autumnal garden to the room where were the books and treasures of John Strang, she carried something in her hand. It was a lily bulb from which she and Berber hoped to bring into being a new and lovely flower. She took it into that room where for so many years the pictured eyes of her husband had met hers in mute questioning, and stood there for a moment, looking wistfully about her. Outside a light breeze sprang up, a single dried leaf rustled against the windowpane. Smiling wistfully upon the little flower-pot, Mrs. Strang set it carefully away in the dark.

TIDES

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

THERE is a tide of years, like the tide of the great sea.
Ever the days rush up on the shore of the soul:
Ever the days, like the waters, surge and unroll—
But only in dreams do they recede—gray tides of memory.

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THE LURE OF THE MONGOLIAN PLAINS

BY ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS

Leader of the Second Asiatic Zoölogical Expedition of the American Museum of Natural History, New York

Photographs by YVETTE BORUP ANDREWS

WHEN we came to Urga, the capital of Mongolia, it was in the most approved manner of the twentieth century. We arrived in motor-cars with much odor of gasolene and noise of horns. In our departure from the sacred city we dropped back seven hundred years and went as the Mongols go. Perhaps it was not quite as in the days of Genghis Khan, for we had three high-wheeled carts of a Russian model, but they were every bit as springless and uncomfortable as the palanquins of the ancient emperors.

Of course, we ourselves did not ride in carts. They were driven by our cook and two Chinese taxidermists, each of whom sat on his own particular mound of baggage with an air of resignation and despondency. Their faces were very long indeed, for the sudden transition from the back seat of a motor-car to a jolting cart did not harmonize with their preconceived scheme of Mongolian life. But they endured it manfully, and doubtless it added much to the store of harrowing experiences with which they could regale future audiences in civilized Peking.

My wife and I were each mounted on a Mongol pony. Mine was called Kublai Khan, and he deserved the name. I learned to love this wonderful horse as one loves a friend who has endured the "ordeal of fire" and has not been found wanting. My wife's chestnut stallion was a trifle smaller than Kublai Khan and proved to be a tricky beast which I could have shot with pleasure. To this day she carries the marks of both his teeth and hoofs, and we have no interest in his future life. Kublai Khan has been given the reward of a sunlit stable in Peking where carrots are in abundance and sugar is not unknown.

In addition to the three Chinese we had a little Mongol priest, a yellow lama only eighteen years of age. We did not employ him for spiritual reasons, but to be our guide and social mentor upon the plains. He completed the personnel of the Second Asiatic Expedition of the American Museum of Natural History.

Of course, we could not speak Mongol, but both my wife and I know some Chinese, and our cook-boy, Lü, was possessed of a species of "pidgin English" which, by using a good deal of imagination, we could understand at times. Our lama, who spoke fluent Chinese, acted as interpreter with the Mongols and we had no difficulty. It is wonderful how much you can do with sign language when you really have to, especially if the other fellow tries to understand. You can always be sure that the Mongols will match your efforts in this respect.

An interesting part of our equipment was a Mongol tent. This is an ingenious adaptation of the ordinary wall tent, and is especially fitted for work on the plains. From the ridgepole the sides curve down and out to the ground, presenting a sloping surface to the wind at every angle. Moreover, it can be erected by one person in ten minutes. We had an American wall tent also, but found it such a nuisance that we used it only during bad weather. In the wind, which always blows upon the plains, it flapped and fluttered to such a degree that we could hardly sleep.

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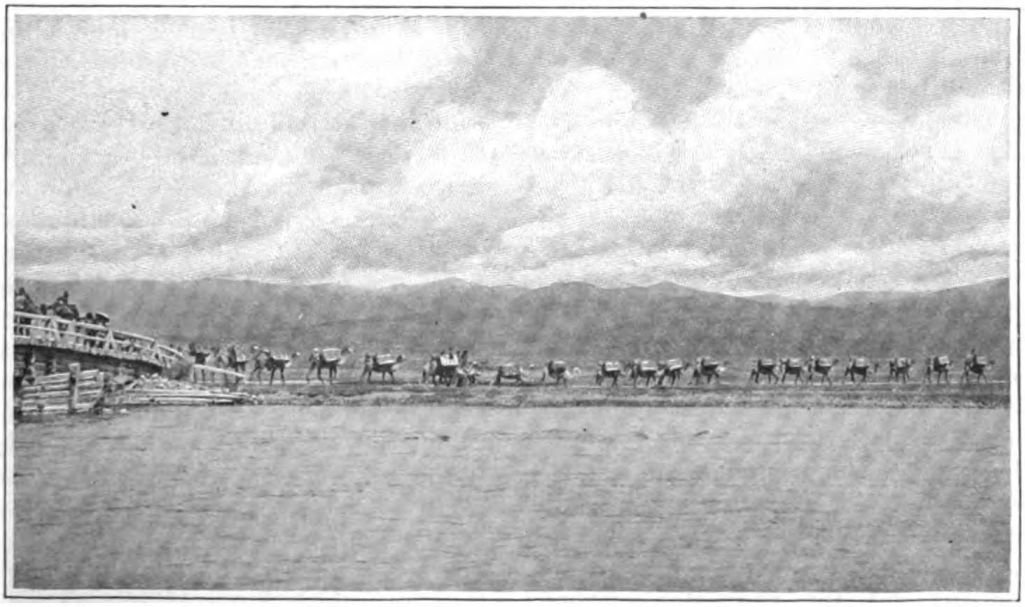
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As every traveler knows, the natives of a country have usually developed the best possible clothes and the best dwellings for the peculiar conditions under which they live. Just as their felt-covered *yurt* and tent are all that can be desired, so do the Mongols know that fur and leather are the only materials for clothing to keep them warm during the bitter winter months. Of fur and leather, therefore, were the garments with which we were equipped. In the carts we had an ample supply of flour, bacon, coffee, tea, sugar, and dried fruit. For meat we depended, of course, upon our guns, and always had as much as could be used.

There are, perhaps, lovelier places than Mongolia in which to spend the summer, but in several journeys around the world we have never found them. As a background we had had a winter in Peking, a city which has a very real personality of its own and a cosmopolitan social life as interesting as its age-old walls. Then there had been a journey across the very heart of China, and a shooting trip to the Eastern Tombs where the Manchu emperors sleep peacefully amid the groves of fragrant pines. A little later we came to Mongolia, and had a week in Urga, of which I wrote in the first article of this series. The days in the sacred city had been busy ones, it is true, and there were a few discouragements in preparing for the trip, but now we were off at last with our faces set southward toward the plains which rolled away like an ocean swell of grass to meet the desert wastes of the western Gobi.

Our start from Urga was on a particularly beautiful day, even for Mongolia. The golden roof of the great white temple on the hill simply blazed with light and the undulating crest of "God's Mountain" across the valley seemed so near that we imagined we could see the deer and boar in its parklike openings. Our way led across the valley and over the Tola River just below the palace of the "Living God." We climbed a long hill and emerged on a sloping plain where marmots were bobbing in and out of their burrows like toy animals manipulated by a string. Two great flocks of demoiselle cranes were daintily catching grasshoppers not a hundred yards away. We wanted both the cranes for dinner and the marmots for specimens, but we



A CAMEL CARAVAN CROSSING THE TOLA RIVER WEST OF URGA

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dared not shoot. Although not actually upon sacred soil, we were in close proximity to the Bogdo-ol, and a rifle shot might have brought a horde of fanatical priests about us. It is best to take no chances with religious superstitions, for the lamas do not wait to argue when they are once aroused.

For five days we continued westward from Urga along the Tola River. The country was wonderfully beautiful with its carpet of vivid green and the clustering willows just assuming the new dress of spring. But it was a favorite winter camping ground for Mongols and the valley was thickly dotted with *yurts*. As a result not a sign of game remained, and we were forced to swing southward toward the Urga-Kalgan road. We knew that there we should find antelope and marmots in plenty, besides wolves and smaller beasts.



THE AUTHOR ON KUBLAI KHAN WITH THE FIRST BIG ANTELOPE KILLED FROM HORSEBACK

The trip along the river was not devoid of interest, but there was a superabundance of hard work and little zoölogical result. It did, however, give us an opportunity to test our animals and men. We had obtained three cart horses in Urga, besides our riding animals. One of them, a white Mongol pony, was rather thin, and on the second day, when the cart became badly mired, the horse absolutely refused to pull. Just then a lama appeared with four led ponies and said that one of them could extricate the cart. He hitched a tiny brown animal between the shafts, and in ten minutes the load was on solid ground.

We at once offered to trade horses, and by giving a bonus of five dollars I became the possessor of the brown pony. But the story does not end here. Two months later, when we had returned to Urga, a Mongol came to our camp in great excitement and announced that we had one of his horses. He said that five animals had been stolen from him and that the little brown pony for which I had traded with the lama was one of them.

His proof was incontrovertible, and according to Mongolian law I was bound to give back the animal and accept the loss. A half dozen hard-riding Mongol soldiers at once took up the trail of the lama, however, and the chances are that there will be one less thieving priest before the incident is closed.

It is interesting to note how a similarity of conditions in western America and in Mongolia has developed exactly the same attitude of mutual protection in regard to horses. In both countries horse stealing is considered one of the worst crimes. It is punishable by death in Mongolia, or, what is infinitely worse, by a life in one of the prison coffins. Moreover, the spirit of mutual assistance is carried further, and several times during the summer, when our ponies had strayed five, or even ten, miles from camp, they were brought in by passing Mongols, or we were told where they could be found.

Our first real hunting camp was near a well several miles beyond the caravan trail over which, in the Middle Ages, the Mongol hordes had swept down to con-

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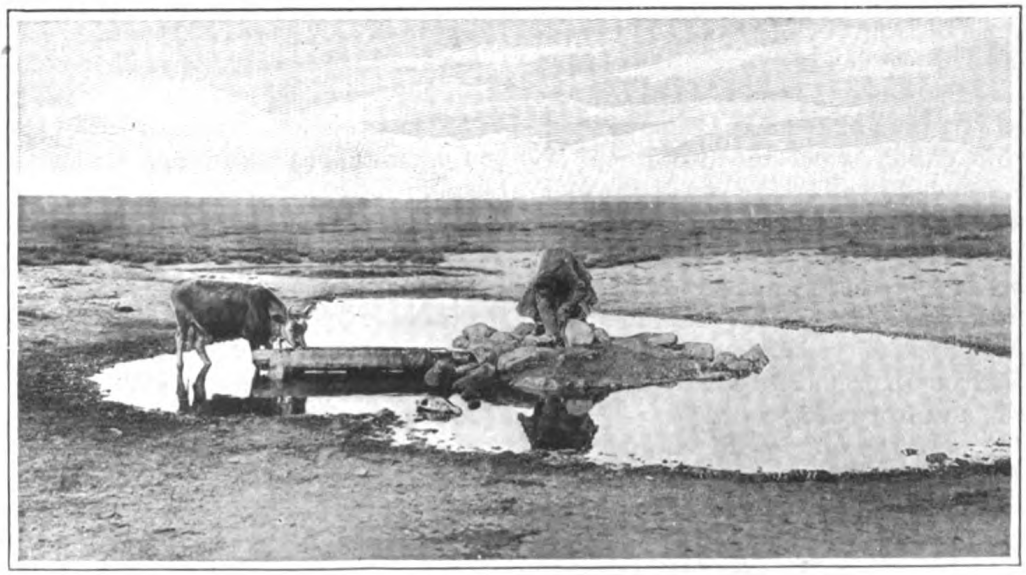
quer China. Only a few weeks earlier we ourselves had skimmed across the rolling surface in motor-cars, crossing in one day as many miles of plains as our carts could cover in ten. But it had another meaning to us now, and we thanked God that for six long months we could lose the twentieth century with its roar and rush and live as the Mongols live; that we could probe the heart of the desert and learn to know the secrets which are yielded up to but a chosen few.

When our tents were pitched beside the well they seemed pitifully small in the vastness of the plain. The land rolled in placid waves to the far horizon on every hand. It was like a calm sea which is disturbed only by the lazy progress of the ocean swell. Two *yurts* showed like the sails of hull-down ships, black against the sky rim where it met the earth. The plain itself seemed at first as flat as a table, for the swells merged indistinguishably into a level whole. It was only when approaching Mongols dipped for a little out of sight and the depressions swallowed them up that we realized the unevenness of the land.

Camp was hardly made before our Mongol neighbors began to pay their formal calls. A picturesque fellow, blazing with color, would dash up to our tent at a full gallop, slide off, and hobble his pony almost in a single motion. With a *sai bina* of greeting he would squat in the door, produce his bottle of snuff, and offer us a pinch. There was a quiet dignity about these plains dwellers which was wonderfully appealing. They were seldom unduly curious, and when we indicated that the visit was at an end they left at once.

Sometimes they brought bowls of curded milk or great lumps of cheese as presents, and in return we gave cigarettes, or now and then a cake of soap. I had been told in Urga that soap was especially appreciated by the Mongols, and I had brought a supply of red, blue, and green cakes which had a scent even more wonderful than the color. I can't imagine why they like it so, for it is never used.

Strangely enough, the Mongols have no word for "thank you" other than *sai* (good), but when they wish to express approbation, and usually when saying "good-by," they put up the thumb, with the fingers closed. In Yunnan and eastern Tibet we noted the same custom among the aboriginal tribesmen.



A WELL IN FRONT OF OUR CAMP ON THE PLAINS

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I wonder if it is merely a coincidence that in the gladiatorial contests of ancient Rome "thumbs up" meant mercy or approval.

The Mongols told us that in the rolling ground to the east of camp we could surely find antelope. All our previous shooting on the plains had been from motor-cars, and we had learned at what tremendous speed the antelope could run. We knew that hunting on horseback would be a very different matter, for all the odds would be in favor of the antelope.

The first morning my wife and I went out alone. We trotted steadily for an hour, making for the summit of a rise seven or eight miles from camp. Then she held the ponies while I sat down to sweep the country with my glasses. Directly in front of us two small valleys converged into a larger one, and almost immediately I discovered half a dozen yellow-red forms in its very bottom about two miles away. They were antelope quietly feeding. In a few moments I made out ten more close together, and then two off at the right. After my wife had found them with her glasses we sat down to plan the stalk.

It was obvious that we should try to cross the two small depressions which debouched into the main valley and approach from behind the hill crest nearest to the herd. We trotted slowly across the shallow basin while the antelope were in sight and then swung around at full gallop under the protection of the rising ground. We came up and dismounted just opposite the herd, but fully six hundred yards away. Suddenly one of those impulses which the hunter can never explain sent them off like streaks of yellow light, but they turned on the opposite hillside, slowed down, and trotted up the valley. Much to our surprise, four of the animals detached themselves from the herd and crossed the depression in our direction. When we saw that they were really coming, we threw ourselves into the saddles and galloped forward to cut them off. Instantly the antelope increased their speed and flew up the hill slope. I shouted to my wife to watch out for the marmot holes and shook the reins over Kublai Khan's neck. Like a bullet he was off. I could feel his great muscles flowing between my knees, but otherwise there seemed hardly a motion of his body in the long, smooth run.

Standing straight up in the stirrups, I glanced back at my wife, who was sitting her chestnut stallion as lightly as a butterfly. Hat gone, hair streaming, the thrill of it all showed in every line of her body. She was running a close second almost at my side.

I saw a marmot hole flash by. A second death trap showed ahead, and I swung Kublai Khan to the right. Another and another followed, but the pony leaped them like a cat. The beat of the fresh, clean air, the rush of the splendid horse, the sight of the yellow forms fleeing like wind-blown ribbons across our path—all this set me mad with excitement and a wild exhilaration. Suddenly I realized that I was yelling like an Indian. My wife, too, was screaming in sheer delight.

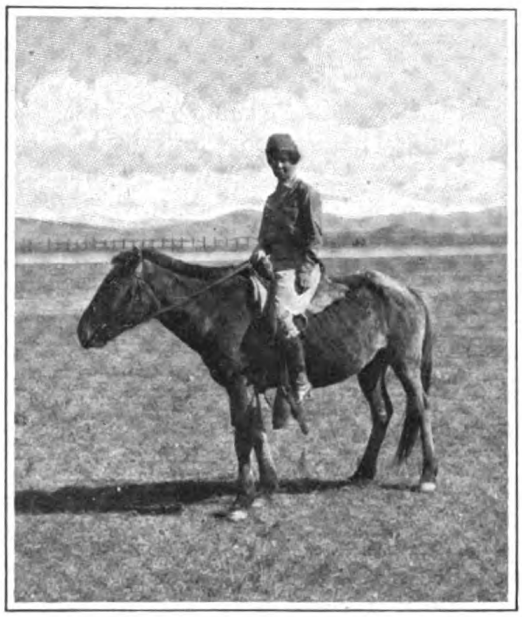
The antelope were two hundred yards away when I tightened on the reins. Kublai Khan stiffened and stopped in ten yards. The first shot was low and to the left, but it gave the range. At the second, the rearmost animal stumbled, recovered himself, and ran wildly about in a circle. I missed him twice and he disappeared over a little hill. Leaping into the saddle, we tore after the wounded animal. As we thundered over the rise I heard my wife screaming frantically and saw her pointing to the right, where the antelope was lying down. There was just one more shell in the gun and my pockets were empty. I fired again at fifty yards and the animal rolled over, dead.

Leading our horses, we walked up to the beautiful orange-yellow form lying in the vivid green grass. We both saw the horns in the same instant and hugged each other in sheer delight. At this time

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of the year the bucks are seldom with the does except in the largest herds. This one was in full pelage, spotless, and with the hair unworn. Moreover, it had the finest head of any we killed during the entire trip.

Kublai Khan looked at the dead animal and arched his neck as much as to say: "Yes, I ran him down. He had to quit when I really got started." My wife held the pony's head while I hoisted the antelope to his back and strapped it behind the saddle. He watched the proceedings interestedly, but without a tremor, and even when I mounted he paid not the slightest attention to the head dangling on his flanks. He showed thereby that he was a very exceptional pony. In the weeks which followed he proved it a hundred times, and I came to love him as I have never loved another animal. Thank God, he has the reward which he so richly earned.



MRS. ANDREWS ON HER MONGOLIAN PONY

My wife and I trotted slowly back to camp, thrilled with the excitement of the wild ride. We began to realize that we were lucky to have escaped without broken necks. That race had taught us never again to attempt to guide our ponies away from the marmot holes which spotted the plains. The horses could see them better than we could and all their lives had known that they meant death.

That morning was our initiation into what is the finest sport we have ever known. Hunting from a motor-car is undeniably exciting, but a real sportsman can never care for it very long. The antelope does not have a chance against gas and steel and a long-range rifle.

On horseback the conditions are reversed. An antelope can run twice as fast as the best horse living. It can see as far as a man with prism binoculars. All the odds are in the animal's favor except two—its fatal desire to run in a circle about the pursuer and the hunter's use of a high-power rifle. But even then an antelope, three hundred yards away and going at a speed of sixty miles an hour, is not an easy target.

Of course, almost every sportsman will say that it cannot be done. I thought so too, before we went to Mongolia. But conditions there differ greatly from those in other parts of the world.

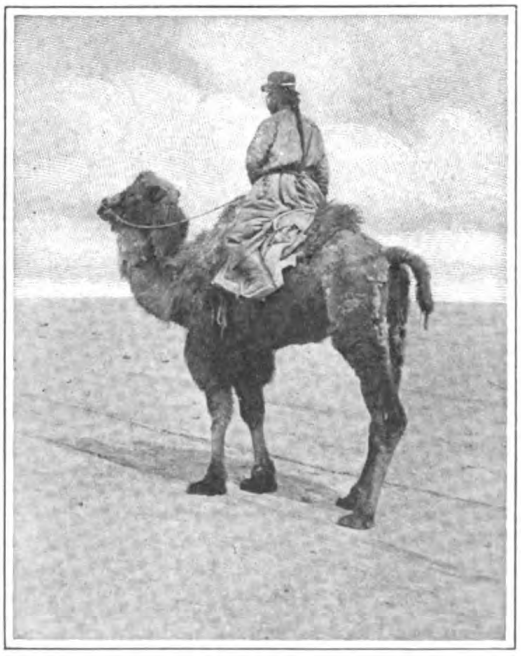
The air is so marvelously clear that objects stand out as though cut in steel. I have often mistaken a dog for a camel; and once I thought my wife was a telegraph pole, although she is only five feet four. An antelope three hundred yards away is as clearly visible as it would be at one hundred yards in eastern America. Moreover, there is not the smallest brush or tree to break the view, and after one gets the range the shooting is not so difficult. At the beginning I found that I averaged one antelope to every ten cartridges, but later my score was one to three.

By means of the motor-cars we had

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determined accurately how fast the Mongolian antelope can run. We proved without a doubt that when really frightened and trying its best to get away it can do sixty miles an hour. Perhaps one or two miles is the limit at this speed, then it drops to forty miles an hour, and then to thirty or thirty-five. At thirty it can continue almost indefinitely. It is only when the bullets begin to strike near a herd that they really show what they can do. Then their legs become merely a blur, like the wings of an electric fan, and the yellow bodies simply skim the ground.

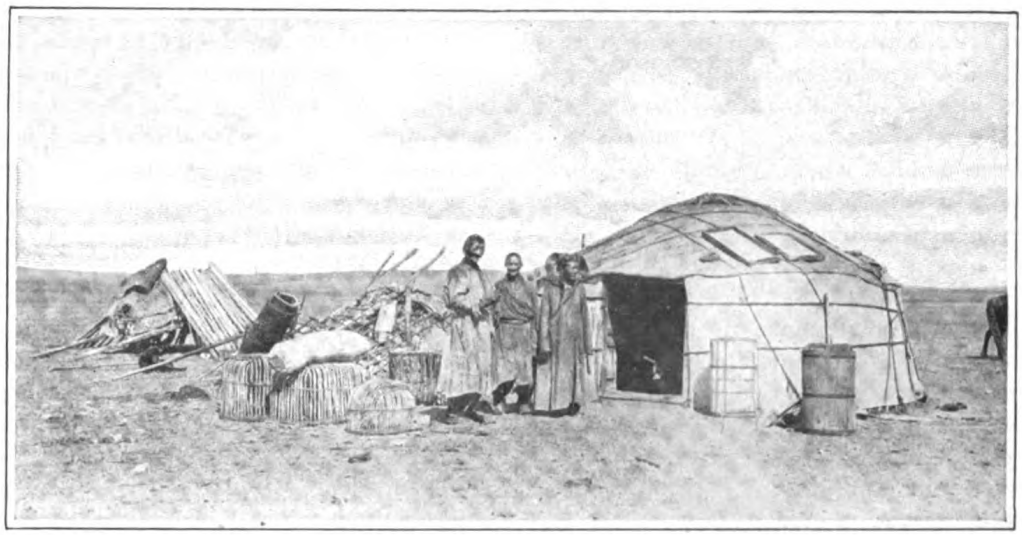
We were especially anxious to get exact data as to their maximum speed, for Prof. Henry Fairfield Osborn, president of the American Museum of Natural History, is carrying on important investigations as to relation of speed to limb structure in various groups of mammals. Of course, the antelope has developed its great speed as a protection against enemies. Its very existence depends upon being able to distance any other animals upon the plains, especially wolves.



A MONGOLIAN ABOARD HIS "SHIP OF THE DESERT"

That a wolf cannot run faster than thirty-five miles an hour we demonstrated one day on our way to Urga, and at the same time I missed one of the most interesting pictures which could ever be obtained upon the plains. We had spent the morning taking motion films of antelope and were returning to camp because our gasolene was almost exhausted. The tents were already in sight when a wolf suddenly appeared on the summit of a little rise. He looked at us for a few moments and then set off at an easy lope. The temptation was too great to be resisted, even though there was a strong possibility that we might be stalled in the desert with no gas. The ground was smooth and hard, and off we went, our speedometer showing forty miles an hour. We soon began to gain, but for three miles the wolf gave us a splendid race. Suddenly, as we came over a low hill, we saw an enormous herd of antelope directly in front of us. They were not more than two hundred yards away and the wolf made straight for them. Panic-stricken at the sight of their hereditary enemy followed by the roaring car, they scattered wildly and thenswungabout to cross our path. The wolf dashed into their midst and the herd divided as though cut by a knife. Some turned short about, but the others kept on toward us until I thought we should actually run them down. When not more than fifty yards from the motor they wheeled sharply and raced along beside the wolf. To add to the excitement, a fat yellow marmot seemed suddenly to have lost his mind and galloped as fast as his short legs could carry him, until he remembered that safety lay underground and popped into his burrow like a billiard ball into a pocket. With this strange assortment fleeing before us, we felt as though we had invaded a zoölogical garden.

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A MONGOLIAN YURT ON THE PLAINS

The wolf paid not the slightest attention to the antelope, for he had troubles of his own. We were almost upon him, and I could see his red tongue between the foam-flecked jaws. Suddenly he dodged at right angles, and it was only by a clever bit of driving that Coltman, who owned the car, avoided crashing into him with the left front wheel. Before we could swing about the wolf had gained five hundred yards, but he was almost done. In another mile we had him right beside the car and Coltman leaned far out to kill him with his pistol. The first bullet struck so close behind the animal that it turned him half over and he dodged again just in time to meet a rifle shot which broke his back. With his dripping lips drawn over a set of ugly teeth, the beast glared at us, as much as to say, "It is your next move, but don't come too close." Had it been any animal except a wolf I should have felt a twinge of pity, but I had no sympathy for the skulking brute. There will be more antelope next year because of his death.

All this had happened with an unloaded camera in the automobile. I had tried desperately to adjust a new roll of films, but had given up in despair, for it was difficult enough even to sit in the bounding car. Were I to spend the remainder of my life in Mongolia, there would probably never be such a chance again. But we had had an opportunity to learn just how fast a wolf can run, for the one we killed was undoubtedly putting his best foot forward. I estimated that even at first he was not doing more than thirty-five miles an hour, and later we substantiated it on another which gave us a race of twelve miles. With antelope which can run sixty miles an hour a wolf has little chance unless he catches them unawares or finds the newborn young. To avoid just this the antelope are careful to stay well out on the plains where there are no rocks or hills which might conceal an enemy.

On such a plain, toward the end of June, we had a delightful glimpse of antelope babyhood. We had made our way slowly southward and were one hundred and fifty miles from Urga. Great bands of antelope were working northward from the Gobi Desert toward the grass-covered Turin meadow. We encountered the main herd one evening about six o'clock, and it was a sight which made us gasp for breath. We had been shifting camp and my wife and I were trotting along parallel with the carts, which moved slowly over the trail a mile

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away. We had had a delightful as well as a profitable day. She had been busy with her camera while I picked up two antelope, a bustard, three hares, and half a dozen marmots. We were loafing in our saddles when suddenly we caught sight of the cook standing on his cart, frantically signaling us to come.

In ten seconds our ponies were flying toward the caravan, while we mentally reviewed every accident which could possibly have happened to the boys. The cook met us twenty yards from the trail, trembling with excitement and totally incoherent. He could only point to the south and stammer: "Too many antelope. Over there. Too many, too many!"



THE AUTHOR AND HIS QUARRY

I slipped from Kublai Khan's back and put up the glasses. Certainly there were animals, but I thought they must be sheep or ponies. Hundreds were in sight, feeding in one vast herd and in smaller groups. Then I remembered that the nearest well was twenty miles away; therefore they could not be horses. I looked again and knew they must be antelope—not in hundreds, but in thousands.

Mr. Larsen in Urga had told us of herds like this, but we had never hoped to see one. Yet there before us, as far as the eye could reach, was a yellow mass of moving forms. We had already done forty miles that day, but Kublai Khan had seen the antelope and was eager for the chase. And what a race it was! The story is too long to tell here, but we came in that night with three fine bucks. It was a dry camp, too, and we had only a little water for ourselves. My pony's nose was full of dust, and I knew how parched his throat must be, so I put half my allowance of water in a basin for him. But the poor fellow was frightened at the dish and would only snort and back away. Even when I wet his nose with some of the precious fluid he would not drink.

We stopped next morning at the nearest well and for a week worked northward within a radius of thirty miles. The great herd was largely composed of does just ready to drop their young, and after a few days scattered widely into groups of from five to twenty. We found the first baby antelope on June 27th. We had seen half a dozen females circling restlessly about and suspected that their fawns could not be far away. Sure enough, our Mongol discovered one of the little fellows in the flattest part of the flat plain. It was lying motionless with its neck stretched out, just where its mother had bid it remain when she saw us riding toward her.

My wife called to me: "Oh, please, *please* catch it. We can raise it on milk and it will make such an adorable pet."

"Oh yes," I said, "I'll get it for you. You can put it in your hat till we go back to camp."

In blissful ignorance I dismounted and went slowly toward the little animal. There was not the slightest motion until I tossed my outspread shooting-coat. Then I saw a flash of brown, a bobbing white rump-patch, and a tiny thing no larger than a rabbit speeding over the plain. The baby was somewhat "wobbly," to be sure, for this was probably the first time it had ever tried its slender

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legs, but after a few hundred yards it ran as steadily as its mother.

I was so surprised that for a moment I simply stared. Then I leaped into the saddle and Kublai Khan rushed like an arrow after the diminutive brown fawn. We covered a good half mile before we had the little chap under the pony's nose, but the race was by no means ended. Mewing with fright, it swerved sharply to the left and before we could swing about it had gained a hundred yards. Again and again we were almost on it, but every time it dodged and got away. After half an hour my pony was gasping for breath and I changed to my wife's chestnut stallion. The Mongol joined me and we had another run, but we might have been chasing a streak of shifting sunlight. Finally we had to give it up and watch the tiny thing bob away toward its mother, which was circling about in the distance.

There were half a dozen other fawns upon the plain, but they all treated us alike, and my wife's hat was empty when we returned to camp. These antelope had probably been born not more than two or three days before we found them. Later, after a chase of more than a mile, we caught one which was only a few hours old. Had it not injured itself when dodging between my pony's legs, we could never have secured it at all.

Thus Nature, in the great scheme of life, has provided for her antelope children by blessing them with undreamed-of speed, and only during the first few days of babyhood can a wolf catch them on the open plain. When they are from two to three weeks old they run with the females in herds of six or eight, and you cannot imagine what a pretty sight the little fellows are, skimming like tiny brown chickens beside their mothers. There is another wonderful provision for their life upon the desert. The digestive fluids of the stomach act upon the starch in the vegetation which they eat so that it forms sufficient water for their needs. Therefore, some species never drink.

We learned so much which was new and interesting about the life story of the Mongolian antelope that it is difficult for me to leave it and tell of other aspects of our work. The plains offered a productive field for study not only of the mammals themselves, but in the broader aspects of zoögeography. One of our problems was to determine the life zones of the Urga region and the conditions which influence the distribution of animal and bird life. This is one of the most important phases of zoölogical work, for it has a direct bearing upon the distribution of the races of mankind.



THE YOUNG LAMA WHO ACTED AS INTERPRETER

Of course, the collecting of smaller mammals had been carried on while we were hunting antelope, for such diminutive forms as shrews, mice, and voles are often of greater importance in elucidating scientific problems than are the larger types.

We usually returned from hunting

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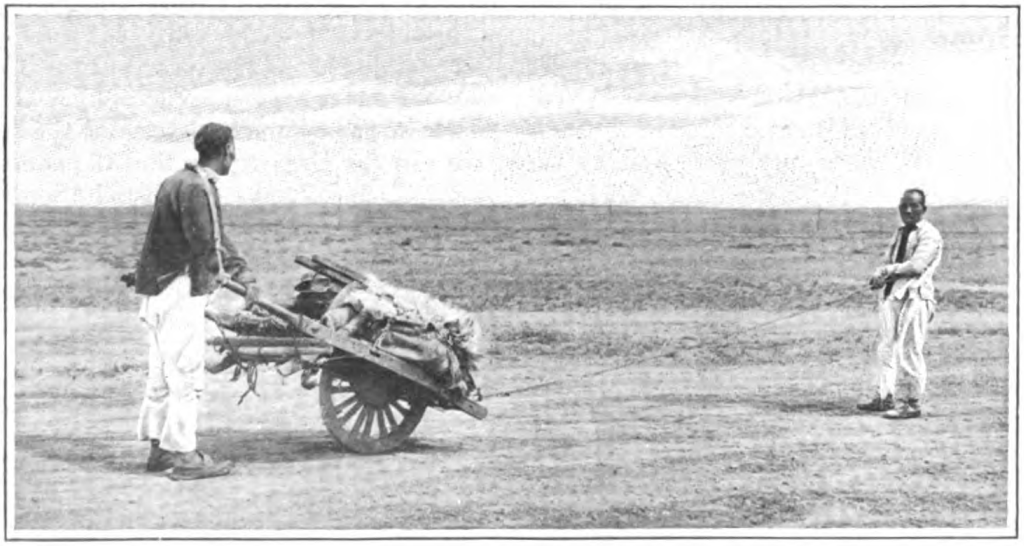
about two o'clock in the afternoon. As soon as tiffin had been eaten my wife worked at her photography while I busied myself with the innumerable details of the preparation and cataloguing of our specimens. About six o'clock we would leave camp, accompanied by our two Chinese taxidermists carrying bags of traps. Sometimes we would walk several miles, carefully scrutinizing the ground for holes or traces of mammal workings, and set eighty or one hundred traps. We might find a colony of meadow voles (*Microtus*) where dozens of "runways" betrayed their presence, or discover the burrows of the desert hamster. These little fellows, not larger than a house mouse, have their tiny feet enveloped in soft fur, like the slippers of an Eskimo baby.

As we walked back to camp in the late afternoon, we often saw a kangaroo rat jumping across the plain, and when we had driven it into a hole we could be sure to catch it in a trap the following morning. They are gentle little creatures, with huge round eyes, long, delicate ears, and tails tufted at the end like the feathers on an arrow's shaft. The name expresses exactly what they are like—diminutive kangaroos—but of course they are rodents and not marsupials.

We know, from fossil remains, that during the glacial period of the early Pleistocene, between fifty and one hundred thousand years ago, there were great invasions into Europe of all these types of tiny mammals which we were catching during this delightful summer on the Mongolian plains.

Next to the antelope, we were most interested in the marmots, which are relatives of our American "woodchucks." In Mongolia they have considerable commercial value, for their skins are shipped to Europe and America and used as lining for winter coats. At the present time marmot skins are especially popular, and we had an opportunity to see how quickly the demand in the great cities reaches directly to the center of production thousands of miles away. When we went to Urga in May, prime marmot skins were worth thirty cents each to the Mongols. Early in October, when we returned, the hunters were selling the same skins for *one dollar and twenty-five cents apiece.*

The natives always shoot the animals. When a Mongol has driven one into its burrow he lies quietly beside the hole,



LABORERS WALKING ACROSS MONGOLIA TO FIND WORK IN THE RUSSIAN MINES

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waiting for the marmot to appear. It may be twenty minutes, or even an hour, but Oriental patience takes little note of time. Finally, a yellow-brown head emerges and a pair of shining eyes glances quickly about in every direction. Of course they see the Mongol, but he looks like only a mound of earth, and the marmot raises itself a few inches farther. The hunter lies as motionless as a log of wood until the animal is well out of its burrow—then he fires.

The Mongols take advantage of the marmot's curiosity in an amusing and even more effective way. With a dogskin tied to his saddle, the native rides over the plain until he reaches a marmot colony. He hobbles his pony at a distance of three or four hundred yards, gets down upon his hands and knees, and throws the dogskin over his shoulders. He crawls slowly toward the nearest animal, now and then stopping to bark and shake his head. In an instant the marmot is all attention. He jumps up and down, whistling and barking, but never venturing far from the opening of his burrow.

As the pseudo dog advances there seems imminent danger that the fat little marmot body will explode from curiosity and excitement. But suddenly the "dog" collapses in the strangest way and the marmot raises on the very tips of his toes to see what it is all about. Then there is a roar, a flash of fire, and another skin is added to the millions which have already been sent to the seacoast from Outer Mongolia.

Of course we did not follow the Mongol method of securing marmots, for we found that our steel traps were splendidly effective. By setting a trap in one of the doorways to a burrow and obstructing all the others with stones or earth we were certain to have a marmot in an hour or two.

It was popularly supposed that these animals were responsible for the development of the pneumonic plague which swept into China from Manchuria some years ago, but their connection with the disease has never been satisfactorily proved. They are found in millions all over the plains of Outer Mongolia, and even though great numbers of skins are exported, they breed so rapidly that they will not soon be exterminated unless the Mongols obtain American steel traps.

After two delightful months we regretfully turned back toward Urga. Our summer was to be divided between the plains on the south and the forests to the north of the sacred city, and the first half of the work had been completed. The results had been very satisfactory, and our boxes contained five hundred specimens, yet our hearts were sad. The wide sweep of the limitless grassy sea, the glorious morning rides, and the magic of the starlit nights had filled our blood. Even the lure of unknown forests could not make us glad to go, for the plains had claimed us as their own.

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AN OLD CHESTER SECRET

A STORY IN THREE PARTS—PART II.

BY MARGARET DELAND

HE lost no time when he got back to Old Chester in putting his plan through. The very next afternoon, knowing that Johnny would be at Doctor Lavendar's Collect Class, he called on Miss Lydia. Miss Sampson's little house was more comfortable than it used to be; the quarterly check which came from "some one," patched up leaky roofs, and bought a new carpet, and did one or two other things; but it did not procure any luxuries, either for Johnny or for herself, and it never made Miss Lydia look like anything but a small, bedraggled bird; her black frizette still got crooked and dipped over one soft blue eye, and she was generally shabby—except on the rare occasions when she wore the blue silk—and her parlor always looked as if a wind had blown through it. "I wouldn't *touch* their money for myself!" she used to think; and saved every cent, to give to Johnny when he grew up.

Into her helter-skelter house came, on this Saturday afternoon, her landlord. He had knocked on her front door with the gold head of his cane, and when she opened it he had said, "How do? How do?" and walked ahead of her into her little parlor. It was so little and he was so big that he seemed to fill the room.

Miss Lydia said, in a fluttered voice, "How do you do?"

"Miss Sampson," he said—he had seated himself in a chair that creaked under his ruddy bulk and he put both hands on the top of his cane; his black eyes were friendly and amused; "I've had it in mind for some time to have a little talk with you."

"Yes, sir," said Miss Lydia.

"I need not go back to—to a painful experience that we both remember."

Miss Lydia put her head on one side in a puzzled way, as if her memory had failed her.

"You will know that I appreciated your attitude at that time. I appreciated it deeply."

Miss Lydia rolled her handkerchief into a wobbly lamplighter; she seemed to have nothing to say.

"I have come here now, not merely to tell you this, but to add that I intend to relieve you of the care of—ah, the little boy."

Miss Lydia was silent.

"There are things I should like to give him. He says he wants a pony. And I mean to educate him. It would seem strange to do this as an outsider; it might cause—ah, comment. So I am going to take him."

"Any grandfather would want to," said Lydia Sampson.

Mr. Smith raised his bushy eyebrows. "Well, we won't put it on that ground. But I like the boy, though I'm afraid he has the devil of a temper," said Mr. Smith, chuckling proudly. "But I've watched him, and he's no fool. In fact, I hear that he is a wonder mathematically. God knows where he got his brains! Well, I am going to adopt him. But that will make no difference in your income. That is assured to you as long as you live. I am indebted to you, Miss Sampson. Profoundly indebted."

"Not at all," said Miss Lydia.

"I shall have a governess for him," said Mr. Smith; "but I hope you will not

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be too much occupied"—his voice was very genial and as he spoke he bore down hard on his cane and began to struggle to his feet—"not too much occupied to keep a friendly eye upon him." He was standing now, a rather Jovelike figure, before whom Miss Lydia looked really like a little brown grasshopper. "Yes, I trust you will not lose your interest in him," he ended.

"I won't," she said, faintly.

"I have made all the arrangements," said Johnny's grandfather. "I simply told—ah, the people who know about him, that I was going to take him." He was standing, switching his cane behind him; it hit an encroaching table leg, and he apologized profusely. "Mary was badly scared. As if I could not manage a thing like that! I like to scare—him," —the new Mr. Smith lifted his upper lip, and his teeth gleamed,—"but, of course, I told her not to worry. Well, I hope you will see him frequently."

"I shall," said Miss Lydia.

"Of course you and I must tell the same story as to his antecedents. So if you will let me know how you have accounted for him, I'll be a very good parrot!"

"I haven't told any stories. I just let people call him Smith, and I just said—to Johnny, and everybody—that I was a friend of his mother's. That's true, you know."

Mary's father nodded. "It is true, madam; it is, indeed!"

"I've been very careful not to tell anything that wasn't true," said Miss Lydia. "I told Johnny his father and mother had lived out West; they did, you know, for four months. Johnny began to ask questions when he was only five; he said he wished *he* had a mother like other little boys. I had to tell him something, so I told him her name had been Norton. That is true, you know. Mary's middle name is Norton. And I said I didn't know of any cousins or uncles; and that's true. And I said 'I had been told' that his father and mother had been killed in a carriage accident. *I was* told so; people made it up," said Miss Lydia, simply, "so I just let 'em. I never said his parents had died that way. Well, it made Johnny cry. He used to say: 'Poor mamma! Poor mamma!' I haven't told what you'd call real lies; I have only reserved the truth."

"Pathetic, his 'wanting' a mother," said Mr. Smith. "Damn my son-in-law! Excuse me, madam."

"It would be nice if you would forgive him?" Miss Lydia suggested, timidly.

He shrugged his shoulders. "I never forgive. . . . Well, I will keep up the geographical fiction and the runaway horses. And now I must not detain you further. I will take the boy to-morrow."

He put out his big hand, and Miss Lydia, putting her little one into it, said:

"Who is going to adopt him?"

"Who?" said Mr. Smith. "Why, I! Who did you suppose was going to, Robertson? My dear Miss Sampson, reassure yourself on that point! That hound shall never get hold of him!"

"Of course," Miss Lydia agreed, nodding, "Johnny's parents, or his grandfather, have a right to him."

Mr. Smith had turned to leave the room, but he paused on the threshold and flung a careless word back to her: "His parents could never take him. The thing would come out."

"If his *grandfather* takes him it will come out," said Miss Lydia, following him into the hall.

"Yes, but his 'grandfather' won't take him," the old man said, with a grunt of amusement; "it is 'Mr. Smith' who is going to do that."

"'Mr. Smith' can't."

Her caller turned, and stared at her blankly.

"His 'grandfather' can have him," said Miss Lydia.

"*What!*"

"His relations can have Johnny."

"But I—"

"If you are a relation," Miss Lydia said—her voice was only a little whisper —"you can have him."

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They stood there in the hall, the big man, and the small, battling gambler of a woman, who was staking her most precious possession—a disowned child—on the chance that the pride of the man would outweigh his desire for ownership. Their eyes—misty, frightened blue, and flashing black—seemed to meet and clash. "He won't dare," she was saying to herself, her heart pounding in her throat. And Johnny's grandfather was saying to himself, very softly, "The devil!" He bent a little, as an elephant might stoop to scrutinize a grasshopper which was trying to block his way, and looked at her. Then he roared with laughter.

"Well, upon my word!" he said. He put his cane under his arm, fumbled for his handkerchief, and wiped his eyes. "Miss Sampson," he said, "you are a bully. And you would be a highly successful blackmailer. But you are a damned game little party. I'll see to you, ma'am, I'll see to you!—*and I'll get the child*. But I like you. Damned if I don't!"

III

The gambler went on her trembling legs back to her cluttered parlor and sat down, panting and pallid: The throw of the dice had been in her favor!

It was curious that she had no misgiving as to what she was doing in thus closing the door of opportunity to Johnny—for, of course, the new Mr Smith's protection would mean every sort of material opportunity for him! If it had been his "grandfather's" protection which had been offered, perhaps she might have hesitated, for that would have meant material opportunity plus a love great enough to tell the truth; and Miss Lydia's own love—which was but a spiritual opportunity—could not compete with that! As it was, she tested opportunities by saying, "His *grandfather* can have him."

Of course it was just her old method of choosing the better part. . . . All her life this gallant, timid woman had weighed values. She had weighed the reputation of being a jilt as against marriage to a man she did not respect—and she found the temporary notoriety of the first lighter than the lifelong burden of the second. She weighed values again, when she put her hundred dollars' worth of generosity on one side of the scales, and William's meanness on the other—and when generosity kicked the beam she was glad to be jilted. She had even weighed the painful unrealities of concealed poverty as against open shabbiness, and she saw that a dress she couldn't afford was a greater load to carry than the consciousness of the spot on her old skirt—especially as the spot was glorified by the memory of a friend's hospitality!

So now, when the new Mr. Smith considered adopting her boy, this simple soul weighed values for Johnny: Mr. Smith,—or Johnny's grandfather? pride—or love? And pride outweighed love. Miss Lydia put her hands over her face and prayed aloud: "God, keep him proud, so I can keep Johnny!"

Apparently God did, for it was only "Mr. Smith" who made further efforts to get her child. They were very determined efforts. Miss Lydia's landlord saw her again, and urged. She met what he had to say with a speechless obstinacy which made him extremely angry. When he saw her a third time he offered her an extraordinary increase in the honorarium—for which he had the grace five minutes later to apologize. He saw her once more, and threatened he would "take" Johnny, anyhow!

"How?" said poor, shaking Miss Lydia. Then, as a last resort, he sent his lawyer to her, which scared her almost to death. But the interview produced, for Mr. Smith, nothing except legal assurance that he could doubtless secure the person of his grandson by appealing to the courts *in the character of a grandfather*—for Miss Lydia had never taken out papers for adoption.

"The lady has nine-tenths of the law," said Mr. Smith's legal adviser, who had

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been consulted, first, as to a hypothetical case, and then told the facts. "The other one-tenth won't secure a child whom you don't claim as a relative. And the law means publicity."

"The huzzy!" said Mr. Smith. "She's put a spoke in my wheel."

"She has," said the lawyer, and grinned behind his hand.

Mr. Smith glared at him. "That little wet hen!"

Well! after one or two more efforts, he swallowed his defeat, and, though for nearly a year he would not recognize Miss Lydia when he met her in the street, he made fast friends with the freckled, very pugnacious boy at his gates. He used to stop and speak to him and tell him to say his multiplication table, and then give him a quarter and walk off, greatly diverted. Sometimes when he saw his daughter in Philadelphia, he would tell her, sardonically, that "that child" had more brains than his father and mother put together.

"Not than his father," poor, cowering Mary would protest. And her father, looking at her with unforgiving eyes, would say, "I wish I owned him." ("I like to scare 'em!" he told himself.) He certainly scared Mary. Scared her, and made her feel a strange anger, because he had something which did not belong to him; "after all, the boy is *ours*," she told her husband. She always went to bed with a headache after one of Mr. Smith's visits. As for Carl, his face would grow crimson with helpless mortification under the gibes of his father-in-law as Mary repeated them to him.

Once, when she told him that her father had "taken the boy home to supper with him," he swore under his breath, and she agreed, hurriedly:

"Father was simply mad to notice him! People will guess—"

But Carl broke in: "Oh, I didn't mean *that*. No one would ever suspect anything. I meant, what right has *he* to get fond of—the boy?"

"Not the slightest!" Mary said. And they neither of them knew that they were beginning to be jealous.

The occasion of Mr. Smith's "madness" was one winter afternoon when, meeting Johnny in the road, he took him into his carriage, then sent word to Miss Lydia that he was keeping the child to supper. He put him in a big chair at the other end of the table and baited him with questions, and roared with laughter and pride at his replies. Also, he gave him good advice, as a grandfather should:

"I hear you are a bad boy and get into fights. Never fight, sir, never fight! But if you do fight, lick your man."

"'Course," said Johnny, impatiently, and scraped his plate loudly to attract the attention of old Alfred, his grandfather's man, who, familiar and friendly from thirty years' service, said, as he brought the desired flannel cakes, "The little man holds his fork just as you do, sir!" At which Mr. Smith stopped laughing, and said:

"Miss Sampson ought to teach him better manners."

He did not invite Johnny to supper again, which would have been a relief to Mary if she had known it; and was just as well, anyhow, for Miss Lydia, quaking at her own supper table (while Johnny was "holding his fork" in his grandfather's fashion!) had said to herself: "I'll tell him to say 'No, thank you, sir,' if Mr. Smith ever asks him again."

It was about this time that Miss Lydia's landlord softened toward her sufficiently to bow to her as he passed her house. In another year he used to call occasionally, just to ask how the child was getting along, and once he invited his tenant to supper, "with your young charge," his invitation ran. She went, and wore her blue silk, and sat on the edge of her chair, watching the grandfather and grandson, while the vein on her thin temple throbbed with fright. But it took another year of longing for his own flesh and blood before the new Mr. Smith reached an amazing, though temporary, decision.

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"I'll have him," he said to himself; "I *will* have him! I'll swallow the wet hen, if I can't get him any other way. I'll—I'll marry the woman." . . . But he hesitated for still another month or two for, though he wanted his grandson, he did not hanker to make a fool of himself; and a rich man in the late seventies who marries an impecunious spinster in the fifties, looks rather like a fool.

But when he finally reached the point of swallowing Miss Lydia he lost no time in walking out from his iron gates one fine afternoon, and banging on her front door with his stick. When she opened it he announced that he had something he wanted to say. In his own mind, the words he proposed to say were to this effect: "I'm going to marry you—to get the boy." To be sure, he would not express it just that way—one has to go round Robin Hood's barn in talking to females! So he began:

"I have been planning more comfortable quarters for you, ma'am, than this house. More suitable quarters for my —for the boy; so I—" then he stopped. Somehow or other, looking at Miss Lydia, sitting there so small and frightened, and brave, he was suddenly ashamed. He could not offer this gallant soul the indignity of a bribe! "If I can't get the boy by fair means, I won't by foul," he told himself; so instead of offering himself, he talked about the weather; "and—and I want you to know that Johnny shall be put down for something handsome in my will. It won't be suspicious. Everybody in Old Chester knows that I like him—living here at my gates; though he has the devil of a temper! Bad thing. Very bad thing. He should control it. I've always controled mine."

Miss Lydia felt a sudden wave of pity; he was so helpless, and she was so powerful,—and so lucky! All she said, in her breathless voice, was that he "was very kind—about the will."

Johnny's grandfather, looking into her sweet, blue eyes, suddenly said—and with no thought whatever of Johnny—"I wish I was twenty years younger!" The wistful genuineness of that was the nearest he came to asking her to marry him. He went home feeling, as he walked up to his great, empty house, very old and forlorn, and yet relieved that he had not offered an affront to Miss Lydia, nor incidentally made a fool of himself. Then he thought with the old, hot anger, of Carl Robertson, and with a dreary impatience of his daughter; it was their doing that he couldn't own his own grandson! "Well, the boy shall have his grandfather's money," he said to himself, stumbling a little as he went up the flight of granite steps to his front door. "Every bit of it! I don't care whether people think things or not. Damn 'em! Let them think! What difference does it make? Robertson can go to hell." He was so dulled that, for the moment, he forgot that if Robertson went to hell Mary would have to go, too. Later that night his tired mind cleared, and he knew it wouldn't do to let Johnny have his "grandfather's" money, and that even Mr. Smith's money must be bestowed with caution.

"I'll leave a bequest that won't compromise Mary, but she and Robertson must somehow do the rest. I'll send for her next week and tell her what to do; and then I'll fix up a codicil."

But next week he said *next* week; and after that he thought, listlessly, that he wasn't equal to seeing her. "She's fond of Robertson—I can't stand that!"

So he didn't send for his daughter. But a week later William King did. . . .

"I suppose I've got to go?" Mary told her husband, looking up from the doctor's telegram with scared eyes.

"It wouldn't be decent not to," he said.

"But *he* is right there, by the gate! I might see him. Oh—I don't dare!"

"Women are queer," Johnny's father ruminated. "I should think you 'd like to see him. I guess all this mother-love

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Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

"IF I SAW HIM ONCE I MIGHT WANT TO SEE HIM AGAIN"

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talk is a fairy tale"; then, before she could retort, he put his arms around her. "I didn't mean it, dear! Forgive me. Only, Mary, I get to thinking about him, and I feel as if I'd like to see the little beggar!"

"But how can I 'love' him?" she defended herself, in a smothered voice; "I don't know him."

"Stop and speak to him while you're at your father's," he urged; "and then you will know him."

"Oh, I couldn't—I couldn't! I'd be afraid to."

"But why? Nobody could possibly suppose—"

"Because," she said, "if I saw him once, *I might want to see him again.*"

Carl frowned with bewilderment, but Johnny's mother began to pace up and down, back and forth,—then suddenly flew out of the room and up-stairs, to fall, crying, upon her bed.

However, she answered Doctor King's summons. The day the stage went jogging and creaking past Miss Lydia's door the lady inside looked straight ahead of her, and some one who saw her said she was very pale—"anxious about her father," Old Chester said, sympathetically. Then Old Chester wondered whether Carl was so unchristian as to refuse to come and see his father-in-law, or whether old Mr. Smith was so unchristian as to refuse to see his son-in-law. "What *did* they quarrel about?" Old Chester said; "certainly Mr. Smith had seemed friendly enough to the young man before Mary married him.

When Mary—she was in the early thirties now, and Johnny was thirteen—came into her father's room and sat down by his bedside, the old man opened his eyes and looked at her.

"Pleasant journey?" he said, thickly.

"Yes, father. I hope you are feeling better?"

His eyes closed and he seemed to forget her. Later, looking up at her from the pillows of his great carved rosewood bed—the head-board looked like the gothic doors of a cathedral—he said, "Tell your husband"—he lifted his upper lip, and showed his teeth; "to educate him."

Mary said "Who?"—then could have bitten her tongue out, for of course there was only one "him" for these three people! She gave a frightened glance about the room, but there was no one to hear that betraying pronoun. She said, faintly: "Yes, father. Now try to rest and don't talk. You'll feel better in the morning."

"He has brains," Mr. Smith mumbled. "Doesn't get 'em from you two. Guess he gets 'em from me."

"Father! Please—*please!*" she said, in a terrified whisper. "Somebody might hear."

"They're welcome. Mary . . . he handed me back my own quarter for my own apples. No fool." He gave a grunt of laughter. "He said, 'Twelve times twelve' like lightning—when he was only ten! I'm going to give him a pony."

After that he seemed to forget her and slept for a while. A day or two later he forgot everything, even Johnny. The last person he remembered, curiously enough, was Miss Lydia Sampson.

It was when he was dying that he said, suddenly opening those marvelous eyes and smiling faintly: "Little wet hen! Damned game little party. Stood right up to me. . . . Wish I'd married her thirteen years ago. Then there'd have been no fuss about my grandson."

"*Grandson?*" said Doctor King, in a whisper to Mrs. Robertson. And she whispered back, "He is wandering."

When Mary's husband arrived for the funeral and for the reading of the will (in which there was nothing "handsome" for Johnny!) the doctor told him of the new Mr. Smith's last words; and Mr. Robertson said, hurriedly, "Delirious, of course."

"I suppose so," said Doctor King.

But when he walked home with Doctor Lavendar, after the funeral, he said, "Have you any idea who Johnny Smith belongs to, Doctor Lavendar?"

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"Miss Lydia," said Doctor Lavendar, promptly.

To which William King replied, admiringly: "I have never understood how anybody *could* look as innocent as you and yet be so chock full of other people's sins! Wonder if his mother will ever claim him?"

"Wonder if Miss Lydia would give him up if she did?" Doctor Lavendar said.

"She'd have to," William said.

"On the principle that a 'mother is a mother still, the holiest thing alive'?" Doctor Lavendar quoted.

"On the principle of ownership," said William King. "As to a mother being a 'holy thing,' I have never noticed that the mere process of child-bearing produces sanctity."

"William," said Doctor Lavendar, "Mrs. Drayton would say you were indelicate. Also, I believe you know that two and two make four?"

"I have a pretty good head for arithmetic," said William King, "but I only added things up a day or two ago."

IV

After Mr. Smith's death the Robertsons stayed on in Old Chester to close the house. Mary hardly left it, even to walk in the garden behind the circling brick wall. But she sent her husband on innumerable errands into Old Chester, and when he came back she would say, "Did you see—*him?*"

And sometimes Johnny's father would say, "Yes."

"You didn't speak to him?" she would ask, in a panic.

"Of course not! But he's an attractive boy." Once he added, "Why don't you go and call on Miss Lydia—and see him yourself?"

She caught her soft hands together in terror. "Go to Miss Lydia's? I? Oh, I couldn't! Oh, Carl, don't you see— *I might like him!*"

"You couldn't help it if you saw him."

"That's just it! I don't want to like him. Nothing would induce me to see him."

Yet there came a moment when the urge of maternity was greater than the instinct of secrecy, greater even than the fear of awakening in herself that "liking" which would inevitably mean pain. She and Johnny's father were to leave Old Chester the next day—for a week—she had been counting the hours until she could turn her back on this gnawing temptation! But when that last day came, she vacillated: "I'll just go and look at the house; he might be going in or coming out." . . . "No! I won't; he might see me, and think—" . . . "I must— I must." . . . "Oh, I *can't*, I won't!" Yet, in the late afternoon, she slipped out of the house and went stealthily down the carriage road, and, standing in the shadow of one of the great stone gate-posts, stared over at Miss Lydia's open door. As she stood there she heard a sound. Her heart leaped—and fell, shuddering. Just once in her life had she felt that elemental pang; it was when another sound, the little, thin cry of birth pierced her ears. Now the sound was of laughter, the shrill, cracking laughter of an adolescent boy. She crept back to the big house, so exhausted that she said to old Alfred,

"Tell Mr. Robertson that I—I have a headache, and am lying down."

Later, when her husband, full of concern at her discomfort, came up-stairs to sit on the edge of her bed and ask her how she felt, she told him what had happened.

"I wouldn't see him for anything," she said, gasping; "even his voice just about killed me! Oh, Carl, suppose I were to like him? Oh, what shall I do?—*I don't want to like him!*"

"Why, dear, it would be all right if you did," he tried to reassure her. "There's no reason why you shouldn't see him once in a while—and like him, too. *I* like him, though I haven't spoken to him. But I'm going to."

"Oh, Carl, don't—" she besought him.

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But he said: "Don't worry. You know I would never do anything rash."

And the next day he stopped boldly at Miss Lydia's door, and talked about the weather, and gave Johnny a dollar.

"Go down street and buy something,' he said; and Johnny said:

"Thank you, sir!" and went off, whistling.

"He's a promising boy," Mr. Robertson said, in a low voice.

Miss Lydia was extremely nervous during this five minutes. She had been nervous during the weeks that Mary and Carl were up there in the big house. Suppose they should see just how "promising" Johnny was—and want him? And say they would take him? Then she would reassure herself, "They can only take their son—and they don't want *him!*" Yet she was infinitely relieved when, the next day, the Smith house was finally closed and the "For Sale or To Let" sign put up on the iron gates that shut the graveled driveway from Old Chester's highroad.

"They'll sell the house and never come back," she told herself. And indeed Johnny was a year older, a year more honest and high tempered and affectionate, before Miss Lydia had any further cause for uneasiness.

Then, suddenly, Mr. Carl Robertson appeared in town; he came, he said, to make sure that the still unsold Smith house was not getting dilapidated. While he was looking it over he took occasion to tell several people that that boy who lived with the old lady in the house by the gate was an attractive youngster.

"I suppose," said Mr. Robertson, "Mary ought to sell that house to settle the estate, but she says she won't turn the old lady out. The little beggar she takes care of seems a nice little chap." Then he said, casually, "Who were his father and mother?"

"That's what nobody knows," some one said, and added, significantly, "Lydia is very secretive." And some one else said, "There *is* a suspicion that the child is her own."

"Her *own?*" Carl Robertson gaped, open-mouthed. And when he turned his back on this particular gossip his face was darkly red. "Somebody in this town needs a horse-whipping!" he told himself; "God forbid that Miss Sampson knows there are such fools in the world!" He was so angry and ashamed that his half-formed wish to do something for the child crystallized into purpose. But before he made any effort to carry his purpose out he discounted public opinion. "Nothing like truth to throw people off the track," he reflected. So, with the frankness which may be such a perfect screen for lack of candor, he put everybody he met off the track by saying he was going to give Miss Lydia a hand in bringing up that boy of hers.

"Very generous," said Mrs. Barkley, and told Old Chester that the fat Mr. Robertson was an agreeable person, and she did wonder why his father-in-law had not got along with him.

"The reason I spoke of it to Mrs. Barkley," Carl Robertson told Miss Lydia, "was that I knew she'd inform everybody in town. So that if, later on, I want to see the—the boy, once in a while, it won't set people gossipping."

It was the night before he was leaving Old Chester that he said this. They were in Miss Lydia's parlor; the door was closed, for Johnny was in the dining-room doing his examples, one leg around the leg of his chair, his tongue out, and breathing heavily: "Farmer Jones sold ten bushels of wheat at—"

"I do want to see more of him," Mr. Robertson said; "and I want Mary to."

"Do you?" said Miss Lydia.

"Well, he's ours, and—"

"He's his father's and mother's," she conceded; "they would naturally want to see him."

"Yes," Carl Robertson said; "but of course we could never do more than that. We could never have him."

Miss Lydia felt her legs trembling, and she put her hands under her black silk apron lest they might tremble, too. "No," she agreed; "you couldn't."

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He nodded. "It would be impossible; people must never suspect—" He stopped through sheer shame at the thought of all the years he had hidden behind this small, scared-looking woman, who had had no place to hide from a ridiculous but pursuing suspicion.

When he got back to Philadelphia and told his wife about the boy, he said, "Some of those old cats in Old Chester actually thought he was—her own child."

"What!"

"Fools. But, Mary, she never betrayed us—that little old woman! She never told the truth."

"She never knew it was said."

"God knows, I hope she didn't. . . . We ought to have kept him."

"Carl! You know we couldn't; it would have been impossible!"

"Well, we cared more for our reputations than for our—son," he said. For a moment that poignant word startled Mary into silence; then she said, breathlessly, "But, Carl, that isn't common-sense! What about—the boy himself? Would it have been a good thing for him that people should know?"

"It might have been a good thing for us," he said; "and it couldn't be any worse for him than it is. Everybody knows he's illegitimate." He paused, and then he said a really profound thing—for a fat, selfish man. "Mary, I believe there isn't any *real* welfare that's built on a lie. If it was to do over again I'd stand up to my own cussed folly."

"You don't seem to consider me!" she said, bitterly.

But he only said, slowly, "He's the finest little chap you ever saw."

"Pretty?" she said, forgetting her bitterness.

"Oh, he's a boy, a real boy. Freckled. And when he's mad he shows his teeth, just as your father used to. I saw him in a fight. No; of course he's not 'pretty.'"

"I'd like to see him—if I wasn't afraid to," she said. She was thirty-four now, a sad, idle, rich woman, with only three interests in life: eating and shopping and keeping the secret which made her cringe whenever she thought of it, which, since the night she heard Johnny's voice, was pretty much all the time. It was the shopping interest that by and by united with the interest of the secret; it occurred to her that she might give "him" something. She would buy him a pair of skates! "But you must send them to him, Carl."

"Why don't you do it yourself?"

"It would look queer. People might—think."

"Well, they 'thought' about that poor little woman."

"Idiots! She's a hundred years old!" Mary said, jealously.

"She wasn't when he was born," her husband said, wearily. He loved his wife, but since that day when she had flung away the lure of mystery, her mind had ceased to interest him. This was cruel and unjust, but male human nature.

"Why don't you get acquainted with the youngster?" Carl said, yawning.

"*Carl!* You know it wouldn't do. Besides, how could I?"

"We could take the house ourselves next summer. There's some furniture in it still. It would come about naturally enough. And he would be at our gates."

"Oh, no—*no!* Maybe he looks like me?"

"No, he doesn't. Didn't I tell you he isn't particularly good-looking?"

"Maybe he looks like you?" she objected, simply. And he laughed, and said, "Thank you, my dear!"

But Mary didn't laugh. She got up and stood staring out of the window into the rainy street; then she said, "Well; you send him the skates—you've seen him."

The skates were sent, and Johnny's mother was eager to see Johnny's smudgy and laborious letter acknowledging "Mr. Robertson's kind present."

"That's a very nice little letter!" she said; "he must be clever, like you. I'll buy some books for him."

That was in January. By April

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Johnny and his books and his multiplication table and his freckles were almost constantly in her mind. It was about the middle of April that she said to her husband:

"If you haven't a tenant, I suppose we might open father's house for a month? Perhaps being there would be better than—giving presents? If I saw him just once I shouldn't want to give him things."

"I'm afraid you'd want to more than ever," he demurred, which, of course, made her protest:

"Oh, no I shouldn't! Do let's do it!"

"Well," he conceded, in triumphant reluctance—for it was what he had wanted her to say—"if you insist. But I don't believe you'll like it."

So that was how it happened that the weather-worn "For Sale or To Let" sign was taken down, and the rusty iron gates were opened, and the weedy graveled driveway made clean and tidy, as it used to be in Johnny's grandfather's time. Johnny himself was immensely interested in all that went on in the way of renovation, and in the beautiful horses that came down before Mr. and Mrs. Robertson arrived.

"Aunty, they must be pretty rich," he said.

"They are," said Miss Lydia.

"I guess if they had a boy they'd give him a pony?" Johnny said, sighing.

"Very likely," Miss Lydia told him. And she, too, watched the opening up of the big house with her frightened, blue eyes.

"Lydia, you're losing flesh," Mrs. Barkley said, anxiously. Indeed, all Old Chester was anxious about Miss Sampson's looks that summer. "What *is* the matter?" said Old Chester.

But Miss Lydia, although she really did grow thin, never said what was the matter.

"I do dislike secretiveness!" said Mrs. Drayton; "I think it vulgar."

"I wonder what she thinks about curiosity?" Doctor Lavendar said when this remark was repeated to him.

Miss Lydia may have been vulgar, but her vulgarity did not save her from terror. When Mary drove past the little house, the grasshopper's heart was in her mouth. Would Johnny's mother stop? —or would Mrs. Robertson go by? There came, of course, the inevitable day when the mother stopped. . . . It was in June, a day of white clouds racing in a blue sky, and tree-tops bending and swaying and locust blossoms showering on the grass. Johnny was engaged in trying to lure his cat out of a pear-tree, into which a dog had chased her.

"Stop!" Mary Robertson called to the coachman; then, leaning forward, she tried to speak. Her breath came with a gasp. "Are you the—the boy who lives with Miss Sampson?"

"Yes'm," Johnny said. "Kitty, kitty!" Then he called: "Say, Aunty! Let's try her with milk!"

Miss Lydia, coming to the door with a saucer of milk, stood for a paralyzed moment, then she said, "How do you do, Mary?"

"You haven't forgotten me?" Mrs. Robertson said.

"Well, no," said Miss Lydia.

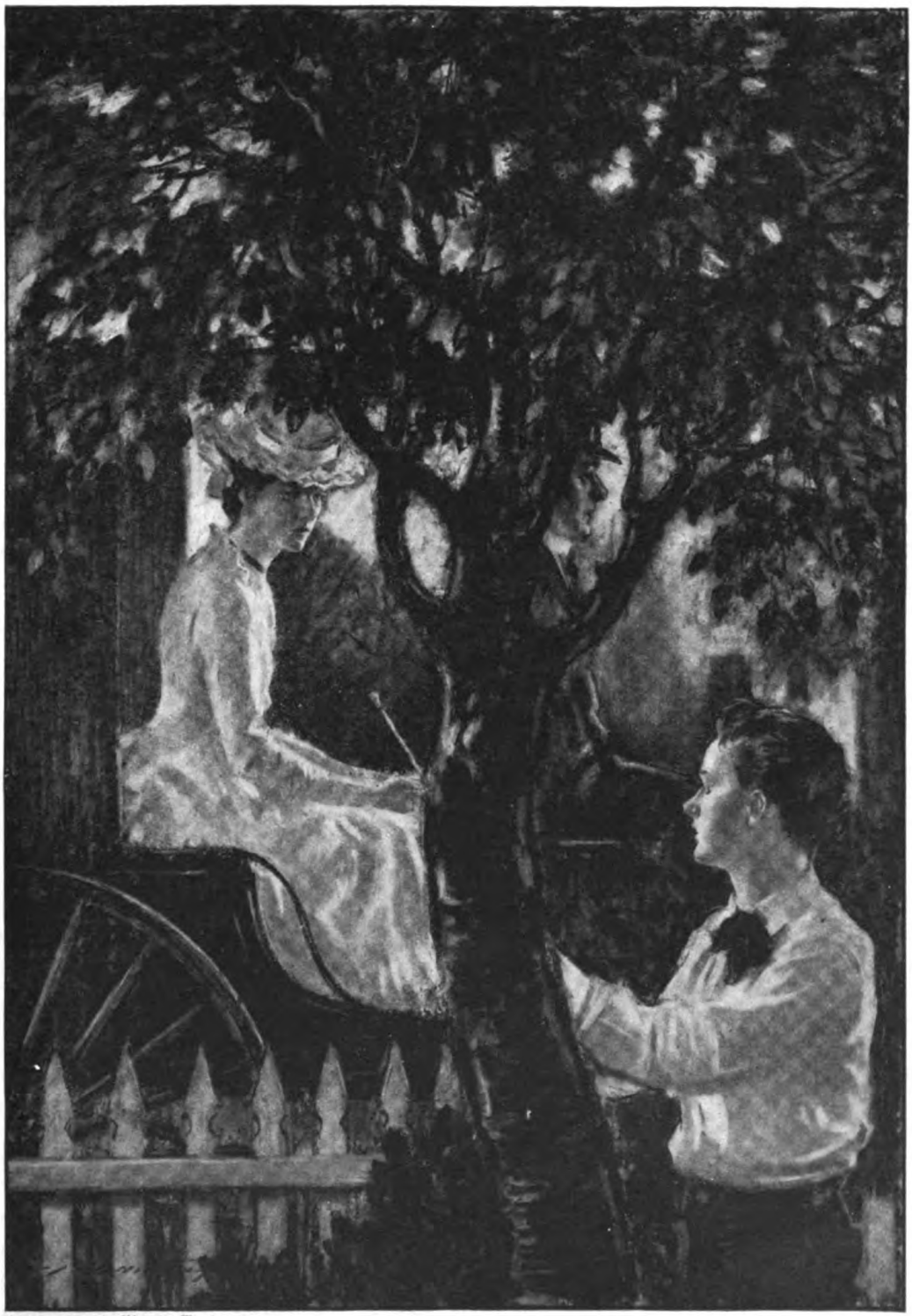
"Lovely day," Mary said, breathing quickly; then she waved a trembling hand. "Good-by!—Go on, Charles!" Charles flicked his whip and off she rumbled in the very same old victoria in which her father had rolled by Miss Lydia's door in the September dusk some fourteen years before.

That night Johnny's mother said, almost in a whisper to Johnny's father, "I—spoke to him."

He put a kindly arm around her. "Isn't he as fine a boy as you ever saw?" he said.

After that Mrs. Robertson spoke to Johnny Smith frequently and Miss Lydia continued to lose flesh. The month that Mr. and Mrs. Robertson were to spend in Old Chester lengthened into two—into three. And while they were there wonderful things happened to Johnny in the way of presents—a lathe, a velocipede, a little engine to turn a

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Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

"ARE YOU THE—THE BOY WHO LIVES WITH MISS SAMPSON?"

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wheel in the run at the foot of old Mr. Smith's pasture. Also, he and his aunt Lydia were invited to take supper with Mr. and Mrs. Robertson. "We'll have to ask *her*," Johnny's mother had said to Johnny's father, "because it would look queer to have him come by himself. Oh, Carl, I am beginning to hate her!"

"You mustn't, dear; she's good to him."

"*I* want to be good to him."

However, Miss Lydia, in her once-turned and twice-made-over blue silk, came and sat at the big table in the new Mr. Smith's dining-room. She hardly spoke, but just sat there, the vein on her temple throbbing with fright, and listened to Johnny's mother pouring herself out in fatuous but pathetic flattery and in promises of all sorts of delights.

"Mary, my *dear!*" Carl Robertson protested, but he felt the pain of the poor, child-hungry woman at the other end of the table.

When Miss Lydia and Johnny walked home together in the darkness her boy said: "A fellow 'd be lucky with a mother like that, wouldn't he? She'd give him everything he wanted. She'd give him a pony," Johnny said, wistfully.

"Yes," said Miss Lydia, faintly.

"Wish I had a mother who'd gimme a pony," Johnny said, with the brutal honesty of his sex and years. And Miss Lydia said again:

"Yes."

"Maybe Mrs. Robertson 'll gimme one," Johnny said, hopefully; "she's always giving me things."

However, though Johnny's gratitude consisted of a lively hope of benefits to come, he had some opinions of his own.

"She kisses me," he said to Miss Lydia, wrinkling up his nose. "I don't like kissing ladies."

Poor Mary couldn't help kissing him. The fresh, honest, ugly young face had become more wonderful to her than anything else on earth! But sometimes she looked at him and then at his father, and said to herself, "His eyes are not like Carl's, but his mouth is as Carl's used to be before he wore a beard; but nobody would know it now."

Mr. Robertson looked pleased when she told him, anxiously, that "it *was* showing—the likeness. He has your mouth. And people might—"

"I wish to God I could own him," said Carl Robertson.

"Carl, he wants a pony. Buy one for him."

But Johnny didn't get his pony because when Mr. Robertson told Miss Lydia he was thinking of buying a horse for his boy, she said: "No; it isn't good for him, please, to have so many things."

"The idea of her interfering!" Mary told her husband.

(*To be concluded.*)

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AMERICA FROM A MOUNTAIN TOP

BY FREDERICK PALMER

ONCE I made an Alaskan sled journey with a frontier philosopher and a cowboy, who taught me the limitations of a college education. The philosopher knew his classics through reflection in solitudes, and the cowboy had a logic as clean as the snows and as vivid as the aurora borealis which lighted their vast apron around our campfire. They were the thinkers; I was the talker.

Under the spell of crackling pine logs during the hour of sweet fatigue before rolling up in our blankets, the call to limber a mind removed from the friction of civilization would start me off in a burst of "languidge," as the cowboy called it, on the first controversial theme that occurred to me. Though I was always hoping that the two would accept the challenge of my reconnoissance and make it a skirmish, both would continue to smoke their pipes in silence, restricting me to a monologue; but when one night my dissertation had been unusually long the philosopher did interrupt me. His voice was soft, out of respect to the majestic quiet of the uninhabited distances which separated us from the turmoil of cities, as he quoted:

"Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and saint, and heard great argument
About it and about; but evermore
Came out by the same door as in I went."

And the cowboy added, considerately:

"It's not for me to understand you, but I know you're milling; and it's time to put more logs on the fire or turn in."

The cattlemen's word for cattle grinding together in a panic often pulls me up when I find that my thoughts are pursuing an "about it and about" circle of waste motion without accomplishing a day's work. Then I ask myself, "Who are you and what are you trying to do, anyway?" and I take a trip to a mountain top in imagination. As I look out over the landscape in which my county is only a pencil-point and my habitation invisible, I stop thinking altogether for a while, in order that when I begin again I can think simply, along a straight trail which the cowboy might follow.

The remedy is as old as the ailment. Other forms are golf for our ubiquitous tired business man, or the movies or the beach for the worried housewife, and, in chronic cases, for those who can afford it, long holidays, from which the patient returns to view office and home in a new light, with a fresh eye which has restored the sense of relative values.

It is not a new thought, either, that a nation is a collection of individuals. Why should not what is salutary for the unit be salutary for the whole? Why not a public proclamation sending the United States away to a mountain top at intervals? It happens that a nation—the thought of a nation—may not escape working day in and day out through the newspapers. They are on the table for breakfast and dinner, or protruding from the rural free-delivery box at the gate; they follow one on your vacation and to his sick-bed.

Presumably, it is our sense of the value of their perspective—our desire for a mountain-top view—which leads us to attach weight to the first impressions of a foreigner about our country and about subjects on which he is not expert—a novelist on our education system, a professor of Greek on our politics, and a spiritualist on our labor problems.

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I have the advantage over the foreigner in that I can look the "See-America-First" folders boldly in the face. I share his perspective—if not the curiosity which attends his views—for I have been six months in Europe watching other peoples "milling" in their reconstructive effort. In looking out from the mountain top of my absence I see a landscape which is no new landscape, but one in which I know all the rivers, forests, and roads and the people, whose striving is in my blood.

Many days passed while I was abroad without my seeing a copy of an American newspaper. When I came across a file I spent less time over a week's copies than I do over a single issue when I am at home. The winds of distance seemed to winnow the wheat from the chaff. Two or three paragraphs buried in the back pages often seemed of more public concern in solving our problems than others which, day after day, in the appeal of a continued fiction story, enjoyed the top of the column on the front page. As I looked at the variegated blankets of type I saw them come to life in figures in the commotion of swirling eddies and rushes and counter-rushes, without knowing what it was about, though the effect suggested that revolution was imminent.

The longer I was absent, the more impatient I became in my homesickness to be one of the figures in that strenuous pantomime, jostling the other figures and hearing their voices. I write after I have been home for two weeks, while I have perspective for my judgment of impressions which are still fresh and distinct, though not as much so as on the first day, when I thought:

"Here is a nation which has been left a fortune without knowing just how to use it and enjoy it."

In Europe I was again and again reminded that we were the richest nation in the world as the result of the war. When I mentioned this at home as a cheerful thought in the midst of our gloom, it seemed of no more interest than if I had remarked that the Mississippi flowed into the Gulf of Mexico. In the last six months we had become even richer, yet the richer we became the unhappier we apparently became, as well we might if the wealth were not broadly distributed. Evidently it was, or there would not be seven million motor vehicles of different kinds in the United States; and by the number of automobiles in a nation these days you may judge of its prosperity.

New York City has more than all England; London more than Paris; Paris more than Rome; a few taxis and private cars still ply in the streets of Berlin, and in Warsaw the only cars that give a modern touch to the traffic of horse-drawn vehicles are those of the legations, the American relief workers, and a few high officials—the intrigue of politics having in mind this rare perquisite.

If we acquire a few more million automobiles, and plumbers ride in five-thousand-dollar instead of three-thousand-dollar cars, I wonder if we may not develop acute melancholia; for the faces in the triumphant procession of democracy's luxury along our gasoline-perfumed highways on Sunday mornings did not seem as happy as the faces of the holiday-makers whom I had seen on foot in the Bois de Boulogne, or those of the singing recruits for the army in Poland. Yet one ought to be happier riding than walking. Else, why buy cars?

Evidently we had some kind of a malady, if for no other reason than that we thought that we had. What was it? A first suggestion that perhaps we were suffering from the dynamic strain of making ouija perform, or the mental strain of mastering the complex terminology of psycho-analysis, was far from any thought of flippancy with reference to the perturbed state of mind of a nation to which the gods have been so kind.

I confess to being fond of correct definitions. Without them we have no handles for our thoughts; we cannot be discriminate in diagnosis or clear about

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remedies. We may mistake scarlet fever for measles and treat it with diphtheritic serum. The word that I heard oftenest in the commotion on the national landscape was "Bolshevism," as if that were the name of a quarry which all were hunting. This was startling. Bolshevism was the product of military disaster in an illiterate country of wickedly unequal distribution of wealth, misruled in peace by an autocrat who betrayed it in war. The ignorant soldiers of the beaten Russian army, who had been docile pawns sent to slaughter without pay or adequate munitions, after killing or defying their officers, became ranging groups which knew no law except their own vagarious reign of loot, murder, and devastation. Then, as has happened before under a Jacobite appeal of the brotherhood of man in a new regime, some leader, or succession of leaders, through a process of evolution, was bound to form a ruffian army of volunteers and re-establish order under a ruthless dictatorship.

Having in mind the contrast between the origin of the authority of Abraham Lincoln and that of the late Czar of Russia, I thought that we might well be despondent, considering the feat before us, of achieving the real Bolshevism of our fashionable fears. The soldiers of Europe are too weary from their recent venture in European chaos to undertake the promotion of an American chaos by providing us with the requisite invading army. Even if our army were beaten, we could not eliminate the common-school education which our soldiers possess in order to prepare them for their part; moreover, so many of them or their families own automobiles or some kind of property that they would fight against universal spoliation. I see grandfather, pitchfork in hand, as he says:

"Bolshevist if you will, but you've got to take me before you take my flivver. Don't you come another inch, or, by thunder! though I'm a peaceable man, I'll stick you, you derned loafers!"

If further discouragement be required, consider Poland in patches on the breadline. They tell the story of a Pole who pointed with pride to one section of his coat, as he remarked, "That's the original which my great-uncle wore at his wedding." By all the tokens of poverty and war's devastation, Poland, on the very border of Russia, should be a fertile field for Bolshevism.

Yet the Poles would have none of it. The war had not meant defeat for them, but the winning of nationality. Was it possible, when a thousand-ruble note, once worth five hundred dollars in our currency, had depreciated until it was hardly worth the cost of printing, that the propaganda of a bankrupt state, after failing in Poland—at least, while her armies were victorious—was sending secret millions across the Atlantic for the successful proselytization of the richest nation in the world to the cult of patches and cabbage soup? This was making Lenin too important.

I would go among those whom my Bolshevist-hunting friends indicated as Bolshevists; I would meet "doctor and saint," speech-makers, publicists, intriguers and leaders of groups, and, through hearing their "great argument," learn the nature of what we called Bolshevism in America.

No password was required to take me up back stairs and along narrow passages to three raps and two scrapes on a door which opened on a Nihilistic stage-setting; but the suspects were "open" for luncheons or for appointments at their offices. There were many so-called "intellectuals" among them, and each one in his environment reflected the luxury of our prosperity.

"Do you think that we shall have a revolution in this country? Do you think that we need one?" I asked.

They would not take my questions seriously. So I inquired about their politics. Some were going to vote the Republican ticket; some the Democratic; others would not make up their minds until candidates and policies were

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more thoroughly developed. One thought of voting the Socialist ticket as a protest against the old machines. The most radical of them, in his groping for solutions of our problems, did not want his routine of life interfered with by a sudden overturn of our institutions.

All the first list of "suspects" were suggestive, interesting, and stimulating without, however, considering suggestion and stimulation as equally valuable or mistaking either for nourishment or sedition. But I was told that I had met only the philosophical type of revolutionary in touch with my own circle of friends, which is the fault of every observer who is not a true reporter. The thing was to go out among the people. Then I would realize their lack of homogeneity; how we were overrun by foreigners and un-American ideas; how the "proletariat" hated the "bourgeoisie," as Lenin would say. The bourgeoisie was numerous as, surely, by the Lenin classification, every one who rode in an automobile must be bourgeois. Where was the proletariat? It must be the poor folk riding on surface cars and walking, though they did not look like a proletariat, but very much like you and me—unless you are feeling snobbish.

Where were the foreigners? I wondered, as I looked at the faces in the streets. The French, who had heard much of our polyglotry, asked this question when they saw our soldiers marching along the roads of France. In French eyes the men were all of the *type Américain*. Yet they included foreign-born, as well as sons of every race in Europe. Are you American, their adopted country asked of them in those trying days. They gave their answer in sacrifice at home and in battle, often fighting against an enemy of their own blood. Zalinskis, Einsteins, Schmidts, Bertellis, Katsanjans won the Distinguished Service Cross, thrilling our pride with a new sense of nationalism. Had they now reverted to loyalty to the lands of their origin? If so, what had wrought the change in their hearts?

To my fresh view all the people were distinctively American in garb and taste; in their complexion, which our climate so promptly affects; in their brusque and frank civility, their intensity, their pleasures, and their restless motion. Later, as I became settled at home and more discerning, I might note that this or that person was of Swedish, Italian, German, Hungarian, or Slav stock. Then I would see through the veneer, as I was told. But aren't most of us—again, not a new idea—who are "off the reservation," of foreign stock? My people missed the *Mayflower* and came over in 1636. I could not discern that the descendants of the Pilgrims were more American than I was or than a dark-eyed telephone girl whose father was an Italian immigrant.

Not even in the mean streets did I find patches. I saw no shriveling babies in emaciated mothers' arms on breadlines in the European sense, though conditions were bad enough from the point of view of desired standards which must ever call our ambition away from the stagnation of "everything is for the best in the best of worlds." In place of saloons in mean streets and average streets, new stores and restaurants had appeared. How clean the restaurants were compared to those of the same class in Europe! How wholesome was their atmosphere!

I found them more truly American than a small, extravagantly priced place off the Avenue, where high-powered cars waited outside the door. The food was not worthily French, as the proprietor himself well knew, and the foreign male waiters had not the politeness which makes the brigandage of fifty cents for a poor French pastry supportable. Culture, as I understand it—each of us has his own brand—did not have a very secure footing in the talk of the diners, which ran on material things as they inveighed against Bolshevism threatening the nation.

"This is not home," I was thinking. "I want home and the thoroughbred American article in America, as I want

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the thoroughbred French article in France."

When I dined at one of the wholesome restaurants which had taken the place of a saloon, the food, as well as the diners, was thoroughbred American to my mind. The talk was more national and real, not to say more human, than in the French restaurant. I spoke to the waitresses—it was late and they were clearing away things for the night when I rose to go—to ascertain their views, and the emphatic answers of second generation Irish, Italian, Portuguese, and Teuton convinced me that not one was even a fraction of one per cent. un-American. But all the waitresses thought that something was wrong. Their idea of Bolshevists was the profiteers, whose ranks included, I found, some of the most rabid Bolshevist hunters.

Then I went to a popular theater. When the catch-phrase, "If you don't like this country, go back to your own," was thrown on the screen, the applause was loudest from the galleries. I doubt if there would have been a different response to a call to patriotism before the great Bolshevist hunt began, though surely the response to "We are fighting for a new world for all humanity" would have been more enthusiastic. That was the difference between then and now—a subject for thought.

At another theater I saw some of our old friends whom we meet every day in the newspapers at their tricks in the movies. Could anything be more distinctively American or more conservative than our comic cuts? Statesmen come and go, actors flash in Broadway successes or disappear on the road after failures, old fads yield to new and Father Time sprinkles our heads with silver; but we are loyal year after year to the old favorites of the artist's pencil who have discovered the secret of remaining the same age as on the day when they made their first bow to the public. I shall not worry about a serious revolutionary state of mind until we have a new set of public jesters every full moon.

I observed that Fifth Avenue, as the result of the drawing power of patriotic parades during the war, had lost its old character and become a promenade for people who had been restricted to the provincialism of the Bowery in the days before we had become so worried about lack of a common feeling of Americanism, or before it had been tested on the battle-fields of Europe. Was it possible that some of my friends who knew America through the Avenue resented this invasion? I resented it myself at first, when the crowd prevented my hurrying along at a good pace on my favorite thoroughfare for a town constitutional. Then I saw in the throng the concrete result of what we had been preaching in a war for democracy's sake.

Inevitably I recalled the old days of every vehicle for itself, before we introduced the methods of traffic control of European cities in face of resentment against an un-American innovation. Now European cities were taking lessons from us. Our new system of traffic direction, marvelously efficient, was as Prussian in its rigidity as the drill manual of the late German army. Far from any one disputing the policeman's authority, to say nothing of conducting a mob movement against him, the rules were being good-naturedly obeyed with what seemed habitual military precision by both drivers and pedestrians of our revolutionary populace.

Cutting a cross-section of human layers as I went the length of Manhattan Island, I saw few faces that had the look of being sworn enemies of society. In each stratum I continued to find that nine out of ten men had on his shoulder the chip, "Don't you dare say that you are not a hundred-per-cent. American!" and that nobody was saying he was not an American. I came to blocks inhabited by people fresh from Ellis Island. Even these I found were taking on American characteristics as they foregathered in the different racial haunts where they could hear the language of

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their childhood; but the next generation preferred restaurants of the American type. The total of our foreign-born out of the hundred and ten millions was only a few millions, inarticulate at the foot of the national ladder. Among these were some fiends who had sent bombs to several public men the year before. But though that might be a reason for a public official to get shell-shock, it was not a reason for a whole nation to get shell-shock or to indict all the men of that race.

A Socialist National Convention was in session. Here should be the object of my quest—real sedition. It was having as noisy a time as Republican or Democratic conventions. Though the Bolshevist hunters said that socialism and anarchism were one and the same thing, there were no professional anarchists present. The anarchists belong to a more exclusive set which dines at select little restaurants and holds its conventions in hall bedrooms. Except to the minds of rabid Bolshevist hunters, anarchism and socialism hardly mix, as, roughly speaking, the meaning of one is sweet license without government, and of the other government direction of utilities and state ownership of property. Socialism was evidently not making much headway with our people when they had favored the return of the railroads to private ownership. Possibly some officials, clinging to their war powers in combating Bolshevism, were succeeding as an example of too much government in accomplishing their object in a way which they had not intended.

The Socialist delegates had a right to their views, if they did not propose to interfere with the traffic policemen on the Avenue—which they knew would spell disaster for their party. They had the right if they chose to advocate an amendment to the Constitution that the President must be the seventh son of the seventh son of a Jamaican immigrant, or providing for the abolition of our executive, legislative and judicial forms, and that all the population should go to Washington once a year and settle our affairs in a town meeting on a Saturday half-holiday. But no one may conspire to overthrow the government by violence, lest he strike at the very source of the continuity of our institutions which permits a majority to change the form of our government at will. Such is the tradition and the law, costing centuries of effort, which allows poisonous gases to escape into the free atmosphere lest their suppression lead to an explosion and leaves tomfool ideas to the withering frost of public analysis, judgment, and ridicule. This, indeed, is saying another old thing; but the true conservative, shocked by some ideas prevalent at home, insists upon its reiteration when Bolshevist hunters, now becoming more reasonable, have been proposing legislative or executive action which endangers the very foundation of American conservatism.

Even the most devilish Socialist delegates who favored the immediate adoption of a soviet form of government for America had not the consistency to wear patches and were eating ham and eggs instead of cabbage soup. Some owned automobiles. In their dream of the "internationale"—which is not wicked if it means the good feeling of all classes of all countries toward one another—and of their Marxian text-book idea of Leninism coming true, they may have gloated in imagination at the prospect of riding in a high-powered official car and having the seven million automobiles of America and all our people under their despotic sway, which would make Lenin, in a Russia of famine and crippled transport with the hated bourgeoisie practically extinguished, a mere "piker," and Trotsky regret that he had ever left a land of such rich promise with so powerful an army and navy as ours to enforce the regulations of a fatuous communism. In many of these extremists one detects a quality of inherent perversity which, if a majority of us were for the soviet, would favor autocratic rule by a banking oligarchy.

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When it came to realities, even in the Socialist convention, the Sovietists were outnumbered. Too many Socialists or potential Socialists owned Liberty bonds to permit a plank to repudiate their payment. A moderate, an "American," platform was adopted in order to appeal to the voters; for the Socialists, no less than the Republicans and the Democrats, want votes.

Our labor unions are not affiliated with the Socialist party as in Europe. They walk in the middle of the road in their own interest. In England, so intensively an industrial country, there is talk that the Laborites may come into power. In France, where the Socialists include the labor-union voters, they have never been able to secure a majority over the peasants and small property-holders. The prospect of Socialism making serious gains without the labor-union vote in our country, which is still largely agricultural, may not worry us until the Socialist party has at least a dozen members of Congress. Then, if there is danger of their number increasing, we may take the matter earnestly in hand. At present, the mathematicians of the 100-percent. crusade cannot show 1 per cent. of un-Americanism. We had no more than that when the Bolshevist hunting began, probably less. Unrest there is, the unrest of post-war conditions and of psychology stimulated by our prosperity.

A people at once idealistic and practical, we have been suffering a little from disappointed idealism. During the war we dreamed of a new world which was to be the reward of our sacrifice and effort; but once the armistice was signed human nature had its way. The subjectivity of the individual succeeded the objectivity of the mass. Reconstruction became a personal matter. Every man wanted to make sure of his own future in that new world—to earn a living, provide for his family, educate his children, or buy a car.

We were trying to forget the war, but we could not escape from its effects, which will influence our thought and acts for decades to come. However, we did succeed in forgetting that the natural law of supply and demand, abridged by artificial conditions during the war, was again in force. To meet the call for production by a hungry world, brain-workers were less needed than hand-workers, especially in our country, where ambition presses opportunity hard and the son of the immigrant day laborer becomes a machinist, and the son of the machinist and the farmer, a doctor or a lawyer.

Democracy had come into fresh power; labor saw itself as democracy which was much in demand. While inflation due to war debts increased prices, everybody wanted more pay for his toil in order to meet the high cost of living, which more pay, in turn, further increased. Strikes became inevitable as the industrial world sought equilibrium. The worker was just as human as, and no more so in his limitations, than the employer who yielded to the demands for extravagant wages in order to keep the plant going and increase dividends for stockholders looking for higher returns; and one side in the dispute may not have been more short-sighted than the other. The ouija-board might have been as useful as secret-service men in following the clue of this kind of Bolshevism. Brain-workers and people with fixed incomes—I know how they feel—were hard-pressed and gave to the unrest the voice of their influence. Great injustice had been wrought by the war; that is characteristic of war. In every community men and women who had made sacrifices saw profiteers from the war flourishing their wealth, which they need no longer conceal for appearance's sake.

We were not too preoccupied in seeking more and more money as individuals to realize in mass subconsciousness the bounty which the war had left us in our stupendous national wealth. Nothing is so sensitive as property. A nation of property-holders, we were hearing much

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of chaos across the Atlantic. We had been drawn into a European war; we might be drawn into European chaos.

This new monster of Bolshevism would pool all property and divide it equally among the people. Thus the tramp might sign checks against the bank account of the man who had laid aside a sum for a rainy day. And Bolshevism was European. We had many Europeans in our population. Strikes, lack of servants and their exorbitant wages, the charges of thriftlessness and slacking against highly paid labor, inability to carry out contracts for want of deliveries of material, the increased cost every time that one bought a ham or a pair of shoes, the farmer's complaint that wheat was not dear enough and the housewife's that it was too dear, and all our restless economic phenomena might be explained by this danger incubating within our borders; while the scapegoat's own restlessness over the high cost of living was a sure sign of his guilt.

Unoccupied war spy hunters turned Bolshevist hunters; promoters of war propaganda, feeling still the impulse of its belligerency, especially if they had not been at the front to exhaust their martial ardor, broke into the battle-cry of "One-hundred-per-cent. Americanism!" in place of "The World Safe for Democracy," and provided themselves with a new enemy to take the place of Kaiserism. Any one who disagreed with their superheated views was un-American, as surely as any one who had opposed our fighting the war to a finish was no patriot. This dragooning was hardly in keeping with the old inductive "We Americans" of our melting-pot, whose magic we had seen reflected in the fire of our soldiers' eyes on the fields of France; but it seemed likely to defeat its object through hidden resentment, which meant slower absorption.

Our war energy which had taken us in a mass drive straight ahead had turned to milling, which is not saying that I would not have been in the thick of the panic if I had not had the perspective of long absence. Bolshevist hunting had lured us, in the excitement of sportive chase, along an aniseed scent trailed by the hunters and away from vital, if unexciting, problems, when time pressed for their solution by clear and simple thinking. An instinctive sense of these problems is shown in our ethical resentment of the extravagances of our prosperity, so good of itself if it does not run away with us and defeat its own end.

Our soldiers, while called on to be "100-per-cent. Americans" when fresh from the battle-fields, now, inoculated with the virus of the money standard, were only keeping faith with the mood of the nation when they demanded bonuses for services which, in the mood that sent them into uniform, were not to be valued in dollars and cents.

The interest in spiritualism, the movements to revive religious faith, and the demand for national and individual self-analysis recognize the need of an impulse which is not a disorganized materialism. Not long ago it was the habit to speak of what a great privilege it was to have lived in the war period as long as the war had to happen. It is a greater thing to live in this new era; for the new era is upon us, ready for our fashioning into a great future if we do not let it fashion us into an uncertain future. The disillusion of Utopian idealists, who set about in sophomoric confidence to move mountains, deflect river courses, and rearrange the face of the earth according to their theories, should not discourage practical idealists, in the course of the day's work, from looking after a few details whose accomplishment will surprise the Utopians with the fact that others than they were sincere in fighting the war to make a better world.

The people do rule in our country and in a larger sense than ever before. It is the best of countries to me. I have had opportunities of comparison in forming an opinion which surely makes it mean as much to me as to a politician who stirs up un-Americanism by appeal to

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the foreign voters and then turns his blasts upon un-Americanism when that will win other votes. For statesmen follow the public lead; and so do our newspapers. Rulers give policies to subordinates. The people are the rulers who formulate the policies of our government and our institutions. This is again an old thing to say, but I am aiming to keep the old and simple things in mind.

How are we to know what are the right policies unless we are well informed? If the newspapers do not inform us properly it is our fault. We are the market for the newspapers' wares; what we desire to read calls for the window dressing of the head-lines. Every editor and reporter would prefer not to bury a well-considered statement on a great national issue in the back pages and put a sensational theft on the front page.

A good plan for the reader is to be entertained in the morning, when time presses, by the comic cuts and the sensations and to lay aside a matter of real importance, such as the statement of his views by an acknowledged leader, for thorough reading later. By being less prolix, some of our statesmen would not play into the oculist's and the paper-manufacturer's hands; but if the report, whether of a speech or an event, is not ample enough or of the right kind, then write to the editor, who will have a surprise. A sufficient number of letters of this kind will reinforce his natural inclinations toward a better policy in the future.

It is well, also, not to discount idealists and theorists. They are good path-finders and can help you to enjoy the scenery, though they may be poor hands at putting in an inner tube or curing engine trouble. A banker, too, may not be just a hateful money-maker; he may know as much about the finances of a nation as a lawyer, and he may be as honest in applying his knowledge for the good of the nation, while he appeals to fact and reason, as a politician who titilates the public fancy. A labor leader may be just as patriotic as an employer. The ruler, who is both judge taking evidence and executive giving orders, must depend upon carefully chosen experts.

Everything, in the long run, goes back to the standards of ruler and subordinates. Holding public servants up to right standards and practicing them yourselves under old laws may be a surer cure for evils than new laws. Variation in standards has been responsible for the decay of some republics and for the place in history of great monarchies.

All foreigners agree that in no nation is common intelligence so high as in ours. They take this view of us as individuals in our individual affairs. In this time of heavy taxes and the increasing influence of governmental functions upon individual fortunes, a personal interest more substantial than abstract patriotism calls for us to consider the business of the nation and the welfare of its sons and daughters as earnestly as our own work and the welfare of our own family. Really, a public proclamation is not necessary for a trip in imagination in the nation's behalf to a mountain top. Each citizen can go for himself. The mountain top being imaginary, there is plenty of room for all.

As we look out over the landscape with our information in hand, we can see the nature of the whole, its place in the world in relation to other nations, in simple outline, and look ahead to its future as we should to that of a corporation in which we are all stockholders. We may ask ourselves what are the great issues: reform of governmental extravagance, economic reorganization and the man to take charge of it, public education, the League of Nations, better transport facilities, a merchant marine, reform of machine politics, or the cultural necessity of better standards?

Having made up our minds as rulers as to our policies, call in the managers and the experts and see that they keep on a straight road of accomplishment and do not merely run in a circle on a race-track to develop our sporting inter-

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est or introduce an acrobatic performance to distract us. It is a pity that there are not more experts in Congress on labor, on manufacture, on education. on ethics, as well as on politics, in order to bring to bear on the floor their specialized knowledge in dealing with complex modern problems. This change the rulers may work if they choose. To my mind it is the most important governmental requirement of the time.

We may consider, too, as we look out over the national landscape, how to beautify it, as we would our own farm. Its beautification is the best kind of prosperity, the soundest recipe for national homogeneity rooted in the soil and kindling an interest in our surroundings which we may enjoy on foot or in a "flivver" quite as keenly as in a five-thousand-dollar car. We have an example of this in the happiness that the Belgians find in the parks and fields of their garden country, the happiness of making much of little things, which may be commended to our Bolshevists and Bolshevist hunters, too. Faith, the faith of the scientist in his analyses, of the religionist in religion, faith in work and in better things to come, is the inspiration for our struggle to win a few more steps up the spiral staircase of human progress, instead of giving warrant by milling to the philosopher's disinterested view of the puzzle of civilization:

About it and about; and evermore
Came out by the same door as in I went.

PASTORAL

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

NOW clover tapestries are hung
From hedgerows far to hedgerows nigh,
And winging meadow-larks have flung
Their canticles adown the sky,
Deaf must he be who has not heard
The golden raptures of this bird!

Now kingfishers have perched and preened
On wizened branches o'er the brook,
And poised and tilted there, and leaned
With a side-shifting, eager look,
How blind is he, how dull at heart,
Who has not watched them dip and dart!

Now Sylvia, with bluet frock,
And hair like king-cups in the breeze,
Has left behind the huddled flock,
And sought the shelter of the trees,
He were a dolt who could withstand
The waving of her lifted hand!

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"READ IT!" COMMANDED DAPHNE. "JUST READ IT!"

THE HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE OF THE BRONX

BY PHILIP CURTISS

"READ it!" commanded Daphne. "Just read it! That's all I ask!"

Daphne Day was known on the musical-comedy stage as a star of the "sweet, wistful type," but at the moment, although she might still be sweet, she was certainly not wistful. On the contrary, she formed such a perfect and yet petitely ridiculous picture of outraged righteousness that Jimmy Furlong, her press agent, sitting on the other side of the luncheon-table, could hardly repress a smile. The impression she gave was beautifully that of a humming-bird fiercely beating its wings and snapping its beak in defense of its young.

Jimmy Furlong, however, was an extremely tactful young man. With every look of sympathetic concern he held out his hand.

"Let me see it," he urged.

With fingers which positively quivered, Daphne tossed over the table a wad of pages which she had torn from a magazine and apparently torn with some vigor.

Jimmy's trained eye skimmed through the sheets, although he had already a fair idea of what they contained. Every month *The Universal Magazine*, a periodical which had a very wide circulation and a very effective method of reproducing portraits in sepia, published an interview with some "stage favorite," written by a palpitating person who signed herself "Anne Adair." This month Miss Adair had palpitated about a certain Jane Carmody, a musical-comedy actress who was distinctly unpopular in the profession because she constantly gave the impression that she felt herself above it, that she was merely

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toying with musical comedy until she took up her real aim in life.

To be the subject of one of Anne Adair's interviews in *The Universal* was an undoubted distinction, one for which Jimmy had long been angling in the interests of Daphne, but, aside from that fact, Jimmy saw very little in the article to excite either envy or indignation. Daphne realized his lack of response and, snatching the sheets from his hand, she pointed to certain paragraphs.

"Read that again," she commanded. "Just read it."

Jimmy did so:

"But what do you do when you are not on the stage?" (The breathless Anne Adair had ventured to ask of Jane Carmody.)

A far-away look came into the great blue eyes which have held their thousands spellbound on Broadway. I have seen such a look on the faces of mothers with babes in their arms.

"Do I dare tell you?" asked the young miss whom I had known only as a tantalizing, witchlike figure in "The Girl Behind the Scenes."

"Please do," I begged, for something had told me that I was about to be given a peek at a phase of Miss Carmody which she had kept hidden from the world in general, which she had treasured as something sacred.

For a moment her big blue eyes were troubled, uncertain. Then, as my comprehending silence seemed to win her confidence, she admitted:

"I will tell you. It is my books."

I looked at her unbelieving and she smiled mischievously.

"I know that it is hard to credit," she said. "We are supposed to be the butterflies of the world, but let me show you."

Rising, more like a happy, spontaneous child than like a famous *artiste*, she led me into a room which was lined from floor to ceiling with books, nothing but books.

"This," she said, "is what I call my *sanctum sanctorum*."

My eye roved over the rows of volumes. Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, Balzac, all the classic authors were there. She seemed amused at my bewilderment.

"Oh!" she cried, prettily, "there are lots more up in the attic, but these are the ones that I like to have near me."

I caught sight of one red volume lying alone on the table. I picked it up. It was thumbed and worn with constant study on every page. It was a copy of *Romeo and Juliet*. She saw my look and flushed guiltily.

"Yes," she confessed, "I, too, have my ambitions."

Jimmy looked up and met Daphne's indignant gaze.

"Can you beat it?" Daphne demanded. Once more the humming-bird flapped its wings fiercely. "She didn't go on to say, did she, that she had rented that house in Mount Vernon all ready furnished from some old man who had gone to California or something?"

For the first time Jimmy's eyes twinkled. The idea struck him not merely as funny, but also as a clever professional stroke. Personally, Jimmy did not believe that it had been Jane Carmody's dainty fingers which had dog-eared that copy of *Juliet*. He did not believe that the dust had been disturbed all summer on one of those heavy volumes, but, all the same, Jane Carmody had just the aristocratic manner, just the facile literary patter to play up prettily to such an idea. She was one of those girls who could look at one coyly and hint, "You know what Maeterlinck says—" as if she really knew herself, or cared.

"Well," demanded Daphne, "why can't you feature me in a story or two of that kind?"

Jimmy looked at the table-cloth unhappily.

"Of course," he said, slowly and thoughtfully, "that kind of interview is all right for Jane Carmody—"

With needle-like feminine instinct Daphne saw through his evasion.

"Do you mean to say," she demanded, "that I can't do the high intellectual just as well as Jane Carmody?"

As a matter of fact that was just what Jimmy did mean. He had extreme doubts as to whether Daphne had opened a book in five years, but he could hardly say so.

"Of course not, Miss Day," he

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pleaded. "What I meant was that the public likes you in one particular character, if you see what I mean—the sweet, timid, ingénue type, almost the clinging vine you might call it. Now if you ask me frankly what I'd do, I'd come right back with something homey—say an interview on how your greatest pleasure is to cook and sew, with pictures of you among your dogs, for instance, or among your flowers with a big, floppy hat and an old sun-dial in the picture. By Jove! That's it! An old sun-dial would be great! I know where we can get one."

With a contemptuous wave of her hand Daphne dismissed his feigned enthusiasm.

"Old, Jimmy, old," she scorned. "Intellectual stuff, that's the note this year and you know it. Does Jane Carmody think she's the only girl who's ever read *Juliet?*"

Jimmy hung his head in silence, for secretly he felt that Daphne was more than half right; but, right or wrong, he did not wish to raise an issue which would get to Bernstein's ears. Bernstein was the producer who employed them both, and, in Bernstein's eyes, his favorite stars could do no wrong. In regard to his press agent he had no such conviction.

"Well, Miss Day," said Jimmy, slowly, "you're the doctor, only I can't work up a plan all at once. I'll have to think."



"EXCUSE MY ASKING, BUT ARE THESE BOOKS FOR SALE?"

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"Oh, drop the 'Miss Day,'" replied Daphne, with impatience. "It's only in print that I mean to be high and mighty, but you see now what I want."

"I see," answered Jimmy, without conviction. He looked at his watch and pushed back his chair. "I hope you'll excuse me, Miss Day—Daphne. I've got to drip away now. Every Monday afternoon I go up to see an old aunt in the Bronx."

Daphne smiled, but Jimmy Furlong really did have an aunt in the Bronx, and he really did go to see her. He had done his duty like a man and a nephew, he was thoughtfully making his way through a cross-street back to the Subway, still carrying Daphne's wholly unreasonable whim like a load on his mind, when suddenly he saw a thing which made him come to a dead stop and stare, the germ of a great idea beginning to ferment in his mind.

At first his idea was not highly original. It was, in fact, nothing more than frank imitation of Jane Carmody's *coup;* but a press-agent's mind is trained to take a worn-out idea and warp it into some novel shape. On the steps of an old brick house he had suddenly seen a huge pile of books, books of every kind and description, big books, little books, old books, new books, heaped in stacks and overflowing down into the area-way. It might easily have been a second-hand-book shop. Indeed, at first glance, Jimmy had thought that it was, but when he peered around into the area-way he saw that the door was boarded and padlocked. Looking up the steps, Jimmy for the first time became conscious of the fact that a man of about his own age was calmly sitting among the books, smoking a pipe and looking down at him with an air neither friendly nor hostile, neither curious nor incurious.

The man on the steps was of a type which Jimmy instinctively characterized as English for no other reason than because he was wearing a loose tweed suit and a cap in that city of derbies and form-fitting serges. He doubted very much that the man was a dealer, but he felt that, in sheer decency, he must either explain himself or pass on.

"You will excuse me," he said, "but the sight of so many books caught my eye. I am a bit of an *amateur* myself."

Jimmy had been treasuring the word "amateur," in that sense, for a long time, hoping for some chance to use it. The man on the steps made no reply, and Jimmy began to feel rather foolish.

"Do you mind if I look them over?" he asked.

"Not those down there," answered the man. His voice was pleasant, but, like his expression, it was neither friendly nor unfriendly.

Jimmy picked up one or two of the books in a perfunctory way, feeling that by his choice and his interest he was likely to prove or disprove his claim to being an "amateur." He suddenly decided to force the issue at once.

"Excuse my asking, but are these books for sale?"

The man on the steps was as unmoved as ever. "You remember," he answered, "what David Harum said about the horse. He said that he had never seen the horse that *wasn't* for sale."

Jimmy Furlong looked up estimatingly. Was the man really a dealer, or what? His gambling spirit was suddenly roused.

"What will you take for the lot?" he asked.

The man on the steps looked down over his collection thoughtfully, calmly puffing his pipe.

"About thirty thousand dollars," he answered, quietly.

Jimmy whistled and drew back. He looked up suspiciously to see whether or not the man were joking, but the latter's expression had not changed an atom. Jimmy picked up the nearest volume. It didn't look very valuable to him.

"What are they—first editions?" he ventured.

The man above him laughed. "That is a great phrase," he said, "—first edition. As a matter of fact I presume

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THERE WAS A STRANGE MAN, WITH HIS FEET ON THE TABLE

that that book you have in your hand *is* a first edition—and a last. It is worth possibly ten cents. A first edition is not necessarily valuable in itself."

Jimmy was caught by the humorous, well-bred accent and the tone of authority. The man drawled on:

"If you have any idea of hitting me on the head with a sandbag on the theory that these books are worth the figure I mentioned, don't let me mislead you. What I meant was that if you are, by any chance, writing a history of the Holy Roman Empire, they would be worth that much to you because this is said to be a very decent collection on

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that subject. From any other viewpoint I don't know what their value may be."

"But why—" began Jimmy; then suddenly it occurred to him that this was a remarkable conversation to be having on the streets of New York. He looked up at the man on the steps closely, and something in his attitude, something that he had seen more than once in his career among well-dressed but improvident actors, raised a sudden suspicion in his mind.

"Look here," he demanded. "Pardon my rudeness, but I have been there myself. Are you up against it?"

The man smiled. "In what way?"

"I mean—" said Jimmy, cautiously. "I don't want to butt in, but have you had the bounce?"

The man above him laughed heartily.

"That's very kind of you," he said. "I wondered whether any one would think that." He smiled, as if chuckling to himself, and then went on. "To tell the truth, I am in a fix, but it is not what you meant." He jerked his head toward the door behind him. "No, this is not a case of bounce, but a case of lockout. I was merely waiting here until a policeman should come along to watch these books while I went and did some telephoning. I have been here now for nearly two hours and still no policeman."

"Well, can't I go and telephone for you?" asked Jimmy.

The man puffed his pipe thoughtfully for a moment. "To tell the truth I can't tell you exactly where to telephone."

Jimmy looked up at the house. The paint was peeling from the door and the windows stared vacantly.

"Do you live here?" he asked.

"I thought I did," replied the stranger, "but it seems not. The place belongs to an estate, but I have always had the run of it. This afternoon I had my books sent down from the country expecting to store them here. I had them unloaded because I thought I could get the key in the neighborhood, but nobody seems to know who has it. It is rather a funny fix. I don't dare to leave the books to go to a telephone and I don't know just where to telephone if I could leave them. It looks as if I might be here indefinitely."

"Why don't you take them to a library?" suggested Jimmy.

"Too much red tape and fussy old women."

Jimmy pondered. "Then why don't you take them to a hotel?"

The man on the steps looked at him as if at last he had made a real suggestion. "They'd think me insane," he said, hesitating.

"Nonsense," answered Jimmy. "Say, look here," he went on; then he paused with an inspiration. Suddenly in one glorious moment the troublesome ends and pieces of his own puzzle had begun to fall into place in one magnificent plan. "Say, look here," he repeated. "Have you ever heard of Miss Daphne Day?"

The man on the steps slipped cautiously back into his non-committal attitude.

"I don't want to be rude," he said, "but if you are about to introduce yourself as Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, please don't bother. I have, I admit, a cloistered and scholarly air, but I am not wholly devoid of metropolitan experience."

Jimmy laughed. "No," he said. "I just mentioned Miss Day because I thought that her name might be better known than mine. I am her manager."

It was not the first time that Jimmy had thus innocently promoted himself by leaving the word "publicity" out of his actual title of "publicity manager." He took out his card, which did not dispute him since it read:

MR. JAMES FURLONG,
The Bernstein Productions, Inc.
Morpheus Theater Building N. Y. C.

The stranger read it and seemed impressed.

"I haven't a card of my own," he drawled, "but if you want one you might take one of those books. My name is written in most of them. It is Edward Eaton."

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"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Eaton," said Jimmy. "Now what I was going to propose was this: I always keep an apartment at the Saint Stuyvesant Hotel, but I seldom use it. You are welcome to it for the night. You can stay there if you like, or just leave your books there. If you prefer, I will get the manager to store them under lock and key. I can fix it up so that we can run them in by the service entrance and spare you any embarrassment."

The stranger hesitated. "The Saint Stuyvesant sounds rather—"

Jimmy foresaw his objections. "Look here. Of course I meant you to be my guest. The apartment is there and it might just as well be used. I'm a booklover just as you are. You would do the same for me if the circumstances were reversed."

The stranger smiled. "That is a situation hard to picture," he said.

"Nonsense," replied Jimmy. "Now you wait here while I get a couple of taxis."

Before the stranger could interpose further objections Jimmy was off at a rapid walk while his imagination was off at a gallop. He did not know just where it was going, but he knew that it was on its way and that was enough for him. All his best previous exploits as a press agent had resulted from just such reckless plans as this. With some difficulty, in that district, he gathered in two taxicabs and, with the help of the drivers, the books were speedily loaded. They filled both cabs from floor to roof, forcing Jimmy to sit beside the driver of one and Eaton, clutching his most special prizes in his lap, to sit beside the driver of the other.

It was almost seven o'clock before the two cabs had threaded their way from 181st Street to the Hotel Saint Stuyvesant down in the thirties. Jimmy had no apartment at the Saint Stuyvesant, but



"HERE," SAID DAPHNE, "IS ONE OF MY GREATEST TREASURES"

Daphne had, and Jimmy at least had not stretched the truth in saying that he was well known to the management. At that hour, just before a performance, it would have been suicide to disturb Daphne, and Jimmy was just as well satisfied not to do it. He had no time for the slow and painful explanations which she would demand. If she would not stand the expense, Bernstein would. If neither of them would, he was out of luck, that was all.

Fortune, however, was smiling on Jimmy that evening. Leaving Eaton in charge of the cabs, he hastened into the ornate foyer of the Saint Stuyvesant,

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where, as he had always been a liberal dispenser of free passes, the room-clerk greeted him with a smile.

"Well, Mr. Furlong, what's on your mind this evening?"

Jimmy told him and secured a splendid apartment two doors from Daphne's, looking out on Fifth Avenue, but he thought that it was none too early to begin laying the groundwork for his plan.

"Look here, Fred," he explained glibly to the clerk. "I will register for this apartment in my name, but it is really for the Morpheus Theater account. The idea is this: Miss Day has a very valuable collection of old books which she has been storing with a friend up-town, but Mr. Bernstein got the notion that it would be a good plan for her to give some private showings of the collection to a bunch of professors from Columbia University and perhaps some newspaper men. I've brought the books down with me and, with them, an expert named Mr. Eaton, who is going to catalogue and arrange them for the exhibition. I'm going to put him up there for a day or two as my guest. Could you arrange to let me have some bookcases and a few fine tables and perhaps a couple of Persian rugs to-morrow?"

"Anything you want, Mr. Furlong."

Jimmy paused meaningly, then added, with a smile, "There will probably be at least a column in all the papers about this, and the Saint Stuyvesant won't lose anything by being mentioned."

"I understand that," answered the clerk, smiling also. "I'll tell the manager, Mr. Fontaine. Fine dope, Mr. Furlong, fine dope."

Jimmy went back to the cabs and the waiting Eaton in a magnificent glow. With every sentence that he had glibly uttered to the clerk the structure of his great idea had grown and taken form. There was only one flaw, and that reminded him of a line in one of the Bernstein farces—"Marriage would be such a fine institution if it didn't involve a wife." Thus Eaton's valuable collection would have been such a boundless asset if it hadn't involved Eaton.

The fact indeed that he must play on his guest's good nature was one that weighed more and more heavily on Jimmy's conscience, if the word is not extravagant as applied to a press agent.



HE LOOKED AT THE ELDERLY GENTLEMAN CLOSELY

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Eaton positively blossomed in the rich atmosphere of the Saint Stuyvesant and the more he saw of his guest the more Jimmy was forced to admire his air of aristocratic nonchalance. They went down to dinner together, and, although Eaton still wore his rough brown suit, he still appeared better dressed than half the wearers of evening clothes in the room. Jimmy secretly envied him. "The real thing," he chuckled to himself, and wondered just how that commanding presence could be blended into the scheme.

So beautifully, in fact, did the scheme grow during dinner and during the evening which they spent together looking over the really remarkable collection of books that the reckless Jimmy utterly forgot the one person who was eventually to play the leading role in this little comedy. He was reminded of it only when Daphne called him violently on the 'phone on the following morning.

"Say, look here, Jimmy," pleaded Daphne, "what in the world are you trying to do?"

With sudden terror Jimmy thought of a thousand things that might have occurred. "What's happened?" he asked.

"Well, that's what I'm asking you," protested Daphne. "This morning the clerk called me up and told me that he had sent some tables and rugs up to four-sixty-eight. He said you had ordered them for me and wanted to know if they were all right. I couldn't imagine what he was talking about, but thought I would go and find out. So I knocked at the door of four-sixty-eight. A voice said, 'Come in,' and there was a strange man in a dirty bath-robe, smoking a pipe, with his feet on the table."

Jimmy laughed. "That's going to be your background—Number four-sixty-eight."

"Well, it's a funny kind of a background," retorted Daphne, and Jimmy decided that he had better hasten to the Saint Stuyvesant.

As he paused at the desk to send up his name to Daphne, the day-clerk handed him a note. It read:

My dear Mr. Furlong,—I have tried to get you on the 'phone at the Morpheus Theater, but nobody answered.

I got in touch with one of my friends this morning, and learned that a shooting-party with which I was going to Canada this month was anxious to start right away. They were raking New York to find me. I will have to hustle my preparations at once and take the Montreal express to-night, so I am taking the liberty of asking whether I can leave my books in your rooms for five or six weeks.

If I thought that this would be any expense to you of course I would not do it, but as you say that you keep the rooms anyway, perhaps you will not mind. I cannot let you know just when to expect me, as we will be wholly out of touch with civilization.

Thanking you for your kindness to a fellow-bookworm, I am,

Yours cordially,
Edward Eaton.

At first reading Jimmy made a grimace—five or six weeks and that apartment was costing twenty dollars a day, but then he realized that the simple question of storage might be solved more cheaply. The main thing was that this marvelous collection was in his hands for four weeks at least with no one to question any harmless use that he might make of it. Just what a collection it was he had only begun to realize when Eaton had casually pointed out volume after volume the evening before while Jimmy's trained press-agent mind had stored away every technical phrase as a soft blotter might absorb ink.

He went to work at once. By lunch-time the books had been arranged on shelves and tables, rugs had been carefully spread, and No. 468 looked as if it had been a book-lover's sanctum for years. Late in the afternoon Daphne was summoned to examine her treasures, but, at first glance, she did not seem to be deeply impressed by her priceless collection of volumes relating to the Holy Roman Empire. Her intellectual ambitions seemed to have waned overnight.

"They look kind of shop-worn to me."

Jimmy took an indignant step away from her. "My heavens! Daphne," he

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exclaimed, "if you bought an antique chair or an antique brooch would you expect it to look as new as if it had just come from a mail-order house?"

This argument reached Daphne's range of experience. "Well," she remarked, "I suppose the next thing to do is to ask in the reporters."

"Nothing doing, dear girl," replied Jimmy. "This is no ordinary press stunt. This is going to be my little masterpiece. You don't understand newspaper psychology. If I should ask the reporters, what should I get? A grudging little paragraph among the theatrical items, next the paid ads. No, sir, I am not going to ask the reporters at all."

Daphne looked disappointed. "But if you don't tell them how are they going to know that I've got this rare bunch of junk?"

Jimmy smiled. "I'm going to let them find it out for themselves," he said, slowly. "I am going to use the oldest trick known to the annals of press-agent crime."

He walked to a table and picked up an old manuscript volume done on parchment and bound in sheepskin. He held it in front of Daphne's eyes.

"Do you see this little lad? It's the only one of its kind in the world."

"Well, what of it?" asked Daphne.

"I'm going to lose it," replied Jimmy—"or, rather, you're going to lose it."

Possibly because it *was* the oldest trick in the annals of press-agent crime, because it had faithfully served her professional sisters for years and their mothers before them, Daphne at last had found an idea that pleased her. With growing comprehension she stood looking at Jimmy with bigger and bigger eyes, her face lighting in admiration.

"Jimmy Furlong," she said, "you're a duck."

Basking in the flow of her tardy appreciation, Jimmy pointed out, one after another, the beauties of his scheme much as he might have held a jewel to the light and watched the sparkle from its various facets.

"Suppose," he said, "that an actress were to lose a valuable set of pearls, what would the city editors say? They would laugh. But now when the news comes that a musical-comedy star who is supposed to know nothing about anything except high kicking and lobster suppers has lost"—he glanced at the book in his hand—"has lost a copy of *De Origine Imp. Rom. Sanctissimi*, hand-illuminated by the Cluny monks in the tenth century, and seems all broken up by the loss, what are those same city editors going to say? They are going to say, 'Cassidy, take your foot in your hand and beat it up to the Saint Stuyvesant to see whether this is simply another of Jimmy Furlong's press stunts.'

"So up comes Cassidy and what does he find?" Jimmy waved his hand toward the rows and rows of old books. "He finds little Miss Daphne Day consoling herself among the treasures which she has always kept hid from the eyes of the prying world."

With these gleeful words, Jimmy proceeded to lose the rare volume by hiding it behind a row of other books and then walked out to shake the intellectual world.

On the following day, in every morning paper in New York, appeared this four-inch advertisement:

$20,000 REWARD

LOST

BETWEEN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM AND THE SAINT STUYVESANT HOTEL A BROWN PAPER PARCEL CONTAINING AN ANCIENT MANUSCRIPT BOOK "DE ORIGINE IMP. ROM. SANCTISSIMI" MADE BY THE MONKS OF CLUNY IN THE TENTH CENTURY

THE ABOVE REWARD WILL BE PAID FOR ITS RETURN TO

MISS DAPHNE DAY

SAINT STUYVESANT HOTEL

NOTE.—As this book is the only one of its kind in the world any attempt to dispose of it otherwise will result in immediate detection.

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The effect of this advertisement lived up to Jimmy's most extravagant dreams. On the morning of its appearance the lobby of the Saint Stuyvesant was lined with reporters hours before Daphne was able to receive them, not because the famous star was making her leisurely toilet, but because Jimmy was giving her a last dress rehearsal, partly in what she was to say, but much more in what she was not to say.

At eleven o'clock Daphne received the newspaper men in a body in her library —No. 468. The room itself had been carefully stage-managed, and so had its sole occupant. Just enough of Daphne's personal belongings had been left around to give the room a feminine air, while Daphne herself was wearing a black-velvet gown with a huge silver chain hanging loosely around it in place of a belt. At the very sight of her, one's mind instinctively leaped back to dim, medieval monasteries and patient monks bending over hand-illuminated volumes. Her face was pale and rather saddened, as whose face would not be after such a loss as hers?

Briefly, she related to her wholly sympathetic audience the plain facts of the loss. She had taken the book to show it to a certain well-known authority. No, she would prefer not to give his name, as she did not wish to subject any one to unnecessary publicity.

After leaving the house of this well-known savant she had made a few purchases which, curiously, had been done up in a package of exactly the same size and appearance as the lost volume. What was in the other package? No, she had no objection to telling. In fact the contrast was rather ludicrous. The other package contained cosmetics, "Although, of course," as Daphne explained, "no actress ever uses such things." An appreciative laugh went over the group and the reporter for the *Evening Day* jotted down the rough note, "One package sternly monastic, other package deliciously feminine."

After this, as Daphne informed her respectful hearers, she had stopped in at the Metropolitan Museum, where she frequently found it relaxing to spend a quiet hour among the paintings. "Which paintings?" Did she mind saying? Of course that depended on her mood, but this afternoon it had happened to be Corot. The rest was easy to imagine. When she had returned to her room she had found that she was carrying only one package—the cosmetics.

But all this time one question had been hanging on twelve pairs of lips, waiting to be asked. The man from the *Evening Sphere* asked it at last, and, for the first time, the frail young woman in black seemed to draw back into her shell of reserve.

"I hoped that you were not going to ask that," said Daphne, in pretty perplexity—"how I happened to have this rare book. To be frank with you, while these old books have become a genuine hobby with me, it is one concerning which I prefer to have nothing said, for I do not pretend in the least to be a connoisseur. If I really considered myself an expert on the subject I should be only too glad to talk about it, but anything I could say would only sound so silly to the men and women who have really spent their lives in work along this line."

Behind the keyhole in the next room Jimmy Furlong was waving his tense fists in ecstasy. This was the part of the interview which he had written out and which Daphne had committed to memory. She had not missed a syllable. From the respectful silence which followed he knew that Daphne's words had convinced her hearers of the exact opposite of what she was so modestly saying. The silence lasted so long that Daphne herself was able to pick up her written lines without a break.

"Of course," she said, "if you care to look at my few small treasures—"

With a murmur of appreciation the reporters spread out along the shelves, looking respectfully at the volumes and trying to act as if they understood something about old books. It was rather

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a hollow attempt, however, and the *Evening Sphere* man voiced the general wish:

"Won't you point out some of your most notable volumes, Miss Day?"

It was like taking candy from a child, for Jimmy had foreseen some such question as this, and, from his evening with Eaton, supplemented by an hour's work with an encyclopedia, he had prepared a brief lecture which a barker for a dime museum could have delivered with complete conviction.

Daphne paused just long enough to appear reluctant and then began, in a quiet, diffident voice:

"Possibly you know that the larger part of my books are concerned with the history of the Holy Roman Empire. Of course this is not to be confused with the Roman Empire of Octavius, but was the Germanic structure of the Middle Ages which was called the Holy Roman Empire, possibly because," she added, with a smile, "it was neither holy nor Roman nor empire."

The phrase caught the ear of the reporters and half of them wrote it down, supposing that they had heard an original epigram. None of them interrupted, however. None of them dared to show his ignorance.

"Here," said Daphne, "is a book which is modern, but is, nevertheless, one, of my greatest treasures. It is Bryce's great work, signed by the author himself."

For eight or ten minutes Daphne went on like the exquisitely trained little parrot that she was, stopping from time to time to lift one book from the shelves and then another. Her hearers were too much amazed to notice that every book she picked out had a tiny slip of white paper protruding from the margins and that she worked systematically from right to left.

Precisely as the lecture was due to come to its end, the telephone pealed sharply and Jimmy, at the other end, whispered a lot of gibberish.

"Yes," replied Daphne. "No, Mr. Bernstein, not yet. Thank you very much. Now? Why, yes, as soon as I can get there."

She turned to the roomful of reporters.

"Gentlemen, I have just had an imperative call to a special rehearsal. I hope that you will excuse me. I am afraid that I have bored you fearfully."

The reporters murmured protests and herded themselves into the hall, their brains reeling. As the last of them disappeared, Jimmy burst in at the other door, frantic with delight, but Daphne collapsed in a chair.

"Zowie!" she gasped.

Dusk fell that day on a deliriously happy Jimmy. As soon as the evening papers came out he gathered them in by handfuls, and not one of them disappointed him. From the frankly sensational *Record* to the staid and literary old *Union*, not a single paper had failed to give the story a column on the first page. Indeed, the more literary the papers were and the more inaccessible to the usual press-agent story the more they had warmed to this one. The *Union*, in fact, talked sagely as if it had been wondering for years where that rare copy of *De Origine Imp.* had been hiding itself.

There was no longer any question as to who was to pay the expenses of this little affair. Bernstein had only to be shown six first-page stories in succession to give Jimmy *carte blanche* to go as far as he liked.

The morning papers on the following day could hardly be expected to carry a "cold" story on the first page, but one of them did at that, and all of them gave generous columns. Daphne and Jimmy read them joyously in Daphne's "library" at the Saint Stuyvesant, and then Jimmy outlined his further plans for Bernstein's money and Eaton's collection.

"There is a boy at Columbia University," he said, "who is crazy to write a play. I am going to get ahold of him and get a list of about five experts who really might know what this collection

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is worth. Then on Wednesday we will ask them all down here for a private exhibition. I fixed a matinée day because I thought—"

"Don't you worry," interrupted Daphne. "I wouldn't go through that again for a million dollars—especially with a lot of people who knew what they were talking about."

"That's what I thought," replied Jimmy, "but it would be a good plan for you to be there to greet them—sweet and gracious and all that, and then hurry off for your matinée.

"Then at the same time," he continued, "I am going to send this to the literary editors of the various papers—the literary editors, mind you, not the dramatic."

He handed Daphne a typewritten sheet which read:

> So much attention has been called, by the recent unfortunate loss of a priceless volume, to the rare collection of books on the Holy Roman Empire in the possession of Miss Daphne Day, the dramatic *artiste*, and so many inquiries have been received from eminent scholars, that Miss Day has consented to give a small private exhibition to a limited number of experts. If you would care to attend, Miss Day most cordially invites you to the Saint Stuyvesant Hotel on Wednesday next. An informal luncheon will be served at one-thirty.

"That means just salad and chocolate handed around here in the library," explained Jimmy. "That will give you an opportunity to buzz around for a moment while they have their hands full and then breeze away. For all those professors know, a musical comedy plays a matinée every day."

"Do you suppose they will be suspicious?" asked Daphne. "I mean the editors."

"I don't care whether they are or not," retorted Jimmy. "They will come just the same. They can't afford not to. Even a literary editor knows news when he sees it."

To few mortals in any walk of life, and still fewer press agents, is it given to spend six days as delightful as those which intervened for Jimmy before the eventful Wednesday on which Daphne was to hold her first bibliographic reception. Jimmy Furlong had turned the supreme trick of press agenting. He had started one of those rolling snowballs of publicity which even he could not have stopped if he had wished to do so.

Stimulated by the twenty-thousand-dollar reward, spurious copies of *De Origine Imp. Rom. Sanct.* were sprouting up in every part of the city, proving to be, on closer examination, nothing more than old books in modern Italian or tattered Latin commentaries. Every paper had one reporter doing nothing but running down clues. Second-hand dealers on the East Side were clawing frantically everything in the shape of a book that was offered to them, while Jimmy's Columbia student, now in his own seventh heaven of being at last a part of the theatrical world, sat all day long in a private office at the Saint Stuyvesant casting out the impositions which, honestly or dishonestly, were offered for the reward. His task was not difficult, for the lost book itself was lying peacefully in the hotel safe.

In it all Jimmy basked and reveled. Bernstein treated him now like a matinée idol or a prize tenor; the manager of the Saint Stuyvesant gave him a black cigar every time he saw him, and even at the Lambs and the Friars his fellow-press agents did not chaff him. Silently they all doffed their hats to genius.

Not the least among the events of his glorious week did Jimmy enjoy the preparations for the great reception. There was not a detail to which he failed to give his personal supervision. With the advantage of her previous try-out, Daphne was learning a few quiet, effective lines which made her efforts with the reporters sound like a badly played melodrama.

The great morning dawned, with Jimmy more nervous than Bernstein had ever been for the opening night of his biggest production. At one o'clock,

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dressed in a braided morning-coat with silk hat, pearl tie and gloves, he was sitting impatiently in the foyer of the Saint Stuyvesant glancing over the morning papers, for every day, now, the papers brought new grist to his mill. Half the literary editors had sent formal acceptances to Daphne's *salon*, and all of them had inserted at least a paragraph in advance about it. Jimmy shook his head in unbelief. It had all been so ominously easy. It must be too good to be true. It was.

Three minutes later Daphne, arranging the flowers in No. 468, was startled by the cyclonic entrance of a pale and distorted Jimmy.

"For Heaven's sake! You scared me. What's the matter?" she gasped, but Jimmy only shoved a morning paper into her hand and pointed to a news item.

VALUABLE LIBRARY LOOTED

GREENWICH HOME OF EDWARD EATON ROBBED OF RARE VOLUMES DURING ABSENCE OF OWNER

It never takes the eye long to grasp the details of bad news. Daphne caught the import of the item as instantaneously as Jimmy had done. Mr. Edward Eaton, it seemed, was no less a person than the secretary of the Bibliographic Society of Manhattan, a lecturer at Yale, Harvard, and Princeton, an Oxford LL.D., and the author of several recondite volumes. His country house at Greenwich had been in charge of a caretaker who visited it every week. On his last visit — But what was the use? Jimmy sank into a chair and covered his face with his hands.

"Oh! if I only had a drink," he groaned, "a drink of carbolic acid."

Daphne stared at him pale and trembling. "What are we going to do?"

Jimmy moaned on, unhearing. "I'll never be kind to any one again in my life. If I see a blind man without any arms I'll kick him in the nose and rob him of his pennies."

"But, Jimmy," pleaded Daphne, "what could have been that man's object in roping us into it the way he did?"

"Search me," answered the anguished Jimmy. "Blackmail possibly. More likely he knew that no one would ever come searching for stolen goods at the most expensive hotel in New York."

"We'll have to call off this razzle today," mourned Daphne. "That's one thing that's certain."

"But how are we going to do it?" wailed Jimmy. "I don't know where any of those men live. They'll be here in a few minutes. Besides, those literary editors will love being called here on a fake, won't they? You'll get publicity with a vengeance then!"

Jimmy's nerve, however, never deserted him for long, although he still sat with his head in his hands.

"Jimmy," quavered Daphne.

"Be still, please," he answered. "I'm thinking. I may have an idea."

That was too much for Daphne. "That's just the trouble with you, your crazy ideas. If you hadn't insisted on this library business we shouldn't have got into all this mess. Now they'll call me a thief and a crook. Bernstein will be wild. My career will be ruined."

She began to whimper and Jimmy began to plead.

"I'll get you out of it, Daph. Honest, I will. Just let me alone for a minute. Just let me think. There's life in the old brain yet."

A moment later he bounded back with his old resiliency.

"Daph," he cried, jumping to his feet, "I've got it. We'll *find* those books!"

"Find the books?" answered Daphne, dully. "What good is that going to do us? That cheap trick is killed."

"Not that one book," answered Jimmy, in excitement. "The whole bally lot of them. You are going to find the stolen Eaton collection!"

Automatically his mind leaped into his usual press-agent phraseology. He saw his second great hit rising out of the ashes of his first.

"Miss Daphne Day," he rattled on,

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feverishly, "already well known as a famous collector, of course always haunts the second-hand-book shops. Known to all the dealers. One day, near a second-hand store in the Bronx, several books were offered her by a stranger for two dollars. Her trained eye saw at a glance that they were a find. Stranger told her he could get her more. Purchased the lot for a song. Did not examine them for days. Too busy playing at the Morpheus. When she did she found that they were priceless. Her suspicions aroused. *That's* why she took the book to a well-known savant as told in a recent issue. *That* explains why she did not care to tell the reporters where she got *De Rom. Imp.* Hoped to locate stranger. Never seen him since. Only learned by to-day's paper of Eaton's robbery. 'Nother set of first-page stories. Far bigger sensation than the first. Knockout!"

Daphne was not so confident. "But the experts," she said. "They will be here in a minute."

Jimmy's jaw dropped. He stood a moment blinking in thought, but his mind was now running on high. Suddenly he snapped his fingers.

"Got it!" he cried. "Tell those experts you asked them down on the q. t. to confirm your suspicions. If the Eaton collection is really famous they will know it at a glance." Then again he went pale. "Yes," he said, in a dead, hopeless voice, "they'd be a fine bunch of boobs if they didn't know it—with Eaton's name written in the front of every book."

Daphne almost collapsed, but even at that blow Jimmy refused to give in. He walked to the bookcase and picked out the first volume. That, at least, was not marked. His hope revived and he examined the second. Neither was that. The third was marked and he threw it to the floor. The sixth was also marked and went into the discard, but out of the first dozen books he examined those were the only ones that bore Eaton's name.

"Quick, Daph," he cried, "you take the bottom row and I'll take the top."

Frantically they set to work, their hands going like jig-saws and the marked books flying over their shoulders like grain out of a chute. At last Jimmy stood up and mopped his brow.

"That's all," he said. "Now let's hustle these into the bedroom and then see what we've got left."

As a matter of fact they had far more left than they had expected, and, as Jimmy's newly expert eye was able to see, they had all of the best ones. He had not been an expert long enough to know that a real collector does not mar his prize treasures even with his own name. Hastily they arranged the remainders and then stood back with their first sigh of relief. Proudly they looked at the result of their labors and then at each other.

Daphne's eyes suddenly twinkled and over Jimmy's haggard face spread a broad grin. With a simultaneous impulse they grasped each other's hands in a shake of appreciation.

The telephone rang. Daphne's hand shot from Jimmy's and went to arranging her hair.

"There's the first of the experts," said Jimmy. "You answer. I'm not supposed to be here just yet."

Once more perfectly composed, Daphne went to the 'phone.

"Helleou," she said, in a low, modulated voice. . . . "Who? . . . What?" She clapped her hand over the mouthpiece and turned to Jimmy, aghast. "My gosh! It's Eaton!"

Jimmy stared. "Which Eaton?"

"Your Eaton. The man in the dirty bathrobe."

"Tell him to wait. I'll be right down," said Jimmy.

Daphne did so and Jimmy paced back and forth.

"Daph," he said slowly, "it's up to you this time. I'll go down and find out all I can. If he really *is* Eaton there is only one thing to do. I hate to do it, but we must. You have got to take him to

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the matinée with you. I will fix it up somehow. Look at him soulful all the way down; plant him in a stage box and don't take your eyes off him during the whole performance. After the show take him to tea somewhere and don't let him get back here until six o'clock. I will be waiting for you in the foyer.

"Now get this right," he continued, still pacing back and forth. "Some of those experts may be here before I get back. Begin shoving food at them the minute they come in. Then watch for me. When I come back, if I shake my head, that means that the fellow downstairs is a crook and I have kicked him out and told him to beat it. If I nod my head that means that he is really Eaton. In that case make your excuses, get on your things and meet me at the elevator."

Jimmy looked at his watch and went out at a run. As he left one elevator at the main floor a group of men with spectacles and gray beards were entering the other, asking for 468. Jimmy glanced around the foyer, saw that the house detective was within hail, then walked heartily toward Eaton, whom he saw standing casually by the newsstand.

"Hello!" hailed Jimmy, cheerfully. "Why aren't you in Canada?"

"Because my caretaker is an ass," replied Eaton.

"What's he done now?" asked Jimmy, innocently.

"Well, you know that I went up to Greenwich myself last Monday week and took my books out, leaving a note as big as an ice-ticket tied to the kitchen faucets which he is supposed to inspect. Then he comes in, sees that the books are gone, and, without looking any farther, catches me clear back on the trail in Canada with a telegram saying, 'Return at once, very serious news'—nothing but that. I thought the place had burned down at the very least."

"I see," said Jimmy, guardedly, his usually competent mind utterly at a loss to know what to believe and what not to believe. "Do you want your books?" he asked, vaguely.

"Are they in your way?" asked Eaton, in evident surprise.

The naturalness of that question convinced Jimmy. "Not in the slightest," he answered, heartily. He thought a moment, then asked, "What are you doing this afternoon?"

"Cursing," replied Eaton.

Jimmy smiled. "Well, look here," he suggested. "Miss Day and I are going down to a matinée of her show. Why don't you come with us? It might amuse you to go behind the scenes."

"Well, really," protested Eaton. "I don't want to saddle myself on you as well as my books."

"Rot," replied Jimmy, and, before his guest could invent excuses, he was rushing away to give Daphne her cue.

A moment later the three stood together in the lobby, Daphne and Eaton laughing over their previous informal encounter. As hastily as he could, Jimmy hustled them into a taxi with the remark that he would join them at the theater and then turned back to the elevator. The task of facing the experts looked like child's play compared to what he had just gone through.

He was indeed in a mood almost hilarious when he approached the open door of Daphne's "library" and found it filled with black coats and gray beards, the owners of all of them looking around helplessly for some one to act as host. With a fine show of gaiety Jimmy started in grandly, but some one grabbed him by the sleeve and, turning, he found the dramatic editor of the *Sphere*. Beside him was standing a stout, dignified gentleman with a gray beard.

"Mr. Furlong," said the dramatic editor, "I wonder whether you know Mr. Edward Eaton, the secretary of the Bibliographic Society of Manhattan?"

At the words Jimmy felt a cold, sick feeling creeping up from his hands to his shoulders and down to the pit of his stomach and at the same moment he felt his face growing fiery red. He looked at

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the elderly gentleman closely. He dared not reply a "yes" or a "no." He merely repeated, courteously:

"Mr. Edward Eaton?"

The editor noticed his blank stare at the gray-bearded gentleman, and suddenly seemed to recall himself.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" he exclaimed. "I thought you had met Professor Martin. Professor Martin, Mr. Furlong. Yes," he resumed, "I thought I caught sight of Mr. Eaton in the lobby below, and wondered whether he were familiar with this collection. He is the best-known authority in America on the Holy Roman Empire."

Like a man who suddenly waked from a horrible dream, Jimmy recovered himself and became all smiles and attention.

"Mr. Eaton? Oh yes, Mr. Eaton," he said. "I did not quite catch you at first. Yes, indeed, I know Mr. Eaton. I expected a few minutes ago that we should have him with us this afternoon, but I have just learned that he will not be here. Mr. Eaton? Familiar with this collection? I should say he *was!* Why, I really believe that Mr. Eaton is more familiar with this collection than Miss Day is herself." He rubbed his hands genially. "Now, gentlemen, what would you like to look at first?"

It was not six o'clock by any means when Daphne and Eaton returned to the foyer of the Saint Stuyvesant. It was nearer seven, and both seemed to have enjoyed their extended tea. Daphne sailed up to Jimmy, who was slouched in a chair recuperating by inches.

"Jimmy," she burst out, "I couldn't help it. I told him the whole story going down in the cab, and, Jimmy, he's a real sport."

The grinning face of Eaton, looking over her shoulder, testified to this last, as did his words.

"I think," he said, "that you both had better have dinner with me, if Miss Day is not afraid of being late for her evening performance."

"I'm not afraid of anything now," replied Daphne. "I have known the worst that a woman can know."

As soon as they were seated in the small dining-room Eaton lifted his glass of wholly inadequate mineral water.

"Well," he proposed, "here's to the Holy Roman Empire of the Bronx!"

"Don't speak that word, Bronx," moaned Jimmy. "I need one too badly."

Daphne looked at him. "Why? What kind of an afternoon did *you* have?"

"Oh, fine!" mocked Jimmy, hollowly. He told his story; then, instinct slowly beginning to stir within him again, he added:

"That reminds me, Daph. The dramatic editor of the *Sphere* was quite taken with your collection. He wants to run a picture of you in the Sunday supplement. That would be a big thing. He suggested one with your books as a background."

Solemnly, piously, Daphne lifted her hand.

"Never again," she vowed, "ne-vur again. If he wants to print something I'll have one taken among my jelly-fish, or—wait a minute. What was that you were saying the other day about an old sun-dial?"

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THE MIND IN THE MAKING

BY JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON

Formerly Professor of History, Columbia University

PART I

[The author of this series of four articles is a well-known historical student who, as one of his friends once said, is more interested in the future than in the past. He studies the past for the sake of the future. His chief attention has been devoted not to kings and popes, wars and boundary lines, but to the rise and fall of ideas, the comings and goings of beliefs and opinions. It is the past of the human mind that he treats in these articles, with a view to promoting its freedom and further expansion. He makes plain the historical reasons for our intellectual bondage, and points the way of escape and the consequent lightening of the world's burden of stupidity, blindness, and routine. The mind of man is evidently still in the making, and, historically viewed, has as yet realized but few of the infinite possibilities before it.—THE EDITOR.]

THAT gracious philosopher, Mr. Samuel Crothers, has pointed out that we are in the habit of excusing a change in our opinions by saying, "When I come to think of it." This suggests the grave question whether or no a great part of our views would not have to be revised if only we came to think of them. Few of us take the pains to study the origin of our cherished convictions; indeed, we have a natural repugnance to so doing, and a tremendous propensity to rush to their defense when they are called in question. In short, we like to continue to believe what we have been accustomed to accept as true, and the resentment aroused when doubt is cast upon any of our assumptions leads us to seek every manner of excuse for clinging to them. The result is that most of our so-called reasoning consists in finding arguments for going on believing as we do.

I remember years ago attending a public dinner to which the Governor of the state was bidden. The chairman explained that His Excellency could not be present for certain "good" reasons; what the "real" reasons were the presiding officer said that he would leave us to conjecture. This distinction between "good" and "real" reasons is one of the most clarifying and essential in the whole realm of thought. We can readily give what seem to us "good" reasons for being a Catholic or a Mason, a Republican or a Democrat, an adherent or opponent of the League of Nations. But the "real" reasons are usually on quite a different plane. Of course the importance of this distinction is popularly, if somewhat obscurely, recognized. The Baptist missionary has always been ready enough to see that the Buddhist was not such because his doctrines would bear careful inspection, but because he happened to be born in a Buddhist family in Tokio. But the Baptist fails to see that his own partiality for certain doctrines is due to the fact that his mother was a member of the First Baptist church of Oak Ridge. A savage can give all sorts of reasons for his belief that it is dangerous to step on a man's shadow, and a newspaper editor can advance plenty of arguments against allowing women to vote. But neither of them may know how he happens to be defending his particular opinion.

The "real" reasons for our beliefs are

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concealed. As we grow up we simply adopt the ideas presented to us in regard to such matters as religion, family relations, property, business, our country, and the state. We unconsciously absorb them from our environment. They are persistently whispered in our ear by the group in which we happen to live. Moreover, as Mr. Trotter has pointed out, these judgments, being the product of suggestion and not of reasoning, have the quality of perfect obviousness, so that to question them "is to the believer to carry scepticism to an insane degree, and will be met by contempt, disapproval, or condemnation, according to the nature of the belief in question. When, therefore, we find ourselves entertaining an opinion about the basis of which there is a quality of feeling which tells us that to inquire into it would be absurd, obviously unnecessary, unprofitable, undesirable, bad form, or wicked, we may know that that opinion is a non-rational one, and probably, therefore, founded upon inadequate evidence." Opinions, on the other hand, which are the result of experience or of honest reasoning do not have this quality of "primary certitude." I remember when as a youth I heard a group of business men discussing the question of the immortality of the soul I was outraged by the sentiment of doubt expressed by one of the party. As I look back I had at the time no interest in the matter and certainly no least argument to urge in favor of the belief in which I had been reared. But neither my personal indifference to the issue nor the fact that I had previously given it no attention served to prevent an angry resentment.

This spontaneous and loyal support of our preconceptions—this process of finding "good" reasons to justify our routine beliefs—is known to modern psychologists as "rationalizing,"—clearly only a new name for a very ancient thing. Our "good" reasons ordinarily have no value in promoting honest enlightenment because they are urged, not in any sincere attempt to examine the soundness of our belief, but in order to justify ourselves for continuing to believe what we already do. I do not mean, of course, that the "real" reasons, even if they could be come at, would have any greater weight than the "good" ones, but by showing up the origins of our beliefs and how they have been transmitted from generation to generation to the present day, they would give us the opportunity to try at least to arrive at sounder conclusions. The "good" reasons make an appeal to accepted standards and current logic; they are supposed to show the "soundness" of a belief.

The "real" reasons, explaining how it is we happen to hold a particular belief, are chiefly historical. Our most important opinions—those, for example, having to do with traditional, religious, and moral convictions, property rights, patriotism, national honor, the state, and indeed all the assumed foundations of society—are, as I have already suggested, rarely the result of reasoned consideration, but of unthinking absorption from the social environment in which we live. Consequently they have about them a quality of "elemental certitude," and we resent doubt or criticism cast upon them. So long, however, as our emotions thus dominate our beliefs, we are obviously unable to examine them dispassionately and to consider to what extent they are suited to the novel conditions and social exigencies in which we find ourselves to-day.

The "real" reasons for our beliefs, by making clear their origins and history, can do much to dissipate this emotional blockade and rid us of our prejudices and preconceptions. Once this is done and we come critically to examine our traditional beliefs, we may well find some of them sustained by experience and honest reasoning, while others must be revised to meet new conditions and our more extended knowledge. But only after we have undertaken such a critical examination in the light of experience and mod-

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ern knowledge, freed from any feeling of "primary certitude," can we claim that the "good" are also the "real" reasons for our opinions.

Such a critical examination of our fundamental beliefs and opinions is all the more important because of the general bewilderment in which thoughtful men find themselves to-day. When they contemplate the shocking derangement of human affairs which now prevails in most civilized countries, including our own, even the best minds are puzzled and uncertain in their attempts to grasp the situation. The world seems to demand a moral and economic regeneration which it is dangerous to postpone, but as yet impossible to understand and direct. The preliminary intellectual regeneration which would put our leaders in a position to determine and control the course of affairs has not taken place. We have unprecedented conditions to deal with and novel adjustments to make—there can be no doubt of that. But we also have a great stock of scientific knowledge unknown to our grandfathers with which to operate. So novel are the conditions, so copious the knowledge, that we must undertake the arduous task of reconsidering a great part of the opinions about man and his relations to his fellow-men which have been handed down to us by previous generations, who lived in far other conditions and possessed far less information about the world and themselves. We have, however, first to create an unprecedented attitude of mind to cope with unprecedented conditions and to utilize unprecedented knowledge. This is the preliminary and most difficult step to be taken—far more difficult than one would suspect who fails to realize that in order to take it we must overcome inveterate natural tendencies and artificial habits of long standing. How are we to put ourselves in a position to come to think of things that we not only never thought of before, but are most reluctant to question? In short, how are we to open our minds and rid ourselves of current prejudices?

As a historical student who for a good many years has been especially engaged in coming to think how we happen to have the ideas and convictions about mankind and human relations which now prevail, the writer has reached the conclusion that history can at least shed a great deal of light on our present predicaments and bepuzzlement. I do not mean by history that conventional chronicle of remote and irrelevant events which embittered the youthful years of many of us, but rather a study of how man has come to be as he is and to believe as he does. No historian has so far been able to make the whole story very plain or popular, but a number of considerations are obvious enough, and it ought not to be impossible some day to popularize them. I venture to think that if certain seemingly indisputable historical facts were generally known and accepted, and permitted to play a daily part in our thought, the world would forthwith be a very different place from what it now is. We could then neither delude ourselves in the simple-minded way we now do, nor could we take advantage of the primitive ignorance of others. All our discussions of social, industrial, and political reform would automatically be raised to a higher plane of insight and fruitfulness.

In one of those brilliant divagations with which Mr. H. G. Wells is wont to enrich his romances he says:

> When the intellectual history of this time comes to be written, nothing, I think, will stand out more strikingly than the empty gulf in quality between the superb and richly fruitful scientific investigations that are going on, and the general thought of other educated sections of the community. I do not mean that scientific men are, as a whole, a class of supermen, dealing with and thinking about everything in a way altogether better than the common run of humanity, but in their field they think and work with an intensity, an integrity, a breadth, boldness, patience, thoroughness, and faithfulness—

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excepting only a few artists—which puts their work out of all comparison with any other human activity. . . .

In these particular directions the human mind has achieved a new and higher quality of attitude and gesture, a veracity, a self-detachment and self-abnegating vigor of criticism that tend to spread out and must ultimately spread out to every other human affair.

No one even most superficially acquainted with the achievements of students of nature during the past three centuries can fail to see that their thought has been astoundingly effective in constantly adding to our knowledge of the universe, from the hugest nebula to the tiniest atom; moreover, this knowledge has been so applied as to well-nigh revolutionize human affairs, and both the knowledge and its applications appear to be no more than hopeful beginnings, with indefinite revelations ahead, if only the same kind of thought be continued in the same patient and scrupulous manner. But the knowledge of man, of the springs of his conduct, of his relation to his fellow-men singly or in groups, and the felicitous regulation of human intercourse in the interest of harmony and fairness have made no such advance. Aristotle's treatises on astronomy and physics and his notions of "generation and decay" and of chemical processes have long gone by the board, but his politics and ethics are still revered. Does this mean that his penetration in the sciences of man exceeded so greatly his grasp of natural science, or does it mean that the progress of mankind in the scientific knowledge and regulation of human affairs has remained almost stationary for over two thousand years? I think that we may safely conclude that the latter is the case. It has required three centuries of scientific thought and of subtle inventions for its promotion to enable a modern chemist or physicist to center his attention on electrons and their relation to the mysterious nucleus of the atom, or to permit an embryologist to study the early stirrings of the fertilized egg. As yet relatively little of the same kind of thought has been brought to bear on human affairs.

When we compare the discussions in the United States Senate in regard to the League of Nations with the consideration of a broken-down car in a roadside garage the contrast is shocking. The rural mechanic thinks scientifically; his only aim is to avail himself of his knowledge of the nature and workings of the car with a view to making it run once more. The Senator, on the other hand, appears too often to have little idea of the nature and workings of nations, and he relies on rhetoric and appeals to vague fears or hopes or mere partisan animosity. The scientists have been busy for a century in revolutionizing the practical relations of nations. The ocean is no longer a barrier, as it was in Washington's day, but to all intents and purposes a smooth boulevard closely connecting, rather than safely separating, the eastern and western continents. The Senator will nevertheless unblushingly appeal to policies of a century back, suitable, mayhap, in their day, but now become a warning rather than a guide. The garage man takes his mechanism as he finds it and does not allow any mystic respect for the earlier forms of the gas-engine to interfere with the needed adjustments.

Those dealing with natural phenomena, as distinguished from purely human concerns, did not quickly or easily gain popular approbation and respect. The process of emancipating natural science from current prejudices, both of the learned and unlearned, has been long and painful, lasting through three centuries and not wholly completed yet. If we go back three hundred years we find three men whose business it was, above all, to present and defend common sense in the natural sciences. One of them—the most eloquent and variedly persuasive of all—was Lord Bacon. The young Descartes was trying to shake himself loose from his training in a Jesuit

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seminary by going into the Thirty Years' War, and was starting his intellectual life all over by giving up for the moment all he had been taught. Galileo had committed an offense of a grave character by discussing in the mother tongue the problems of physics. In his old age he was imprisoned and sentenced to repeat the seven penitential psalms for differing from Aristotle and Moses and the teachings of the theologians. On hearing Galileo's fate, Descartes burned a book he had written, *On the World*, lest he, too, get into trouble.

From that time down to the days of Huxley and John Fiske the struggle has continued and still continues—the Three Hundred Years' War for intellectual freedom in dealing with natural phenomena. It has been a conflict against ignorance, tradition, and vested interests in church and university, with all that preposterous invective and cruel misrepresentation that characterize the fight against new and critical ideas. Those who cried out against scientific discoveries did so in the name of God and man's dignity and holy religion and morality. Finally, however, it has come about that our instruction in the natural sciences is tolerably free; but there are still large bodies of organized religious believers who are hotly opposed to some of the more fundamental findings of biology. Hundreds of thousands of readers can be found for Pastor Russell's exegesis of Ezekiel and the Apocalypse to hundreds who read Conklin's *Heredity and Environment* or Slosson's *Creative Chemistry*. No publisher would accept a historical text-book based on an explicit statement of the knowledge we now have of man's animal ancestry. In general, however, our scientific men carry on their work and report their results with little or no effective hostility on the part of the clergy or the schools. The social body has become tolerant of their virus.

This is not the case, however, with the social sciences. One cannot but feel a little queasy when he uses the expression "social science," because it seems as if we had not as yet got anywhere near a real science of man. I mean by social science our feeble efforts to study man, his natural equipment and impulses and his relations to his fellows in the light of the origin and history of the race. This enterprise has hitherto been opposed by a large number of obstacles essentially more hampering and far more numerous than those which for three hundred years opposed the advance of the natural sciences. Human affairs are in themselves far more intricate and perplexing than molecules and chromosomes. The germ of an oak-tree is simplicity itself compared with the emotions of a shop-girl. But this is only the more reason for bringing to bear on human affairs that critical type of thought and calculation for which the remunerative thought about molecules and chromosomes has prepared the way.

I do not for a moment suggest that we can use precisely the same kind of thinking in dealing with the perplexities of mankind that we use in problems of chemical reaction and mechanical adjustment. Exact scientific results, such as might be formulated in mechanics, are, of course, out of the question. It would be unscientific to expect to apply them. I am not advocating any particular method of treating human affairs, but rather such a general frame of mind, such a critical attitude, as has hitherto been scarcely developed among those who aspire to be men's guides, whether religious, political, economic, or academic. Most human progress has been, as Wells expresses it, a mere "muddling through." It has been man's wont to rationalize and sanctify his ways with little regard to their fundamental and permanent expediency. An arresting example of what this muddling may mean we have seen during the past six years in the slaying or maiming of fifteen million of our young men, with incalculable loss, continued disorder, and bewilderment. Yet men seem blindly driven to defend and perpetuate the

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conditions which produced the last disaster.

Unless we wish to see a recurrence of this or some similar calamity, we must, as I have already suggested, create a new and unprecedented attitude of mind to meet the new and unprecedented conditions which confront us. We should proceed to the thorough reconstruction of our mind with a view to understanding actual human conduct and organization. We must examine the facts critically and dispassionately, and then permit our philosophy to formulate itself as a result of this examination, instead of viewing the real thing in the light of archaic philosophy, political economy, and ethics. As it is, we get our philosophy first and in its light we rationalize the facts. We must reverse this process, as did those who began the great work in experimental science; we must first face the facts and patiently await the emergence of a new philosophy.

Nor does a willingness to examine the very foundations of society mean a desire to encourage or engage in any hasty readjustment, but certainly no wise or needed readjustment can be made unless such an examination is undertaken.

I come back, then, to my original point that in this examination of existing facts, history, by distinguishing the "real" from the "good," reasons for many of our current fundamental beliefs, will free our minds so as to permit honest thinking. Also, certain generally accepted historical facts, if permitted to play a constant part in our thought, would automatically eliminate a very considerable portion of the gross stupidity and blindness which characterize our present thought and conduct in public affairs, and would contribute greatly to developing the needed scientific attitude toward human affairs—to a remaking and expansion of the mind.

What we call the mind or human intelligence has itself a history, and one who considers its history will view its present state and future possibilities quite differently from one who does not. But before going farther we must stop a moment over the word "mind." Formerly philosophers thought of mind as having to do exclusively with consciousness. It was that within man which perceived, remembered, thought, reasoned, understood, believed, and willed. But of late it has been discovered that we are unaware of a great part of what we perceive, remember, will, and infer, and that that part of our thinking of which we are aware is largely determined by that of which we are not. It has been demonstrated indeed that our unconscious psychic life far outruns the conscious.

There seems to me, however, to be no special mystery about the "unconscious," of which so much is said nowadays, and quite properly. It is made up of all the forgotten thoughts, experiences, and impressions of the past, which continue to influence our reflections and conduct, even if we cannot recall them. What we can remember is indeed only an infinitesimal part of what has happened to us. Moreover, we tend to become unaware of the things to which we are thoroughly accustomed, for habit blinds us to their presence. So the forgotten and the habitual make up a great part of the "unconscious." Then there are all sorts of bodily impulses and hidden desires and the constant alterations of the body of which we cannot take account, but which influence our conscious thought without our knowing it.

The mind is indeed so intimately associated with the body that we realize today that the one can never be understood without the other. The older philosophers thought that they could study mind as mind, and Kant entitled his famous work *A Critique of Pure Reason*. But to the modern psychologist pure reason seems as mythical as the pure gold, transparent as glass, with which the celestial city is paved. We have had to give up the old sharp distinction between mind and body. We now know that every thought reverberates through the body, and, on the other hand, that

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alterations in our physical condition affect our whole attitude of mind. The insufficient elimination of the foul and decaying products of the body may plunge us into melancholy, and a few whiffs of nitrous monoxid or ether may exalt us to the seventh heaven of supernal knowledge. On the other hand, a sudden word or thought may cause our heart to jump, check our breathing, or make our knees as water. A school of psychologists has developed of late—the so-called behaviorists—who concentrate their attention on our acts rather than our thoughts as the surest index of our character and nature. Physiologists are busy trying to establish the relation between our conduct and the various chemical products of the body. Both of these groups of investigators seem to make conscious mind a matter of secondary importance. The Freudians and analytical psychologists, in general, view it as an almost helpless victim on the sea of the unconscious which billows beneath it.

If we are ever to understand man, his conduct and reasoning, and if we aspire to learn to guide his life and his relations with his fellows more happily than heretofore, we cannot neglect the great discoveries briefly noted above. We must reconcile ourselves to novel and revolutionary conceptions of the mind, for it is clear that the older philosophers, whose works still determine our current views, had a very superficial notion of the subject with which they dealt. But for our purposes, with due regard to what has just been said and to much that has necessarily been left unsaid (and with the indulgence of those who will at first be inclined to dissent), we shall consider mind chiefly as conscious knowledge and intelligence, as what we know and our attitude toward it—our disposition to increase our information, classify it, criticize it, and apply it.

There are four historical layers underlying the minds of civilized men—the animal mind, the child mind, the savage mind, and the traditional civilized mind. We are all animals and never can cease to be; we were all children at our most impressionable age and can never get over that; our human ancestors have lived in savagery during practically the whole existence of the race, say five hundred thousand or a million years, and the primitive human mind is ever with us; finally, we are all born into an elaborate civilization, the constant pressure of which we can by no means escape. Each of these underlying minds has its special sciences and appropriate literatures. The new discipline of animal or comparative psychology deals with the first; genetic and analytical psychology with the second;[1] anthropology, ethnology, and comparative religion with the third; and the history of philosophy, science, theology, and literature with the fourth.

We may grow beyond these underlying minds and in the light of new knowledge we may criticize their findings and even flatter ourselves that we have successfully transcended them. But if we are fair with ourselves we shall find that their hold on us is really inexorable. We can only transcend them artificially and precariously and in certain highly favorable conditions. Depression, anger, fear, or ordinary irritation will speedily prove the insecurity of any structure that we manage to rear on our fourfold foundation. Such fundamental and vital preoccupations as religion, love, war, and the chase stir impulses that lie far back in human history and which effectually repudiate the cavilings of ratiocination.

In all our reveries and speculations,

[1] It is impossible to discuss here the results which a really honest study of child psychology promises. The relations of the child to his parents and elders in general and to the highly artificial system of censorship and restraints which they impose in their own interests on his natural impulses must surely have a permanent influence on the notions he continues to have as an adult in regard to his "superiors" and the institutions and *mores* under which he is called to live. Attempts in later life to gain intellectual freedom can only be successful if one comes to think of the childish origin of a great part of his "real" reasons.

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even the most exacting, sophisticated, and disillusioned, we have three unsympathetic companions sticking closer than a brother and looking on with jealous impatience—a chimpanzee, a playful or peevish baby, and a savage. We may at any moment find ourselves overtaken with a warm sense of camaraderie for any or all of these ancient pals of ours, and find infinite relief in once more disporting ourselves with them as of yore. Some of us have in addition a Greek philosopher or man of letters in us; some a neoplatonic mystic, some a mediæval monk, all of whom have learned to make terms with their older playfellows.

It is the purpose of the succeeding articles to retrace in a general way the manner in which the mind as we now find it in so-called intelligent people has been accumulated. But before concluding this introductory paper we may take time to try to see what civilization is and why man alone can become civilized. For the mind has expanded *pari passu* with civilization, and without civilization there would, I venture to conjecture, have been no human mind in the commonly accepted sense of that term.

It is now generally conceded by all who have studied the varied evidence and have freed themselves from ancient prejudice that, if we traced back our human lineage far enough, we should come to a point where our human ancestors had no civilization and lived a speechless, naked, houseless, fireless, and toolless life, similar to that of the existing primates with which we are zoölogically closely connected. This is one of the most fully substantiated of historical facts and one which we can never neglect in our attempts to explain man as he now is. We are all descended from the lower animals. We are furthermore still animals with not only an animal body, but with an animal mind. And this animal body and animal mind are the original foundations on which even the most subtle and refined intellectual life must perforce rest.

We are ready to classify certain of our most essential desires as brutish—hunger and thirst, the urgence of sleep, and especially sexual longing. We know of blind animal rage, of striking, biting, scratching, howling, and snarling, of irrational fears and ignominious flight. We share our senses with the higher animals, have eyes and ears, noses and tongues much like theirs; hearts, lungs, and other viscera, and four limbs. They have brains which stand them in good stead, although their heads are not so good as ours. But when one speaks of the animal mind he thinks of still other resemblances between the brute and man.

All animals learn—even the most humble among them may gain something from experience. All the higher animals exhibit curiosity under certain circumstances, and it is this tendency which underlies all human science. For, as Veblen says, science is idle curiosity; he means by this an aroused interest which seeks gratification as its own reward. Moreover, some of the higher animals, especially the apes and monkeys, are much given to fumbling and groping. They are restless, easily bored, and spontaneously experimental. They therefore make discoveries quite unconsciously, and form new and sometimes profitable mental associations. If, by mere fumbling, a monkey, cat, or dog happens on a way to secure food, this remunerative line of conduct becomes readily associated with the desire for food. This is what Thorndike has named learning by "trial and error." It might just as well be called "fumbling and success," for it is the success that establishes the association. The innate curiosity which man shares with his uncivilized zoölogical relatives is the native impulse that leads to scientific and philosophical speculation, and the original fumbling of a restless chimpanzee has become the ordered experimental investigation of modern times. A creature which lacked curiosity and had no tendency to fumble could never have developed civilization and human intelligence.

But why did man alone of all the

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animals become civilized? The reason is not far to seek, although it has escaped most writers on the subject. All animals gain a certain wisdom with age and experience, but the experience of one ape does not profit another. Learning among animals below man is individual, not co-operative and cumulative. One dog does not seem to learn from another; nor one ape from another, in spite of the traditional misapprehension in this regard. Many experiments have been patiently tried in recent years and it seems to be pretty well established that the monkey learns by monkeying, but that he rarely or never appears to ape. He does not learn by imitation, because he does not imitate. There may be minor exceptions, but the fact that apes never, in spite of a bodily equipment nearly human, become in the least degree civilized, would seem to show that the accumulation of knowledge or dexterity through imitation is impossible for them.

Man has the various sense organs of the apes and their extraordinary power of manipulation. To these essentials he adds a brain sufficiently more elaborate than that of the chimpanzee to enable him to do something that the ape cannot do—namely, see things clearly enough to form associations through imitation. We can imagine the manner in which man unwittingly took one of his momentous and unprecedented first steps in civilization. Some restless primeval savage might find himself scraping the bark off a stick with the edge of a stone or shell and finally cutting into the wood and bringing the thing to a point. He might then spy an animal and, quite without reasoning, impulsively make a thrust with the stick and discover that it pierced the creature. If he could hold these various elements in the situation, sharpening the stick and using it, he would have made an invention—a rude spear. A particularly acute bystander might see the point and imitate the process. If others did so and the habit was established in the tribe so that it became traditional and was transmitted to following generations, the process of civilization would have begun—also the process of learning, which is noticing distinctions and analyzing situations. This simple process would involve the "concepts," as the philosophers say, of a tool and bark and a point and an artificial weapon. But ages and ages were to elapse before the botanist would distinguish the various layers which constitute the bark, or successive experimenters come upon the idea of a bayonet to take the place of the spear.

We have no means of knowing when or where the first contribution to civilization was made and with it a start on the arduous building of the mind. There is some reason to think that the men who first transcended the animal mind were of inferior mental capacity to our own, but even if man, emerging from his animal estate, had had on the average quite as good a brain as those with which we are now familiar, I suspect that the extraordinarily slow and hazardous process of accumulating modern civilization would not have been greatly shortened. Mankind is lethargic, easily pledged to routine, timid, suspicious of innovation. That is his nature. He is only artificially, partially, and very recently, "progressive." He has spent almost his whole existence as a savage hunter and in that state of ignorance he illustrated on a magnificent scale all the inherent weaknesses of the human mind.

How some of the ideas and mental attitudes of our savage ancestors have persisted to the present day will be suggested in the next article, and then an attempt will be made briefly to explain the way in which certain Greek thinkers managed to escape, for the first time so far as we know, from some of the naïve presuppositions of savagery and barbarism, and how their discoveries and new methods of thought as well as their errors and mistaken points of view were added to our intellectual heritage.

(*To be continued.*)

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A MORALITY PLAY FOR THE LEISURE CLASS

BY JOHN LLOYD BALDERSTON

Scene One

FROM a dark mist a voice is heard in plaintive soliloquy.

Voice.—This can't be Hell; they've put me in a nice, soft chair. I don't believe in Purgatory. (*Doubtfully.*) But a fog like this in Heaven. . . . I wish it would clear up. Is anybody there?

[*The mist dissipates as a shining* Presence, *wearing white robes, with the wings of the Victory in the Louvre and the head of the Hermes at Olympia, appears before a morris chair that stands in the middle of a large, but otherwise bare, drawing-room. The* Soul *is sitting in the chair. His form is that of a young man, with well-cut, brown business suit, a straw hat on his knees.*

Soul (*exclaims in relief*). — Thank goodness you're here! (*Rises deferentially.*) I was afraid they'd sent me to the wrong address. Are you an Archangel—er—your Highness?

Presence.—Oh no, sir. Merely your servant, sir. I am to carry out your commands forever. (Soul *sits down.*) I have anticipated one wish, sir.

Soul.—What's that?

Presence.—Eternal youth! I've taken thirty years from your back.

Soul.—I'm twenty-eight again?

Presence.—Forever, sir.

Soul.—That's fine. And you—you are to take orders from me?

Presence.—Not only take them, sir. Execute them.

Soul.—I see. You're part of my reward. Do you mind if I call you Clarkson? My old butler, you know. I'd feel more at home. (*The* Presence *bows.*) Queer place. Not what I expected. What about the haloes and the harps?

Presence.—They often ask about them at first, sir, before they quite understand.

[*Steps forward, makes a circle above the* Soul's *head. A ring of gold now shimmers there, and a harp appears beside the morris chair. The* Soul *looks at the harp, then uncomfortably upward at the halo.*

Soul.—But I don't know how to play this thing. I suppose I've got to learn?

Presence.—Not at all, sir. You've got to do nothing here, sir, excepting whatever you please.

[*The harp vanishes.*

Soul.—That's great! Is this my mansion? Seems a bit bare, Clarkson.

Presence. — Whatever furnishings, pictures, hangings, you desire shall be installed at once.

Soul.—I can have whatever I like? (*The* Presence *assents.*) Regardless of expense?

Presence.—In this, as in all things, you speak and I obey.

Soul (*excitedly*).—I can have everything I want? Absolutely everything?

Presence.—Subject only, sir, to restrictions imposed by the nature of this place.

Soul.—What are they?

Presence.—You must wish for nothing unpleasant or painful for yourself or others. Pain, suffering, struggle cannot exist on our plane.

Soul.—Just as advertised!

Presence.—About your furnishings, sir?

Soul.—Well, I like the French style. I'll take the best you can give me—Louis Quinze furniture, some pictures and statues—same period, of course—and the right tapestries and what not.

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PRESENCE (*bowing*).—We'll do the dining-room afterward, and the rest of the house while you lunch, sir.

SOUL (*jumps up*).—Lunch! That's talking. I'm hungry as the devil.

PRESENCE (*after slight shudder*).—Of course, sir, after your long journey. What will you have, sir?

SOUL.—Leave it to you. Something filling. Can I smoke up here?

PRESENCE.—Certainly, sir.

SOUL (*brightens; then, gloomily*).—That's something. But of course the place is dry.

PRESENCE.—Will you try some Veuve Clicquot, 1906? And before that a Clos de Vougeot? And a Chartreuse with your coffee, sir?

SOUL (*joyfully*).—Well, I'm damned!

PRESENCE (*in tones of respectful re proof*).—Those expletives, sir—in this place, sir—

SOUL.—I beg your pardon. I should say, I'm blessed.

PRESENCE.—Luncheon is served, sir.

[*They move toward the door, the* SOUL *looking up warily at the halo, which follows him.*

SOUL. — Clarkson, take this thing away, will you?

[*Halo vanishes.*

[CURTAIN]

SCENE TWO

[*The* SOUL *and the* PRESENCE *pause on entering the doorway of the same room, now transfigured as foreshadowed in the previous conversation.*

SOUL.—Best lunch I ever ate. Great stuff, that ambrosia, or was it manna? Hello! No time wasted here.

[*Looks about.*

PRESENCE.—Ceiling by Fragonard. Pictures on that wall, Watteaus. A Boucher, there behind you. Tapestries Gobelin. That commode is Boulle work, designs by Berain. The desk in the corner was made for Louis Quinze. The terra-cotta group is by Cloudion.

SOUL (*sinks replete on couch*).—This is what I call life!

PRESENCE.—Eternity, sir.

SOUL.—Are these things originals?

PRESENCE.—Oh yes, sir. Watteau's "Embarquement" there and the "Bureau du Roi" are in the Louvre.

SOUL.—Then how can these be genuine?

PRESENCE.—We keep the archetypes of works of art. The artist on earth only copies archetypes that we, and our friends in the Other Place, possess.

SOUL.—There is art in Hell, then, too?

PRESENCE.—Both places of abode possess archetypes, but the bulk of them are here. We have all the sacred art.

SOUL.—I don't quite make you out, but if you say these things are originals it's all right. How much is the stuff in this room worth?

PRESENCE.—There is nothing to buy here, sir, since you have only to ask to receive. So we can't speak of things here in terms of money.

SOUL (*disappointed*).—Of course that would be true. Then all these masterpieces aren't worth a dollar? Anybody can have things just as good?

PRESENCE.—Yes, sir. But if you'd like money I can bring you any number of millions, in gold or notes as you prefer.

SOUL.—What good is it, if it won't buy anything?

PRESENCE.—Oh, none, sir, but still some gentlemen when they first come like to finger it, so we give it to them as we give jewels to a lady.

SOUL.—But every other woman can have stones just as fine?

PRESENCE.—Yes, sir, and she soon gets tired of queens' necklaces.

SOUL (*turning it over*).—Yes, I can see she would. . . . Do you have movies and theaters?

PRESENCE.—The archetypes of all plays, films, and music are here; performances take place whenever you wish; you select the programs yourself.

SOUL (*pleased*).—It's better than was promised. I've always been too tired in the evenings to enjoy a show. I'll make up for it here.

PRESENCE.—You'll have plenty of

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time to do that, sir. And now, your costume? French of the period, sir?

SOUL.—What's the matter with these?

PRESENCE. — To match the background, sir.

SOUL (*firmly*).—Nonsense, Clarkson. People don't dress to match their furniture.

PRESENCE.—As you wish, sir.

SOUL.—Look here; I suppose I can see my friends?

PRESENCE.—Any that are here, sir. Some are in the Other Place.

SOUL (*complacently*). — Yes, poor devils. Why couldn't they lead decent, reasonably decent, lives?

PRESENCE.—I ought to warn you, sir, before you see any one, that we don't discuss the Other Place here. We never mention it at all.

SOUL.—Very considerate of you. Shows fine feeling, I'm sure. I'll remember. (*With hesitation.*) My wife is here, of course?

PRESENCE.—Shall I take you to her, sir?

SOUL (*downcast*).—I suppose I have to go?

PRESENCE.—That's as you please.

SOUL.—But I want to do the right thing.

PRESENCE.—You are still confused by earthly scruples, sir. There is no right or wrong; you have no duties, no restrictions; in this existence you are beyond good and evil. Besides, sir, I don't think your wife will be anxious to see *you*, unless she knows that you don't want to see *her*.

SOUL (*confidentially*).—We didn't get along very well, Clarkson.

PRESENCE.—Quite so, sir.

SOUL (*hesitating*). — "Beyond good and evil," you said? I always thought you must be very moral here

PRESENCE.—Morality is for man on earth. Elsewhere the concept does not exist.

SOUL.—Indeed. (*Pause.*) "They neither marry, nor are given in marriage." So I suppose there's no such thing as bigamy?

PRESENCE.—You need have no fears, sir. I understand, sir.

SOUL (*shocked*). — Come, Clarkson. I'm a good Christian. Nothing like that.

PRESENCE.—Just as you wish, sir. What do you wish to do now, sir?

SOUL.—See the sights, Clarkson. I've not been outside my mansion yet, you know. I want to look over your town, or country, or whatever it is.

PRESENCE.—It is the archetype of cities, sir.

SOUL.—The New Jerusalem?

PRESENCE.—You shall see the great palaces of the thrones, powers, principalities, the temples of jasper and emerald, the streets of gold and the gates of pearl.

SOUL (*awed*).—I thought they were figures of speech.

PRESENCE.—Oh no, not here, sir.

SOUL (*eagerly*).—Come along and show me! (*As they move toward the door.*) And, Clarkson, since you've got all those archetypes, and no labor troubles, you might clear out all this French junk. Let's have some Italian old masters, and fittings to match. Only double-star goods, mind you.

PRESENCE.—Which school do you prefer, sir?

SOUL.—I don't know one school from the other. Get me the best, from all schools.

PRESENCE.—As you would say on earth, sir, the most expensive?

SOUL.—That's it. Market price sets the value. (*Puzzled.*) But all the stuff up here has no price. That's what beats me.

PRESENCE.—Beyond price, sir.

[*Holds door open.*

SOUL (*drawing long breath*).—What you are going to show me will bowl me over—eh, Clarkson?

PRESENCE (*as they go out*).—All our guests are very much impressed, sir—for the first few days.

[CURTAIN]

SCENE THREE

[*Some time has elapsed. The furniture now is Italian, the room hung with*

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sixteenth-century masterpieces familiar to everybody, while beneath the Leonardos, Raphaels, Correggios, and Titians stands a marble group by Michelangelo and two Donatello bronzes. The ceiling is the one done for the Sistine Chapel, but its colors are fresh as painted, and there are no cracks. The SOUL *is reclining on a heavily gilded Venetian couch, his feet cocked upon two crouching Cupids at its feet. He wearily throws a copy of a popular magazine on the floor.*

SOUL.—Clarkson, I wish you were here.

[*The* PRESENCE *reappears as before.*

PRESENCE.—You wished for me, sir?

SOUL (*sighing*).—Clarkson, I dare say what you do for me is no more than I deserve, or you wouldn't do it.

PRESENCE.—Quite true, sir.

SOUL.—But, all the same, I appreciate it.

PRESENCE.—Thank you, sir.

[*Pause.*

SOUL.—Eternity must be a long time.

PRESENCE.—I have found it so, sir.

[*Another pause.*

SOUL.—These ladies I meet are getting on my nerves, Clarkson. Too stunning, too clever, too charming, too obliging. What are their names, again?

PRESENCE.—Helen, Cleopatra, Theodora, Lady Hamilton.

SOUL.—Well, this evening I want to meet some ordinary women. This everlasting perfection palls, Clarkson. It palls.

PRESENCE.—Very good, sir.

SOUL.—I'm tired of the shows and the movies. The plots are all alike. Why don't some of you supernatural people give us something new?

PRESENCE.—We're not allowed to do that, sir. The only archetypes available for exhibition are those of earthly productions.

SOUL.—And I've had enough sightseeing. (*Yawns.*) It's all too infernally beautiful. What I'd really like is some work.

PRESENCE.—What kind shall I provide?

SOUL.—How can I work here? What is work?

PRESENCE.—In this case, something to amuse you, sir.

SOUL (*rising and emphasizing his points by platform gesticulations*).—Then it isn't work. Work is trying to do or reach or get something you want. I used to work for money. But whether it's money, a woman, a bird, or a mountain-top you're after, you must want what you work for. Now when I want anything here I get it at once. Therefore I can't work for it. Nothing to work for, no work. So I must loaf, through eternity.

PRESENCE.—Oh, very well reasoned, sir. That's how the philosophers talk, for the first ten years or so after they come.

SOUL (*sitting down*).—What do they do after that?

PRESENCE.—What the rest do, sir. Exist.

SOUL.—Do people in—in the Other Place have too hot a time to be bored?

PRESENCE.—I don't know, sir. I've not been there since the souls began to arrive.

SOUL (*surprised*).—You *have* been there, then?

PRESENCE.—Not for forty thousand years, sir. And then I left in a hurry.

SOUL.—I've been thinking a lot about the Other Place, Clarkson, since I met my wife.

PRESENCE.—Indeed, sir? Your meeting was pleasant?

SOUL (*mournfully*).—You very well know it had to be. After it was over, she admitted she was glad to see *me*, for the same reason that made me look *her* up. Said she hoped when she saw me I'd make her angry and perfectly miserable.

PRESENCE.—Impossible, sir. We have no such emotions.

SOUL.—So I've found out. That's where this getting whatever I want breaks down. When I wish anything unpleasant to happen to me, just for variety or contrast, it doesn't.

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PRESENCE.—The nature of the place, sir. There can be nothing unpleasant here. Sometimes it seems to me you hardly realize where you are.

SOUL.—What makes you think so?

PRESENCE.—Just your attitude, sir. You seem aggrieved, yet surely things here are much more tolerable than you were led on earth to expect.

SOUL.—It's better than the orthodox expectation, yes.

PRESENCE.—And you were confused when you first came, you know.

SOUL.—Oh, you mean that fog. It had me going for a minute. But when I saw you I knew at once. (*Sighing.*) No use my getting rid of this museum, I suppose? There's nothing better, is there?

PRESENCE,—You might try the Greek style, sir. (*Glances at popular magazine.*) Tired of literature already, sir? Too bad you didn't take to the classics on earth.

SOUL.—Why?

PRESENCE.—We had a Greek professor who cried for joy when he got a roll of Sappho's poems that had been lost in your world for centuries. Then we gave him forty or fifty plays, histories, and what-not, missing since the Dark Ages, and the stuff kept him perfectly happy for twenty years.

SOUL.—What did he do after that?

PRESENCE.—Went on existing, sir. About the Greeks, sir—shall I furnish your house with hangings, paintings, vases of the best period, with famous paintings and statues destroyed by the barbarians? We have their archetypes. We'll take the Florence David out of your entrance-hall and put the Zeus of Phidias from Olympia there.

SOUL (*stifling a yawn*).—All right, go ahead. (*Sits up with animation.*) There's one thing left that really would pick me up.

PRESENCE.—Only one, sir, already?

SOUL.—I'd like to see the world again. I couldn't go back, just for a visit?

PRESENCE.—The one thing you can't do here, sir, is leave. But these will serve just as well. (*Produces from under robe a pair of binoculars.*) With these you can see the world. (SOUL *makes gesture of impatience.*) They are very remarkable glasses, sir, especially designed to gratify the strongest human passion.

SOUL.—And what is that?

PRESENCE.—Curiosity. You can pick out the star Earth, then look at a continent, then focus down to a city, then to a house, and then see right through the walls and into every room. Many arrivals here are amused for years with these, sir.

SOUL (*pleased*).—Give them here. I knew a lot of people down there whose private lives I'd like to probe, as my paper used to say.

[*They go out.*

[CURTAIN]

SCENE FOUR

[*More time has passed. The room is now a Greek hall; on the walls two frescoes correspond to description by ancient writers of the works of Polygnotus in the Poikile, and a painting opposite appears to be the Aphrodite Anadyomene of Apelles. Several statues in marble and bronze, it is clear from debased copies in European galleries, must be the originals of the Cnidian Aphrodite by Praxiteles, Myron's heifer from the Agora, and perished examples of Lysippus and Scopas. The* SOUL *is walking impatiently back and forth on the marble pavement.*

SOUL.—Clarkson, I want you. (*The* PRESENCE *enters, looking more at home against the classic background.*) Clarkson, I'm bored. Bored to extinction.

PRESENCE.—Not extinction, sir. Not here.

SOUL.—I'm sick to death of this eternal life.

PRESENCE.—That paradox has escaped you before, sir.

SOUL (*accusingly*). — I've always worked at something. By giving me whatever I want you prevent me from working for it—

PRESENCE (*interrupting*).—You made

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that clear before, sir. It can't be helped.

SOUL.—Well, what am I to do? I'm tired of everything!

PRESENCE.—Of watching the world, sir, so soon?

SOUL (*explosively*).—Those cursed binoculars! Clarkson, I never thought myself a saint, down there. But what I've seen since you gave me those glasses! Things seem all right when you look at a crowd in the street, at the outside of things. But when you see inside! (*Gesture of disgust.*) Well, why don't you suggest something? Is this my reward, to be bored to the end of time?

PRESENCE. — Strictly speaking, sir, there is no end to time. The phrase we use here is "from everlasting to everlasting."

SOUL.—Everlasting fiddlesticks! I want you to tell me what to do.

PRESENCE.—Are you tired of reading, sir?

SOUL.—How can I read the nonsense people down there think about life? I know the truth about it now.

PRESENCE.—You seemed so pleased to meet your friends, sir.

SOUL.—What is there left to talk about? I heard on earth most of what they had to say. I've heard it all now a dozen times. What is there left? What are you standing there for like one of these frozen heathen statues? Suggest something!

PRESENCE. — Please don't be angry with me, sir. I carry out my orders, sir; my orders are to do the very best for you I can. I'm in the same boat myself, sir.

SOUL (*surprised*).—Then you're bored here, too?

PRESENCE.—Infinitely, sir.

SOUL.—Shake. (*They do so.*) You don't show it.

PRESENCE.—I believe I did, sir, for my first few thousand years.

SOUL.—Good God!

PRESENCE (*shocked*).—You mustn't say that here!

SOUL.—There must be something left for me to do!

PRESENCE. — Why not have your house done over, sir?

SOUL (*wearily*).—Again? What else is there?

PRESENCE.—The future.

SOUL.—We'll deal with that when we come to it.

PRESENCE.—Why not now, sir?

SOUL.—I'll bite. What's the answer?

PRESENCE.—We have the archetypes not only of art existing and extinct, but of the art that will be. In about three hundred years another great period is coming at Bokhara, the world metropolis of that time. "The Asian Naissance." Let me do you up in that.

SOUL (*angrily*).—I'm sick of your periods and your art. I care no more for your future than your past. What good is any of it? No standard of value, no comparison. My stuff no better than any moth-eaten fellow has in the next street. What's it all *worth?* (*Contemptuously.*) A wish!

PRESENCE (*looking at his master's brown suit, now very shabby, and at his battered and spotted straw hat*).—You yourself, sir, might experiment to find more appropriate clothes. We offer an infinity of costumes to harmonize with an infinity of backgrounds. They often amuse our lady visitors for several years; you might be diverted for a time, sir.

SOUL (*more angrily*).—How often have I told you that I won't wear wings or nightgowns? That suit and this hat are all I have to remind me of life, where I sweated and was kicked about and was happy even if I didn't know it, not having your fiendish spy-glasses and going about the world as innocent as I thought down there the girls in finishing-schools were. And what's more, when these wear out, you've got to replace them!

PRESENCE (*resignedly*).—Very good, sir.

SOUL.—Why, I was wearing this suit when that fellow's motor ran over me. And you ask me to give it up! My last real experience! My last thrill! (*With rapture.*) You can't imagine what agony

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I felt from my crushed thigh, before I fainted. My last pain!

PRESENCE (*turns away, discouraged, to go*).—I don't know what to propose, sir. But when there is anything you want—

SOUL (*excitedly*).—There is! Pain, that's it. I want to suffer!

PRESENCE.—I'm afraid you can't do that here, sir.

SOUL.—I'm sick of heaven!

PRESENCE (*puzzled*).—Sick of heaven, sir?

SOUL (*shouts*).—I want to want things I can't have!

PRESENCE (*patiently*).—A contradiction in terms, sir.

SOUL (*more loudly*).—I can't stand this everlasting bliss!

PRESENCE (*mildly*).—We all have to stand it, sir.

SOUL (*howls*).—Whatever the devils do to me can't be so bad as this! (*Screams.*) I want to go to Hell!

PRESENCE (*steps back and looks at him in astonishment*).—And wherever do you think you *are*, sir?

[*The* SOUL *stares in horror as the truth breaks upon him. The Demon, first to recover from their common surprise, respectfully and sympathetically shrugs his wings.*

[CURTAIN]

THE CONVALESCENT

BY S. H. KEMPER

THEY brought him books he used to read,
His boyhood's best-loved book.
He, scarcely smiling, turned on these
A dull and listless look.

Heroes, great deeds and glorious
To his stunned soul would seem
In shock of thunderous memories
A faint, fantastic dream.

Yet, the old book's worn pages turned,
Straight he beheld once more
Upon the plain of Marathon
The Great King's armies pour.

And saw again as in old times,
Along the mountain's flanks,
The warriors of Miltiades
Array their flashing ranks.

He stood with these, no more apart,
Shoulder to shoulder set.
He joined their pæan and the shout
To Mars. His eyes were wet.

In the stern visor-shade their eyes,
Brave, level, and intent,
Looked sensibly at him and said:
"Now you know what we meant!"

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AMERICA GOES BACK TO WORK

V.—ALONG THE WESTERN RIM

BY EDWARD HUNGERFORD

"CALIFORNIA," declares one of the most distinguished of her native sons, "is the garden of the United States, and the Sierras form the high garden wall. East of that wall is the desert. The garden itself is the reward for the man who perseveres in his way across the hot and dreary sands."

We enter the garden ourselves through the south gate in the wall—very close to the international boundary. Throughout the night our train has been bearing us west from Tucson; at some time before dawn we were shunted off and away from the main line of the well-known Southern Pacific. We have flirted with that international line, have crossed it and recrossed it. When we roll up our berth curtain we find that we are in El Centro, a small, brisk city in a truck garden which yesterday was desert and which to-day, thanks to the godlike boon of water, blossoms like the traditional rose.

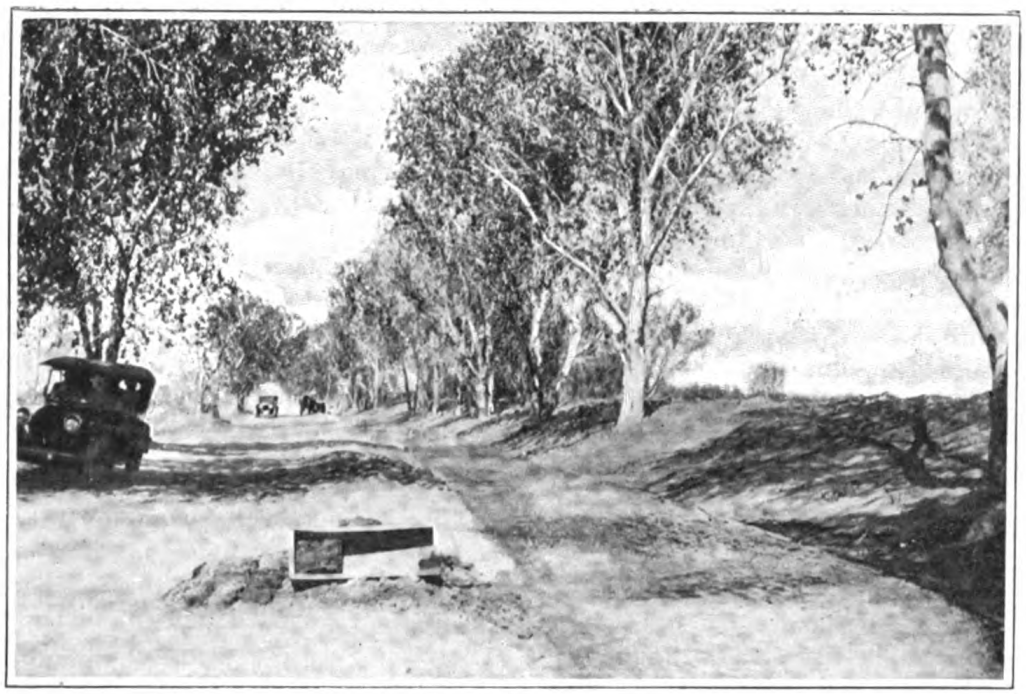
El Centro, as its name may indicate, is the very heart of the Imperial Valley, from which come the wonderful melons and small fruits that gladden the eye and tempt the purse of the housewives in our Northern and Eastern markets. When I was there, at the end of last April, it was said that the present year's crop might easily reach the astounding figure of 12,000 box-car loads; last season's crop topped 8,000 carloads. The immediate problem was whence the necessary cars would be forthcoming. The "outlaw strike" of the railroad switchmen, before it had been in existence a full fortnight, had so crippled the already badly overtaxed equipment facilities of the roads that shrewd railroaders in Kansas City, Omaha, Chicago, and other great traffic centers did not hesitate to say that it would be September or October before transportation conditions were anything like normal again and freight again moving in normal flow. These facts, when applied to the California truck-garden situation, meant that the Imperial Valley would be indeed fortunate if it succeeded in getting half of the 12,000 refrigerator cars it was demanding for the movement of its melon crop alone, while the planters must seek to make the best of the matter.

It seems that they are rather accustomed to that sort of thing in these days. If the railroad facilities are normal, labor is short. While if both measure up to the necessities of the season there is sure to be a succession of rainstorms. For, while the Imperial Valley loves water—and indeed would quickly dry and return to desert without it—it wants the water in its own way, and never from above. Rainstorms wash down and spoil its extraordinary crops. Water from the Colorado River through the irrigation canal is quite another matter. It is that which causes the desert to blossom, which makes flowers grow, as well as cantaloupes and honey-dews, and long avenues of trees to raise themselves.

"Trees," says the valley ranchman who glances over my shoulder as these paragraphs are being written, "don't put in anything about trees. We don't want trees in this valley. They suck in the moisture that the crops should have."

This is commercialism raised to the *n*th degree. Yet the valley is frankly commercial, and more than passing proud of it. El Centro boasts of its bank clearings, its growing importance

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A HIGHWAY IN IMPERIAL VALLEY

One side of the road is being flushed with water to harden the sandy foundation

as a railroad center, its fine new hotel. Its thoughts are couched in terms of dollars. Sixty million dollars' worth of fruit from the Imperial Valley's 500,000 irrigated acres is the average season's crop, that selfsame soil selling at anywhere from $200 to $500 an acre. Money counts; in a brand-new land at least. But other things also count, at certain times. The inhabitants of the valley are already beginning to discover that. I have just hinted at the perplexities of transportation; the question of water is apt to be an equally difficult problem, for apparently it is not enough that you buy your water-rights when you buy your acres. To maintain them seems to call for an eternal vigilance—in the Imperial Valley at any rate.

Its water comes from the Colorado River, some sixty or eighty miles to the east. It comes by a great canal which in order to maintain the flow by gravity —the Imperial Valley is from 50 to 150 feet below the level of the sea—makes a great dip below the border and into Mexico. This means that the Mexicans are entitled to use—and do use—a large amount of the canal water. More than 100,000 of the half million irrigated acres of the valley lie upon their side of the boundary.

All of this would be quite simple and definite and workable if it were not for the United States Reclamation Service and the state of Arizona. These long ago laid out another irrigation project, on the east bank of the Colorado and in the very southwestern tip of Arizona. It is fed by the canal from the great dam at Laguna, just above Yuma, and is known more or less officially as the Yuma District—some 50,000 irrigated acres all told, which is expected to be increased to at least 90,000 acres under cultivation. When this project was first laid out it was estimated that it would entail a water-rights' cost of about $30 an acre (the Imperial Valley's rights which were established by a private corporation cost from $8.25 an acre up to $25). But the work at Laguna and elsewhere has proved far more expensive than was first anticipated; it already comes close

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to $60 an acre, which approaches an almost prohibitive figure.

The natural step, therefore, is to include the Imperial Valley in the reclamation project, and so to spread its cost over a far greater area, to which the valley farmers naturally take exception. They are quite content with their present situation. Their canal heading on the west bank of the Colorado, a full ten miles below Yuma, gives them all the water they need or want, with the possible exception of a few summer months, when they thrust a roughly constructed weir of mud and brush out into the river bed. Then the Arizonians across the stream begin to see red.

I am dwelling upon the details of this Imperial Valley situation partly because to an Easterner the very idea of water-rights seems most unusual and astonishing; we are so accustomed to regard water like the air we breathe as a common thing without monetary value whatsoever, and partly because it is so illustrative of one of the inherent weaknesses of our federal system of government. I should like you to see that valley as I saw it in the last days of April.—the ground rich almost beyond imagination, acres green with vegetation of an infinite variety of foodstuffs, the small ranch-houses almost begrudging the very ground upon which they stand and solemnly dedicating even their front yards to growing things—then to move farther east into the basin of the Colorado and there see that mighty river so close to its outlet; Yuma, dry and dusty and forlorn, the Chocolate Mountains rising in the distance and forever veiling with faint hazes the sharpness of their outlines—to see and to understand. I should like you to realize that but two decades ago these green acres were desert, like that which stretches roundabout Yuma in every direction, and that to them once again came the river, not in a canal this time, but in a mad torrent which laughed at banks and weirs and gates and all the rest of man's pretty weaknesses, and threatened to enlarge the Salton Sea into a new ocean, at the cost of hundreds of thousands of American acres of vast agricultural potentialities. For more than a twelvemonth the Colorado forsook its traditional pathway into the Gulf of California and swept into the Salton Sea.

And then, as if to show plainly that man is not always as helpless as he appears to be, he stopped this mad excursion of the river. A man—one man, a very ill man, resting on a pallet in a railroad car—rebuilt the dike, against the force of the flood. In the extremity the President of the United States, Theodore Roosevelt, had finally appealed to the President of the Southern Pacific Railroad, E. H. Harriman. Harriman chose for the job one of his expert executives who is engineer as well—Colonel Epes Randolph, of Tucson. Randolph was very ill at the time, but he got aboard one of the road's official cars and went to the scene of the break, and then and there repaired it.

Carload after carload of broken stone and earth and trees went into the gap. Its closing was but a matter of hours. For more than twenty-four hours not a single regular train, freight or passenger, moved upon the main stem of the Southern Pacific. Tourists from the east sat on the station platforms at San Bernardino and Maricopa and Tucson and watched trainload after trainload of dirt and rock, drawn by every sort of motive power that the big system possessed, go rushing by at express-train speed and off to the dike and construction track which rested upon its face. Far out upon the siding of that track Colonel Randolph's car rested. From it the man in control watched and gave orders; and once, when a derailed steel gondola-car delayed the swift work—a critical space of ten or twelve minutes—Randolph inquired as to the delay.

"One of the big hoppers is off the track," they told him.

"Ditch it," said the executive; "it will make just as good ballast as any-

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thing else. Time is worth more to us to-day than railroad cars."

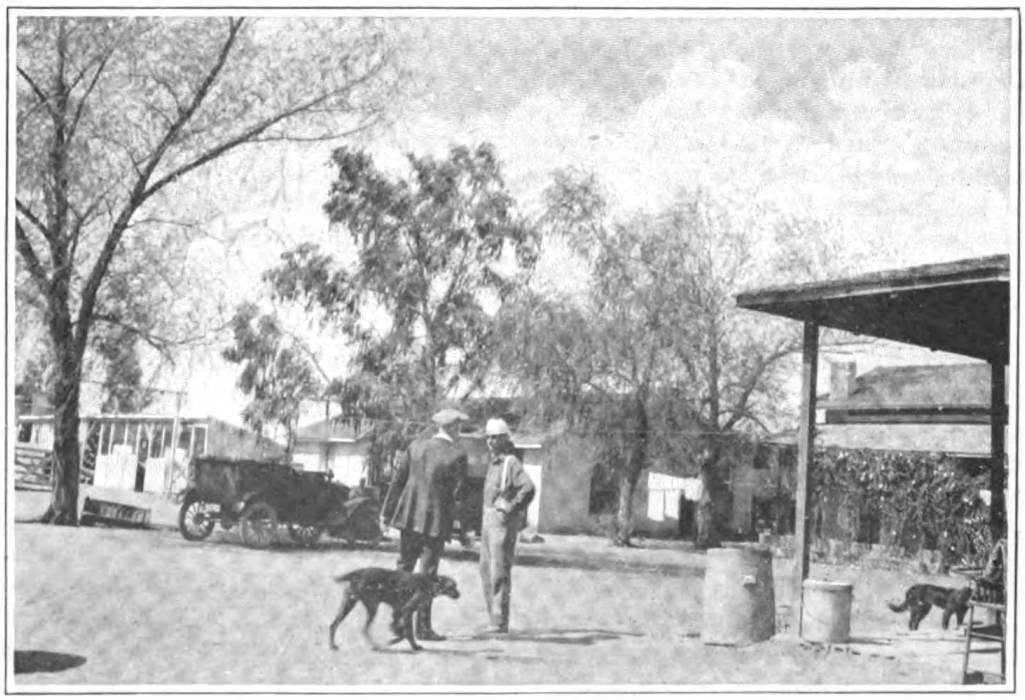
Into the fill went the heavy steel mechanism. It did its part in closing the dike, in sending the river back into its natural bed, in making possible the Imperial Valley, El Centro, Brawley, Calexico, all the rest of the raw new towns which have sprung up along the line of its railroad. The job was a thorough one; there is hardly a possibility that it will ever have to be done again. But it remains unpaid. Uncle Sam is a poor debtor; he is unwilling to pay promptly, and it is a matter of record that the Southern Pacific has never been paid for the great part which it played in the redemption. It is a bad debt, bad almost beyond the possibilities of expert bill-collectors.

To-day the Imperial Valley is confronted with a new water difficulty, of quite a different sort. The weir which it thrusts into the Colorado at the heading of its canal is causing difficulties. The Arizonians are gunning for it. It seems that the spring flood on the Colorado comes late each year, but on a rather exact schedule. The 24th of June is the day upon which it invariably arrives and then, say the Yumaites, the Imperial Valley's weir lifts the level of the flooded river and thrusts its waters, with their great components of silt and sand, over their acres.

"We will dynamite that weir," said a resident of Yuma to me, "and then shut the water off the lower river at the Laguna dam."

The Californian to whom I repeated that threat said this was not news to him.

"If they were to do that the Imperial Valley would organize and arm itself and march to the Colorado and blow the Laguna into smithereens." He lowered his voice, then laughed a bit. "As a matter of fact, we are going to do a much saner thing. We are going to do the sensible thing. Some day we are going up the Colorado above the Laguna and build our own heading—a dam if necessary, and a canal to connect them with the present one. Then we can snap our



A TYPICAL CALIFORNIA RANCH IN IMPERIAL VALLEY

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fingers at that small Yuma project and laugh at it, into the bargain.

"The cost? A mere trifle. Some three or four million dollars at the most, which is hardly to be compared with the $50,000,000 or $60,000,000 in products which we send out annually from this valley."

He was a typical Californian, that Valleyite, ready to snap his fingers and laugh in the face of impending disaster. So laughed San Francisco when it seemed as if all were lost there by the Golden Gate. So laughed the chief citizen of San Diego when they told him that the town was held tightly in the vise of a single railroad system—albeit a very broad-minded and progressive railroad—which thrust a branch line down to it from Los Angeles.

"We are not going to pay tribute forever to Los Angeles," said John D. Spreckels, "San Diego is going to have her own independent outlet to the East."

That was twenty years ago. Expert railroaders laughed at him. Vision is all right in its way, they argued; but why try to visualize new railroads when God placed a town in an *impasse* and a railroad had pre-empted the single practicable pathway which led into it from the outer world? What other way was there to build into San Diego except over the hills, and who would build a railroad over the hills? That was the question. Here is the answer. John D. Spreckels would—and John D. Spreckels did.

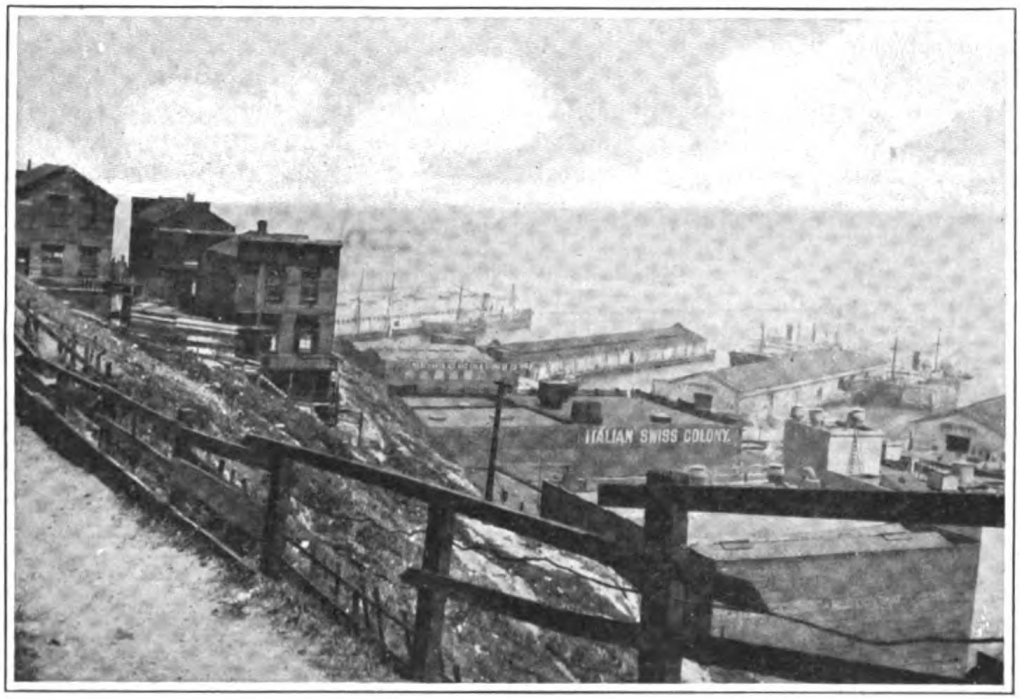
For long hard years he toiled, almost unaided. Then, just as it seemed as if he were about to attain the fruition of his toil, we were thrust into the Great War. Commercial enterprise of every sort was halted, north and south and east and west. But Spreckels did not halt; he went ahead cutting the tunnels of the San Diego & Arizona through the great hills and building the trestles and the fills to carry his rails between them. His was the only important railroad enterprise to be carried forward in the United States within the past half dozen years. On the first day of last December it was completed, and on the fourteenth day of that same month a through sleeping-car service from Chicago to San Diego was inaugurated over it.

This was the pathway I chose for my trip into the garden of America; a high-set trail it is, the train rising in three or four hours from 49 feet below sea level at El Centro to 3,600 feet above it at the end of the magnificent Carrizo Gorge. We are quite accustomed to the dramatic in our railroading in the United States. Yet for daring concept, for brilliancy in engineering, for real beauty in environment, I have not seen anything in our whole beloved land to exceed this, its newest steel trail —few, in fact, even to be compared with it.

For forty miles just before reaching San Diego this new line dips into Mexico, at one time being a full ten miles south of the international boundary. The traveler suddenly finds himself alive with interest as to the possibilities of this neighbor land of ours, this Baja California, filled with mystery. San Diego is a city of great enterprise and culture—a really predominant resort. Yet within thirty miles of its skyscrapers and "movie palaces" and giant hotels there is a land as little known as the Congo—in all probability even less known. Ask the average San Diegan for even a few details as to this Lower California country and he stares at you blankly. He can tell you all about the new Marine Base to be built in his town, or about the theosophists over on Point Loma, but of the land which lies ten miles beyond the race track and the gambling house at Tia Juana, nothing whatsoever.

Yet there is Lower California, and the few folk who actually have penetrated into it have assured me of its treasures—fine forests, great tracts of decaying *chuito* nuts rich in essential oils, rain-watered valleys. At Ensenada, where the governor of the province has his autumn home—in the winter he lives at

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TELEGRAPH HILL STANDS UNADORNED ABOVE THE SAN FRANCISCO HARBOR

Mexicali and in the summer at gayest Tia Juana—ranchers find an abundance of water within sixteen feet of the surface of the ground. Yet Ensenada is but one hundred and fifty miles from San Diego, hardly farther to the south than Los Angeles to the north.

If I were to attempt prophecy, I should say that San Diego's real future—in a commercial sense at least—hung pendant upon the future of Lower California. This, being freely translated, means the latter's possible annexation to the nation of the upper province. Ten years ago—even five, in fact—such a radical step would have seemed impossible. To-day it seems most possible. As these lines are being written—early in May—Mexico is apparently crumbling. Lower California is the least satisfactory of all her provinces, almost the most remote. Its ruler, Governor Cantu, has not been in Mexico City for many years. He has no desire to go there, for if he did it is extremely likely that he would not return. Acting apparently upon the Mohammed and the mountain theory, Carranza and one or two of his predecessors adopted the policy of sending a new governor to Lower California, with a polite little note requesting the immediate return of the old incumbent. The new governor is received courteously—always. Sometimes the town band of Mexicali meets him at the international boundary—the only rail route from Mexico City to its most westerly province lies through the United States—without fail, the police. The envoy is given a good dinner; the wine is most certain to be excellent. . . . When the dinner is over the envoy is without his papers, and, being without credentials, is neatly pushed across the boundary. Then the governor of Lower California announces his re-election

Cantu is shrewd. Cantu is progressive. A Spanish-Austrian, with strong Jewish characteristics, this young man—he is hardly forty years of age—is to-day apparently the only efficient ruler in all Mexico. His capital city, Mexicali, has more of the earmarks of a progressive American town than any other Mexican city—along the frontier, at any rate. He has established compulsory educa-

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tion, and has in mind other very definite ideas of progress.

"It is only a question of time," said one of the few San Diegans whom I found willing to confess to any knowledge of this little-known land to the south. "Mexico is too heavily involved to the United States to be able to escape the ceding of more of her territory to us. . . . Lower California will certainly be the first to come. You speak of Ensenada as if the reaching of that ancient town by American rails would be a transportation triumph; and I reply to you by saying that the advance of the railroad to Ensenada would be like the attempt to span the North American continent by merely building a railroad from New York to Philadelphia."

The San Diego gentleman then swept into unmodified praises of his town. Had I ever before seen such a location, such a climate—true it was that two of the three nights which I had spent there at Coronado Beach under promise of a full moon had been fully cloudy (or, in the well-selected phrasing of the Californian, "prevalent high fog"), for it is never, never cloudy out there upon our western rim; but what of that? In New York City it was twenty-five degrees cooler—and rainy. The *Los Angeles Times* took an unctuous joy in announcing that fact, right on the front page.

Poor San Diego! Having developed one of the loveliest expositions or "world's fairs" upon record, as well as one of the most successful—it ran, although not quite continuously, for more than twenty-seven months—she has discovered that neither climate nor world's fairs count for much in the making of a real city. Location does count, the sort of location which means a wealth of raw materials, fuel or labor. Great cities, unfortunately, are built entirely upon great industrial activity. A lively back-country or the business of an active seaport may do much; but industrialism upon a huge scale seems to be absolutely necessary for the upbuilding of a real metropolitan community. California at last is beginning to realize this. She is beginning to realize her handicap as to a constant supply of fresh labor—the golden promise which the Panama Canal held to her of this last has been defeated by the vast human toll of the Great War. The Oriental is her only offset to this defeated hope, and of him we shall take notice at a slightly later moment.

She does not especially lack raw materials, while if oil should fail as fuel—when I was in California there was less than two days' supply of gasoline in her reserve tanks—there are the seemingly unlimited possibilities of the water-powers of the Sierras. These are already developed, at a tremendous rate. The great Hetch-Hetchy project is well under way, although under constant and bitter legal attacks. Minor water-powers are also being harnessed. Some of these are far back in the pathless forests, and for one of them—high-held in a veritable eagle's nest of the garden wall—the cement and other essential building materials were transported in an aeroplane the other day, a ton at a trip. It was cheaper transportation than trying to break a road up the steep mountainside.

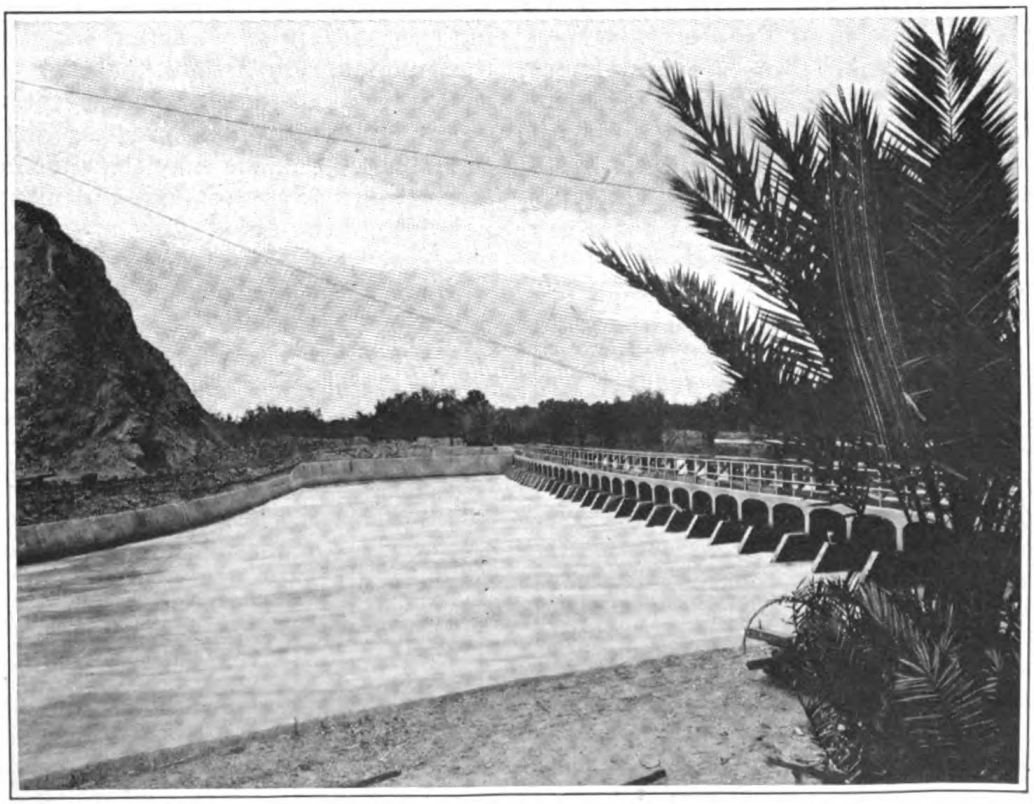
I have mentioned this instance to show the well-nigh indomitable energy of the Californian, when he is once fairly put to the test. Nothing seems to discourage him utterly. Otherwise there could never have been a San Diego exposition in the first place. Such a place to choose for a world's fair! At the extreme southwest corner of the country and reached, until yesterday, only by a single-tracked branch-line railroad. But San Diego had its world's fair. It was not as large as San Francisco's, but it was even more beautiful, while the far-reaching wisdom of some of its promoters poured its exquisite building into eternal concrete instead of the very perishable wood and staff in which most of our exposition cities have been wrought.

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The exposition is over now, a mere memory, save for that glorious group of buildings that still stands and will continue to stand for many, many years at the eastern rim of the city. In the plain language of the unthinking observer, who did not understand Californians, San Diego would be regarded to-day as a busted town, one where the "boom" was completely over. But I think that I understand these folk of our Far West, and therefore I regard San Diego as any thing but a "busted town." It is stopping for a time—to think and to learn. It is realizing that great growth and great prosperity, particularly as our American communities ordinarily regard prosperity, are founded upon the principles of industrial development. This last it can never hope to achieve—in a large measure. The industry of extracting potash from sea-kelp, which an Eastern powder manufacturing concern established at the harbor-edge as a war emergency, has already been abandoned. There are far cheaper ways than that of getting potash.

But the eminence and the power that come to a coastal city favored with a lovely harbor may yet be San Diego's. Her successful struggle to put a second and competing railroad through the mountain barriers behind her is a step toward such power. And the almost inevitable passing of Lower California from Mexico to the United States will yet render her a city of real strategic location instead of a mere Jack Horner among American towns. Of this one can be reasonably sure.

San Francisco does not have to concede anything whatsoever to strategic location. Earthquake and fire and riot may attempt to devastate her, rival upstart cities, such as Oakland and Los Angeles, and even San Diego, to combat her commercial supremacy, but she



SLUICEWAY AND GATES, LAGUNA DAM, YUMA, ARIZONA

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moves forward in her own indifferent and serene way. Yet not too indifferent. Her most recent civic achievement, the 12,000-foot, double-tracked municipal tunnel through the very heart of the Twin Peaks, was indorsed by her electorate, but only after it had been hinted that the establishment of such a rapid-transit route through nature's barrier at the head of Market Street—and so connecting a great hitherto undeveloped section of the city with its business center—was the one thing which might stop a definite exodus of many of the city's residents to that unspeakable Oakland across the way. This, of course, is only San Francisco's naïve way of putting it; in reality, Oakland is a very handsome and a very charming city, but remaining nevertheless, a sort of Brooklyn, or—better still—a Jersey City to the metropolitan port.

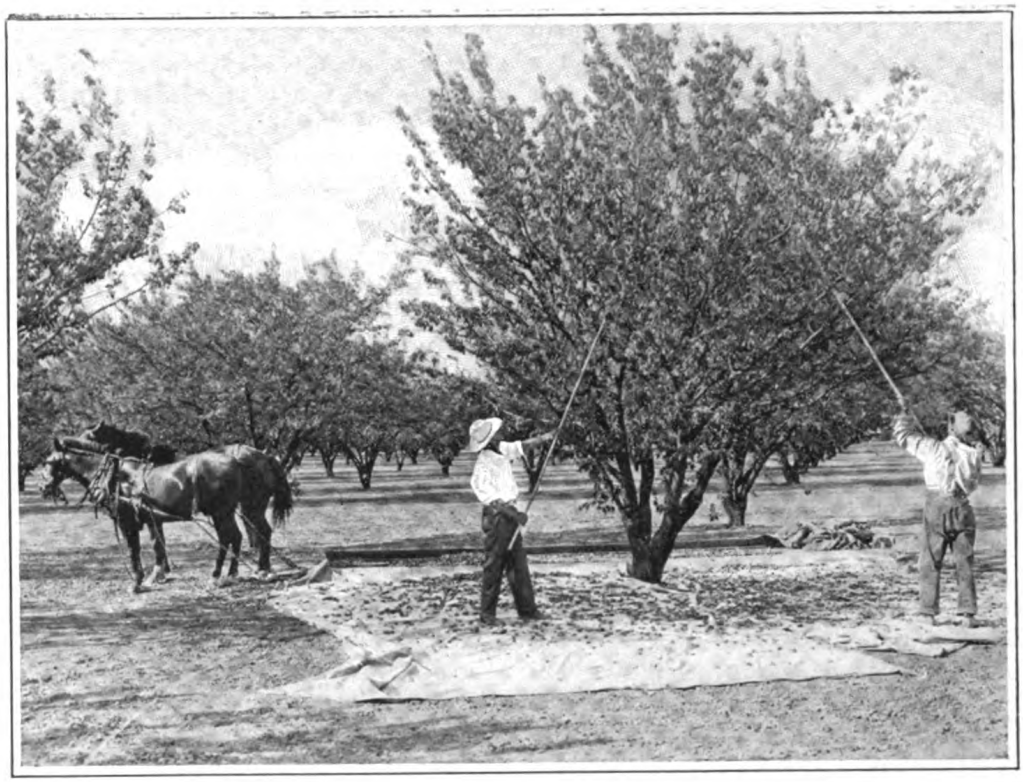
But, withal, San Francisco seems forever assured of her metropolitanism. She is a world city—a sort of international stopping-off place, such as New York or London or Paris or Hongkong or Vladivostok. But she is different from other world cities, in a thousand ways, little and big. Paris may have her Montmartre. San Francisco has Telegraph Hill. Other cities may have their Montmartres, not so gay or not so brave perhaps. In all the world there is no other Telegraph Hill or aught to be compared with it, with its delicate views off toward the sea and down upon the docks and the ships that sail to sea. Old San Franciscans tell with pride of the days when there stood upon its highest eminence the giant two-bladed semaphore, or telegraph, which announced to the merchants of the young city below the coming of a steamer to their harbor.

Paris has crowned her Montmartre with the *Sacré Cœur*. Telegraph Hill stands unadorned. One may not eat upon its streets in open-air cafés, as one often does upon the Paris mountain. But give San Francisco time. She concedes but little in originality of every sort. On the last Sunday in May, the Sunday that I tarried with her, three thousand "hikers" marched up Mount Tamalpais, not to drink in the wonderful view from its summit, but to see open-air players in "As You Like It," an appropriate setting for such a production. The neighbors of the quiet suburban home in which I spent the week-end were engaged in fashioning a lovely Chinese theater in a community glade or park behind its house, where, upon the following Saturday evening, the girls from Mills College over across the bay near Oakland would do "The Yellow Jacket"—and in all probability do it very well indeed. Californians are seemingly never at a loss to entertain themselves. Their climate does make for real joyousness.

In this country we talk rather glibly about industrial progress. Energetic young secretaries of various Chambers of Commerce seem to take keen pride in pointing out sites and plans for projected new industries, possibly in showing such enterprises in actual stages of construction. But I think that at times we lose sight of the economic essentials necessary to any real progress along these lines. Oakland may show me her fascinating harbor terminal and manufacturing plans, Los Angeles may dilate at length upon what she is yet to do with her harbor, San Diego may present even greater prospective ideas, even San Francisco may talk of further development of her industrial enterprises; but I cannot fail to ask, as I asked at Detroit and at Flint and at Akron and at St. Louis, in the face of great new manufacturing enterprises far advanced toward completion, from whence is to come the labor to make these great wheels—many—turn? From thin air? We are not particularly successful as a reproductive people. I have answered this question before in these articles; I shall answer it again—here and now. It is to come from our already depleted farms—unless—Unless?

Unless we are willing frankly to take

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HARVESTING THE CROP IN AN ALMOND ORCHARD

hold of these great national questions of absolute prohibition and of immigration exclusion as they affect the future and permanent industrial policy of the country. Take the Italians; their discontent—nay, their absolute misery—at being deprived of their Chianti is pitiful indeed. To the law they must bend. They have, generally speaking, neither the means nor the resources to store or to acquire their wine unlawfully, and so they brood over their discontent.

But does any one imagine that such a course is apt to encourage Italian immigration into this country? Or Hungarian? Or Russian? I think not. There are only a few peoples available for our raw labor market who are quite indifferent to the liquor question in their personal lives—the Hindus, the Japanese, and the Chinese. Shall we, holding tightly to our legally acquired virtue of teetotalism, consider them as the one possibility of relieving an industrial situation which fairly cries aloud for relief? If we do we shall find that the Western rim is keenly interested in what we are doing.

One does not ordinarily regard California as an industrial state any more than one would ordinarily so regard Kansas. An Easterner, in particular with memories of Manchester or Lawrence or Bridgeport, would not regard her attempts to manufacture woolens at Oakland or locomotives at Sacramento as considerable additions to the nation's annual manufactured output. Yet, if he were willing to believe that agriculture is really America's one greatest industry —with 12,000,000 workers engaged in filling the larders of 24,000,000 workers in all the other industries of the United States—he might be prepared to say that the Golden State was fairly entitled to a considerable "say" in the industrial situation. She may not rank quite as Iowa—first in agricultural output, with from $1,000,000,000 to $1,500,000,000 a

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year—but she stands third or fourth among her sister states. Her workaday problems are distinctly agricultural. It is indeed germane to her that the workers in her melon fields are to-day paid $7 and $8 and $9 a day. It is most germane to her sensitive nature that her most successful agriculturists are Japanese.

On certain side lines of her railroads one may see from time to time signs opposite the local stations saying briefly, but definitely, "Japs Not Wanted," "No Japs Here," or other phrasings to the same effect. No signs say that the industrious little brown men from the Mikado's empire are the ones who advanced the melon production of the Imperial Valley a full thirty days by the patient but simple process of covering the vines in early season; that they accomplished similar horticultural marvels in the rich Santa Clara Valley among the berry patches.

If you ask the typical Californian about these things he will, with his typical frankness, tell you that they are quite true, but he will almost certainly add in the next instant:

"Would you, Mr. New-Yorker, want in your lovely small fruit farms of the valleys of the Hudson or the Genesee, a stolid race that, no matter how industrious and efficient they might be, remains aloof, unmoral, unreachable, and unassimilable; a people who repeatedly have shown themselves worthy of no trust whatsoever, but, on the contrary, as justifying almost any amount of suspicion?"

I can understand this typical Californian quite clearly. The Jap is an enigma to him, as to every other white man. He is baffling and perplexing to the *n*th degree. The Californian proceeds to give him up as entirely hopeless.

"We once ranted at the Chinese, our fathers and ourselves," he continues, "but with the Jap boy upon our heels, we have come to appreciate our China boy of other days, willing to do housework at $3 a week and to feed himself and sleep out in the wash house. The Jap servant of to-day—when we can get him—is not nearly so efficient, demands $125 a month and must eat and sleep in the house exactly as we eat and sleep. Moreover, he is not long content to remain a servant. He wants to be an employer, himself. If he is a farmer, he must soon become a leaser. From that his ambition vaults to being the town shopkeeper or the town banker and upon driving all Caucasian competitors out of the community. With his ability to live like an animal and his willingness to work unheard-of hours—in his own interest—he generally succeeds in doing this very thing. . . . It is this colonizing instinct of his that we hate and will no longer tolerate."

The Californian's indictment against the Japanese runs to great lengths. He divides it clearly into separate counts, and recites with great unction and a sense of most definite injury the episodes of the "picture-brides," the thin-skinned device by which the Japanese have so rapidly advanced their plans for multiplying and colonizing upon American soil. It must be remembered in this connection that California has ruled that only native-born Japanese may hold title to land within her limits—a statute law that is quite easily being evaded by the working of a natural one. . . .

"How many Japanese are there out here upon the western rim of the United States?" you ask one of these typical Californians, who knows exactly what he is talking about.

He is immediate in his answer:

"Between 150,000 and 200,000. No one knows exactly except the Japanese consuls here—and they are not telling. But we are all remembering. We are recalling how when a dozen years ago we prepared to move legally against Japan—and in the fullness of our rights—she protested that it would hurt her national pride if we treated her with the humiliation with which we had treated the Chinese. She would recognize our rights and our wishes and adjust the

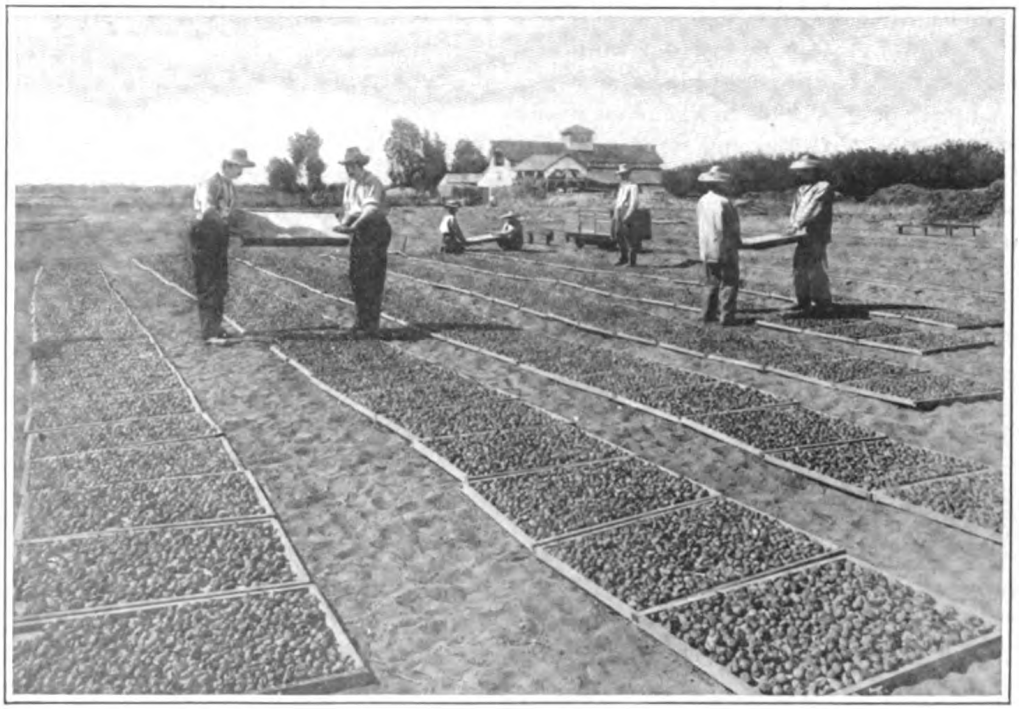
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thing herself. So she did, taking nearly two years in which to perform the adjustment. In the meantime Tokio—even though the agreement was verbally agreed to if not formally signed—sent 45,000 fresh Japanese into this country; 30,000 in 1907 and 15,000 more in 1908."

That California—probably Oregon, too—will take definite legal action against the little brown men this fall is hardly to be doubted. She feels that the moral obligation which bound her not to offend Japan, the Allied nation, during the last months of the Great War, and which sent the Secretary of State hurrying out from Washington to Sacramento and to Salem, no longer exists, while the Japanese "menace" grows and grows greatly. "What is Los Angeles going to do about it? There are two hundred more Japanese grocers in this city today than in 1915," read the advertising cards in the racks of the trolley-cars of that city.

What is California going to do about it is an even larger question. Here is an issue of vital importance to that great commonwealth of our Far West; in her opinion it far outrides in importance even that other great problem, the injustice which national prohibition did to her vineyard industry. Concretely it takes the form of the submission this fall to her electorate of measures limiting the present rights of the Japanese to lease her land, of tightening greatly the present rather loosely construed guardianship regulations of the state, and of preventing the Japs from acquiring land or other realty through the organization of "dummy corporations." "All of these are clearly within the provisions of our treaty with Nippon," adds our typical Californian.

It is hard for a New-Yorker to thrust himself quickly into a situation such as this and appreciate the importance of it; just as he must find it difficult to acquire the Southerner's real understanding of the black brother without having lived any considerable time in the South. If he is at all broad-minded he quickly gains a fair idea at least of the Californian's



SUNNING THE FIG CROP

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perplexity in regard to the Jap, and he does not credit it all either to inborn race antagonism or jealousy or the interference of the labor-union element. Yet he discounts this last by asking if the regulations that are desired against the Japanese could not be modified, in part at least, in regard to the Chinese who do not proselyte or colonize or follow high ambitions, but who are very honest and very faithful laborers, particularly in agriculture. And how our agriculture does need labor of that very sort, this day and hour!

It is a long time since Dennis Kearney and the Sand Lots Riots of San Francisco which led to the Chinese Exclusion Act of 1884. California has forgotten much since then—and remembered much. She has forgotten the bitterness and the prejudices of that day and remembered the serenity, the cheerfulness, the faithfulness, and the desire and ability to work of the China boy. Yet when we ask our typical Californian if he would permit the entrance of 50,000 or 100,000 of these—males only—and under rigid requirements and restrictions, he shakes his head sadly and replies:

"It would neither be fair nor would it be consistent toward the Japanese."

A funny people these big-hearted Californians, and with passing strange ideas of what constitutes consistency. How about our national consistency for all these years in excluding one nation of Orientals—which was weak—and admitting another nation—which was strong? Are we the people to be too critical in the question of Shantung? What was once said about the folk who dwell in glass houses?

I think that our typical Californian represents what would still be a majority sentiment in his state—even though today there is a growing sentiment there for the admission of Chinese, always under strict limitations and restrictions, so as to relieve the very critical farm-labor situation upon the West Coast. But the old prejudice against Orientals of any sort still thrives there. Traditions do not die easily. The Californian keeps reverting to his own peculiar problem of the Japanese. They must do this, they must not do that. If these things cannot be kept within the treaty—well, Washington cannot forever dictate to Sacramento. Washington does not have to have a Florin—a decent little farming community now gone completely Jap—within a dozen miles of its capital zone. Our typical Californian beats his fist upon the table. We begin to lose patience with him.

"Suppose it means fight?" we suggest.

"Suppose it does mean fight?" he growls back.

"Do you mean that you would embroil the entire United States in another great war—because of California's problem?"

He looks at us in great disgust.

"California foresees," he finally replies. "What California has suffered other states far to the east might yet have to suffer." He hesitates for a moment, then points to the neat ranch-house he has built up there by the stately grove of eucalyptus. His wife is seated on the porch, a boy and a girl are playing at her feet. It is peace.

"Fight?" he picks up again. "Fight? What of it if a nation fights in the right?"

He points to the porch of his bungalow. "Do not forget one thing," he says. "If we do have to fight we shall be in the front-line trenches."

Then he turns back to his work again.

One may not always agree with a reformer, but one can hardly fail—in many cases at least—to sympathize with him. Your Californian, standing on his own well-tilled acres—his "front-line trenches"—and sadly perplexed and tormented by the increasing Japanese invasion, is, to my mind, a singularly appealing figure. Yet I cannot permit him to blind my eyes to that larger figure of national necessity that stands just back of him. The economic difficulties of a nation at large rise far superior to his

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own. Many of the annoyances which the little brown men now cause him can —and in my belief will—be ended, if not by legislation, then by treaty agreement.

I have hinted already at the possibility of admission—under proper restriction—of certain definite numbers of Chinese coolies to do the hard menial labor of our farms and ranches which the native-born American—even though but one generation native-born—simply will not do. This, of course, does raise that pertinent question of logical unfairness to the Japanese; a question to be asked rather sharply by a city such as Seattle, which, being a very new city indeed, knows not the China boy at all, but realizes quite definitely that she has 45,000 thrifty, hard-headed Japanese at work within her boundaries. To rule these out unthinkingly would unquestionably wreak a very great economic handicap upon the Puget Sound city, while to bar Oriental labor entirely from our farms may wreak a fearful economic handicap upon every man, woman, and child of us. Therefore, I think that it behooves California, despite all the obvious injustices which have been wrought upon her, to go extremely slowly in this Japanese situation. She may not have been above injustices in this Oriental question herself in past years. I have a pretty definite memory of some rather unjust rulings which she made some thirty-five or forty years ago against those very Chinese for whom she now professes so great an affection. Chickens come home to roost. And bread cast upon the waters returns. Fate is an inexorable sort of thing. In this mad jumble of metaphor there may be some seed for thought on the part of the thoughtful Californian, and it would be entirely unfair to even intimate that there are not many very thoughtful Californians.

I SHALL BE LOVED AS QUIET THINGS

BY KARLE WILSON BAKER

I SHALL be loved as quiet things
  Are loved—white pigeons in the sun,
Curled yellow leaves that whisper down
  One after one;

The silver reticence of smoke
  That tells no secret of its birth
Among the fiery agonies
  That turn the earth;

Cloud-islands; reaching arms of trees;
  The frayed and eager little moon
That strays unheeded through a high
  Blue afternoon.

The thunder of my heart must go
  Under the muffling of the dust—
As my grey dress has guarded it
  The grasses must;

For it has hammered loud enough,
  Clamored enough, when all is said:
Only its quiet part shall live
  When I am dead.

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THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH

III.—THE SOUL OF THE SCHOOLBOY

BY GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

A LARGE map of London would be needed to display the wild and zigzag course of one's day's journey undertaken by an uncle and his nephew; or, to speak more truly, of a nephew and his uncle. For the nephew, a schoolboy on a holiday, was in theory the god in the car, or in the cab, tram, tube, and so on, while his uncle was at most a priest dancing before him and offering sacrifices. To put it more soberly, the schoolboy had something of the stolid air of a young duke doing the grand tour, while his elderly relative was reduced to the position of a courier, who nevertheless had to pay for everything like a patron. The schoolboy was officially known as Summers Minor, and in a more social manner as Stinks, the only public tribute to his career as an amateur photographer and electrician. The uncle was the Rev. Thomas Twyford, a lean and lively old gentleman with a red, eager face and white hair. He was in the ordinary way a country clergyman but he was one of those who achieve the paradox of being famous in an obscure way, because they are famous in an obscure world. In a small circle of ecclesiastical archeologists, who were the only people who could even understand one another's discoveries, he occupied a recognized and respectable place. And a critic might have found even in that day's journey at least as much of the uncle's hobby as of the nephew's holiday.

His original purpose had been wholly paternal and festive. But, like many other intelligent people, he was not above the weakness of playing with a toy to amuse himself, on the theory that it would amuse a child. His toys were crowns and miters and croziers and swords of state; and he had lingered over them, telling himself that the boy ought to see all the sights of London. And at the end of the day, after a tremendous tea, he rather gave the game away by winding up with a visit in which hardly any human boy could be conceived as taking an interest—an underground chamber supposed to have been a chapel, recently excavated on the north bank of the Thames, and containing literally nothing whatever but one old silver coin. But the coin, to those who knew, was more solitary and splendid than the Koh-i-noor. It was Roman, and was said to bear the head of St. Paul; and round it raged the most vital controversies about the ancient British Church. It could hardly be denied, however, that the controversies left Summers Minor comparatively cold.

Indeed the things that interested Summers Minor, and the things that did not interest him, had mystified and amused his uncle for several hours. He exhibited the English schoolboy's startling ignorance and startling knowledge —knowledge of some special classification in which he can generally correct and confound his elders. He considered himself entitled, at Hampton Court on a holiday, to forget the very names of Cardinal Wolsey or William of Orange; but he could hardly be dragged from some details about the arrangement of the electric bells in the neighboring hotel. He was solidly dazed by Westminster Abbey, which is not so unnatural since that church became the lumber-room of the larger and less successful statuary of the eighteenth cen-

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tury. But he had a magic and minute knowledge of the Westminster omnibuses, and indeed of the whole omnibus system of London, the colors and numbers of which he knew as a herald knows heraldry. He would cry out against a momentary confusion between a light-green Paddington and a dark-green Bayswater vehicle, as his uncle would at the identification of a Greek ikon and a Roman image.

"Do you collect omnibuses like stamps?" asked his uncle. "They must need a rather large album. Or do you keep them in your locker?"

"I keep them in my head," replied the nephew, with legitimate firmness.

"It does you credit, I admit," replied the clergyman. "I suppose it were vain to ask for what purpose you have learned that out of a thousand things. There hardly seems to be a career in it, unless you could be permanently on the pavement to prevent old ladies getting into the wrong bus. Well, we must get out of this one, for this is our place. I want to show you what they call St. Paul's Penny."

"Is it like St. Paul's Cathedral?" asked the youth with resignation, as they alighted.

At the entrance their eyes were arrested by a singular figure evidently hovering there with a similar anxiety to enter. It was that of a dark, thin man in a long black robe rather like a cassock; but the black cap on his head was of too strange a shape to be a biretta. It suggested, rather, some archaic headdress of Persia or Babylon. He had a curious black beard appearing only at the corners of his chin, and his large eyes were oddly set in his face like the flat decorative eyes painted in old Egyptian profiles. Before they had gathered more than a general impression of him, he had dived into the doorway that was their own destination.

Nothing could be seen above-ground of the sunken sanctuary except a strong wooden hut, of the sort recently run up for many military and official purposes, the wooden floor of which was indeed a mere platform over the excavated cavity below. A soldier stood as a sentry outside, and a superior soldier, an Anglo-Indian officer of distinction, sat writing at the desk inside. Indeed, the sight-seers soon found that this particular sight was surrounded with the most extraordinary precautions. I have compared the silver coin to the Koh-i-noor, and in one sense it was even conventionally comparable, since by a historical accident it was at one time almost counted among the Crown jewels, or at least the Crown relics, until one of the royal princes publicly restored it to the shrine to which it was supposed to belong. Other causes combined to concentrate official vigilance upon it; there had been a scare about spies carrying explosives in small objects, and one of those experimental orders which pass like waves over bureaucracy had decreed first that all visitors should change their clothes for a sort of official sackcloth, and then (when this method caused some murmurs) that they should at least turn out their pockets. Colonel Morris, the officer in charge, was a short, active man with a grim and leathery face, but a lively and humorous eye—a contradiction borne out by his conduct, for he at once derided the safeguards and yet insisted on them.

"I don't care a button myself for Paul's Penny, or such things," he admitted in answer to some antiquarian openings from the clergyman who was slightly acquainted with him, "but I wear the King's coat, you know, and it's a serious thing when the King's uncle leaves a thing here with his own hands under my charge. But as for saints and relics and things, I fear I'm a bit of a Voltairian; what you would call a sceptic."

"I'm not sure it's even sceptical to believe in the royal family and not in the 'Holy' Family," replied Mr. Twyford. "But of course I can easily empty my pockets, to show I don't carry a bomb."

The little heap of the parson's posses-

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sions which he left on the table consisted chiefly of papers, over and above a pipe and a tobacco-pouch and some Roman and Saxon coins. The rest were catalogues of old books, and pamphlets, like one entitled "The Use of Sarum," one glance at which was sufficient both for the colonel and the schoolboy. They could not see the use of Sarum at all. The contents of the boy's pockets naturally made a larger heap, and included marbles, a ball of string, an electric torch, a magnet, a small catapult, and, of course, a large pocket-knife, almost to be described as a small tool-box, a complex apparatus on which he seemed disposed to linger, pointing out that it included a pair of nippers, a tool for punching holes in wood, and, above all, an instrument for taking stones out of a horse's hoof. The comparative absence of any horse he appeared to regard as irrelevant, as if it were a mere appendage easily supplied. But when the turn came of the gentleman in the black gown, he did not turn out his pockets, but merely spread out his hands.

"I have no possessions," he said.

"I'm afraid I must ask you to empty your pockets and make sure," observed the colonel, gruffly.

"I have no pockets," said the stranger.

Mr. Twyford was looking at the long black gown with a learned eye.

"Are you a monk?" he asked, in a puzzled fashion.

"I am a magus," replied the stranger. "You have heard of the magi, perhaps? I am a magician."

"Oh, I say!" exclaimed Summers Minor, with prominent eyes.

"But I was once a monk," went on the other. "I am what you would call an escaped monk. Yes, I have escaped into eternity. But the monks held one truth at least, that the highest life should be without possessions. I have no pocket-money and no pockets, and all the stars are my trinkets."

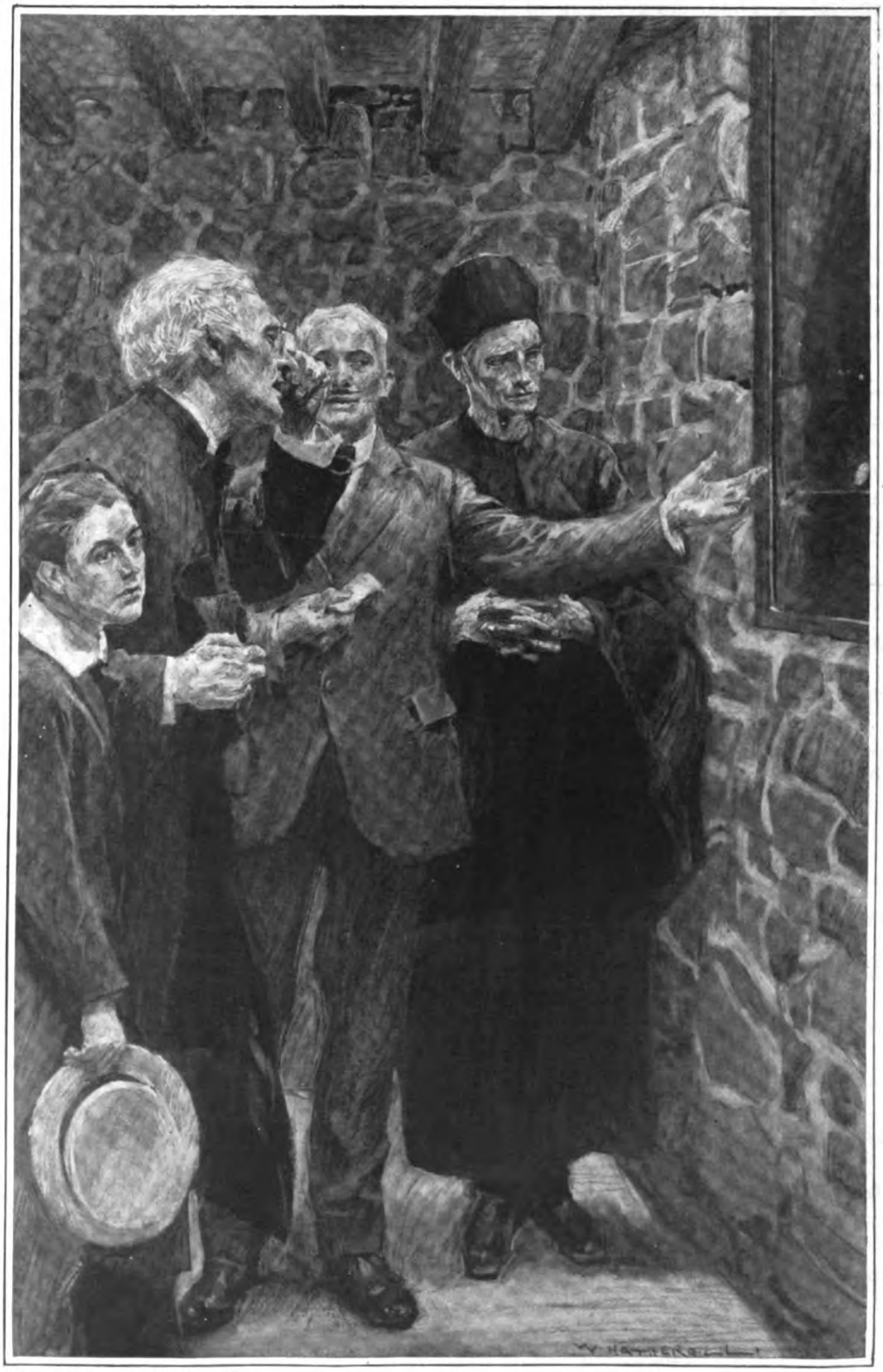
"They are out of reach, anyhow," observed Colonel Morris, in a tone which suggested that it was well for them. "I've known a good many magicians myself in India—mango plant and all. But the Indian ones are all frauds, I'll swear. In fact, I had a good deal of fun showing them up. More fun than I have over this dreary job, anyhow. But here comes Mr. Symon, who will show you over the old cellar down-stairs."

Mr. Symon, the official guardian and guide, was a young man, prematurely gray, with a grave mouth which contrasted curiously with a very small, dark mustache with waxed points, that seemed somehow, separate from it, as if a black fly had settled on his face. He spoke with the accent of Oxford and the permanent official, but in as dead a fashion as the most indifferent hired guide. They descended a dark stone staircase, at the floor of which Symon pressed a button and a door opened on a dark room, or, rather, a room which had an instant before been dark. For almost as the heavy iron door swung open an almost blinding blaze of electric lights filled the whole interior. The fitful enthusiasm of Stinks at once caught fire, and he eagerly asked if the lights and the door worked together.

"Yes, it's all one system," replied Symon. "It was all fitted up for the day His Royal Highness deposited the thing here. You see, it's locked up behind a glass case exactly as he left it."

A glance showed that the arrangements for guarding the treasure were indeed as strong as they were simple. A single pane of glass cut off one corner of the room, in an iron framework let into the rock walls and the wooden roof above; there was now no possibility of reopening the case without elaborate labor, except by breaking the glass, which would probably arouse the night watchman who was always within a few feet of it, even if he had fallen asleep. A close examination would have showed many more ingenious safeguards; but the eye of the Rev. Thomas Twyford, at least, was already riveted on what interested him much more—the dull silver disk which shone in the white light

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Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.

"ST. PAUL'S PENNY WAS PROBABLY PRESERVED IN THIS CHAPEL UNTIL THE EIGHTH CENTURY"

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against a plain background of black velvet.

"St. Paul's Penny, said to commemorate the visit of St. Paul to Britain, was probably preserved in this chapel until the eighth century," Symon was saying in his clear but colorless voice. "In the ninth century it is supposed to have been carried away by the barbarians, and it reappears, after the conversion of the northern Goths, in the possession of the royal family of Gothland. His Royal Highness, the Duke of Gothland, retained it always in his own private custody, and when he decided to exhibit it to the public, placed it here with his own hand. It was immediately sealed up in such a manner—"

Unluckily at this point Summers Minor, whose attention had somewhat strayed from the religious wars of the ninth century, caught sight of a short length of wire appearing in a broken patch in the wall. He precipitated himself at it, calling out, "I say, does that connect?"

It was evident that it did connect, for no sooner had the boy given it a twitch than the whole room went black, as if they had all been struck blind, and an instant afterward they heard the dull crash of the closing door.

"Well, you've done it now," said Symon, in his tranquil fashion. Then after a pause he added, "I suppose they'll miss us sooner or later, and no doubt they can get it open; but it may take some little time."

There was a silence, and then the unconquerable Stinks observed:

"Rotten that I had to leave my electric torch."

"I think," said his uncle, with restraint, "that we are sufficiently convinced of your interest in electricity."

Then after a pause he remarked, more amiably: "I suppose if I regretted any of my own impedimenta, it would be the pipe. Though, as a matter of fact, it's not much fun smoking in the dark. Everything seems different in the dark."

"Everything is different in the dark," said a third voice, that of the man who called himself a magician. It was a very musical voice, and rather in contrast with his sinister and swarthy visage, which was now invisible. "Perhaps you don't know how terrible a truth that is. All you see are pictures made by the sun, faces and furniture and flowers and trees. The things themselves may be quite strange to you. Something else may be standing now where you saw a table or a chair. The face of your friend may be quite different in the dark."

A short, indescribable noise broke the stillness. Twyford started for a second, and then said, sharply:

"Really, I don't think it's a suitable occasion for trying to frighten a child."

"Who's a child?" cried the indignant Summers, with a voice that had a crow, but also something of a crack in it. "And who's a funk, either? Not me."

"I will be silent, then," said the other voice out of the darkness. "But silence also makes and unmakes."

The required silence remained unbroken for a long time until at last the clergyman said to Symon in a low voice:

"I suppose it's all right about air?"

"Oh yes," replied the other aloud; "there's a fireplace and a chimney in the office just by the door."

A bound and the noise of a falling chair told them that the irrepressible rising generation had once more thrown itself across the room. They heard the ejaculation: "A chimney! Why, I'll be—" and the rest was lost in muffled, but exultant, cries.

The uncle called repeatedly and vainly, groped his way at last to the opening, and, peering up it, caught a glimpse of a disk of daylight, which seemed to suggest that the fugitive had vanished in safety. Making his way back to the group by the glass case, he fell over the fallen chair and took a moment to collect himself again. He had opened his mouth to speak to Symon, when he stopped, and suddenly found himself blinking in the full shock of the white light, and, looking over the

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other man's shoulder, he saw that the door was standing open.

"So they've got at us at last," he observed to Symon.

The man in the black robe was leaning against the wall some yards away, with a smile carved on his face.

"Here comes Colonel Morris," went on Twyford, still speaking to Symon. "One of us will have to tell him how the light went out. Will you?"

But Symon still said nothing. He was standing as still as a statue, and looking steadily at the black velvet behind the glass screen. He was looking at the black velvet because there was nothing else to look at. St. Paul's penny was gone.

Colonel Morris entered the room with two new visitors; presumably two new sightseers delayed by the accident. The foremost was a tall, fair, rather languid-looking man with a bald brow and a high-bridged nose; his companion was a younger man with light, curly hair and frank, and even innocent, eyes. Symon scarcely seemed to hear the new-comers; it seemed almost as if he had not realized that the return of the light revealed his brooding attitude. Then he started in a guilty fashion, and when he saw the elder of the two strangers, his pale face seemed to turn a shade paler.

"Why it's Horne Fisher!" and then after a pause he said in a low voice, "I'm in the devil of a hole, Fisher."

"There does seem a bit of a mystery to be cleared up," observed the gentleman so addressed.

"It will never be cleared up," said the pale Symon. "If anybody could clear it up, you could. But nobody could."

"I rather think I could," said another voice from outside the group, and they turned in surprise to realize that the man in the black robe had spoken again.

"You!" said the colonel, sharply. "And how do you propose to play the detective?"

"I do not propose to play the detective," answered the other, in a clear voice like a bell. "I propose to play the magician. One of the magicians you show up in India, colonel."

No one spoke for a moment, and then Horne Fisher surprised everybody by saying, "Well, let's go up-stairs, and this gentleman can have a try."

He stopped Symon, who had an automatic finger on the button, saying: "No, leave all the lights on. It's a sort of safeguard."

"The thing can't be taken away now," said Symon, bitterly.

"It can be put back," replied Fisher.

Twyford had already run up-stairs for news of his vanishing nephew, and he received news of him in a way that at once puzzled and reassured him. On the floor above lay one of those large paper darts which boys throw at each other when the schoolmaster is out of the room. It had evidently been thrown in at the window, and on being unfolded displayed a scrawl of bad handwriting which ran: "Dear Uncle; I am all right. Meet you at the hotel later on," and then the signature.

Insensibly comforted by this, the clergyman found his thoughts reverting voluntarily to his favorite relic, which came a good second in his sympathies to his favorite nephew, and before he knew where he was he found himself encircled by the group discussing its loss, and more or less carried away on the current of their excitement. But an undercurrent of query continued to run in his mind, as to what had really happened to the boy, and what was the boy's exact definition of being all right.

Meanwhile Horne Fisher had considerably puzzled everybody with his new tone and attitude. He had talked to the colonel about the military and mechanical arrangements, and displayed a remarkable knowledge both of the details of discipline and the technicalities of electricity. He had talked to the clergyman, and shown an equally surprising knowledge of the religious and historical interests involved in the relic. He had talked to the man who called himself a magician, and not only surprised but

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scandalized the company by an equally sympathetic familiarity with the most fantastic forms of Oriental occultism and psychic experiment. And in this last and least respectable line of inquiry he was evidently prepared to go farthest; he openly encouraged the magician, and was plainly prepared to follow the wildest ways of investigation in which that magus might lead him.

"How would you begin now?" he inquired, with an anxious politeness that reduced the colonel to a congestion of rage.

"It is all a question of a force; of establishing communications for a force," replied that adept, affably, ignoring some military mutterings about the police force. "It is what you in the West used to call animal magnetism, but it is much more than that. I had better not say how much more. As to setting about it, the usual method is to throw some susceptible person into a trance, which serves as a sort of bridge or cord of communication, by which the force beyond can give him, as it were, an electric shock, and awaken his higher senses. It opens the sleeping eye of the mind."

"I'm suspectible," said Fisher, either with simplicity or with a baffling irony. "Why not open my mind's eye for me? My friend Harold March here will tell you I sometimes see things, even in the dark."

"Nobody sees anything except in the dark," said the magician.

Heavy clouds of sunset were closing round the wooden hut, enormous clouds, of which only the corners could be seen in the little window, like purple horns and tails, almost as if some huge monsters were prowling round the place. But the purple was already deepening to dark gray; it would soon be night.

"Do not light the lamp," said the magus with quiet authority, arresting a movement in that direction. "I told you before that things happen only in the dark."

How such a topsy-turvy scene ever came to be tolerated in the colonel's office, of all places, was afterward a puzzle in the memory of many, including the colonel. They recalled it like a sort of nightmare, like something they could not control. Perhaps there was really a magnetism about the mesmerist; perhaps there was even more magnetism about the man mesmerized. Anyhow, the man was being mesmerized, for Horne Fisher had collapsed into a chair with his long limbs loose and sprawling and his eyes staring at vacancy; and the other man was mesmerizing him, making sweeping movements with his darkly draped arms as if with black wings. The colonel had passed the point of explosion, and he dimly realized that eccentric aristocrats are allowed their fling. He comforted himself with the knowledge that he had already sent for the police, who would break up any such masquerade, and with lighting a cigar, the red end of which, in the gathering darkness, glowed with protest.

"Yes, I see pockets," the man in the trance was saying. "I see many pockets, but they are all empty. No; I see one pocket that is not empty."

There was a faint stir in the stillness, and the magician said, "Can you see what is in the pocket?"

"Yes," answered the other; "there are two bright things. I think they are two bits of steel. One of the pieces of steel is bent or crooked."

"Have they been used in the removal of the relic from down-stairs?"

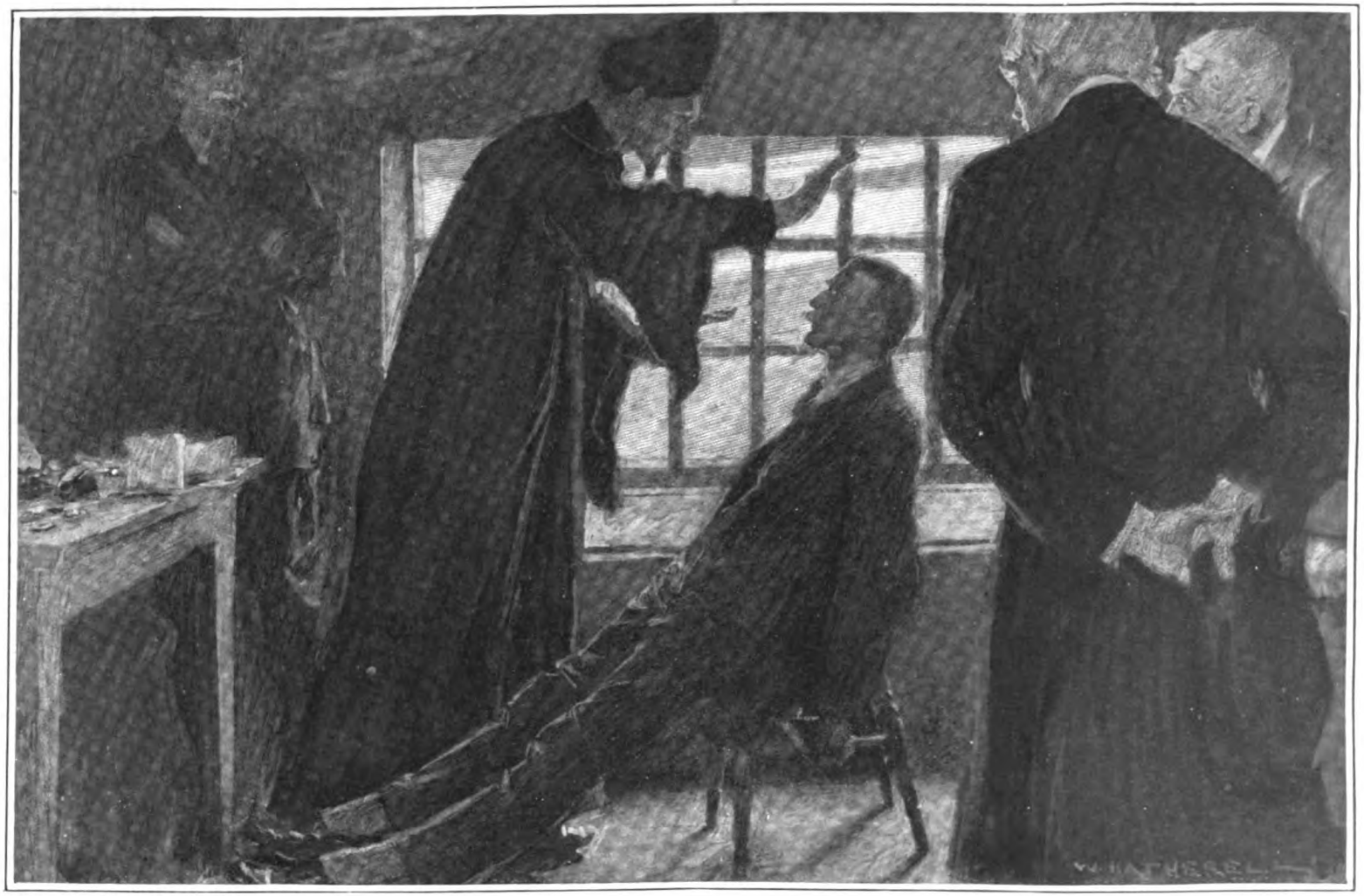
"Yes."

There was another pause and the inquirer added, "Do you see anything of the relic itself?"

"I see something shining on the floor, like the shadow or the ghost of it. It is over there in the corner beyond the desk."

There was a movement of men turning and then a sudden stillness, as of their stiffening, for over in the corner on the wooden floor there was really a round spot of pale light. It was the only spot of light in the room. The cigar had gone out.

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Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.

HORNE FISHER HAD COLLAPSED INTO A CHAIR, HIS EYES STARING AT VACANCY

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"It points the way," came the voice of the oracle. "The spirits are pointing the way to penitence, and urging the thief to restitution. I can see nothing more." His voice trailed off into a silence that lasted solidly for many minutes, like the long silence below when the theft had been committed. Then it was broken by the ring of metal on the floor, and the sound of something spinning and falling like a tossed halfpenny.

"Light the lamp!" cried Fisher in a loud and even jovial voice, leaping to his feet with far less languor than usual. "I must be going now, but I should like to see it before I go. Why, I came on purpose to see it."

The lamp was lit, and he did see it, for St. Paul's Penny was lying on the floor at his feet.

"Oh, as for that," explained Fisher, when he was entertaining March and Twyford at lunch about a month later, "I merely wanted to play with the magician at his own game."

"I thought you meant to catch him in his own trap," said Twyford. "I can't make head or tail of anything yet, but to my mind he was always the suspect. I don't think he was necessarily a thief in the vulgar sense. The police always seem to think that silver is stolen for the sake of silver, but a thing like that might well be stolen out of some religious mania. A runaway monk turned mystic might well want it for some mystical purpose."

"No," replied Fisher, "the runaway monk is not a thief. At any rate he is not the thief. And he's not altogether a liar, either. He said one true thing at least that night."

"And what was that?" inquired March.

"He said it was all magnetism. As a matter of fact, it was done by means of a magnet." Then, seeing they still looked puzzled, he added, "It was that toy magnet belonging to your nephew, Mr. Twyford."

"But I don't understand," objected March. "If it was done with the schoolboy's magnet, I suppose it was done by the schoolboy."

"Well," replied Fisher, reflectively, "it rather depends which schoolboy."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"The soul of a schoolboy is a curious thing," Fisher continued, in a meditative manner. "It can survive a great many things besides climbing out of a chimney. A man can grow gray in great campaigns, and still have the soul of a schoolboy. A man can return with a great reputation from India and be put in charge of a great public treasure, and still have the soul of a schoolboy, waiting to be awakened by an accident. And it is ten times more so when to the schoolboy you add the sceptic, who is generally a sort of stunted schoolboy. You said just now that things might be done by religious mania. Have you ever heard of irreligious mania? I assure you it exists very violently, especially in men who like showing up magicians in India. But here the sceptic had the temptation of showing up a much more tremendous sham nearer home."

A light came into Harold March's eyes as he suddenly saw, as if afar off, the wider implication of the suggestion. But Twyford was still wrestling with one problem at a time.

"Do you really mean," he said, "that Colonel Morris took the relic?"

"He was the only person who could use the magnet," replied Fisher. "In fact, your obliging nephew left him a number of things he could use. He had a ball of string, and an instrument for making a hole in the wooden floor—I made a little play with that hole in the floor in my trance, by the way; with the lights left on below, it shone like a new shilling."

Twyford suddenly bounded on his chair. "But in that case," he cried, in a new and altered voice, "why then of course— You said a piece of steel—"

"I said there were two pieces of steel," said Fisher. "The bent piece of steel was the boy's magnet. The other was the relic in the glass case."

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"But that is silver," answered the archæologist, in a voice now almost unrecognizable.

"Oh," replied Fisher, soothingly, "I dare say it was painted with silver a little."

There was a heavy silence, and at last Harold March said, "But where is the real relic?"

"Where it has been for five years," replied Horne Fisher, "in the possession of a mad millionaire named Vandam, in Nebraska. There was a playful little photograph about him in a society paper the other day, mentioning his delusion, and saying he was always being taken in about relics."

Harold March frowned at the tablecloth; then, after an interval, he said: "I think I understand your notion of how the thing was actually done; according to that, Morris just made a hole and fished it up with a magnet at the end of a string. Such a monkey trick looks like mere madness, but I suppose he was mad, partly with the boredom of watching over what he felt was a fraud, though he couldn't prove it. Then came a chance to prove it, to himself at least, and he had what he called 'fun' with it. Yes, I think I see a lot of details now. But it's just the whole thing that knocks me. How did it all come to be like that?"

Fisher was looking at him with level lids and an immovable manner.

"Every precaution was taken," he said. "The Duke carried the relic on his own person, and locked it up in the case with his own hands."

March was silent; but Twyford stammered. "I don't understand you. You give me the creeps. Why don't you speak plainer?"

"If I spoke plainer you would understand me less," said Horne Fisher.

"All the same I should try," said March, still without lifting his head.

"Oh, very well," replied Fisher, with a sigh; "the plain truth is, of course, that it's a bad business. Everybody knows it's a bad business who knows anything about it. But it's always happening, and in one way one can hardly blame them. They get stuck on to a foreign princess that's as stiff as a Dutch doll, and they have their fling. In this case it was a pretty big fling."

The face of the Rev. Thomas Twyford certainly suggested that he was a little out of his depth in the seas of truth, but as the other went on speaking vaguely the old gentleman's features sharpened and set.

"If it were some decent morganatic affair I wouldn't say; but he must have been a fool to throw away thousands on a woman like that. At the end it was sheer blackmail; but it's something that the old ass didn't get it out of the taxpayers. He could only get it out of the Yank, and there you are."

"The Rev. Thomas Twyford had risen to his feet.

"Well, I'm glad my nephew had nothing to do with it," he said. "And if that's what the world is like, I hope he will never have anything to do with it."

"I hope not," answered Horne Fisher. "No one knows so well as I do that one can have far too much to do with it."

For Summers Minor had indeed nothing to do with it; and it is part of his higher significance that he has really nothing to do with the story, or with any such stories. The boy went like a bullet through the tangle of this tale of crooked politics and crazy mockery and came out on the other side, pursuing his own unspoiled purposes. From the top of the chimney he climbed he had caught sight of a new omnibus, whose color and name he had never known, as a naturalist might see a new bird or a botanist a new flower. And he had been sufficiently enraptured in rushing after it, and riding away upon that fairy ship.

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AS WE GET OLDER

BY W. L. GEORGE

IN England the people sing a half-comic, half-sorrowful song, of which I remember only two lines:

We're all getting older, older every day,
Some are getting ugly, some are getting gray.

There may be intermediate situations between ugliness and grayness, but, on the whole, these two lines do express the preoccupation that all must face, that should weigh on every man and every woman—we must grow old; can we do it gracefully?

That is certainly an important pur suit, and, though I cannot entirely in dorse the view of a Russian friend of mine who tells me that there are no ways of living, but only ways of dying more or less successfully (a very Russian remark), we must certainly accept that one day we must pass "the shadow-line." I half forget what Mr. Conrad meant by the shadow-line, by what symptoms he recognized the passage, but I think he called "shadow-line" the moment in the life of a man when he views the future with, let us say, a certain coolness, when for a moment heads cease to be hot and so will evermore be cool.

In a sense, a man passes the shadow-line when he discovers that there is a shadow-line, when he ceases to live as a jolly kitten chasing its own tail in default of better toys. One ceases to be young when one becomes capable of conceiving age. That psychological experience can arise from a number of causes, not only from age, for there are babies of sixty, but from sickness, failure, disappointment in a person, disillusion in a cause, from the unexpectedly repul sive sight of oneself as one shaves, or, if one be a woman, from the condition of one's program at a dance, from the state of one's engagement-book. For one moment the unkind gods grant us the gift of seeing ourselves as others see us.

To my mind, one begins to grow old when one begins to consider the future. One may say, broadly, that youth does not consider the future, but lives in the blazing present. I realize that this contradicts old saws, according to which youth is the time of dreams, the season of hope; it conflicts with the solemn *clichés* that may be found even in Shakespeare, a great man, but elementary in psychology; Shakespeare saw men and women rather too monumental. Or it may be that Sadie in her shirtwaist, her feet incased in patent leather, is a different person from Desdemona. Quite aware that I must prepare to receive cavalry, I assert that youth does not dwell on the future. For a few moments it may dream of careers and weddings, and then, presto! enters the thing that will happen to-day—the dance, the game, the flirtation—and away, little dream, to the future where you belong. Or youth will stand on the hearth-rug and dilate on the great things it is going to do—at least that's what it thinks it does; in reality, when youth describes the future, it merely asserts its present personality. It exhibits itself, and enjoys the result.

It is more generally accepted that age is the time for memory, and none will contest that age tends to live in the past. Therefore, and almost by a process of elimination, I conclude that it is the middle-aged who think of the future. It

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is natural enough, for they really have a future, while the aged have none and the young have too much.

Of course, since in this article I want to speak both of men and women, it is, as usual, dangerous to generalize. Muhlfeld put it very well, speaking of Denise, "Like all rather clever psychologists, Denise overdid it." It is awkward to fit a view to seven or eight hundred million people, though, if this cannot be done, then the generalization is faulty. Still, one must generalize, and so I will venture to doubt whether women grow older more quickly than do men. Here I run counter to another prevalent view, but it can't be helped. I suggest that mankind is unduly influenced by a convention which can be summed up in a phrase, "It doesn't matter what a man looks like," which, of course, is nonsense, when we consider the success of movie actors and skating instructors. We have come to think that a man of forty, with very little hair, many artificial teeth, and a skin like a pocketbook, is a young man, and we go on calling him a young man. But he isn't anything of the kind; he is no better preserved, physically, than the woman of forty of the same class. Only we think it natural that he should have a skin like a pocketbook and we think it abnormal that the woman should have a skin like *crêpe de Chine* that has been frequently dry-cleaned. This leads me to a less revolutionary statement: behind the face hides an individual, a mind; it is that mind which grows old or stays young.

Now, if we consider the average middle-aged woman, her faculty for adopting new ideas, for being converted to new religions, however incredible, for packing her day with occupations such as social intercourse, dress, causes, occupations which may be entirely imbecile, it surely must be agreed that she retains more characteristics of childhood, or, if you like, savagery, than does her solid husband, plodding away at his office, making money with dull enthusiasm, and going to sleep after a day devoid of phantasms.

It is likely that the middle-aged woman is younger than the middle-aged man. She thinks herself very clever, but as a rule she is the baby of the pair, and if it comes to a struggle where one must outwit the other, the man will usually prevail if he puts his mind to anything so futile. If women often beat men at the game of intrigue, it is mainly because men can't be bothered; they're generally thinking of something else.

That is the central point. Most men, when they reach the shadow-line, are infinitely more interested in their ambitions, in their career, in the making of money, than in the quest for love. They have passed through all that, if they are lucky, and if they have not passed through it, love encounters formidable rivals. I am sure that this day many lonely women are bitterly saying, "What's a woman by the side of a career?"

All the same, the instinct to love is not easily suppressed. As a rule, marriage inserts a gag into the blind mouth that cries for passion. Sometimes it goes on crying all the same, but the matrimonial gag suppresses sound; as a rule, the mouth discovers that its cries are inaudible; it stops. After a period of good conduct the gag is removed, and the mouth, henceforth, gives vent to the most respectable sentiments. Now and then a mouth rebels; the gag is torn out at the cost of much mutual laceration. This does not always get into the papers.

In general, however, it seems that most human beings reach the shadow-line without undue agony. That is because they do not travel very fast toward the fatal equator. Youthful rapture passes into the sobriety of middle-age with such a gradual effect that most of us fail to realize the journey, and wake up with an awful shock, having to face the coming years in whose shadow we have so long traveled. And yet youthful rapture has for a very long time been

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subject to, let us say, amendments. One begins absolutely clear that one intends to own the biggest department store in the biggest town. One gets on rather well, but one realizes that capital is not easily found, that subordinates never live up to one's conceptions, that one can't be everywhere at the same time, and that, do what one will, for some obscure and cross-grained reason certain individuals prefer to buy elsewhere. One gets annoyed. One struggles. One fails. One compromises. One gets used to it. One thinks about it no more. One solidifies.

Or, if one is a woman, one determines to marry Prince Charming; he'll be richer than Rockefeller, wittier than Oscar Wilde, smarter than Count d'Orsay, more devoted than Romeo. In the end, one manages very well with a comfortable house, a husband who in the winter sends one to Palm Beach with the children, and buys new cerise curtains for one's bedroom.

Ambition goes down, for ambition is a passion that feeds on success. If it doesn't get its proper dose of triumph, it turns into bitterness. Bitterness thrives beautifully on failure; when people are thoroughly embittered, the worse time they have the better they are pleased. But most men and women are unambitious. Their main desire is for what they call pleasure. Well, there again the shadow-line has a way of stealing upon us. When I was a small boy I used to buy stale cakes at the confectioner's, because one got two stale ones for the price of a fresh one. I remember a wonderful fortnight, after a birthday, when I spent exactly five dollars on stale cakes. I think I ate two hundred and eighty cakes; it was a beautiful fortnight. I couldn't buy a fortnight like that now for five dollars. Long before I reached early manhood, say twenty-five, five dollars failed to buy a fortnight's pleasure; they barely covered an evening, which, I confess, was an evening for two. Now—well, that would be too confessional, but I find pleasure very dear. I have passed the shadow-line; when one oversteps it one needs a stronger light and must pay for the oil.

Lastly, there is love, which up to a certain age is the main diversion of mankind. It is so important that very often ambition, money-making, become its servants; it may be true to say with the old poet in "Bel-Ami," that glory is but a means to evoke feminine regard. This strikes one as excessive, glory being a good thing for its own sake, because it increases one's sense of self-importance. But, all the same, it would be a mistake to think that love entirely ceases to operate in the shadowy realm where dwell the lean years, successors of youth. I suspect that in most human beings the love emotion follows a definite course.

Thus, round about the twenties we generally find the young man in a state of vague ignorance. He may be slightly informed from the sex point of view, but of love he knows nothing at all. He prefers games, ideas, male friendships, and so he is a poor lover. The young woman in the early twenties is a very different creature. She is, as a rule, more awakened to the meaning of love, and though she appreciates pleasures, games, dances, clothes, as much as the young man, they are, as a rule, clouded over by a rosy mist where sometimes she discerns the shimmering pearl of Cupid's bow. She is inclined to turn her back to his arrows, while the young man criticizes his marksmanship.

Round about thirty, the man may know much more about love, if he has been so lucky as to suffer. He has perhaps lived through the first intensity of the sex preoccupation. It is a little better known to him, therefore a little more usual, therefore a little duller. He has acquired, or is acquiring, responsibility. He may be carrying upon his shoulders a young woman of the sea; he is beginning to realize that, however dear, however necessary she may be to him, she is no featherweight. Also he may have given a few hostages to the future. They

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are delicious little hostages, but they do need boots, and leather goes up every day. So he is settling down.

The young woman in the thirties greatly differs. She is much more awakened than she was ten years before; as a rule she has glimpsed delights, but not grasped them all. She expected rather more than she got; being little preoccupied with careers, with fame, with the toys that busy her man, she tends to face the shadow-line more precisely. Shrinking away from the idea that "some are getting ugly, some are getting gray," she sometimes grows frightened, tells herself she'd better take her chance with life while she can. Briefly, she touches the period which I call "the second blooming"; if then she has no children to keep her quiet, she often becomes experimental.

Then come the forties, which for most of us are the true shadow-line. A man then generally reaches the most difficult moment of his career. He has, in a way, just "got there"; it does not matter whether he is a capitalist arranging his biggest merger, or a workman paying the middle instalment to purchase him his house, he is, as a rule, shivering on a razor edge. He has only a year or two to come down on the right side. So it is not wonderful love should then occupy little space in his mind. He has no time. Sometimes, at that age, he does have a second blooming. Forty to forty-five is in man the dangerous age, because he has still time to make a new start, but only just time. At least, in the British divorce courts we find that the marriages which break up mostly do so either in the first year or about the seventh year, or about the fifteenth year. This means: Obviously bad marriages (first year), second blooming of women (seventh year), second blooming of men (fifteenth year).

In women, round about forty, the affair is more formidable, because it holds more despair. The man of forty does not think himself old, but the woman generally does. They are wrong, both of them, but still that is what they think. So the forties, in women, are generally a grave period. Women then ask themselves whether indeed all hope of love has gone, whether they have not still something with which to charm, and, sometimes, they desperately want to charm—just once more. For mankind everything seems to turn on—just once more. So, in women, the early forties tend to be the age of folly, because women then take that which they cannot hold.

Men, as usual, lagging a little behind, exhibit those symptoms later on, in the fifties and sixties. As a rule they are drying up; their emotions are flowing into other channels, such as an interest in water-colors, social service, or in local politics. The career may still be dominant, but, as a rule, it is less exacting than ten years before, because by that time a man has either made his position or knows that he will never make it at all. In either of these cases he tends to turn back toward love: if he has made his position, he has time; if he has failed, he wants consolation. A man of fifty-five or so often discovers romance for the first time, which is another way of saying that he enters the age of folly through which his wife passed ten years before. Sometimes he falls in love with a very young girl, who treats him with all the brutal selfishness of the average young girl. (I mean no harm by this; she is brutal because she desires things ardently; she can't help it.) As a rule the man retains a sense of dignity. This is very finely sketched in *The Dark Flower*, by Mr. John Galsworthy, where Mark Lennan, attracted to a young girl thirty years his junior, realizes that it cannot be; that it would be unworthy of him and would lower him in his own eyes.

As for the woman in the fifties and sixties, she is in a way better off than her old husband, because she really believes herself to be old, while a man doubts that, so long as he can crawl. She has given in. She has long realized

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that she can never charm again, and has grown so used to it that she has become indifferent; there lies much satisfaction in surrender. So her sense of romance grows vicarious. She rejoices in the wedding of her children, while often her husband still holds on to youth and is secretly envious when he beholds young lovers. Often he hates them, and to conceal this from himself pours out upon them his protection and his gifts.

That is how I see it, and it is not a pleasant picture, for it exhibits too many people, men and women, still in the grasp of nature. Nature is the greatest enemy of man, and it is the job of civilization to hunt that old demon, half tiger, half muddler, out of the fastnesses of our personality. We nearly all outlive the time of our romance, hold on to our aspiration to love when love no longer beseems our years, when to another we offer as a lure, not greedy youth, but the sagacity of experience or the luster of a name. Or, if we are women, then our technical skill in charming, our reputation as women who have lived, all the artificial charms that tempt because they are artificial.

Many of us never know love at all, but many more insist upon maintaining the little god upon our visiting-list, long after he has grown weary of sitting in our old-fashioned drawing-rooms. Therefore, love being the prime motive of youth, it is clear that something else must take its place when love has become unsuitable to our years, when we are as ridiculous bearing a bouquet as we should be in the kindergarten. That is a difficult question, for to put something in the place of love means that we have to find something absorbing. What it is must be decided by every human being for him or herself, but decided it must be, because the condition of the man or woman who has not realized in time that love cannot sustain us to the end is certainly terrible. Few people realize this. They never think of it at all. They vaguely talk about "the days when they will be old," and make out that they suppose they will be happy breeding prize cats, or taking a journey to the Italian Lakes. Well, that is often the case, but it is a long way from youth to age, and the worst years lie in between. Thus, I have often made myself disagreeable to women, when they talked of the day when they would be old, by saying: "Yes, that's all very well. You're prepared to be sixty, but do consider that you'll be forty. You'd better make your plans for that, for it's a bigger proposition." As a rule, neither men nor women make any plans at all, yet they are surprised that this way of living should not always prove satisfactory. They grow older, they lose the charming restlessness which makes a young man so attractive. I can think of one youth, for instance, who rode a hundred and ten miles on a bicycle to meet a girl. (He had no money to pay his train fare.) He arrived after an eleven-hour run, bathed, danced for five hours, and, next morning, preferred his lady to his legitimate rest. That is how it should be, but when that gaiety has gone, the man who does not realize it is in a perilous state, for he bids and cannot pay. A woman of similar age has in the same way lost much of her power to attract; she bids, and bids in vain. They have lost all the young things, optimism, enthusiasm, which are absurd and delightful. Their condition is pitiful.

It is no use telling ourselves that things will be all right somehow. I don't want to be pessimistic, but I do believe that things are never all right, but one can bring those spectral "things" to being better than they might have been. Certainly life must seem hard to people who have any capacity for the mental side of love, unless they understand that the practice of love can fill only a period in their lives, and that if they carry the love emotion into a later period they are encouraging an absurd anachronism. We must face it, all of us. Love-making stretches over ten or fifteen years of our lives, and after that is nothing but a bad habit. As a rule the

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love emotion is canalized by marriage, and that is why I am for marriage every time and for everybody, faithfully believing that a bad marriage is better than none.

Only marriage, like all things that carry privileges, involves also certain limitations. It may be very nice to be an emperor, but if you are an emperor you will find it awkward to join your faithful but rather over-interested people at the movies. The coronation of marriage leads to complications of that kind. The married may be crowned with a wreath of roses, but crowned they are until the roses do decay. Thus irregularity, because it cannot be open, tends to become sordid. If the marriage has produced children, irregularity then tends to become grave, because it may entail the loss of those hostages to the future who may be so dear. One can't be a paterfamilias and a roué; either of these occupations is much too exacting.

To which the optimistic reader replies: "Well, what more do you want? He was a roué, and now you've given him the job of paterfamilias. You say yourself that's enough to keep him busy." It is, but he doesn't always know it. His wife may be even more uncertain. Motherhood and wifehood are attractive to her—but is that the end? Yes, it is the end. The married must find something else in this life, or rely on the next to make amends. In his *Lettres Persanes*, Montesquieu shows us woman in the future life, wholly happy with two lovers. That, of course, is a matter of taste; most women prefer duets to trios. Women are born philopenas. In earthly life it is safer to assume that we are philopena, until the dessert knife us do part. Only the dessert knife takes a long time coming. Hence, we all must find out an alternative to love. We none of us will take it if we can help it. And if, to-day, Mephistopheles were to appear to any man or woman over fifty, hardly any one would ask for anything but youth, which means that he or she would be putting off his or her trouble for thirty years and be in the same difficulty by and by. But Mephistopheles would not call again. They would have to face their problem as they would have faced it before.

Schopenhauer was conscious of these difficulties. He declared that life was a long disease which could be assuaged only by means of anodynes. He found three anodynes—love which inflames, art which dignifies, and philosophy which annihilates. Leaving out love, there is much to be said for the other two, but they apply only to people capable of philosophy or appreciative of art. Byron was probably right in likening the world to a bundle of hay, and mankind to the asses who pull. Philosophy and art are no more fodder for asses than pearls for swine. The ordinary man or woman finds a career a good anodyne. Of course, careers may be of two kinds—one may seek fame, or one may want money, but in either case a career is an excellent thing. So far as celebrity goes, this is within the grasp of almost anybody; if one fails to be famous, one can generally achieve notoriety. And money is an excellent thing apart from what it buys.

I started business life in a firm of millionaires, the elder partners of which possessed more money than they could possibly use or even waste. Still, they went on making money, and I saw them every day, working pretty hard, and scratching up with glee, not millions, but quite contentedly five hundred dollars, or even less. They weren't avaricious, but to make money amused them. They collected bank credits as other men collect old masters. They were hypnotized by figures. You may call that a silly alternative to love, but it isn't, for money-making is rather a difficult game, and, if one plays high enough, a dangerous game. There indeed lies an alternative, for it is so exacting, so anxious, that the mind has little time to wander primrose paths. The pursuit of fame is even more desperate. It holds such un-

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certainty; it is so fugitive; one is so easily famous to-day and obscure to-morrow. When one is growing old, it is better to toss upon one's pillow, turning over a financial or political plan, than to see through short-sighted eyes the fair picture which at no price may one add to one's emotional gallery.

And again, there is art. For such as can achieve art, whether in words, in paint, or in musical notes, here is the perfect alternative, for art is a wayward and greedy companion that cares not if your hair is white, and, though it has no pity upon your failing mind, yet will always charm you so long as you may be charmed.

So much for fame, so much for money, and so much for art. But these are reserves into which few penetrate. The common man or woman must find something else, some other drug, that will replace the fruit of amorous illusion. What shall they do? My own belief is that love, being the greatest pleasure in the world, can seldom be replaced by a pleasure as great. If we represent love by one pound of pleasure, we must find a number of other pleasures, which, put together, make up the pound weight of delights which we have lost. Somehow, sixteen ounces of various pleasures do not quite make up a pound of love's rewards, but still they have a considerable weight. So we say, What shall we put into the scale? The most desperate of all remedies is religion. It is the most complete, it is the closest neighbor to that philosophy which, according to Schopenhauer, can annihilate life. Religion does not annihilate life, but it adjourns it. It says, "Do not mourn, but watch and pray." Those who have a religious temperament are, in a way, very fortunate, for they can make their miseries into a spiritual store, on which their souls shall opulently subsist in another sphere. Religion is a potent alternative to love; it is love in another form, love abstract, love de-individualized. Only it does not fit most of us, because we are over-individualized, because we are too ethical. Most human beings believe in right and wrong, which has little to do with religion. True religion does not deal with sin, but with self-obliteration, for the purpose of reabsorption into the essential spirit. I know that is not a current view; as the world grows more ethical it grows less religious. That is why dogmatic religion is now a decaying force.

Indeed, religion as an alternative to love is more and more taking the form of service. The people who are performing service, say in political causes, in charities, etc., are probably people who, five hundred years ago, would have been mystics. That is why service seems, rather than religion, an alternative to love. It fits our generation better, and it seems to me the best alternative for a man or woman in the forties, when love becomes undignified. It does not matter much what the service is. It may be personal, and much satisfaction can be obtained from assisting the sick, from furthering the Democratic or the Republican cause, from creating clinics for babies, or universities — in fact, from anything. For service, being humble, is a great satisfaction to pride. When one works for a cause, the more one abases oneself the better one thinks of oneself. Service increases one's sense of self-importance, provides the great remedy that is called vanity. In a small field one is important, one does things, one is consulted and busy. Thus the creature that once saw itself gigantic in the mirror of beloved eyes, sees itself almost as great in the columns of the newspaper or the report of the parish meeting.

Sometimes service leads to another alternative to love—namely, creation. There is great pleasure in making a thing, and it does not matter much whether it is a picture, or a garden, or even a stamp collection. That sort of thing extends our personality, and that is why some people love their gardens as others love their children. Their gardens, like their children, are something they have made.

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It will be concluded from all this that I believe in a variety of pleasures as against competition with the unmatched delights of love. Well, for the aging man or woman there is great virtue in change; dull lives are bad lives. One can shake off much of the distress born of love removed, by doing many different things, by moving from country to country, by a change of profession, by painting blue the walls that were red, and red those that were blue. One can see many people, read many books, engage in various games. Life is like a pudding—the more you stir it the better it is.

Of course, if none of these methods succeeds, there is scepticism, but that is a dangerous alternative for the average mind, because scepticism easily turns to bitterness. Though some of the bitter enjoy their bitterness, they do not enjoy life like the sceptics. Scepticism consists in believing that nothing is quite true or untrue. Scepticism is not acid, nor does it sweat hate; scepticism is cheerful doubt, ironic comparison. It knows that things are not what they seem, thus agreeing with Longfellow, though not agreeing at all that "life is real, life is earnest." Scepticism may doubt pleasure, but it also doubts pain; it does not laugh as a Homeric god. Its voice is clear as that of a brook, and its wings are gossamer. All the same I recommend scepticism to nobody, for it is fit only for the serene, only for those who, like Anatole France, have lost confidence in life, but love it all the same.

Human beings seem to me of three kinds—those who have known true love, those who have not known it but have known substitutes, and those who have known nothing at all. The first may have emerged into a clear horizon, knowing that they have taken from life the best that life could give them. Sometimes they can deliberately accept some of the small alternatives that build the little hill of business where once stood the mountain of love. The second, who have known only substitutes, are, in a jog-trot way, more fortunate, because they made their alternatives as they went. Love never engulfed them, and so they had to find something else to do. They are the slightest of us all, and perhaps the happiest. The third, to whom love has given nothing, are in the hardest case, because it is so difficult to believe that love will never come. It should come. It must come. Fate could not so offend a human right. To them, all that one can say is that one never knows what lies beyond the bend of the road, and that meanwhile it will not harm them to serve, to create, to be stirring, to do anything but think, while they sweep and garnish the chamber in which Eros may yet come to dwell. Life may not contain much happiness, but it does hold change. For many of us that comes to be almost the same thing.

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THE ANIMAL COMEDY

BY WILLIAM J. LONG

"YES, many stories portray animal life as a tragedy, to be sure, and scientific books commonly speak of it as a struggle for existence; but forget all such notions here in the budding woods, where the 'tragedy' appears as a romantic invention and the 'struggle' as a bookish theory. To quote Darwin as an authority is to deceive yourself, since Darwin borrowed the whole notion of struggle from the economist Malthus, who invented it not as a theory of nature (of which he knew nothing), but to explain from his easy-chair the vice and misery of massed humanity. Open your eyes and see, or ask now the beasts and they will tell you, that natural life is from beginning to end a gladsome comedy."

Nature herself seems to whisper the lesson as I look out from my *commoosie* at the sunrise on Moosehead, the sunrise of a spring morning. A loon blows his wild bugle from the lake below. A multitude of little warblers, the first ripples of a mighty wave, are sweeping northward with exultation, singing as they go. Frogs are piping, kingfishers clattering, thrushes chiming their silver bells—everywhere is the full tide of life, the impulse of play, the spirit of happy adventure.

Above these voices of rejoicing sounds another note, a jubilant hammering, in which there is no hint of struggle or tragedy; rather, does it seem to announce that comedy, light of foot and heart, has again renewed her lease of the wilderness and is everywhere throwing out her living posters. On the top of a towering hemlock a log-cock has his sounding-board, dry and resonant, and is making all the hills echo to his lusty drumming. The morning light gleams on his ebony bill or flames on his scarlet crest as he turns his head alertly, this way for the answer of a mate, that way for the challenge of a rival. Nearer, on the roof of my fishing-camp, a downy woodpecker is thumping the metal cover of the stovepipe, a wonderful drum, on which he can easily make more noise than can the big log-cock.

Daily before sunrise that same little fellow appears on my roof, so punctually that one wonders if he keeps a clock, and bids me "Top o' the morning" by sending a triphammer din clattering down the stovepipe. It is a love-call to his mate, no doubt; but the Seven Sleepers in my place must be roused by it as by dynamite. This morning he exploded me out of sleep at four-twenty, as usual, and so persistent was his rackety-packety that I lost patience and threw a stick of wood at him. Away he went, crying "Yip, yip!" at the meddlesome Philistine who had no heart for love, no ear for music. He was heading briskly for the horizon when, remembering his mate, he darted aside to the shell of a white pine, where he drummed out another message, only to meet violent opposition from another Philistine. He had sounded one call, listened for the effect, and was in the midst of a vibrating roll when there came a scurry of leaves, a shaking of boughs, and Meeko, the red squirrel appeared, threatening, death and destruction to all drummers.

Evidently Meeko was projecting a nest of his own in that vicinity, and had no mind to tolerate such a noisy fellow as a neighbor. As he came headlong upon the scene, hurling abuse ahead of him, the woodpecker vanished like a

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wink, leaving the enemy to threaten the empty air; which he did in a fashion to make one shudder at what might happen if a red squirrel were half as big as his temper. Once I saw a bull moose accidentally shake a branch on which Meeko happened to be sitting while he was eating a mushroom, turning it around in his paws as he nibbled the edges; and the peppery little beast followed the sober great beast two or three hundred yards, running just above the antlered head, calling down the wrath of squirrel heaven on all the tribe of moose. Now, in a greater rage because the object of it was so small, he whisked all over the pine shell, declaring it, kilch-kilch! to be his property and warning all woodpeckers, zit-zit! to keep forever away from it. He had hardly ended his demonstration of squirrel rights and gone away, swearing, to his interrupted affairs when another hammering, louder and more jubilant, began on the same pine shell.

Here was defiance as well as trespass, and Meeko came rushing back to deal with it properly. Sputtering like a lighted fuse, he darted up the pine and took a flying leap after the drummer, determined this time to make an end of him or chase him clean out of the woods. Into a thicket of spruce he went, shrilling his battle yell. Out of the thicket flashed the woodpecker, unseen, and doubled back to the starting-point. And there a curious thing happened, one which strengthened my impression that all birds have more or less ventriloquial power to make their calling sound near or far at will. The woodpecker lit on precisely the same spot which he had used before, and hammered it with the same rapidity and rhythm; but now his drum sounded faintly, distantly, as if on the other side of the ridge. Growing bolder, he changed his note, put more *hallelujah* into it, and was in the midst of a glorious rub-a-dub when Meeko came tearing back through the spruce thicket and hunted him away.

So the little comedy ran on, charge and retreat, till a second Meeko appeared and held the fort, while the first ran after the drummer. Now, as I watch the play, there is triumphant squirrel talk on the pine shell, and the woodpecker is again drumming lustily on the stovepipe cover.

To follow these or any other creatures of the wild, keeping your eyes and your heart open, is to learn for yourself the immense, the unchanging cheerfulness of nature; it is also to enter with the sympathy of understanding into the spirit of that play which runs day and night in the big woods. Around your summer camp, for example, the red squirrels are the most numerous and, as you think, the most familiar of animals; but did you ever attempt to interpret the astonishing variety of sounds which squirrels use to voice their little comedy? When angry they scold; when surprised they snicker; at other times they fling jest or abuse or repartee at one another, their voices changing noticeably with their changing moods. Now and then, as you follow Meeko about, he utters a long, vibrant, and exultant call in sheer delight at being alive, you think; or he stops short in a gambol and puzzles you by sitting very still, very attentive, his nose pressed against the branch between his paws. Gone suddenly are all his jeers, his exultations, his mischief-making; he has a sober, introspective air, as if trying to remember something, or as if listening to what his other self might be saying.

If you study Meeko's eye at such a moment, noting its telltale lights, you will have a different opinion of his silence. He is listening, indeed, but to something so fine or distant that he cannot be sure what it is, or rather what it says. Therefore does he use the branch as a sounding-board, pressing his nose or teeth against it to catch the faint vibrations in a way to help his ears, just as woodpeckers use their tongues for the same purpose. There! you hear the sound faintly now, and Meeko hears it distinctly enough to understand it, if

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one may judge by his actions. It comes from another squirrel out yonder, a truculent fellow who is proclaiming his heretical opinion to the universe, and to this little dogmatist in particular.

Watch Meeko now; see his silent absorption change to violent rage. He barks; he seems to curse in his own way; he springs up and down on the same spot, like a Quebec lumberman who jumps on his hat to work himself up to the fighting pitch. Out of breath, he stops a moment to listen, to ascertain whether he has silenced his opponent. A jeer floats in from the distance. Meeko says, "Kilch-kilch! I'll show that impostor; I'll teach him a lesson," and away he goes headlong. To follow him is to witness a characteristic squirrel argument—a challenge, a rush, an upset, a furious chase up and down, over and under the swaying branches, till your head grows dizzy in following it. And then one long, triumphant yell to proclaim that another heresy is silenced forever.

Very different from the irate Meeko is his cousin Chick'weesep, the friendly little chipmunk, who comes to eat from your hand or to explore your pocket, if you take a few quiet hours to tame or reassure him. Even at first acquaintance he commonly shows that he is intensely curious about you; and this is the way of it:

From a distance your eye happens to catch him sitting motionless on his favorite stump, where his coat blends perfectly with the sunshine and the wonderful forest colors. Heading in his direction, you aim to pass close by, but not too close, as if you were seeking something far ahead.

Chick'weesep watches you keenly as you draw near, and he is so pleased, so excited, that he cannot keep still. His eyes sparkle; his feet dance; his whole body quivers as he wavers between the lifelong habit of concealment and his evident desire to be noticed by this big passing animal who is surely a stranger in the woods, since his eye is dull and his foot noisy. On you come steadily, paying no heed to the tiny atom of life that watches you, like a child at a window who hopes to be saluted, and Chick'weesep follows your every step with questioning eyes till you have passed him and are plainly going away. Up to this moment he has been a little afraid that you might see him; now, fearful that you will not see, he blows a loud whistle to tell you that he is there.

A hundred times I have had a heart-warming over that little comedy, which always follows the same course. There is the first start of surprise when the little fellow sees you, the eager look, the quivering feet, the hopeful expectancy; then the sharp cry as you pass with apparent indifference. And when you turn quickly, as if surprised, Chick'weesep dodges out of sight with a different cry, a cry with mingled pleasure and alarm in it; but the next moment he is peeking at you with dancing eyes from a crevice. Then, if you bide quietly where you are, he may come nearer, talking as he comes; and within a short time, should you have food that he likes, he will be sitting with entire confidence on your knee, stuffing all you offer into his cheeks till they bulge as if he had the mumps, or pulling with all his might at a choice morsel which you hold tightly to tease him. A red squirrel would nip you if you teased him like that; but Chick'weesep braces himself with soft paws against the tips of your fingers and tugs till he gets his titbit. This in the deep wilderness, where he has not been made to know the fear of man, and where he is the most lovable of all his merry tribe, excepting only Molepsis, the flying-squirrel.

While watching a chipmunk one summer, a fascinating little fellow who often came to beg with eloquent eyes for nuts or rice or sweet chocolate, I learned first the location of his den, and then, when he abandoned it for a more roomy storehouse, the whole secret of his building. For years our naturalists have soberly debated the mystery of the chipmunk's

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den, how he can construct a tunnel without leaving any fresh earth to betray him; but when I was a boy almost any farmer's lad in the whole countryside could have given instant explanation. "How does the chipmunk dig a hole without leaving any earth at the entrance? Why, very simply; he begins at the other end." And though the answer is true, beyond cavil or gainsaying, some doubting Thomas must make a deeper mystery of the chipmunk's craft by demanding, "But how does he get to the other end?"

That also is simple; but you will not appreciate the answer till you learn that a chipmunk never digs a den. He trusts nature for that, and contents himself with furnishing the tunnel and the doorway.

In some way (probably by sounding or tapping the earth) Chick'weesep learns that there is a den under a certain tree or rock, a natural hollow engineered by frost or rain or settling earth. During the summer he locates two or three such places, and explores them till he finds one which offers him a dry nest for sleeping, a colder room near the frost-line for provisions, and a little free space for winter life and exercise. Starting at a distance of several feet, he first runs a slanting shaft down to see what the den may offer. This working shaft is as straight as he can make it, and the earth from his digging is thrown out mostly in a loose pile at the entrance. When he reaches the den below, and finds it satisfactory, he starts another tunnel upward, a long and devious tunnel which follows beside roots where the digging is easy, or where there is sometimes no digging at all. The earth from this second tunnel is thrown back into the den, and from there is pushed upward into his working shaft, which is thus filled solidly from end to end. The finished den has, therefore, but one opening, and there is no sign of earth about the doorway, for the simple reason that the whole tunnel was excavated from below.

To fashion such a den and fill its storeroom full to overflowing in the beautiful autumn days must be a joyous experience, I fancy, even to an unthinking squirrel. On the farm the happiest days of the whole year are not those of the spring planting (for sowing of seeds is an artificial work, the result of our thought and calculation), but rather in the rewardful autumn, when man's primitive instincts are deeply stirred as he gathers the fruits of the earth into his winter storehouse. Likewise in the wilderness, the happiest days which ever come to a man are those in which he builds a shack by the labor of his hands, fashions a rude fireplace of rock or clay, and then, with eager anticipation of snappy days afield or stormy nights before the fire, looks upon his finished work and says in his heart, "Now welcome, winter." If spoiled man can feel this simple, instinctive joy of providing for creature comforts, why not an unspoiled squirrel also? In the woods all natural creatures, man included, seem to be made of the same happy, elemental stuff.

As with the little, so also with the larger woodfolk, even those whom we ignorantly call savage; when you meet without frightening them in their native woods, they all seem to be playing at comedy for the greater part of their days. I suppose there are no animals that have given rise to more fearsome stories than have the wolves and bears, the one the symbol of ravin, the other of ferocity; but when you meet the real wolf he turns out to be a very shy beast, one that has a curious, doglike interest in man, but is afraid to show it openly; and Mooween, the bear, far from being the terrible creature of literary imagination, is in reality a harmless kind of vagabond whose waking life is one long succession of whims and drolleries.

The trouble is, on first meeting a bear, that one is so frightened by the innocent beast, or so eager to kill, that one never opens his eyes frankly to see what kind of fellow-blunderer is before him. Sev-

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eral times, when I have had the luck to find bears among the blueberries of the burnt lands, I have crept near to watch them; and their greed, their endless interest in something to eat, their comical ways of stripping a berry-bush or robbing an ants' nest, their watchfulness lest one of their number discover something good and eat it all by himself, their surprises and alarms, their sudden, pig-like fits of excitement, their whimsical and everchanging expression—all this is so unexpected, so entertaining, that a few minutes of it will be enough to change your whole opinion of the bear's character. You meet him as a ferocious and dangerous beast; you leave him, or he leaves you, with the notion that he is the best of all natural comedians.

Here, for example, is a simple but illuminating show of bear nature, one of a score which you will uncover with surprise as you follow Mooween's trail. When a cub finds a toothsome morsel he sweeps it into his mouth on the instant, if it be small enough to swallow quickly; but if it offers several mouthfuls, the first thing he does is to look alertly about to see where the other cubs are. If they are near or watching him, he promptly sits on his morsel and pretends to be surveying the world; but if they are busy with their own affairs, he carefully comes between them and his find, turning his back on them while he eats.

One might think this little deception a mere accident until it is repeated, or until this supplemental bit of bear psychology bubbles up to the surface. When a cub sees another cub with back turned, keeping very still in one place, he first stares hard, his face an exclamation-point, as if he could not believe his eyes. Then he cries, "Ur-rump-umph!" and comes on the jump to have a share of whatever the fortunate one has uncovered. Knowing what it means when he turns his own back, I suppose, he jumps to the conclusion that he is just like all other greedy cubs, or that all other cubs are just like him. To a spectator the most amusing part of the comedy is that when a cub is discovered in his greediness he seems to treat it as a joke, gobbling as much as possible of his find, but showing no ill temper if another cub arrives in time to have a bit of it. "Get away with it if you can, but don't squeal if you are caught," seems to be the sporting rule of a young bear family. As they grow older they become unsociable, even morose, and occasionally one meets a bear that seems to be a regular sorehead.

Once when I was very near a family of black bears, my position on a high rock preventing them from getting my scent, I saw one of the cubs unearth a morsel and gobble it greedily. It was a bees' nest, I think, and it was certainly delicious; the little fellow ate it with gusto, making a loud smacking as he opened or closed his mouth and afterward licking his chops again and again, as if he could never have enough of the taste. Twenty yards away another cub suddenly threw up his head, smelling the sweets, undoubtedly, for they can wind a disturbed bees' nest at an incredible distance. Rolling his fur in anticipation, the hungry little fellow scampered up and nosed all over the spot, sniffing and whining. Finding nothing but a smell, he sat down, crossed both paws over the top of his head, and howled a wild falsetto, "Oooo-wow-ow-ow-ow!" twisting about and shaking his whole body like a petulant child. Meanwhile the other little cub looked cunningly at the howling one; his head was cocked on one side; every now and then he would run out a slender red tongue and lap it around his lips as if to say, "Yum-yum, it *was* good."

When their stomachs are filled the cubs take to playing; and one who watches them at their play has no more heart to kill them. They are too droll, and the big woods seem to need them. They hide, and the mother, after vain calling, must go smell them out; but as the end of that game is commonly a cuffing, it is not repeated. Then, mindful of their ears, the cubs begin to wrestle;

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or they face each other and box, striking and fending till one gets more than he wants, when they clinch and go rolling about in a rough-and-tumble. But the most fascinating sight is when two cubs climb a tree on opposite sides, a tree so big that they are hidden one from the other. The one in your sight goes humping aloft, clasping the tree with his paws and hurling himself upward by powerful digs of his hind claws, till he thinks he is well above his rival. In the excitement, what with flying chips and the loud scratching of bark, he hears nothing but the sound of his own going. Then he peeks cautiously around the tree, and very likely finds a black nose coming to meet him. He hits it quickly and dodges away to the other side, only to get his own nose rapped. So they play hide and peek, and hit and dodge and peek again, till they scramble into the high branches. And there they whimper awhile, afraid to come down. Not till they are sharply called will they try the descent, sagging down backward, looking first over one shoulder, then over the other. But if they are in a hurry and the branches are not too high, they simply turn all loose, like a coon; they tumble down in a heap, hit the ground and bound away unhurt, like rubber balls.

Meanwhile the old she-bear is watching over the family in an odd mixture of fondness and discipline, with temper enough to give variety to both. Sometimes she mothers the cubs with a gruff, bearish kind of tenderness. When they bother her by hiding, or when they are heedless of some warning or message, she cuffs them impatiently; and a bear's cuff is no love-pat, but a thud from a heavy paw which sends a cub spinning end over end. If you are near enough to read her expression, you will hear her at one moment say: "That's my little cubs! Oh, that's my little cubs!" A few minutes later she will be sitting with humped back, her great head on one side, her paws between her outstretched hind legs, and in her piggy, disapproving eye the question, "Can these greedy little unfillable things be my offspring?" So they move across the berry-field, a day-long comedy. What they do at night nobody has ever seen.

The fox is another comedian whose cunning has been overemphasized ever since Æsop invented certain fables, but whose amusing side has not yet found a worthy chronicler. Young foxes play by the hour, with an endless variety of games, mock fights and rough-and-tumble capers which make the antics of a kitten almost dull by comparison. That they are glad little beasts, without fear and with only a saving measure of caution, is plain enough to any one who has ever watched them with the understanding of sympathy. Moreover, unlike the bears, they keep the spirit of play to the end; a grown fox will chase his tail in sheer exuberance of animal spirits, or will forget his mousing or even his hunger in the pleasure of pestering a tortoise when he finds one of the awkward creatures loafing about the woods.

One summer day I watched a fox-and-woodchuck drama in which keen wits were pitted against dull wits, a drama to which only the genius of Uncle Remus could do justice. It was late afternoon, and the chuck had ventured away from his den to a clover-field for a last sweet mouthful before he slept. On the hill above a fox came out of the woods, leaped to the top of a stone wall, and looked keenly over the clover. I think Eleemos knew that this particular field had a promising den, and that he was planning to catch one of the young woodchucks. Hence his lofty station on the wall, with bushes bending over to shadow him, and the expectant look in his bright yellow eyes. He gave a quick start as he caught a waving of grass, the cautious motion of a grizzled head; then he dropped back into the woods, ran down behind the wall, slipped over it under cover of a bush, crept flat on his belly to a rock, and peeked around it to measure his chance. Oh yes, he could catch that slow fellow yonder, surely, without half trying! Inch by inch he

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pushed clear of the rock, waited with his feet under him till the chuck dropped out of sight to feed, and then launched himself like a bolt.

Now a woodchuck is also cunning in his own dull way—too cunning, indeed, to be caught napping in the open. Like the beaver, he often sits up for a wary look on all sides; after which he drops as if to feed, but immediately bobs up a second time. A young chuck may be foolishly content with a single survey; but a veteran is apt to make at least two false starts at feeding, with the evident purpose of fooling any one who may be watching.

So it befell that, just as the fox leaped from cover, the woodchuck's head bobbed up from the clover. He saw the enemy instantly and scuttled away for his den, his fat body shaking like a jelly-bag as he ran. After him came the fox with swift jumps; into the hole dived the woodchuck, sending back a whistle of defiance; and the fox, grabbing at the vanishing tail, fetched up *bump!* against the earth with a shock that might have dislocated a less limber neck. He had the tail, however, firmly gripped between his teeth, and with a do-or-die expression he proceeded to drag his game out bodily—a hard job, as any one knows who has ever tested a woodchuck's holding power. Eleemos pulled steadily at first; but he might as well have tried to pull up a young hickory as to move that anchored creature with hind feet braced against opposite sides of the hole and paws gripped about a rock or a root. Then the fox began to tug, bracing his forefeet and jerking his whole body to the rear, like a terrier on a rope. In the midst of a mighty effort something gave way; the fox went over backward, turning end over end down the pitch of the hill. He picked himself up in a shamefaced sort of way, sniffed a moment at the empty hole, and trotted off to the woods with a small piece of scrubby tail in his mouth.

Such little comedies are not uncommon; they go on at all hours, in all unspoiled places, the only uncommon thing being that now and then some man is quiet or patient or lucky enough to see them. The few squirrels, bears, woodpeckers and other creatures which I have here pictured are typical of all natural birds and beasts; gladness and comedy prevail among them until some sportsman appears with his needless killing, or a scientist invents an absurd theory of natural struggle to account for unnatural human depravity, or a literary artist with imaginative eye creates a world-embracing tragedy out of a passing incident. The accepted fashion now is to put yourself in the skin of a fox running before the dogs, or of a buck that springs up alert at the hunting howl of a wolf-pack, and from your own fears, your vivid imagination, your weak legs or weak heart, and your ignorance of animal psychology, to fill the quiet woods with advancing terror and tragedy.

Now I have followed many fox-hunts in the New England woods, and have yet to meet the first fox that does not appear to be getting more fun out of the chase than comes to the heavy-footed hounds as their particular portion. Except in damp weather or soft snow, which weights his brush and makes him take to earth, a fox runs lightly, almost leisurely, stopping often to listen, and even snatching a nap when his speed or his crisscrossed trail has put a safe distance between him and the hounds. He has a dozen fastnesses among the ledges, where he can find safety at any time; but the simple fact is that a red fox prefers to keep his feet in the open, knowing that he can outrun or outwit any pack of dogs if he be given a fair field.

Also, I once witnessed the death of a buck at the fangs of a wolf, and it was utterly different from what I had imagined. The buck ran down a ridge through deep snow and out on a frozen lake, where he might easily have escaped had he put his mind into the running, since his sharp hoofs clung securely to

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the ice where the wolf's paws slithered wildly, losing grip and balance at every jump. Instead of running for his life, however, the buck kept stopping to look, as if dazed or curious to know what the chase was all about. The wolf kept easily close at heel, stopping when the buck stopped, until he saw his chance, when he flashed in, threw his game, and paralyzed it by a single powerful snap over the kidneys. Before that buck found out what was up he was dead or beyond all feeling. The wolf raised his head in a tingling cry that rang over the frozen waste like an invitation, and out of the dark woods beyond the lake raced a wolf-pack to share in the feast.

That might appear as a tragic or terrible ending, I suppose, if you viewed it imaginatively from the side of Hetokh, the buck; but how would it appear if you looked at it imaginatively from the viewpoint of Malsum, the wolf, a hungry wolf, who must take whatever good thing his mother Nature offers to satisfy his hunger? And if you elect to stand by the buck, as the better animal, it is still unreasonable to form a judgment from the last event of his life, ignoring all the happy days that went before. He had lived five or six years, as I judged from his development, and he died in a minute. Moreover, this also is to be remembered, that the idea of death and the fear of death are wholly the result of imagination. And of imagination—that marvelous creative faculty which enables us vividly to picture the unseen or to follow the unknown, and which is the highest attribute of the human mind—the buck had probably very little; certainly not enough either to inspire or to trouble him. Life was all that he knew when the end came quickly. He had absolutely no conception of death, and therefore no fear of it. Any such thing as tragedy was to him unthinkable.

The point is, you see, that in our modern view of nature, a view which we curiously imagine to be scientific when it is merely bookish and thoughtless, we are prone to let the moment or the passing incident of death obscure the entire vista of life—life with its leisure hours, its changing seasons, its work and play and rest. To go out-of-doors and look upon nature with unprejudiced eyes is to learn that death is but a curtain let-down on a play. Of the stage to which the play is removed, as of that other stage whence it came here, we have as yet no knowledge; but this much we see plainly, that for its completion every life, however small or great, must have its exit as well as its entrance. The quality of that life is to be judged not by either of its momentary and mysterious extremes, but by the long, pleasure-seeking, pleasure-finding days which lie between its end and its beginning.

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THE LION'S MOUTH

THOSE ANNOYING AMENITIES

BY BROOKS SHEPARD

I AM tired of reading about the "amenities" of things I hate.

Not long ago I picked up a volume of short essays, chosen apparently at random from the anonymous column of an austere and reputable magazine. With no thought of seeming statistical, I discovered that fifty-one per cent. of them prowled for their material among the rubbish heaps of middle-class life—not among the garrets or the old forgotten trunks, but among the rubbish heaps—and plucked forth with glad cries a motley of valueless stuff, which, in a literary sense, had been discarded because outworn or originally worthless.

One of these essays dealt, in admirable style, with the charms of sawing firewood. The author of another sang of the joy he experienced in riding upon a crowded street car. A third bewailed the unreasoning dislike we feel for red ants, toads, rats, bats, and similar vermin upholding in their defense a real or fancied resemblance to creatures we tolerate or esteem. Why, he moans, should we frown upon the red ant, while we approve of the black ant? Or maybe it was the other way about. I dislike both of them, because I object to things that bite, tickle, or infest sugar. (Here, gratis, is a hint for a paper on the amenities of a sugar shortage.) I would rather read startling things about the strange parasol ant of the tropics, who neither bites nor tickles me, than dull falsehoods about his domestic nuisance of a cousin. Still more would I relish hearing ants abused, black and red alike. I enjoy having my bugbears baited.

Literary junk-dealing is by no means novel. From the earliest days of the personal essay, writers have sought to capitalize their periods of depression and non-inspiration by discovering imaginary virtues in the drab routine to which, for the moment, they felt themselves bound. But the junk heap of random amenities has been pretty well pawed over, and the stuff that is being fished out to-day is, nine-tenths of it, bald trash. Some of our authors seem to think that every thorn has its rose. When they cannot call this rose by any other name, they dub it "Salutary Discipline," and, yielding their flabby necks to the yoke with melancholy pleasure, discover fine virtue in it. It is the literature of slaves.

Dislike of this kind of writing is not so much a matter of repugnance as of uncongeniality; not so much a dislike of having one's animadversions set at naught as a shrinking from the mind that takes pleasure in unpleasant things. For personal essays are like people, in that we approve or demur according to the personality which enlivens them. Folks who snarl their way through the world invite neither love nor respect. Those, on the other hand, who see good in everything are apt to be tiresome, though they may be respectable enough. Thus, in essays, sustained bitterness is intolerable, and sustained sweetness decidedly cloying. The ordinary reader cannot make a meal out of red pepper. Neither is he satisfied with mush alone; he demands something with more "chaw" to it. He wants contrast of flavor and texture; not contrast between the author's view and that of mankind at large, but contrast within the author's own view. If the author likes certain things, he must loathe opposite things with

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equal verve, or the reader cannot feel really chummy with him. The godless general reader has little sympathy and no love for writers who, as Stevenson says, insist on forcing some significance from all that comes before them.

We are ready to approve the essayist when he finds delight in a tramp through the woods. We are surprised, perhaps, but not alienated, when he finds his walk more pleasant in rainy weather than in fair, in winter than in summer. But when he affects to enjoy a hike through a dreary, deserted factory yard at five o'clock on a drizzling Sunday morning, before breakfast, it is the instinct of most of us to leave him flat. He is a liar or a lunatic.

Wholesome contentment is blessed. "Hard work?—land, yes! But I'll be through in a jiffy." How we loved the cheery laugh of the red-cheeked farmer's wife; simple, hearty, she knew work for what it was, and enjoyed her play the more for having earned it with toil. But a dreadful change has come over her, and at the sound of her altered voice the black shepherd dog sidles away with downward tail and upward eye. "I love to hoe weeds in the heat of the day!" she cries in a rich, throaty voice. "The destruction of harmful life brings a sense of power, of domination. I am the master of my cabbage patch!"

Maudlin habits grow upon us with age. A Pollyanntic mood toward the snags of circumstance tends inevitably, if sustained, toward a fuddled dotage. None of us wants to become an aged fountain of silly glad tears; yet the path of imaginary primroses leads straight to such an end. We tread it with eyes turned inward, discovering a fancied amenity in each stone that trips us; seeing naught of the real primroses that occasionally border the path, and sinking finally at the end of the trail with our mental breeches torn to shreds on the thorns we refused to see. There is acute peril for the man of forty who ventures timidly to point out elements of good in, let us say, the song of the mosquito. Perhaps he is sincere. He may like it. He may tell us that here, in his judgment, is the only good thing about a mosquito, and let it go at that; or he may carry his theme higher and, finding in the mosquito a quality he admires, declare that the universe at large is horribly misjudged. Here the song of the mosquito is merely an introductory chirrup to his larger cry, but the only difference in the importance of his observations lies in the amount per word he is paid for his writings. At sixty-five he will be crooning glad balderdash about the chestnut burr upon which he has had the good fortune to sit. Now a chestnut burr is good for chestnuts, but it is not good for human beings, and that is all there is to it.

One of the pests of the war was the writer who persisted in finding good traits in the Hun. It was not because he owed anything to the Hun. It was simply because everybody else was hating the Hun, and he wanted to be different from ordinary people. Had he been a Hun, he would have shouted himself hoarse for *Amerika*.

He and his kind never convince anybody, never alter an aversion nor dispel a prejudice. No defense of the act of chasing one's hat can ever make it anything but an embarrassment and a burden to me. Spiders may be bright-eyed and active, may sip the dew, may love and hate, but to me they are always spiders. Nor do these twelve-hundred-word Ciceros, in defense of Arachne, expect to convince. If great numbers of people began to like spiders and organize Young Peoples' Spider Societies, then spiders would lose interest, and they would search avidly for something even nastier to praise,—banana oil, for example, or washing the poodle.

We have no poodle in our home, and unless wealth should turn our heads we never shall. But assume that we have a poodle—white, with a hint of dingy pink where the hair is thin, and rheumy, vague eyes, like a kitten with a cold—and that it is my duty to wash it. It

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would be; my wife is fond of dogs, and romps with an unwashed Airdale, but—anyway—

"The tub is brought out of the house and placed beneath a blossoming syringa. It is painted green without, and was once white within; but little protesting feet have chipped out great patches of enamel, until it is now a mellow, indeterminate hue that catches the darting sunlight and holds it pulsing, a veritable Diana's pool. Water, not too cold, is carried in a bucket and poured into the tub; five bucketfuls, neither more nor less. It were possible to fill little Fifi's tub from the near-by hydrant, a gleaming brass modernism, and the woman chides me good-naturedly for the work I make of it. But there is an old-time atmosphere about a wooden bucket to which I cling, as I cling to—"

To the old straw bed tick, no doubt, and the tin cup, and the nickel-plated coal-oil lamp with the white-china shade. And so forth, *ad canem*, whom I forbear to describe, naked and loathsome in his green wash boiler beneath the blossoming syringa. Not that I couldn't do the scene justice. But why waste people's time in idealizing a dog's bath? And (confidentially) I may need the material for a future essay on the amenities of something or other. The anonymous column is a blessing for us who are proud but poor.

The test of a True Princess, said Grimm, is as follows: seven mattresses are superimposed, and between the bed slat and the lowest mattress is inserted a dried pea, or similar leguminous seed. All of the candidates, save only the True Princess, sleep soundly upon the feathery mountain; she alone tosses restlessly throughout the night, bruised and discomfited by the pea.

There is an element of prettiness in this idea, and a certain unlikelihood is to be expected in a fairy tale. Yet even as a child I could not altogether escape the conviction that she ought to be spanked into normality.

To-day she is subjected to a different test. Beneath seven layers of barbed wire is laid a single bantam feather. The True Princess, who is Oh-so-glad, sleeps soundly acrest the barbs; in her slumber she babbles of amenities.

THE TABOO OF CULTURE

BY F. M. COLBY

A FRENCHWOMAN with whom I was just now talking quoted at least five stanzas on end from a philosophic poem written a hundred years ago. It occurred at the breakfast table while I was eating an egg. Now there is nothing of early Boston about me and I hate a quoter at any time and place, even in a magazine article, and I am not likely to take too mild a view of a disturbance of this kind at the breakfast table. If poetry could only be handed down by being recited in large quantities at breakfast by the sort of American person who would be likely to recite it at breakfast, civilized man would gladly see it die. But the Frenchwoman had nothing in common with the thick-skinned quoters I have known, whose memories fly open and spill out anywhere like old suitcases with broken locks. Nor did she at all resemble reciters of poetry, professional or semi-professional, or poets reading from their works. No chest notes, prolongations of syllables, maddening over-emphasis, orotundities, sonorities, ultra-precise articulations, boomings of vowels and spittings of consonants—not a trace of the elocutionary elegance that has made the plays of William Shakespeare so justly hated on the stage. On the contrary, she was quite casual about it, even careless, running on with the thing and getting absorbed in it, just as I was doing with my egg, and without any more thought of impressing the bystander. Down to that moment I should have said, as an American, that poetry should never be quoted at all. I see now that there is not necessarily any harm in it. It may be quoted even among casual acquaintances, just as eggs may be eaten, if the thing is done

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unobtrusively. As matters stand, however, and in the present stage of our literary table manners, it is better always to abstain.

It explains in a way the culture taboo among the better sort of contemporary Americans. Culture has a bad name with us on account of its association with semi-public displays of bookishness and with little essays in the *Didactic Monthly* all spotted with happy thoughts from Samuel Johnson and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. As the word is now applied, it carries a curse for all save little bands of unpleasant and self-conscious persons who are themselves fidgetting about it. It is not absorbed, but packed in, always with a view to being taken out again without a wrinkle in it, and it does nothing to the man who gets it, but he means to do a lot with it to you. It is absurd to suppose that the human container of culture takes any personal interest in his contents. It is not worked in; it is provisionally deposited for the purpose of being worked off.

Of course I am not speaking of the essence of the thing, but only of the implications of the word as they have been seared into our social experience. I do not mean that humane learning blasts an American, but I do mean that among those who are known as cultured Americans learning is not humane. And I am not condemning the present moment. It has nothing to do with the rudeness of young people, jazz bands, the corruption of the English language, the cut of gowns down the back, war psychology, the Bolshevism of college professors, fox-trotting, the neglect of the classics, movies, commercialism, syndicalism, indecencies on the stage, popular novels, feminism, or any other of the unheard-of horrors that the middle-aged mind associates with the break-down of civilization. There is no sign that American civilization is breaking down in this respect, for the simple reason that there is no sign that American civilization in this respect ever existed. There is no sign that among any considerable body of cultured Americans learning was ever humane, and it is lucky for us that vivacious men at every period of our national life have revolted from it. Ten years of Greek study would not have hurt Mark Twain, but ten years' contact with the sort of persons who studied Greek would have destroyed him. Historical studies would not have suffocated Walt Whitman; even after reading Bishop Stubbs he might have remained our poet of democracy. But association with modern historians would have done for him. Had Walt Whitman taken the same course that I did at a school of political science, he would have gone mad or become a college president.

What was it that so pinched the mind of Henry Adams, readers of the *Education of Henry Adams* are always asking, though one would think the answer could not be missed. It was Boston and Cambridge in the eighteen-fifties and an acute personal consciousness of membership in the Adams family. It was a lucky thing for both Jews and Christians that Moses was not a cultured Boston man, for the Ten Commandments would not only have been multiplied by fifty, but a supplemental volume of thousands of really indispensable gentilities would have come out every year. No man knew better than the late W. D. Howells the Sinaitic rigor of the social scruple when the descendant of the Puritans once turned his conscience away from God and bent it upon culture. The genial tale of *The Lady of the Aroostook* might well have been a tragedy. Indeed, the passion of a man bred in the right Boston set and immensely conscious of it—a man who read the right books in the right way, knew the right people, visited the right places abroad—the passion of such a man for a girl who not only said "I want to know," but who had never heard of a chaperon—there is a situation not only tragic in itself, but close to the edge of violence, terminable, one would say, only by accidental death, murder, or suicide. Desdemona was smothered for less. That Mr. Howells

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should see it to a comparatively cheerful end without calling down the lightning proves merely the magic of his hand. But Mr. Howells did not conceal one painful consequence. Hero and heroine both were outcasts from culture for evermore. Never again did they enter the doors of the right people of Cambridge. "He's done the wisest thing he could by taking her out to California. She never would have gone down here." This was the doom that culture pronounced in the final chapter. For, although at nineteen years of age Lydia ceased to say she wanted to know, the early stain remained. She bore it to the grave. And this ending was entirely just and Mr. Howells did not exaggerate in the slightest degree the rigors of the law, for, though Lydia as he made her was the most natural and adorable creature imaginable, he was right in saying that in the cultured circles of the time and place she never would have gone down.

The taboo of culture is no new thing; it dates from a comparatively ancient grudge in our brief literary history. People are ashamed of their culture nowadays, a friend of mine was saying, and he went on to cite instances of the exclusion from human intercourse of all those matters of general interest which make intercourse human. And why are you so afraid of general ideas? one visiting Frenchman after another has asked me, and I have never yet been able to think of a suitable reply. And they go back to France on no better terms with the English language than when they came. It is impossible to arouse any enthusiasm for our spoken language in a Frenchman, for he does not believe that conversation in his sense of the word is ever carried on in it. And he is certainly right. The range of a quite ordinary Frenchman's every-day talk is not generally permitted in this country. Religion may be discussed with a French chauffeur on a footing of naturalness absolutely out of place at an American authors' club. You may confess a literary taste to a French washwoman, but not to a New York banker. The philosophic speculations of French barber shops would be shockingly pedantic at our dinner tables.

Of course the main reason why the conversation of a novelist does not differ from that of a shoe manufacturer is simply because as a rule there is no real difference between them. But there is sometimes another side to it. The man of letters who excludes letters from his talk is not necessarily ashamed of them. But he knows the traditional association in this country of culture with ennui, and he knows that it is amply justified. Acquaintance with the personalities of cultured groups naturally disposes a sensitive mind to the cultivation of an appearance of illiteracy. Thought is not a social nuisance in this country, but thinkers generally are. Hence, when seized by an irresistible impulse to express any sort of an idea, a well-bred man will always leave the room, just as he would do if seized by an uncontrollable fit of coughing.

THE GREATEST OF THESE

BY BEN RAY REDMAN

LONG years ago there dwelt in a city of the East a merchant who had amassed a great fortune in competition with his less sagacious brethren. His house was surrounded by a high wall, and within the mansion there were numberless servants to do the slightest bidding of his will. He had grown old in the accumulation of his treasure, and there came a time when he felt life was an arid thing with no joy in its continuance. Family he had none, love he had none, the flush of youth had passed, the sturdy strength of middle-age had gone, and the piled-up burden of his years weighed upon him with increasing pressure. To contemplate the years ahead made him shudder in the still loneliness of his solitary halls. So he began to read the works of the great sages and learned pundits, works of philosophy and ethics. And as he read the catalogue of human

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virtues, among all writers he found one held the foremost place. Turn where he might, he still found praise of it, and the name of this great and leading virtue was Charity. With gradual insistence it forced itself upon his mind that Charity was foreign to his life, it had held no part in the stern routine of his progress. So gradually he came to feel that this virtue above all others was worth while, and he proposed to enter upon the practice of it, that his last activities might insure the well-being of his soul.

A morning came that found the great merchant standing outside his walls garbed in the common robes of the priestly mendicant. There he stood, as the first rays of the sun struck on minaret and cupola, and in one hand he clasped a silken bag filled deep with close-packed golden coins. The early venturers glided on their way to open booth and stall, but none came by his station. Still he stood in virtuous content, his heart expanding with a love for all his fellow-men. After an hour a man, an artisan, judging by his garb, came down the street singing a gay song. The merchant hailed him as he went to pass.

"A moment, brother, if you will."

"Your servant, sir," the man replied.

The merchant plunged his hand into the silken bag and drew it forth dripping with golden disks.

"Here," he said, "take these for sake of charity, and may the blessings of Allah go with you."

The man drew back and scowled, his brows contracted in a threatening rage.

"No bribe for me!" he thundered. "Take your cursed gold and may it chill your soul." His muscled arm drew back as if to strike.

"What talk of bribes is this?" the man of wealth exclaimed. "I offer you no bribe, but in the name of charity I give you this."

"Enough of all your charity. Does one fling riches to the winds? You know my place of baker to the king. What dainty cake do you wish poisoned for your bribe?" And with a curse upon his lips he flung himself upon his way.

The merchant sighed. Were men so wicked in themselves that they must find a vile intent behind a simple act of virtue? He dropped the coins back into the bag, and strove to drive away the memory of his first rebuff.

Many men of different classes passed him for an hour, but still the merchant stood and held his peace. At last a man came by whose garments hung in rags, his breast half covered by a straggling, unkempt beard. The merchant halted him and loosed the cord about the bag.

"Here, friend, is gold that I would share with you."

The derelict looked at the gold and sadly smiled.

"I am a carver, sir, such as this city never knew before and shall not know again. My art is subtlety, but men prefer the obvious, and so they pass me by. Had I agreed to make a harlot of my muse, you would not see me now in rags. Had I carved pieces for the market-place, each day would bring its rich reward." The carver smiled again, almost in pity, so it seemed. "I have no need to share your gold. I have a wealth that you can never know." And so he passed in ragged pride.

The man of wealth looked after him. His brows were bent in deep perplexity; he did not understand. Amassing wealth would seem a simpler thing than distribution of the same.

The hour of noon drew nigh; the merchant felt a weariness assail his limbs, but still his bag was full. Then came a child that played upon its way. The old man called the child and took a single glittering gold piece from his store. The tiny hands clutched eagerly to seize the gleaming toy. The merchant smiled and watched the scene. The child was in a transport of delight at such a treasure; flung it in the air and scrambled for it as it fell, then rolled it on the stones and pounced to rescue it. The play went on until the coin found a crevice in the

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street and disappeared. The child looked for a moment curiously as if to see it reappear, then, in complete forgetfulness, went laughing up the street.

ON THE OTHER HAND. I

BY MAY THORPE BIGELOW

DAVID LITTLETON is a friend of my friends, so widely known that every fifth introduction elicits a happy "—from Washington? Oh, then you *must* have met David Littleton — he was there during the war!"

David Littleton has spent five years and three—or it may be seven—months in Russia. Some of the months were before the war, some during it, and some in the midst of the present confusion. Russia, like liquor and labor, is apt to be mentioned in an evening's conversation. This enables my friends, who are also friends of David Littleton's, to quote him at length. The opinions, doctrines, observations, and remarks credited to that man would equal in extent one year's mileage of the Russian Question in the New York *Times*.

David Littleton writes for magazines, and writes unpardonably well. He knows how to punctuate—which is an exasperating accomplishment in an author with whom you disagree.

David Littleton lives in Barrow Street, or Jones Street, or Spring Street, among the pushcarts and the poor. He is not compelled to live there because of his income, but apparently is pleased with the neighborhood. The atmosphere is somewhat out of keeping with his brocades and brasses. But the odors may lend him a satisfactorily sociological feeling, which is a good thing in a sociologist. A journey to his rooms is variously described by his friends as "proof positive of their esteem," or "touching evidence of the love bestowed by his neighbors." It seems that some friends are adversely moved by sudden contact with tomatoes and mud, while others warm to the admiration of the troop of youngsters which escorts their host from the subway.

David Littleton has traveled widely, and is appallingly conversant with Oriental decorations. I am tempted to hide our one ivory elephant and banish forever our few pieces of lacquer. My friends, so many of whom are friends of David Littleton's, trust implicitly to his ideas of art.

David Littleton attended the Peace Conference—as a reporter or a hall boy or an interpreter or something. I wish that he had not.

David Littleton is endowed with rare and unusual charm. His hair is of the upstanding, "crisp" variety, and is gratifyingly black. His eyes smolder darkly and his face is colorless. In every respect his appearance is perfect. Some have it that he is in love—but fortunately the little cat is too mercenary to marry him, for he could never be happy with her. He really is quite practical—lectures wonderfully, and can repair the engine of a Ford car. And his manner and personality—!

David Littleton is liked by men extravagantly. It was a man's voice, in the silence of the decisive rubber, that described him as one "than whom there is no other."

David Littleton was introduced to my sister not long ago, and she cannot understand why I do not wish to meet him.

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EDITOR'S DRAWER

NEW NONSENSE NOVELS

JOHN AND I, OR HOW I NEARLY LOST MY HUSBAND

(Done After the Approved Fashion of The Heart and Home Magazine)

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

IT was after we had been married about two years that I began to feel that I needed more air. Every time I looked at John across the breakfast table I felt as if I must have more air, more space.

I seemed to feel as if I had no room to expand. I had begun to ask myself whether I had been wise in marrying John, whether John was really sufficient for my development. I felt cramped and shut in. In spite of myself the question would arise in my mind whether John really understood my nature. He had a way of reading the newspaper, propped up against the sugar bowl, at breakfast that somehow made me feel as if things had gone all wrong. It was bitter to realize that the time had come when John could prefer the newspaper to his wife's society.

. . . . . .

But perhaps I had better go back and tell the whole miserable story from the beginning.

I shall never forget—I suppose no woman ever does—the evening when John first spoke out his love for me. I had felt for some time past that it was there. Again and again he seemed about to speak. But somehow his words seemed to fail him. Twice I took him into the very heart of the little wood beside mother's house, but it was only a small wood, and somehow he slipped out on the other side.

"Oh, John," I had said, "how lonely and still it seems in the wood with no one here but ourselves. Do you think," I said, "that the birds have souls?"

"I don't know," John answered; "let's get out of this." I was sure that his emotion was too strong for him.

"I never feel a bit lonesome where you are, John," I said, as we made our way among the underbrush.

"I think we can get out down that little gully," he answered.

Then one evening in June after tea I led John down a path beside the house to a little corner behind the garden where there was a stone wall on one side and a high fence right in front of us, and thorn bushes on the other side. There was a little bench in the angle of the wall and the fence, and we sat down on it.

"Minnie," John said, "there's something I meant to say—"

"Oh, John," I cried, and I flung my arms round his neck. It all came with such a flood of surprise.

"All I meant, Minn—" John went on, but I checked him.

"Oh, don't, John, don't say anything more," I said. "It's just too perfect." Then I rose and seized him by the wrist. "Come," I said, "come to mother," and I rushed him along the path.

As soon as mother saw us come in hand in hand in this way, she guessed everything. She threw both her arms round John's neck and fairly pinned him against the wall. John tried to speak, but mother wouldn't let him.

"I saw it all along, John," she said. "Don't speak. Don't say a word. I guessed your love for Minn from the very start. I don't know what I shall do without her, John, but she's yours now; take her." Then mother began to cry, and I couldn't help crying, too. "Take him to father," mother said, and we each took one of John's wrists and took him to father on the back veranda.

As soon as John saw father he tried to speak again. "I think I ought to say—" he began, but mother stopped him.

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"Father," she said, "he wants to take our little girl away. He loves her very dearly, Alfred," she said, "and I think it our duty to let her go, no matter how hard it is, and oh! please Heaven, Alfred, he'll treat her well and not misuse her, or beat her," and she began to sob again.

Father got up and took John by the hand and shook it warmly. "Take her, boy," he said. "She's all yours now. Take her."

So John and I were engaged and in due time our wedding day came and we were married. I remember that for days and days before the wedding day, John seemed very nervous and depressed; I think he was worrying, poor boy, as to whether he could really make me happy, and whether he could fill my life as it should be filled. But I told him that he was not to worry, because I *meant* to be happy, and was determined just to make the best of everything.

Father stayed with John a good deal before the wedding day, and on the wedding morning he went and fetched him to the church in a closed carriage and had him there all ready when we came. It was a beautiful day in September, and the church looked just lovely. I had a beautiful gown of white organdy with tulle at the throat, and I carried a great bunch of white roses, and father led John up the aisle after me.

I remember that mother cried a good deal at the wedding and told John that he had stolen her darling and that he must never misuse me or beat me. And I remember that the clergyman spoke very severely to John and told him he hoped he realized the responsibility he was taking and that it was his duty to make me happy. A lot of our old friends were there, and they all spoke quite sharply to John and all the women kissed me and said they hoped I would never regret what I had done, and I just kept up my spirits by sheer determination and told them that I had made up my mind to be happy and that I was going to be so.

So presently it was all over and we were driven to the station and got the afternoon train for New York, and when we sat down in the compartment among all our bandboxes and flowers, John said:

"Well, thank God that's over!" And I said:

"Oh, John, an oath! on our wedding day, an oath!"

John said, "I'm sorry, Minn; I didn't mean—" but I said:

"Don't, John; don't make it worse. Swear at me if you must, but don't make it harder to bear."

We spent our wedding tour in New York. At first I had thought of going somewhere to the great lonely woods, where I could have walked under the great trees, and felt the silence of nature, and where John should have been my viking and captured me with his spear, and that I should be his and his alone and no other man should share me; and John had said all right. Or else I had planned to go away off somewhere to the seashore where I could have watched the great waves pushing themselves against the rocks. I had told John that he should be my cave man, and should seize me in his arms and carry me whither he would. I felt somehow that for my development I wanted to get as close to nature as ever I could—that my mind seemed to be reaching out for a great emptiness. But I looked over all the hotel and steamship folders I could get and it seemed impossible to secure good accommodations, so we came to New York. As I had a great deal of shopping to do for our new house, I could not be much with John, but I felt it was not right to neglect him so I drove him somewhere in a taxi each morning and called for him again in the evening. One day I took him to the Metropolitan Museum, and another day I left him at the Zoo, and another day at the Aquarium. John seemed very happy and quiet among the fishes.

So presently we came back home and I spent many busy days in fixing and arranging our new house. I had the drawing-room done in blue, and the dining room all in dark paneled wood, and a boudoir upstairs done in pink and white enamel to match my bedroom and dressing room. There was a very nice little room in the basement next to the coal cellar that I turned into a "den" for John, so that when he wanted to smoke he could go down there and do it. John seemed to appreciate his den at once, and often would stay down there so long that I had to call to him to come up.

When I look back on those days they seem very bright and happy. But it was not very long before a change came. I began to realize that John was neglecting me. I noticed it at first in small things. I don't know just how long it was after our marriage that John began to read the newspaper at breakfast. At first he would only pick it up and read it

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in little bits and only on the front page. I tried not to be hurt at it, and would go on talking just as brightly as I could without seeming to notice anything. But presently he got to reading the inside part of the paper, and then one day he opened up the financial page and folded the paper right back and leaned it against the sugar bowl.

I could not but wonder whether John's love for me was what it had been. Was it cooling? I asked myself. And what was cooling it? It hardly seemed possible, when I looked back to the wild passion with which he had proposed to me on the garden bench, that John's love was waning. But I kept noticing different little things. One day in the springtime I saw John getting out a lot of fishing tackle from a box and fitting it together. I asked him what he was going to do, and he said that he was going to fish. I went to my room and had a good cry. It seemed dreadful that he could neglect his wife for a few worthless fish.

So I decided to put John to the test. It had been my habit every morning after he put his coat on to go to the office to let John have one kiss, just one weeny kiss, to keep him happy all day. So this day when he was getting ready I bent my head over a big bowl of flowers and pretended not to notice. I think John must have been hurt, as I heard him steal out on tiptoe.

Well, I realized that things had come to a dreadful state, and so I sent over to mother, and mother came and we had a good cry together. I made up my mind to force myself to face things and just to be as bright as ever I could. Mother and I both thought that things would be better if I tried all I could to make something out of John. I have always felt that every woman should make all that she can out of her husband. So I did my best first of all to straighten up John's appearance. I shifted the style of collar he was wearing to a tighter kind that I liked better, and I brushed his hair straight backward instead of forward, which gave him a much more alert look. Mother said that John needed waking up, and so we did all we could to wake him. Mother came over to stay with me a good deal, and in the evenings we generally had a little music or a game of cards.

About this time another difficulty began to come into my married life, which I suppose I ought to have foreseen. I mean the attentions of other gentlemen. I have always called forth a great deal of admiration in gentlemen, but I have always done my best to act like a lady and to discourage it in every possible way. I had been innocent enough to suppose that this would end with married life, and it gave me a dreadful shock to realize that such was not the case. The first one I noticed was a young man who came to the house, at an hour when John was out, for the purpose, so he said at least, of reading the gas-meter. He looked at me in just the boldest way and asked me to show him the way to the cellar. I don't know whether it was a pretext or not, but I just summoned all the courage I had and showed him to the head of the cellar stairs. I had determined that if he tried to carry me down with him I would scream for the servants, but I suppose something in my manner made him desist and he went alone. When he came up he professed to have read the meter and he left the house quite quietly. But I thought it wiser to say nothing to John of what had happened.

There were others too. There was a young man with large brown eyes who came and said he had been sent to tune the piano. He came on three separate days and he bent his ear over the keys in such a mournful way that I knew he must have fallen in love with me. On the last day he offered to tune my harp for a dollar extra, but I refused, and when I asked him instead to tune mother's mandolin he said he didn't know how. Of course I told John nothing of all this.

Then there was Mr. McQueen, who came to the house several times to play cribbage with John. He had been desperately in love with me years before—at least I remember his taking me home from a hockey match once and what a struggle it was for him not to come into the parlor and see mother for a few minutes when I asked him; and, though he was married now and with three children, I felt sure when he came to play cribbage with John that it *meant* something. He was very discreet and honorable and never betrayed himself for a moment, and I acted my part as if there was nothing at all behind it. But one night when he came over to play and John had had to go out, he refused to stay even for an instant. He had got his overshoes off before I told him that John was out, and asked him if he wouldn't come into the parlor and hear mother play the mandolin, but he just made one dive for his

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overshoes and was gone. I knew that he didn't dare to trust himself.

Then presently a new trouble came. I began to suspect that John was drinking. I don't mean for a moment that he was drunk, or that he was openly cruel to me. But at times he seemed to act so queerly, and I noticed that one night when by accident I left a bottle of raspberry vinegar on the sideboard overnight it was all gone in the morning. Two or three times when McQueen and John were to play cribbage, John would fetch home two or three bottles of malt extract with him and they would sit sipping all evening.

I think he was drinking malt extract by himself, too, though I never could be sure of it. At any rate he often seemed queer and restless in the evenings, and instead of staying in his den he would wander all over the house. Once we heard him—I mean mother and I and two lady friends who were with us that evening—quite late (after ten o'clock)—apparently moving about in the pantry.

"John," I called, "is that you?"

"Yes, Minn," he answered, quietly enough, I admit.

"What are you doing there?" I asked.

"Looking for something to eat," he said.

"John," I said, "you are forgetting what is due to me as your wife. You were fed at six. Go back."

He went, but yet I felt more and more that his love must be dwindling to make him act as he did. I thought it all over wearily enough and asked myself whether I had done everything I should to hold my husband's love. I had kept him in at nights. I had cut down his smoking. I had stopped his playing cards. What more was there that I could do?

So at last the conviction came to me that I must go away. I felt that I must get away somewhere and think things out. At first I thought of Palm Beach, but the season had not opened, and I felt somehow that I couldn't wait. I wanted to get away somewhere by myself and just face things as they were. So one morning I said to John:

"John, I think I'd like to go off somewhere for a little time, just to be by myself, dear, and I don't want you to ask to come with me or to follow me, but just let me go."

John said: "All right, Minn. When are you going to start?"

The cold brutality of it cut me to the heart, and I went upstairs and had a good cry and looked over steamship and railroad folders. I thought of Havana for a while, because the pictures of the harbor and the castle and the queer Spanish streets looked so attractive, but then I was afraid that at Havana a woman alone by herself might be simply persecuted by attentions from gentlemen. They say the Spanish temperament is something fearful. So I decided on Bermuda instead. I felt that in a beautiful quiet place like Bermuda I could think everything all over and face things, and it said on the folder that there were always at least two English regiments in garrison there, and the English officers, whatever their faults, always treat a woman with the deepest respect.

So I said nothing more to John, but in the next few days I got all my arrangements made and my things packed. And when the last afternoon came I sat down and wrote John a long letter, to leave on my boudoir table, telling him that I had gone to Bermuda. I told him that I wanted to be alone. I said that I couldn't tell when I would be back—that it might be months, or it might be years, and I hoped that he would try to be as happy as he could and forget me entirely, and to send me money on the first of every month.

Well, it was just at that moment that one of those strange coincidences happen, little things in themselves, but which seem to alter the whole course of a person's life. I had nearly finished the letter to John that I was to leave on the writing desk, when just then the maid came up to my room with a telegram. It was for John, but I thought it my duty to open it and read it for him before I left. And I nearly fainted when I saw that it was from a lawyer in Bermuda—of all places—and it said that a legacy of two hundred thousand dollars had been left to John by an uncle of his who had died there, and asking for instructions about the disposition of it.

A great wave seemed to sweep over me, and all the wicked thoughts that had been in my mind—for I saw now that they *were* wicked—were driven clean away. I thought how completely lost poor old John would feel if all this money came to him and he didn't have to work any more and had no one at his side to help and guide him in using it.

I tore up the wicked letter I had written, and I hurried as fast as I could to pack up a

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valise with John's things (my own were packed already as I said). Then presently John came in and I broke the news to him as gently and as tenderly as I could about his uncle having left him the money and having died. I told him that I had found out all about the trains and the Bermuda steamer, and had everything all packed and ready for us to leave at once. John seemed a little dazed about it all, and kept saying that his uncle had taught him to play tennis when he was a little boy, and he was very grateful and thankful to me for having everything arranged and thought it wonderful.

I had time to telephone to a few of my women friends, and they just managed to rush round for a few minutes to say good-by. I couldn't help crying a little when I told them about John's uncle dying so far away with none of us near him, and I told them about the legacy and they cried a little to hear of it all; and when I told them that John and I might not come back direct from Bermuda, but might take a run over to Europe first, they all cried some more.

We left for New York that evening and after we had been to Bermuda and arranged about a suitable monument for John's uncle and collected the money, we sailed for Europe.

All through the happy time that has followed, I like to think that through all our trials and difficulties affliction brought us safely together at last.

Ballade of Ancient Habit

AN "Old Clothes Movement" now is planned
To beat the greedy profiteers.
New suits and hosiery are banned
And eveybody now appears
In stuff that shows the mark of years;
To some folk that's a novelty,
But let me whisper in your ears,
Old clothes are nothing new to me!

Upon my suit the vintage brand
Goes back to times that age reveres
When thirty dollars would demand
Smart products of the tailor's shears;
Long have I borne the cleaner's sneers
At garments threadbare as can be.
I'll tell the world, nor care who hears,
Old clothes are nothing new to me.

It's nice to have my outfit scanned
With neither contumely nor jeers,
To find that now at last I stand
In fashion's rarest atmospheres;
But there's a thought that somewhat queers
My new-born aristocracy—
This memory my spirit sears,
Old clothes are nothing new to me!

ENVOY

What's worse, I still am in arrears
For this suit, patched so frequently.
I've got to duck—the tailor nears!
Old clothes are nothing new to me!

BERTON BRALEY.

Lost His Patience

HE was a green Scottish lad and one of his duties was to answer the telephone.

The first time he was called to do so, in reply to the usual query, "Are you there?" he nodded assent. Again the question came.

When it was repeated for the fourth time, however, the boy, losing his temper, roared through the transmitter:

"Man, are ye blin'? I've been noddin' ma heid for the last half oor!"

Youthful Discretion

OUR little boy has been carefully instructed to avoid any danger of contracting contagious diseases.

The stork had made a visit, and Eddie was admitted to the room of a faintly smiling mother, who asked him if he did not wish to come over to the bed to see little sister. Finger in mouth, he hesitated.

"I'd love to, mamma, if you're sure it isn't catching."

His First Step Toward Affluence

WHILE clearing from the attic an accumulation of odds and ends, I found a small red lantern once used for developing kodak films, and bestowed it on a small darky who was pretending to assist me.

He held it up, grinning with delight.

"Gee!" he exclaimed. "I's done got a tail light; now ef somebody would on'y gimme a ottermobeel, I'd shuah be fixed!"

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"Why, Ethel, how can you say I don't love you as I used to?"
"Well, nowadays you hardly ever buy me anything you can't afford."

Ye Up-to-date Story of Ye Knave of Hearts

(The author attempts to write a verse naming all the cards in the deck in order from Ace to Deuce. He accomplishes the feat, and then repeats it standing on his head.)

WITHIN an ACE of KING! His heart's delight,
The QUEEN had whispered, "Meet me, JACK, to-night.
TEN? NINE? Oh, speed thee, EIGHT o'clock will do.
'Phone me at SEVEN; SIX-FIVE-FOUR-THREE-TWO."

TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE! What restless hours he spent!
At SIX and SEVEN he 'phoned; at EIGHT he went.
Betrayed, from NINE to TEN upon the rack
They wrenched and twisted him. Alas! poor JACK!
O faithless woman, with thy double face!
Said QUEEN to KING, "He dreamed he was an ACE!"

JOKER.

GEORGE E. CLOUGH

A Success in His Line

LITTLE John, the youngest of the family, questioned his mother one day:

"Mamma, where did you get my two big sisters?"

"The doctor helped us to find them, dear," she answered, glancing up from her sewing-machine.

"And did the doctor find my brother and me, too?"

"Yes; he is our family doctor."

"Say, mamma," he commented, "ain't that doctor a dandy finder?"

Not a Born Forger

WHILE the indorsement of checks is a very simple matter, it has its difficulties, as in this case.

A woman went into a bank where she had several times presented checks drawn to Mrs. Alice B. Downing. This time the check was made to the order of Mrs. M. J. Downing—M. J. being her husband's initials. She explained this to the paying teller and asked what she should do.

"Oh, that's all right," said he. "Just indorse it as it is written there."

She took the check and, after much hesitation, said, "I don't think I can make an M like that."

An Obstacle Time Would Remove

AN aunt was loud in her praises of the young lady her nephew William was going to marry. "I never saw her until last week," she said, "but I fell in love with her at first sight!"

"What's her name?"

"Janet."

"Janet what?"

Whereupon Auntie wrinkled her forehead, looked at the ceiling, and gave it up. "I declare, I can't think of her other name."

The general laugh that followed this confession nettled Auntie.

"What's the difference about her last name, anyway?" she asked, explosively. "It's only temporary. She's going to change it."

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The Beginning of Sophistication

A SMALL lad was in the habit of including in his prayers at Christmas time the things he most wished for. As he began his prayer one night his mother started to leave the room.

"Don't go, mother," he protested; "last year I prayed for a pistol and I got a prayer book."

A Lukewarm Affection

WHEN his mother had just finished giving her three-year-old son a switching, she asked him:

"Maurice, do you love mother?"

"No, no!" he yelled.

He was promptly switched again; then the question was repeated:

"Maurice, do you love mother?"

"Ye-es," sobbed Maurice, "I loves you, but," he hastened to add, "I ain't one bit crazy about you."

A Proper Princess

FIVE-YEAR-OLD Peggy always ran to the beach immediately after breakfast, and each morning her mother called to her that if she wanted to play in the water she must come back and get her bathing suit.

When she returned to Sunday school in the fall the lesson story happened to be about little Moses. "Now," said the teacher, "when Pharaoh's daughter saw baby Moses out on the water, what do you suppose she did?"

"Went back for her bathing suit," promptly responded Peggy.

Maintaining His Dignity

EVEN the elevator boy has to draw the line somewhere. The maid who announced to the guest waiting at the door that she didn't hear her until she had rung three times has her match in a New York apartment-house elevator boy.

"If anyone calls, Louis, while I am out, tell him to wait. I shall be right back," said the woman to the elevator boy.

There was no answer.

"Did you hear me? Why don't you answer?" asked the woman, angrily.

"I never answers, ma'am," he responded, wearily, "unless I doesn't hear, and then I says, 'What?'"



FATHER: "*This ain't the place, Mary! Daughter writes they've got three rooms an' a bath, an' this house must have more'n that*"

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"Here, Robert, you'd better take baby and let me carry the eggs. I'm afraid you'll drop them!"

Could Tennyson Add?

A SON of a certain distinguished mathematician has frequently evinced a disposition to follow in the footsteps of his eminent parent.

One day, glancing over a column of Tennyson's poems, he came upon the line:

"Half a league, half a league, half a league onward."

"Dad," asked the boy, "did this man Tennyson ever have any schooling?"

"Why, of course, my son!" replied the father. "What are you thinking of?"

"I was thinking that he couldn't be much of a mathematician," rejoined the boy. "If he meant a league and a half, why didn't he say so?"

Too Shopworn

A PARTY of American tourists from this country were visiting the ancient landmarks of England; their guide was, of course, supplying them with more or less valuable historic facts.

"This tower," he proudly remarked, "goes back to William the Conqueror."

"Why," asked a girl from Iowa, "what's the matter? Isn't it satisfactory?"

His Life Work

A FOREIGNER who had received permission to visit one of our large insane asylums was surprised at the quietude and good order which prevailed within its walls. He asked if it was always like that, and the polite attendant who was showing him around answered affirmatively.

"We have what we call our violent wards, of course, but I suppose you would not care to see those."

"I think not."

"It is just as well, perhaps. They are rather noisy, although, of course, we exercise the same care in providing for the welfare of these inmates that you see in this part of the institution. We also have a section where we keep the 'incurables.'"

"These inmates, then, are considered curable?"

"Their cases are at least hopeful."

"I am much interested," said the visitor, "but I must not take up any more of your time. You have other duties to attend to, probably?"

"Yes; this is merely one of my recreations. In one of the main rooms of the institution I am engaged, during most of the time, in pursuing what may be called my life work."

"Your life work? May I ask what that is?"

"Haven't you heard?" said the attendant, in a tone of astonishment. "I am compiling an index to the dictionary."

A Zoölogical Wonder

A political speaker was criticizing the policy of the government in relation to the income tax.

"Yes," he said, "they'll keep cutting the wool off the sheep that lays the golden eggs, until they pump it dry!"

A Trying Situation

THE old gardener's wife had been very ill, and, seeing him coming down the street, I hastened to ask him about her.

"Oh, ma'am," the old man replied, sorrowfully, "the doctor don't give us no encouragement either way."

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

"The Hidden Land"
A Novelette by
TEMPLE BAILEY

Another Nonsense Novel, by
STEPHEN LEACOCK

A serial story of Old Chester, by
MARGARET DELAND

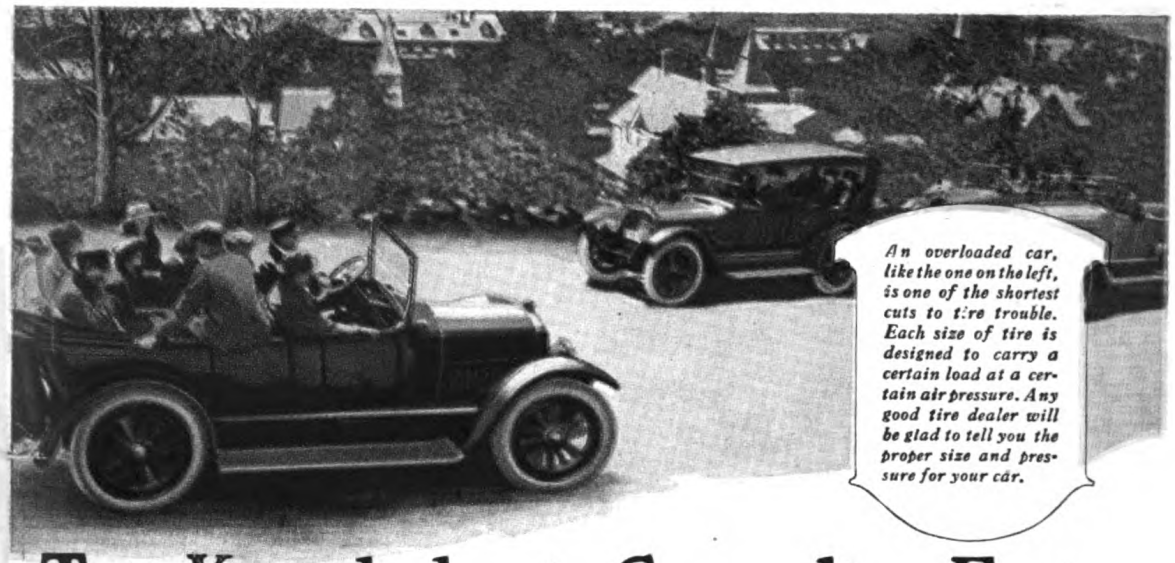
"What Our Minds Are Made Of," by
JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON

EDWARD S. MARTIN
in "The Easy Chair"

Price 40 Cents

OCTOBER

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An overloaded car, like the one on the left, is one of the shortest cuts to tire trouble. Each size of tire is designed to carry a certain load at a certain air pressure. Any good tire dealer will be glad to tell you the proper size and pressure for your car.

Tire Knowledge is Spreading Faster than Some People seem to Think

NOTHING is surer than this—that the man who bets against the informed opinion of the tire users of this country is going to *lose*.

The average American motorist is essentially practical. He may get off the track now and then.

But always you will find him going right in the end.

* * *

The trouble with the irresponsible type of tire dealer is that he allows his ideas of his customers to be bred in an atmospnere of distrust and fostered by a small coterie, not at all representative of the motoring public.

Not every motorist of whom he takes advantage always finds it out immediately.

But the time it takes for motorists generally to complete their tire education *is growing less and less every season.*

* * *

The United States Rubber Company has always stood for a *wider spread of tire knowledge* among motorists.

Doing everything it could to encourage them to greater *care* in *tire selection.*

Firm in the belief that the more they know about tires, the *quicker* they will come to *quality.*

* * *

Back of the *legitimate dealer* who sells *legitimate tires* stand all the weight and influence and responsibility of the United States Rubber Company—the *largest* and *most experienced* organization of its kind in the world.

Go to him when you want a tire. For that way — and that way only—lies *economy.*

United States Tires

United States Rubber Company

Fifty-three Factories

The oldest and largest Rubber Organization in the World

Two hundred and thirty-five Branches

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Painting by C. E. Chambers — Illustration for "The Hidden Land"

"IN THIS AIR ONE IS ALWAYS HUNGRY," SHE SAID TO OLAF

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

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THE HIDDEN LAND

A STORY IN TWO PARTS—PART I

BY TEMPLE BAILEY

THE mystery of Nancy Greer's disappearance has never been explained. The man she was to have married has married another woman. For a long time he mourned Nancy. He has always held the theory that she was drowned while bathing, and the rest of Nancy's world agrees with him. She had left the house one morning for her usual swim. The fog was coming in, and the last person to see her was a fisherman returning from his nets. He had stopped and watched her flitting wraith-like through the mist. He reported later that Nancy wore a gray bathing suit and cap and carried a blue cloak.

"You are sure she carried a cloak?" was the question which was repeatedly asked. For no cloak had been found on the sands, and it was unlikely that she had worn it into the water. The disappearance of the blue cloak was the only point which seemed to contradict the theory of accidental drowning. There were those who held that the cloak might have been carried off by some acquisitive individual. But it was not likely; the islanders are, as a rule, honest, and it was too late in the season for "off-islanders."

I am the only one who knows the truth. And as the truth would have been harder for Anthony Peak to bear than what he believed had happened, I have always withheld it.

There was, too, the fear that if I told they might try to bring Nancy back. I think Anthony would have searched the world for her. Not, perhaps, because of any great and passionate need of her, but because he would have thought her unhappy in what she had done, and would have sought to save her.

I am twenty years older than Nancy, her parents are dead, and it was at my house that she always stayed when she came to Nantucket. She has island blood in her veins, and so has Anthony Peak. Back of them were seafaring folk, although in the foreground was a generation or two of cosmopolitan residence. Nancy had been educated in France, and Anthony in England. The Peaks and the Greers owned respectively houses in Beacon Street and in Washington Square. They came every summer to the island, and it was thus that Anthony and Nancy grew up together, and at last became engaged.

As I have said, I am twenty years older than Nancy, and I am her cousin. I live in the old Greer house on Orange

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Street, for it is mine by inheritance, and was to have gone to Nancy at my death. But it will not go to her now. Yet I sometimes wonder—will the ship which carried her away ever sail back into the harbor? Some day, when she is old, will she walk up the street and be sorry to find strangers in the house?

I remember distinctly the day when the yacht first anchored within the Point. It was a Sunday morning and Nancy and I had climbed to the top of the house to the Captain's Walk, the white-railed square on the roof which gave a view of the harbor and of the sea.

Nancy was twenty-five, slim and graceful. She wore that morning a short gray-velvet coat over white linen. Her thick brown hair was gathered into a low knot and her fine white skin had a touch of artificial color. Her eyes were a clear blue. She was really very lovely, but I felt that the gray coat deadened her—that if she had not worn it she would not have needed that touch of color in her cheeks.

She lighted a cigarette and stood looking off, with her hand on the rail. "It is a heavenly morning, Ducky. And you are going to church?"

I smiled at her and said, "Yes."

Nancy did not go to church. She practiced an easy tolerance. Her people had been, originally, Quakers. In later years they had turned to Unitarianism. And now in this generation, Nancy, as well as Anthony Peak, had thrown off the shackles of religious observance.

"But it is worth having the churches just for the bells," Nancy conceded on Sunday mornings when their music rang out from belfry and tower.

It was worth having the churches for more than the bells. But it was useless to argue with Nancy. Her morals and Anthony's were irreproachable. That is, from the modern point of view. They played cards for small stakes, drank when they pleased, and, as I have indicated, Nancy smoked. She was, also, not unkissed when Anthony asked her to marry him. These were not the ideals of my girlhood, but Anthony and Nancy felt that such small vices as they cultivated saved them from the narrow-mindedness of their forbears.

"Anthony and I are going for a walk," she said. "I will bring you some flowers for your bowls, Elizabeth."

It was just then that the yacht steamed into the harbor—majestically, like a slow-moving swan. I picked out the name with my sea-glasses, *The Viking*.

I handed the glasses to Nancy. "Never heard of it," she said. "Did you?"

"No," I answered. Most of the craft which came in were familiar, and I welcomed them each year.

"Some new-rich person probably," Nancy decided. "Ducky, I have a feeling that the owner of *The Viking* bought it from the proceeds of pills or headache powders."

"Or pork."

I am not sure that Nancy and I were justified in our disdain—whale-oil has perhaps no greater claim to social distinction than bacon and ham or—pills.

The church bells were ringing, and I had to go down. Nancy stayed on the roof.

"Send Anthony up if he's there," she said; "we will sit here aloft like two cherubs and look down on you, and you will wish that you were with us."

But I knew that I should not wish it; that I should be glad to walk along the shaded streets with my friends and neighbors, to pass the gardens that were yellow with sunlight, and gay with larkspur and foxglove and hollyhocks, and to sit in the pew which was mine by inheritance.

Anthony was downstairs. He was a tall, perfectly turned out youth, and he greeted me in his perfect manner.

"Nancy is on the roof," I told him, "and she wants you to come up."

"So you are going to church? Pray for me, Elizabeth."

Yet I knew he felt that he did not need my prayers. He had Nancy, more money than he could spend, and life was before him. What more, he would ask, could the gods give?

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I issued final instructions to my maids about the dinner and put on my hat. It was a rather superlative hat and had come from Fifth Avenue. I spend the spring and fall in New York and buy my clothes at the smartest places. The ladies of Nantucket have never been provincial in their fashions. Our ancestors shopped in the marts of the world. When our captains sailed the seas they brought home to their womenfolk the treasures of loom and needle from Barcelona and Bordeaux, from Bombay and Calcutta, London and Paris and Tokio.

And perhaps because of my content in my new hat, perhaps because of the pleasant young pair of lovers which I had left behind me in the old house, perhaps because of the shade and sunshine, and the gardens, perhaps because of the bells, the world seemed more than ever good to me as I went on my way.

My pew in the church is well toward the middle. My ancestors were modest, or perhaps they assumed that virtue. They would have neither the highest nor the lowest seat in the synagogue.

It happens, therefore, that strangers who come usually sit in front of me. I have a lively curiosity, and I like to look at them. In the winter there are no strangers, and my mind is, I fancy, at such times, more receptive to the sermon.

I was early and sat almost alone in the great golden room whose restraint in decoration suggests the primitive bareness of early days. Gradually people began to come in, and my attention was caught by the somewhat unusual appearance of a man who walked up the aisle preceded by the usher.

He was rather stocky as to build, but with good, square military shoulders and small hips. He wore a blue reefer, white trousers, and carried a yachtsman's cap. His profile as he passed into his pew showed him young, his skin slightly bronzed, his features good, if a trifle heavy.

Yet as he sat down and I studied his head, what seemed most significant about him was his hair. It was reddish-gold, thick, curled, and upstanding, like the hair on the head of a lovely child, or in the painting of a Titian or a Tintoretto.

In a way he seemed out of place. Young men of his type so rarely came to church alone. Indeed, they rarely came to church at all. He seemed to belong to the out-of-doors—to wide spaces. I was puzzled, too, by a faint sense of having seen him before.

It was in the middle of the sermon that it all connected up. Years ago a ship had sailed into the harbor, and I had been taken down to see it. I had been enchanted by the freshly painted figurehead—a strong young god of some old Norse tale, with red-gold hair and a bright blue tunic. And now in the harbor was *The Viking*, and here, in the shadow of a perfectly orthodox pulpit, sat that strong young god, more glorious even than my memory of his wooden prototype.

He seemed to be absolutely at home—sat and stood at the right places, sang the hymns in a delightful barytone which was not loud, but which sounded a clear note above the feebler efforts of the rest of us.

It has always been my custom to welcome the strangers within our gates, and I must confess to a preference for those who seem to promise something more than a perfunctory interchange.

So as my young viking came down the aisle, I held out my hand. "We are so glad to have you with us."

He stopped at once, gave me his hand, and bent on me his clear gaze. "Thank you." And then, immediately: "You live here? In Nantucket?"

"Yes."

"All the year round?"

"Practically."

"That is very interesting." Again his clear gaze appraised me. "May I walk a little way with you? I have no friends here, and I want to ask a lot of questions about the island."

The thing which struck me most as we talked was his utter lack of self-consciousness. He gave himself to the sub-

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ject in hand as if it were a vital matter, and as if he swept all else aside. It is a quality possessed by few New Englanders; it is, indeed, a quality possessed by few Americans. So when he offered to walk with me, it seemed perfectly natural that I should let him. Not one man in a thousand could have made such a proposition without an immediate erection on my part of the barriers of conventionality. To have erected any barrier in this instance would have been an insult to my perception of the kind of man with whom I had to deal.

He was a gentleman, individual, and very much in earnest; and more than all, he was immensely attractive. There was charm in that clear blue gaze of innocence. Yet it was innocence plus knowledge, plus something which as yet I could not analyze.

He left me at my doorstep. I found that he had come to the island not to play around for the summer at the country clubs and on the bathing beach, but to live in the past—see it as it had once been—when its men went down to the sea in ships. And because there was still so much that we had to say to each other, I asked him to have a cup of tea with me, "this afternoon at four."

He accepted at once, with his air of sweeping aside everything but the matter in hand. I entered the house with a sense upon me of high adventure. I could not know that I was playing fate, changing in that moment the course of Nancy's future.

Dinner was at one o'clock. It seems an impossible hour to people who always dine at night. But on the Sabbath we Nantucketers eat our principal meal when we come home from church.

Nancy and Anthony protested as usual. "Of course you can't expect us to dress."

Nancy sat down at the table with her hat on, and minus the velvet coat. She was a bit disheveled and warm from her walk. She had brought in a great bunch of blue vetch and pale mustard, and we had put it in the center of the table in a bowl of gray pottery. My dining room is in gray and white and old mahogany, and Nancy had had an eye to its coloring when she picked the flowers. They would not have fitted in with the decorative scheme of my library, which is keyed up, or down, to an antique vase of turquoise glaze, or to the drawing-room, which is in English Chippendale with mulberry brocade.

We had an excellent dinner, served by my little Portuguese maid. Nancy praised the lobster bisque and Anthony asked for a second helping of roast duck. They had their cigarettes with their coffee.

Long before we came to the coffee, however, Anthony had asked in his pleasant way of the morning service.

"Tell us about the sermon, Elizabeth."

"And the text," said Nancy

I am apt to forget the text, and they knew it. It was always a sort of game between us at Sunday dinner, in which they tried to prove that my attention had strayed, and that I might much better have stayed at home, and thus have escaped the bondage of dogma and of dressing up.

I remembered the text, and then I told them about Olaf Thoresen.

Nancy lifted her eyebrows. "The pills man? Or was it—pork?"

"It was probably neither. Don't be a snob, Nancy."

She shrugged her shoulders. "It was you who said 'pork,' Elizabeth."

"He is coming to tea."

"To-day?"

"Yes."

"Sorry," said Nancy. "I'd like to see him, but I have promised to drive Bob Needham to 'Sconset for a swim."

Anthony had made the initial engagement—to play tennis with Mimi Sears, "Provided, of course, that you have no other plans for me," he had told Nancy, politely.

She had no plans, nor would she, under the circumstances, have urged them. That was their code—absolute freedom. "We'll be a lot happier if we don't tie each other up."

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It was to me an amazing attitude. In my young days lovers walked out on Sunday afternoons to the old cemetery, or on the moor, or along the beach, and came back at twilight together, and sat together after supper, holding hands.

I haven't the slightest doubt that Anthony held Nancy's hands, but there was nothing fixed about the occasions. They had done away with billing and cooing in the old sense, and what they had substituted seemed to satisfy them.

Anthony left about three, and I went up to get into something thin and cool, and to rest a bit before receiving my guest. I heard Nancy at the telephone making final arrangements with the Drakes. After that I fell asleep, and knew nothing more until Anita came up to announce that Mr. Thoresen was downstairs.

Tea was served in the garden at the back of the house, where there were some deep wicker chairs, and roses in a riot of bloom.

"This is—enchanting—" said Olaf. He did not sit down at once. He stood looking about him, at the sundial, and the whale's jaw lying bleached on a granite pedestal, and at the fine old houses rising up around us. "It is enchanting. Do you know, I have been thinking myself very fortunate since you spoke to me in church this morning."

After that it was all very easy. He asked and I answered. "You see," he explained, finally, "I am hungry for anything that tells me about the sea. Three generations back we were all sailors—my great-grandfather and his fathers before him in Norway—and far back of that—the vikings." He drew a long breath. "Then my grandfather came to America. He settled in the West—in Dakota, and planted grain. He made money, but he was a thousand miles away from the sea. He starved for it, but he wanted money, and, as I have said, he made it. And my father made more money. Then I came. The money took me to school in the East—to college. My mother died and my father. And now the money is my own. I bought a yacht, and I have lived on the water. I can't get enough of it. I think that I am making up for all that my father and my grandfather denied themselves."

I can't in the least describe to you how he said it. There was a tenseness, almost a fierceness, in his brilliant blue eyes. Yet he finished up with a little laugh. "You see," he said, "I am a sort of Flying Dutchman—sailing the seas eternally, driven not by any sinister force but by my own delight in it."

"Do you go alone?"

"Oh, I have guests—at times. But I am often my own—good company—"

He stopped and rose. Nancy had appeared in the doorway. She crossed the porch and came down toward us. She was in her bathing suit and cap, gray again, with a line of green on the edges, and flung over her shoulders was a gray cloak. She was on her way to the stables—it was before the day of motor-cars on the island, those halcyon, heavenly days. The door was open and her horse harnessed and waiting for her. She could not, of course, pass us without speaking, and so I presented Olaf.

Anita had brought the tea, and Nancy stayed to eat a slice of thin bread and butter. "In this air one is always hungry," she said to Olaf, and smiled at him.

He did not smile back. He was surveying her with a sort of frowning intensity. She spoke of it afterward, "Does he always stare like that?" But I think that, in a way, she was pleased.

She drove her own horse, wrapped in her cloak and with an utter disregard to the informality of her attire. She would, I knew, gather up the Drakes and Bob Needham, likewise attired in bathing costumes, and they would all have tea on the other side of the island, naiad-like and utterly unconcerned. I did not approve of it, but Nancy did not cut her life to fit my pattern.

When she had gone, Olaf said to me, abruptly, "Why does she wear gray?"

"Oh, she has worked out a theory that

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repression in color is an evidence of advanced civilization. The Japanese, for example—"

"Why should civilization advance? It has gone far enough—too far— And she should wear a blue cloak—sea-blue—the color of her eyes—"

"And of yours." I smiled at him.

"Yes. Are they like hers?"

They were almost uncannily alike. I had noticed it when I saw them together. But there the resemblance stopped.

"She belongs to the island?"

"She lives in New York. But every drop of blood in her is seafaring blood."

"Good!" He sat for a moment in silence, then spoke of something else. But when he was ready to go, he included Nancy in an invitation. "If you and Miss Greer could lunch with me tomorrow on my yacht—"

I was not sure about Nancy's engagements, but I thought we might. "You can call us up in the morning."

Nancy brought the Drakes and Bob Needham back with her for supper, and Mimi Sears was with Anthony. Supper on Sunday is an informal meal—everything on the table and the servants out.

Nancy, clothed in something white and exquisite, served the salad. "So your young viking didn't stay, Elizabeth?"

"I didn't ask him."

It was then that she spoke of his frowning gaze. "Does he always stare like that?"

Anthony, breaking in, demanded, "Did he stare at Nancy?"

I nodded. "It was her eyes."

They all looked at me. "Her eyes?"

"Yes. He said that her cloak should have matched them."

Anthony flushed. He has a rather captious code for outsiders. Evidently Olaf had transgressed it.

"Is the man a dressmaker?"

"Of course not, Anthony."

"Then why should he talk of Nancy's clothes?"

"Well," Nancy remarked, "perhaps the less said about my clothes the better. I was in my bathing suit."

Anthony was irritable. "Well, why not? You had a right to wear what you pleased, but he did not have a right to make remarks about it."

I came to Olaf's defense. "You would understand better if you could see him. He is rather different, Anthony."

"I don't like different people," and in that sentence was a summary of Anthony's prejudices. He and Nancy mingled with their own kind. Anthony's friends were the men who had gone to the right schools, who lived in the right streets, belonged to the right clubs, and knew the right people. Within those limits, humanity might do as it pleased; without them, it was negligible, and not to be considered.

After supper the five of them were to go for a sail. There was a moon, and all the wonder of it.

Anthony was not keen about the plan. "Oh, look here, Nancy," he complained, "we have done enough for one day—"

"I haven't."

Of course that settled it. Anthony shrugged his shoulders and submitted. He did not share Nancy's almost idolatrous worship of the sea. It was the one fundamental thing about her. She bathed in it, swam in it, sailed on it, and she was never quite happy away from it.

I heard Anthony later in the hall, protesting. I had gone to the library for a book, and their voices reached me.

"I thought you and I might have one evening without the others."

"Oh, don't be silly, Anthony."

I think my heart lost a beat. Here was a lover asking his mistress for a moment —and she laughed at him. It did not fit in with my ideas of young romance.

Yet late that night I heard the murmur of their voices and looked out into the white night. They stood together by the sundial, and his arm was about her, her head on his shoulder. And it was not the first time that a pair of lovers had stood by that dial under the moon.

I went back to bed, but I could not sleep. I lighted my bedside lamp, and read *Vanity Fair*. I find Thackeray an

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excellent corrective when I am emotionally keyed up.

Nancy, too, was awake; I could see her light shining across the hall. She came in, finally, and sat on the foot of my bed.

"Your viking was singing as we passed his boat—"

"Singing?"

"Yes, hymns, Elizabeth. The others laughed, Anthony and Mimi, but I didn't laugh. His voice is—wonderful—"

She had on a white crêpe *peignoir*, and there was no color in her cheeks. Her skin had the soft whiteness of a rose petal. Her eyes were like stars. As I lay there and looked at her I wondered if it was Anthony's kisses or the memory of Olaf's singing which had made her eyes shine like that.

I had heard him sing, and I said so, "in church."

Her arms clasped her knees. "Isn't it queer that he goes to church and sings hymns?"

"Why queer? I go to church."

"Yes. But you are different. You belong to another generation, Elizabeth. and he doesn't look it."

I knew what she meant. I had thought the same thing when I first saw him walking up the aisle. "He has asked us to lunch with him to-morrow on his boat."

It was the first time that I had mentioned it. Somehow I had not cared to speak of it before Anthony.

She showed her surprise. "So soon? Doesn't that sound a little—pushing?"

"It sounds as if he goes after a thing when he wants it."

"Yes, it does. I believe I should like to accept. But I can't to-morrow. There's a clambake, and I have promised the crowd."

"He will ask you again."

"Will he? You can say 'yes' for Wednesday then. And I'll keep it."

"I am not sure that we had better accept.'

"Why not?"

"Well, there's Anthony."

She slid from the bed and stood looking down at me. "You think he wouldn't like it?"

"I am afraid he wouldn't. And, after all, you are engaged to him, Nancy."

"Of course I am, but he is not my jailer. He does as he pleases and I do as I please."

"In my day lovers pleased to do the same thing."

"Did they? I don't believe it. They just pretended, and there is no pretense between Anthony and me"—she stooped and kissed me—"they just pretended, Elizabeth, and the reason that I love Anthony is because we don't pretend."

After that I felt that I need fear nothing. Nancy and Anthony—freedom and self-confidence—why should I try to match their ideals with my own of yesterday? Yet, as I laid my book aside, I resolved that Olaf should know of Anthony.

I had my opportunity the next day. Olaf came over to sit in my garden and again we had tea. He was much pleased when he knew that Nancy and I would be his guests on Wednesday.

"Come early. Do you swim? We can run the launch to the beach—or, better still, dive in the deeper water near my boat."

"Nancy swims," I told him. "I don't. And I am not sure that we can come early. Nancy and Anthony usually play golf in the morning."

"Who is Anthony?"

"Anthony Peak. The man she is going to marry."

He hesitated a moment, then said, "Bring him, too." His direct gaze met mine, and his direct question followed. "Does she love him?"

"Of course."

"It is not always 'of course.'" He stopped and talked of other things, but in some subtle fashion I was aware that my news had been a shock to him, and that he was trying to adjust himself to it, and to the difference that it must make in his attitude toward Nancy.

(To be continued.)

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A CITY OF CONTRADICTIONS

BY OLIVER PECK NEWMAN

Photographs by Sherril Schell

THE fact that there isn't even such a city as Washington is typical of the delightful contradictions to be found in the historic spot "ten miles square," which is legally and formally the "District of Columbia," but actually (and permanently in the mind of America) the charming city of Washington, the capital of the United States. In 1878, Congress, which clumsily and painfully tries to act as a town council for voteless Washington, abolished the city of Washington, the city of Georgetown, and "the county," and designated it all merely the District of Columbia; yet we go merrily on calling it Washington, and shall do so to the end.

Let us examine some of its charming contradictions. Come with me for a leisurely walk down Connecticut Avenue, whose gently swaying elms, reaching affectionate arms across the broad asphalt, have heard the clatter of shod hoofs as the ambassadors' carriages whirled through the diplomatic playgrounds, have listened to thousands of strolling lovers seeking the security of innumerable parks, and have trembled at plots political and international whispered beneath their leaves. Let us meet at the Highlands, long the landmark of conversational geography of Northwest Washington. As we stand on the sidewalk, gazing down the beautiful, broad stretch of avenue, we are within the jurisdiction of the government of the District of Columbia, consisting of a board of three commissioners appointed by the President to administer the laws of Congress governing the city. More specifically, we are within the jurisdiction of the Metropolitan Police Department of the District of Columbia, the police being under the commissioners. We begin our stroll. At an easy gait we saunter down Connecticut Avenue. If we are old residents or something in officialdom we bow pleasantly to other old residents or other somethings in officialdom. From time to time we stop and shake hands with friends and stand a few minutes chatting, for in Washington you have time to be human, and haven't forgotten how. We reach Dupont Circle, the horticultural hub of the big wheel whose eight wide spokes are as many streets and avenues, elm-shaded, peaceful and inviting, stretching gracefully away into other elm-shaded, peaceful and inviting neighborhoods.

As we step into the circular park, with old Admiral Dupont, stiff and dignified in bronze in the center, the children's sand-box on one side, the winding gravel walks sprinkled with daintily dressed tots from the great houses along the spokes of the wheel, with the nursemaids gossiping on near-by benches, and, over the whole, dappled sunlight and shadow filtering through the magnolias, we pass also out of the jurisdiction of the District government, and find ourselves—under the army!

If we assault a passer-by on Connecticut Avenue just before we lift our feet to step into Dupont Circle, a District of Columbia policeman rushes up and arrests us in the name of the District government; but if we proceed into the Circle and pluck a flower from the profusion blooming there, a blue-uniformed individual, with red piping on his collar, suddenly drops the bicycle he has been pushing slowly about and pounces down on us under authority of the Department

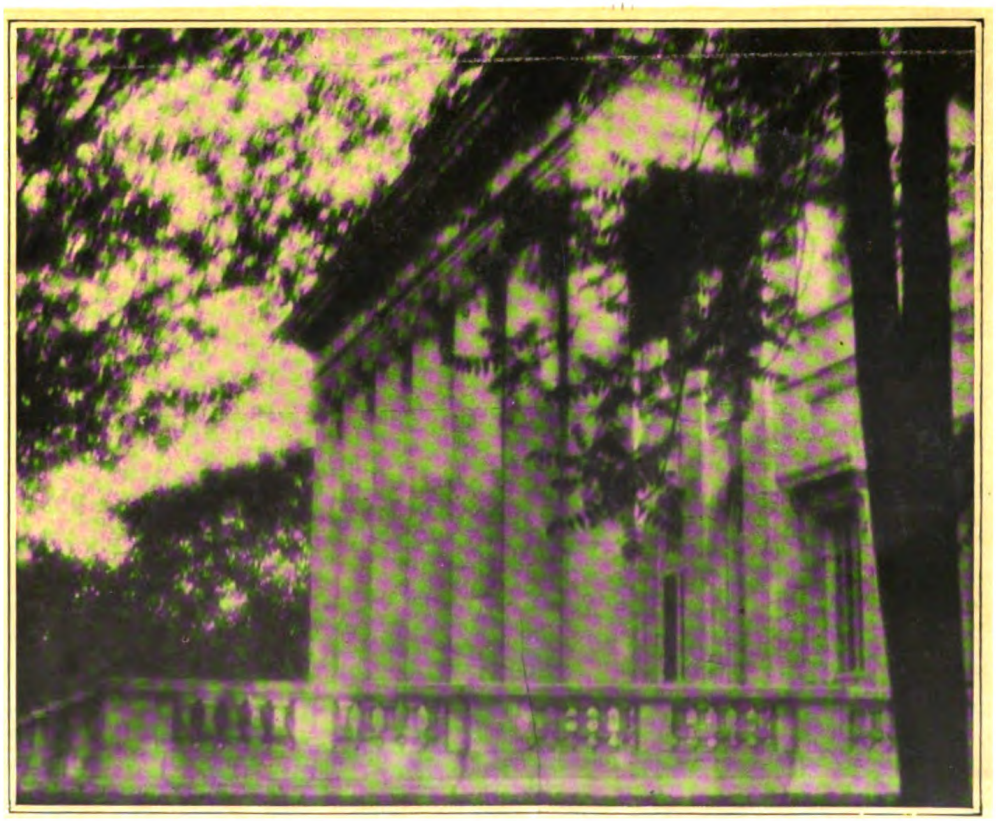
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of War. If, however, we get through the Circle without incurring the vengeance of the law, as we step out of the little park onto the sidewalk on the opposite side, the District patrolman is again lying in wait for us.

On down Connecticut Avenue, past the grim old British Embassy—substantial, square-cornered, heavy-corniced, guarded by its stocky-pillared entrance surmounted by the gold crown, out-Britishing the Abbey itself—the metropolitan police watch over us; but if we so much as set foot inside the iron gates which guard this bit of England, we can make faces at the city's officer, the army's military police, or any other authority this side of the Atlantic, for we are standing on the soil of Great Britain, over which Great Britain only has jurisdiction. I could commit murder in the middle of the street in front of the British Embassy, but if I could gain the Embassy's front yard, no power could take me away unless England was willing for me to be taken.

Of course, in the ordinary routine of law administration in the national capital, the exclusive control by foreign governments of their property and of the persons of their representatives is exercised with a view to harmony and expedition, but, academically, it is startling in its possible effects. Practically, when a world war was going on, it might be (and frequently was, as our confidential files will show) of tremendous advantage to the foreign power.

Immunity to America's laws obtains not only on the property of representatives of foreign governments, but follows the persons of those representatives wherever they go. An ambassador to the United States from another country could walk out into the middle of Pennsylvania Avenue, that historic mile of

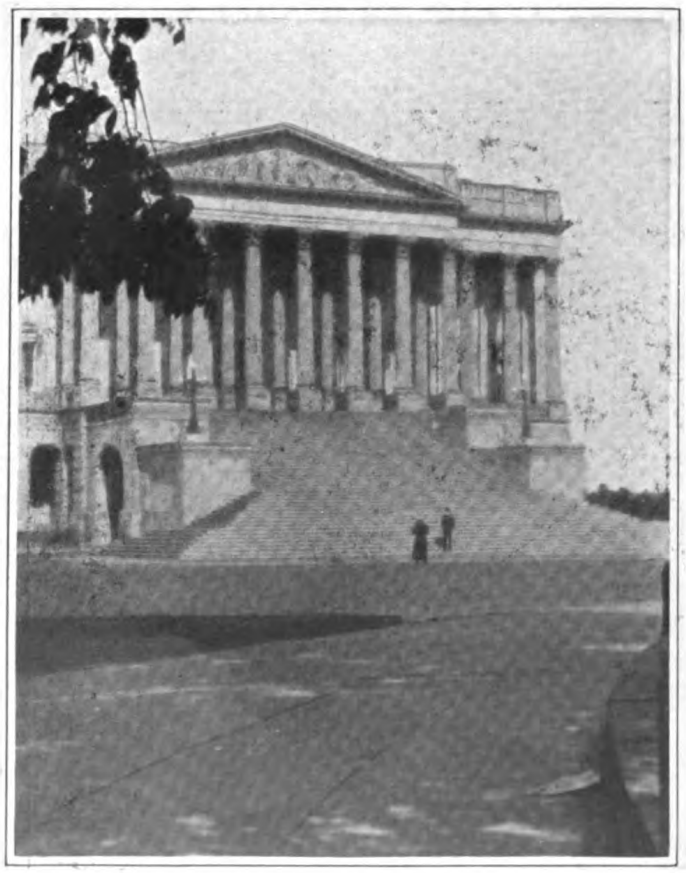


THE CONTINENTAL MEMORIAL BUILDING—HEADQUARTERS OF THE D. A. R.

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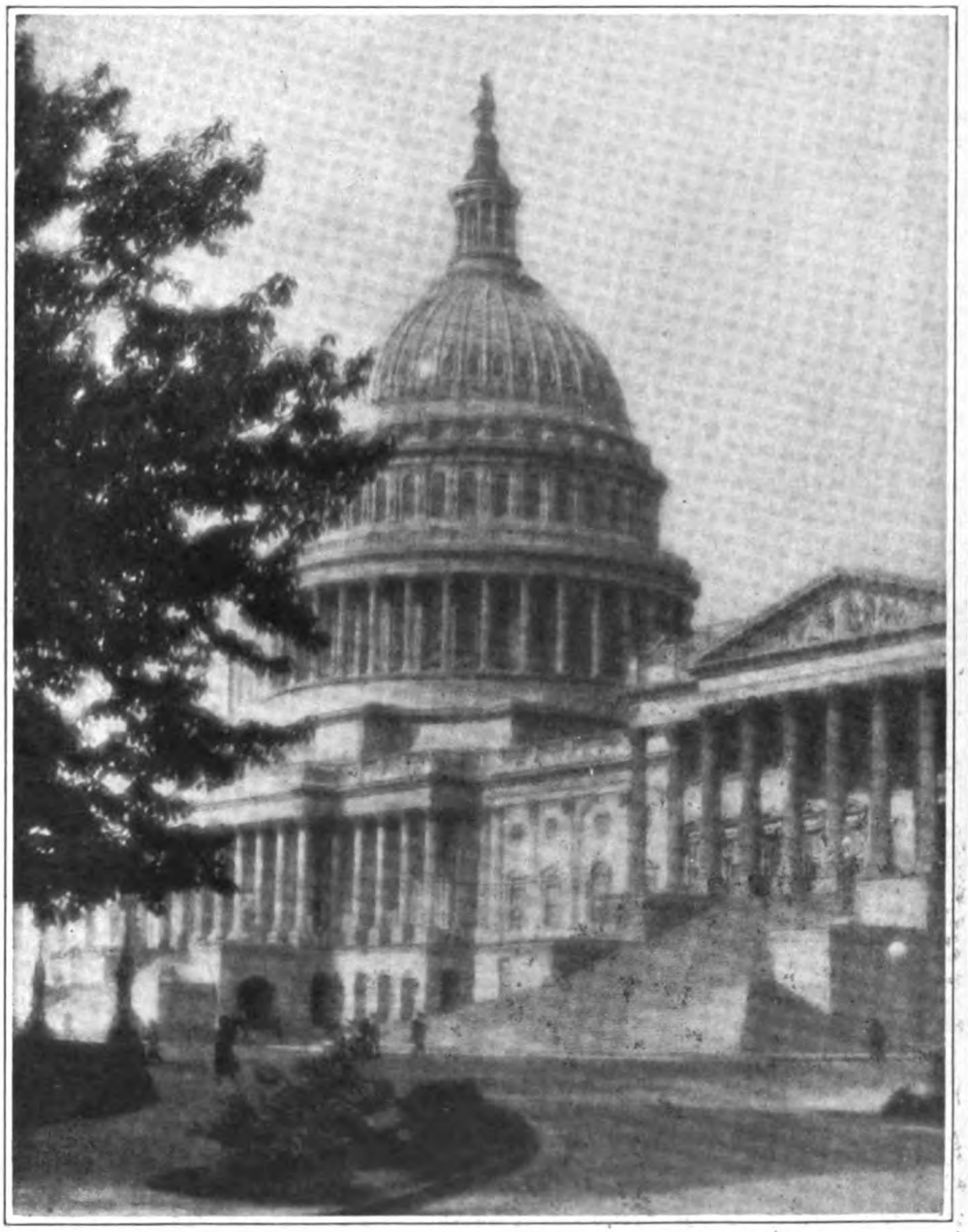
asphalt connecting (or separating, as you please) the Capitol and the White House, draw a revolver and shoot me, in broad daylight, with thousands of war workers milling about after their noonday lunch, and a traffic-officer in full view on the corner; then calmly blow the smoke out of the barrel of his pistol, replace it in his pocket, and proceed on his way without a finger being raised to detain him. And this is not a case of *reductio ad absurdum*. No Washington policeman would for an instant even think about trying to arrest the ambassador. He would politely ask the ambassador if he cared to make a statement. He would call an ambulance and have me removed, but he wouldn't even suggest that the diplomat accompany him to the station-house. He would report the incident to proper authority, and the District Commissioners would write a polite letter to the State Department, setting forth the facts, and the State Department would bring the facts to the attention of the foreign government through diplomatic channels. After all that, if the foreign government wanted to do anything about it, it would arrest the ambassador, take him home, and try him for murder in a local court. You see, constructively, the crime would have been committed on the territory of that foreign government, because wherever an ambassador happens to be standing, that spot is in his country at that particular moment.

This immunity extends to the entire personnel of the Embassy or Legation—secretaries, *attachés*, counsels, valets, cooks, chauffeurs, and so on. An Alexandria negro, dressed up in the livery of a foreign ambassador, discovered that when he put on the garb of his chief he also donned armor which his old friends, the police, could not pierce. Then the fun began. He ignored the speed laws. He ran past the stop signs. He cut corners, dodged around the left of street-cars, ran on the wrong side of the street, and indulged in every other petty lawbreaking he could think of, just to make trouble for the police. He became about as popular as the Kaiser. Bicycle men would chase him a mile at heart-breaking pace, only to be laughed at when they finally overtook him. To appreciate his offense, you



THE SENATE WING OF THE CAPITOL

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THE CAPITOL RISES FROM A HILL AS ONCE DID THAT OF ROME

must go back in mind to the calm of pre-war Washington, with its twelve-mile-an-hour speed law, when nobody hurried to get anywhere, and automobile regulations were taken seriously by everybody concerned.

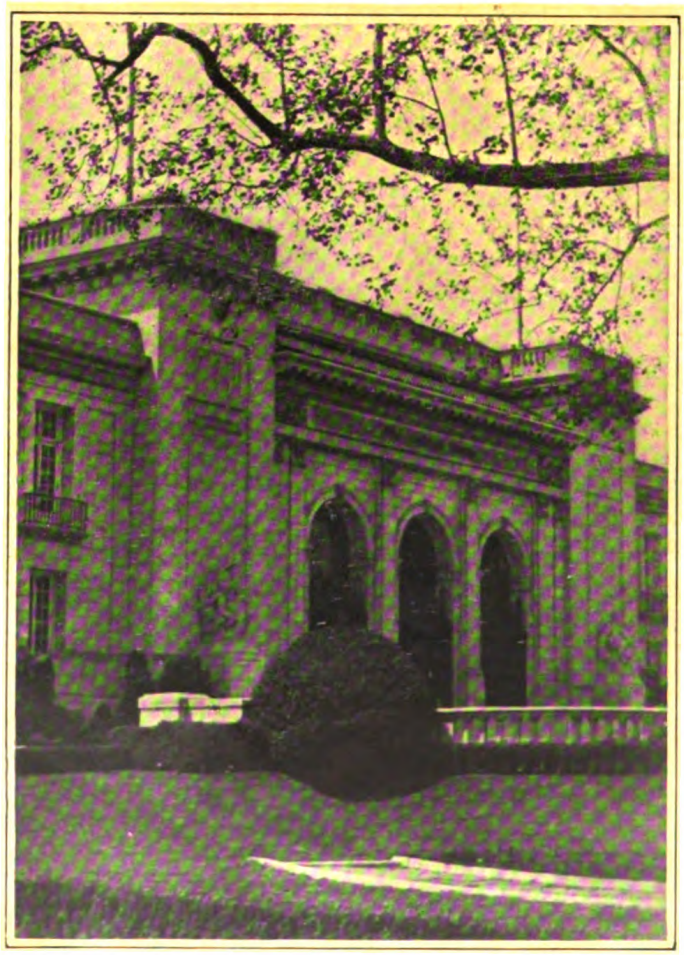
Each time the colored boy from Alexandria violated a law the policeman who saw it would write a letter addressed to his captain, and "having the honor to report" that at such and such an hour the chauffeur for the ambassador from such and such a country was seen doing so and so. The captain would forward it to the Commissioners, inviting their attention to the report of the policeman,

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and the Commissioners would write a letter to the Secretary of State, transmitting the letter of the captain, accompanied by the report of the policeman, and the Secretary of State would write a letter to the ambassador in question, calling his attention to the letter of the Commissioners, and all the things attached to it, and the ambassador would write back, returning all the documents in the case and saying he had noted the report, and so forth, and regretted the incident, and the Secretary of State would bundle it all up and write another letter back to the Commissioners, inviting attention to the letter of the ambassador, and the Commissioners would read it, sigh for the police of the ambassador's precinct, and file it. And a few days later the whole thing would be done over again.

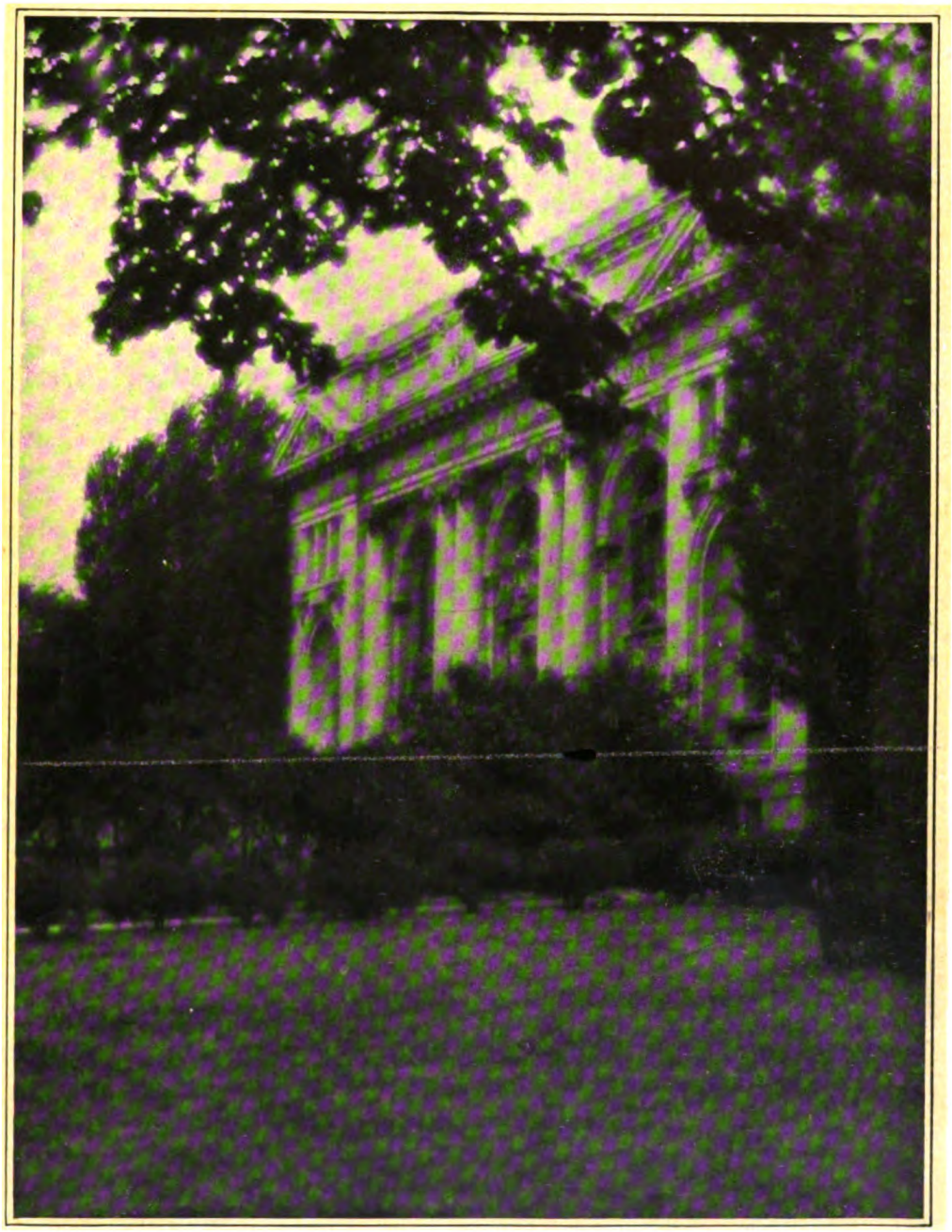
After several weeks of that sort of thing, the police came to the conclusion that the ambassador was conniving at his chauffeur's offenses, and the ambassador, that he was being persecuted, and a state bordering on armed neutrality, with grave international complications in the background, had just developed when the ambassador happened to be recalled. When he left he discharged all his American servants, and his colored chauffeur started for Alexandria on the run. So far as known, he has never returned.

But we must resume our stroll down Connecticut Avenue. Perhaps we shall find other delightful contradictions. Certainly we shall pass through stretches where every foot could tell a story worth hearing, for that piece of highway from Dupont Circle to Lafayette Square was for many, many years the show-place of the national capital. Everybody who was anybody could be seen there every day about tea-time during "the season," flitting from great house to great house, walking for the air and exercise, driving up and down in open carriages in the pre-auto days, and even standing about in groups beneath the big trees. It was along Connecticut Avenue that the Easter parade used to wind its way afoot, horseback, and in carriages. They say that the vulgar display



THE LOW SPANISH LINES OF THE PAN-AMERICAN BUILDING

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THE CITY LIBRARY IS SET IN A PEACEFUL GREEN BACKGROUND

of clothes which formerly was made on Easter Sunday afternoon is not made to-day. *Nobody*, they say, makes any special effort to be "dressed up" on Easter, and, of course, no one would *dream* of displaying oneself in public. Maybe not, but somehow or other several thousand *do* dress up on Easter and *do* go for a walk along historic old Connecticut Avenue, and beyond, out the newer Columbia Road, up and down smart Sixteenth Street and through modern and magnificent Massachusetts Avenue, from Scott Circle to

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Sheridan Circle. The young men with the frock coats, silk hats, suéde gloves, and walking sticks, and the young women in the last-minute creations of bewildering colors, modish Easter bonnets, and undeniable Easter bouquets, bear a striking resemblance to those who frankly prepared and paraded a quarter of a century ago.



THE UNION STATION GIVES THE FIRST NOTE OF WASHINGTON'S MAGNIFICENCE

"One of the most delightful things about living in Washington," a young man of the official-society group once remarked, "is that one can dress like a gentleman without being an object of curiosity."

You may call it snobbish if you wish. You may interpret it as significant of the trembling condition of the capital's underpinnings, or compare it with the luxury that foretold the fall of Rome, but it is nevertheless true. People of all classes in Washington look more prosperous, seem to have more leisure, are more courteous to one another, dress better, and live a more orderly, regulated, healthful, and apparently happier life than people of the same status in most other places. The city itself—its streets, sidewalks, alleys, buildings, trees, parks, and streams—is, to start with, scrupulously clean. No American city keeps its streets as clean as Washington. Of course, there is little industry, and no congestion of people or traffic. Streets and sidewalks are wide. Except that the spaces to be kept clean are large, the problem is easier than in any other city, and because Washington is the capital of the greatest nation everybody *wants* it kept clean, and there is little or no opposition to huge expenditures for that purpose. There is little coal smoke. Before the war there was none. A man can wear a white collar two days in the winter. White or light colored clothes are practical for women all the year round. Palm Beach suits are good for a week or ten days. All this is reflected in the personal appearance of the people.

Then, too, the town gets up late. The great government departments, employing thousands and thousands of men and women of all ages, begin operations at nine o'clock. The normal hour for heads of departments and bureaus to reach

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their offices is ten. Congress starts its sessions at twelve o'clock. This standard is reflected relatively down to the humblest laborer in the city, and shows in the face, hands, and clothes. Men have time to shave in the morning; young women, to do their hair in the most becoming mode; shoes are polished, gloves are neat and clean, and clothes are pressed.

After this digression we are once more strolling down Connecticut Avenue. We come to beautiful Lafayette Square, another army area, and one of the most charming and historic spots of Washington—despite the rearing absurdity of Andy Jackson and his ridiculous charger poised forever on his two hind legs squarely in the middle of the park, but justifying itself, perhaps, by keeping forever and unforgetably in the mind of the gentlemen who, from time to time, live in the graceful, white house across Pennsylvania Avenue, the rugged, courageous, unflinching Americanism of Old Hickory.

Lafayette Square, like the circles, triangles, and other squares, is under the jurisdiction of the army. An officer of the Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., with the rank of colonel, is at the head of the bureau in the army which has charge of it and of all the other little parks. He is known as the Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds, but that is a misnomer because there are a number of buildings and grounds he doesn't have anything to do with. He does run some of them, however, and he exclusively runs the little parks. The reason for his existence is another charming contradiction.

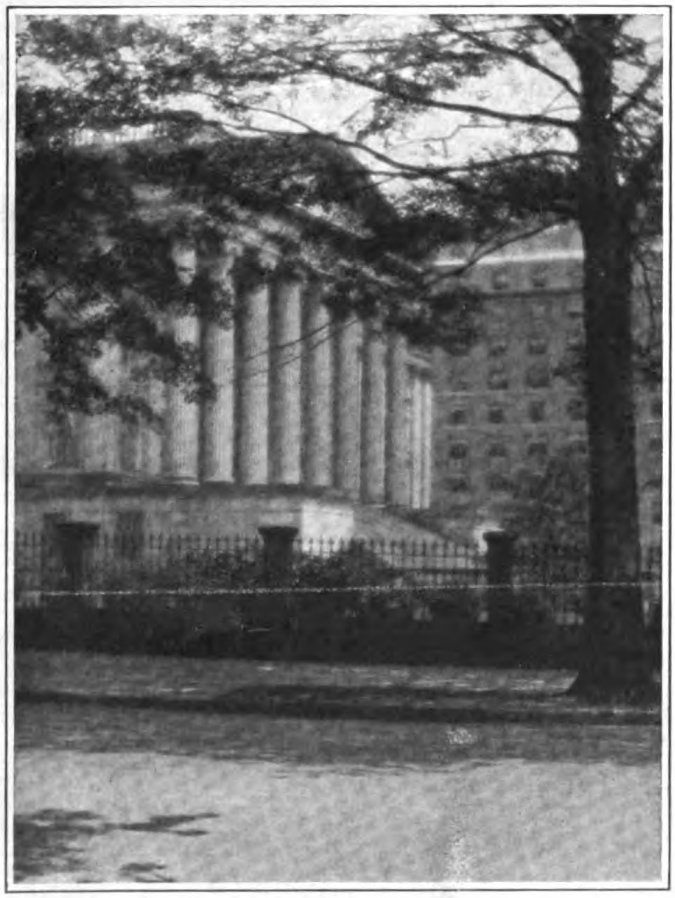
When General Washington and Major L'Enfant (the latter a great French architect) made the plans for, and laid out, the District of Columbia, they were possessed of a determination (quite general then) that the time must never come



A GLIMPSE OF THE WHITE HOUSE FROM LAFAYETTE SQUARE

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when the populace could rise up and overthrow the government, so they designed a city which, physically, would be easy for the government to hold against the people. First, they laid out broad streeets running north and south and east and west, about three hundred feet apart. Then they laid out even broader avenues, running diagonally, from corner to corner of the district. Where these avenues, which subsequently were named after the states of the Union, intersected with each other, circles or squares were laid out. The little areas thus created were turned over to the army for military reasons, and if you examine a map of Washington to-day you will find ten of these circles in which you could set up artillery and absolutely control the whole of the District. No populace could overthrow you, because you would command practically all approaches. Long, long ago the army administration of these spots became exclusively esthetic in character, and to-day the War Department maintains a bureau of parks to beautify and police those military strongholds.



THE TREASURY BUILDING, ONE OF AMERICA'S FINEST EXAMPLES OF CLASSIC ARCHITECTURE

The very existence of such a place as the District of Columbia is due, in part, to military considerations. The North wanted the capital and the South wanted the capital. Each wanted it put in a city already established. Partly as a compromise between the North and the South, but partly, also, for security, it was decided to establish the capital in a Federal district "ten miles square," astride the Potomac River, in Maryland and in Virginia. These two states ceded jurisdiction of the proposed district to the Federal government. Subsequently, the Virginia part was ceded back to Virginia, leaving the present District of Columbia wholly within the state of Maryland, and consisting of a trifle less than seventy square miles.

The wise fathers who created the District of Columbia were so fearful that the people might rise up and overthrow the government that they wrote into the Constitution itself a stipulation that in the Federal district ten miles square

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thereby created Congress should have exclusive jurisdiction. The District was created; Maryland and Virginia ceded jurisdiction; title was taken; and the Federal government assumed charge. So far so good. The foundation for a national capital was laid. Nothing remained but for the government to go ahead and build it. Then the first—and greatest—inconsistency of Washington was born. The government sold the land to private citizens. Title in fee simple was transferred from the United States to John Jones, Bill Smith, and thousands of others who came along and wanted to buy.

That is the reason that to-day, in spite of being the most beautiful city in America, and probably the most beautiful city in the world, Washington is filled with grotesque contradictions in its government and in its physical characteristics. That is the reason, for instance, that, as the President of the United States gazes out of the front window of his personal suite in the White House, his view to the north, out majestic Sixteenth Street, that wide boulevard lined with great stone houses and flanked by double rows of magnificent trees, is rudely cut by the pent house on the roof of a nine-story hotel, and it also explains why the sleep of the worried and harried Chief Executive is shattered nightly by a dance orchestra whose jangle floats across the roof of the Treasury from the outdoor restaurant on top of another hotel two blocks away to the east, and sounds as if it were sawing away in the President's very bedroom.

A tumble-down negro shanty used to lean affectionately against a beautiful gray-stone palace on Sixteenth Street, and the guides in the sight-seeing cars used to say, "Upon the left is the Russian Embassy, and adjoining it to the north we have the African Legation." That is also explained by the short-sightedness of the founders of the capital, who permitted the land of the District to pass into private ownership, for when a private citizen obtained title to a piece of land in Washington, he automatically took unto himself all the rights to the use of that land which go with title to land everywhere under our theory of democracy. That is the reason why there are blocks and blocks of cheap houses built in rows in Washington. That is the reason why a magnificent residence or government building may be cheek-by-jowl with an atrocity.

Washington has more parks and a greater acreage in parks than any city in the world anywhere near its size. Hundreds of acres have been obtained in recent years. Large areas have been purchased or condemned for government buildings. Hundreds of acres are to be taken in the near future for additional parks, in conformity with a superb plan for city development, and in all these cases huge prices have been, and will be paid, to get back the land which the government once owned and sold for a song. That, however, is relatively unimportant, for we are an extravagant people. The vital point is that things have been done to the city under private ownership of land that can never be undone, and that will forever mar its fame as the greatest and most beautiful capital of the greatest and most beautiful country.

A few visionary idealists, prodding continually that inborn pride in things American, which lives in the breasts of Congressmen just as it does in the breasts of all of us, have kept alive an interest in the Washington-L'Enfant plan, and by argument, cajolery, flattery, threat, and propaganda have slowly brought forth a truly magnificent city in spite of the inconsistencies, obstacles, and handicaps arising out of the rights of private landlords, and for it they deserve (and eventually will have) the gratitude of the nation.

In the things which make Washington Washington, the dear old town has not changed, in spite of the war. It is only in a few externals that things are different. The old tumble-down, dingy neighborhood southwest of the White House,

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where nobody ever went and which one vaguely supposed contained nothing but the gas works, blossomed into a good-sized town of stucco office-buildings, street-car lines, and restaurants. Potomac Park, which Mr. Jefferson started in 1804 and Mr. Roosevelt revived (under the same Congressional authority) in 1904, is, of course, all cluttered up with blocks and blocks of temporary office-buildings and soldiers' barracks. At Union Station things look different, too. But the fundamental things about Washington have not changed, neither the physical things about the town nor the intangible things about the people who make it what it is. Distances are not very great in Washington, and every morning streams of well-dressed men and women flow down the avenues, along the broad walks, toward the middle of town where the great government departments grind slowly on. And they walk like people out for a pleasure stroll. They don't have that eager, tense expression worn by the people of the large cities, as if their very lives depended on cutting thirty seconds off their fastest record from home to office. They have time to walk. The streets are not jammed full of people, bunting into them, shoving them off the sidewalk, streaking past them in a mad rush in both directions. Everybody is taking his time, as if he enjoyed what he was doing. On the street-cars in Washington the custom of men giving women seats has not entirely disappeared. It is not quite so general as it was a few years ago, but still it is the exception for women to stand if there are men sitting. Getting in and out of elevators and street-cars, men step back to permit women to precede them, and the habit of men removing their hats in elevators is practically universal. They do it even for the conductresses.

The color of Washington is soft silver gray. It is hard to explain why, because there are miles of green trees, hundreds of little parks, and a great many red-brick buildings, but, nevertheless, if you will close your eyes at the end of your first day of sight-seeing in the city, you will have an impression of a beautiful, restful, gentle, gray town. You will also have that first evening an impression of open spaces. Washington is not a crowded town in any sense. There are no great congregations of people (except at nine, twelve, and four-thirty); there are no real skyscrapers; buildings look as if they had room to stand on; all wires are underground; in the residence districts there are not only wide sidewalks, but also parkings of green, growing things that push the building-lines back, and wherever the big avenues slice through the north and south and east and west streets, the slips of land snipped off because of the diagonal cutting are added to the intersection space or made into little triangular patches of park, and there are scores of them.

Your picture, however, has another very pronounced, and very beautiful, characteristic. Its gray tone is blended with, and its openness is artistically broken by, the profusion of foliage of Washington's hundred thousand magnificent trees. They flank every street, frequently in double rows, sometimes in four rows, as down Pennsylvania Avenue southeast, that heavenly boulevard so little known to visitors, that is really two avenues with a parkway between. Practically every sidewalk in Washington is shaded from the sun, and many of the streets, in spite of their unusual width, are veritable bowers, formed by the interlacing of giant branches overhead, and down which you ride under a great canopy of verdure, with a dancing mosaic of sunlight and shadow underfoot.

From Arlington, the majestic old Colonial mansion of Robert E. Lee, on the heights across the river to the south of the city, where a united people now lay their soldier dead, one may easily appreciate the vision of Washington and L'Enfant, and behold its partial realization. It was beautiful in its simplicity

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and simple in its beauty. Its high points were the Capitol, to the east, and the White House, to the west, a mile apart with Pennsylvania Avenue, a hundred and ninety feet wide, stretching between them. From the White House a parkway was to extend southward, and from the Capitol a parkway was to extend westward, the two intersecting at right angles south of the Executive Mansion. The parkway running east and west was to be the "Mall," nearly a mile wide, and here were to be erected the buildings to house the government departments.

Andrew Jackson, who spoiled several things of one kind and another when he was President, knocked the Mall plan into a cocked hat in 1830. While walking just east of the White House one evening with his Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary complained that he couldn't find a site for the new Treasury building, just authorized by Congress.

"Put it right here," exclaimed Jackson, impatiently, sticking his cane into the ground where he stood.

That is the reason the magnificent Treasury of to-day, one of the finest examples of Greek architecture in the world, stands alongside the White House on the east, blocking Pennsylvania Avenue from its original course to the White House grounds, and that is the reason Congress, a few years later, stuck the hideous, mansarded, doll-windowed State, War, and Navy building in the corresponding position on the west side of the White House. We have the beautiful Mall, and a few buildings on it, but, thanks to Mr. Jackson, it will be many years before the original plan, to locate the government departments there, is realized.

Life in the city which I have described is, first of all, physically agreeable. It is pleasant to live in a clean place—to breathe clean air, to see clean streets, to wear clean clothes, to abide in clean houses. In fact, the senses are constantly appealed to by life in Washington, even the sense of smell, for there are no disagreeable odors, and in the spring it is the finest smelling town in the world. The catalpa, linden, and horse-chestnut trees which line many of the streets, the trellises of roses in the grounds of some of the government departments, the shrubs and flower-beds in the hundreds of little parks, all contribute to the creation of a sweet-scented atmosphere.

Directly or indirectly, the life of everybody in Washington is tied to the government, and nearly everybody's interests are political or governmental interests, centering at the White House, the Capitol, or one of the Federal departments. There is always a lot of fuss and bustle and gossip and excitement and twittering in Washington society. The women members have a good deal of spare time on their hands, and they are likely to get exaggerated ideas of the importance or significance of political and social events. Who is and who is not invited to come "behind the line" at White House receptions is a subject good for a week's discussion following every function of this character. "Behind the line" is a little, sacred, select space in the Blue Room, the middle and largest of the three parlors at the White House, formed by the backs of the Cabinet ladies, who stand in line in the order of rank of their husbands, beyond the President and the First Lady of the Land, to shake hands with the stream of people that flows past in single-file. To be admitted to that little inclosure, the doors to which are barred by silken cords and secret-service operatives, and thus be permitted to gaze at close range at the backs of the Cabinet ladies, and perhaps to have a chat with one or two of the Cabinet gentlemen, who usually herd there, is cherished as a rare and to-be-remembered privilege. It stamps a woman as being close to, if not actually of, the elect. It is usually mentioned in the society columns of the Washington papers, and is almost certain to find its way into the newspapers at home, where it does no harm, either to husband's political interests or wife's social ambitions.

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Everybody is labeled and ticketed in Washington. The whole world knows exactly what your status and income are because they are laid down by law. If you are the Fourth Assistant Secretary of State, it is of no earthly use for you or your wife to pose as superior to the First Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, for you cannot get away with it. You are not superior, because the State Department Blue Book, where all these delicate, intricate, and important matters of rank are carefully set forth, says so, and it is open to the guidance of all, and in all official functions, receptions, dinners, and so forth, is scrupulously followed. A few years ago the Russian ambassador, a widower, placed his daughter, who was the head of his house in a social sense, in the seat at dinner which would have been occupied by his wife if he had had one, and the Diplomatic Corps buzzed about it for a month.

At a big function like a White House reception, therefore, everybody strains his eyes and ears to commune with some one above him in the official scale. The wife of a Representative of long service and high rank in the House will nod perfunctorily to the wife of a Representative of inferior rank, but stretch her neck and bow ingratiatingly to the wife of a Senator of high position. But the young lady from back home, enjoying the rare treat of a visit to Washington, does not see these little vanities. To her a White House reception, or one of John Barrett's beautiful affairs at the entrancing Pan-American building, with its Spanish gardens, intoxicating colored lights and romantic balconies, or a dance at the Chevy Chase Club, is a bewildering delight. She loves the beautiful music of the famous Marine Band; the stir, the hum of conversation; the strange-looking diplomats from strange countries—black men in great, rich robes; little brown men and women in Oriental costumes; dignified Europeans with monocles; the scores and scores of our own army and navy officers, sleek, straight, clean-cut; and the thousands of genuine American girls with their healthy, out-of-doors color, bright eyes, slim ankles, and gowns that give them a dash and style which no other women on earth can approach. And she loves the important, mysterious, weighty talk of the politicians. She feels as if she were at the heart of things. She vibrates with a tense aliveness at being part of the life she has read and dreamed of, and longed to see and feel for herself. In fact, that is what everybody else likes about Washington, except, perhaps, the poor President, to whom a big social function is worse than a hard day's work, and who, if he is conscientious, cannot but feel that it is a waste of valuable time.

Official Washington does not spend all its time at play, however. Its men do a reasonable amount of work. Some of them are as indefatigable as the hustling, driving, middle-aged business man in any American city. Probably the hardest-worked man in Washington is the President, whoever he is, for he has greater responsibility as a leader in making policies and more routine duty as a mere executive officer than almost anybody else in the government machine. Except on reception and dinner nights, and the occasional evenings when he goes to the theater, the President goes to bed early. He must, or break down in his job. Most of the officials in the administrative departments put in seven or eight hours at their offices every day except Saturday. They have to, or get hopelessly behind in the discharge of their duties. Members of Congress spend their forenoons attending to correspondence, participating in committee meetings, running errands for constituents about the departments, and receiving callers. In recent years, since business everywhere has become so closely related to, or dependent upon, government, most Congressmen have had to become, to an unbelievable extent, agents to transact business with the government for concerns in their districts. Some Congressmen have em-

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ployed additional clerks merely to run around among the executive departments to attend to things for people back home. In the afternoon members of Congress attend the sessions of the houses, and as the business of government grows in volume and importance, continuous attendance and actual attention to proceedings have become more and more necessary.

While the comparatively few who make up official society are jockeying for place, striving for recognition, seeking greater power, trampling on those below, lifting themselves to those above, dallying at play, or merely plugging along on their jobs, the great army of government employees keeps steadily at the grind of turning out the government work for seven hours every day. Some of them have social ambitions—a longing to get into the whirl of official society about them. If they are girls, this is hard to do. If they are young men, it is easy, provided they have tact, patience, looks, and a dress suit.

The great bulk of government employees, however, are sufficient unto themselves, and if appearances count for anything, they have as good a time and are as happy as anybody on the face of the globe. In the first place, the hours of work are not arduous—nine to twelve; half an hour for lunch; twelve-thirty to four-thirty. In the summer the departments close at one o'clock on Saturdays and a great many young people (old ones, too) take Saturday morning off (charging it to their thirty days' annual leave), which makes it possible to indulge in all sorts of delightful week-end trips—down the Potomac, over to the Eastern "Sho'," Colonial Beach, Old Point, Atlantic City, Deer Park, or the Blue Ridge. But there are plenty of attractions in and around Washington—the cool, inviting waters at the tidal-basin bathing-beach; six golf clubs in the wooded hills of the suburbs; innumerable camps up and down the river; canoe clubs along the historic old Chesapeake and Potomac Canal; a great stretch of water for motor-boating; and thousands of acres of parks equipped with public baseball-fields, tennis-courts, golf-courses, and picnic-grounds.

The work of the government in Washington is, on the average, very well done. Perhaps it is not done with such a rush (in normal times) as is work for private employers in other places, under the drive of competition, and with the fear of discharge constantly overhead. That it is thoroughly done cannot be denied. The workers, both politicians in high office and routine grinders in humble position, are usually deeply interested in their particular tasks, and try to do them the best they know how. They do not, however, make a treadmill or a morgue of their lives. They deliver the goods, but not (except in cases of emergency) without taking time enough to make sure they are good goods—time spent, incidentally, in pleasant surroundings, among agreeable, considerate people, all of whom seem to have about the same philosophy: "This must be done, and done well, but there's no particular hurry about it, and in the meantime let's be happy."

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AT TWO-IN-THE-BUSH

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

TAKE out your atlas and turn to the map of the world on the equivalent projection. Draw a line from New York to the Cape of Good Hope, and another from Vera Cruz to Liverpool. At the intersection of those two lines, a microscopic outpost remote in the sea, lies St. George's; the harbor turquoise and apple green; the town as white as a sepulcher, save where it is slashed sparsely with the green of palmettos and pawpaws and the warmer emerald of bananas crowding their rags between the snowy walls.

A great many queer things turn up first or last (generally last) at St. George's. I've lived there a number of years, and as local representative of Swineherd Brothers Ship Corporation of Newcastle-on-Tyne I've had to do with a few of them. Sucked out of the rims of that slow, gigantic whirlpool of the North Atlantic, more than one ocean wanderer, meant for better things, has come creeping at last to throw her lines over the coral quay of that market-square and stare across with who-knows-what or wonder or chagrin at the vitreous façade of the inn called Two in the Bush, where captains and mates sit interminably over their rum-and-lime-juice behind the sun-parlor panes. . . .

We live on two planes at St. George's. There's the lower plane of our workaday lives—the square, the coal on the coal-stages, the ships on the water, the Africans in the shops, the captains and mates, and Two in the Bush. . . . There's the upper, rarer plane — the huge, half-empty white hotel on the hill where the winter visitors come, look down upon us briefly, and retreat again over the hills to the polite end of the islands, where tourist steamers dock, and where inns and lodges, hotels and tea-houses swarm with the morning, noon, and night of holiday. Altogether it lends to a place that needs it badly more than half a touch of the *opéra bouffe*.

Sometimes on an evening in the season the more presentable of us make raids. We put on our tail-coats, climb up the hill to the hotel, look over the five or six beautiful and desolate strays from the western continent, give up, have another drink, and find ourselves presently re-gravitating to the dance-orders of the garrison wives, who have been watching and waiting, as of old, of old. And when the black men feel midnight in the air, turn almost anything into "God Save the King," and pack up the fiddle and drum, then we creep downward again into the familiar dark. Our coattails flap behind us across the empty square; we laugh with faint sneers, sigh, and know we're home again.

"That's the kind of a life, now!"

"Right you are. It wasn't so in war-time, what?"

No, no winter visitors, no hotel blazing on the hill in war-time. But business at Two in the Bush was fine. Captains and mates in plenty rested in the sun-parlor those days at their houses' expense, and some had shrapnel bits in their stomachs in place of rum-and-lime.

I believe there wasn't another town on earth that took the armistice with less noise and a deeper sense of change than did St. George's. The black folks made a bit of a hullabaloo, it's true, but where the thing struck deep was at Two in the Bush, and, deepest of all, on the bridges and poop-decks of the ships that

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cleared port that night under the half-forgotten miracle of running lights. I've met one of those captains since, and he assured me it made him feel as self-conscious for the first watch or so as a school-boy in a Sunday collar. . . .

Just then was a natural and proper time to cast up accounts. All in all, from the first of the raiders to the last U-boat, my firm had lost seven ships—or eight? And when it came to that hesitant, appended "—or eight?" the reckoning found itself uncomfortably in the air. It was abominable, that cloud lagging in the blue sky of peace. But on the seventh day of the armistice the *Rose of England*, as fine a steel cargo steamer as a man wants to see, was three days overdue at the Azores for what was to have been her home-bound convoy. At the fortnight she was ten days overdue. Then "missing" at Lloyd's. There was something especially distressing about that, like the pathos of the boys who lost their lives in the last minute of the war.

Even that wasn't the reason, though, that we St. Georgians fought so long for hope. The other ships my house had lost remained nothing but names printed in their bimonthly communications—sad, of course; damnable—but the *Rose of England* was another matter. It was in our own harbor she had last been seen; St. David's Light must have been her last glimpse of the land. Bound home from the West Indies, she had lain six days with us—and six days in an ocean outpost, and especially in war-time, is enough to make new friends old and dear.

It had been a little interlude of forgetfulness and gaiety, a sort of fête. Captain Erd had his wife with him; her and two other English women, school-ma'ams from Port of Spain, he was undertaking to get home. So we made a party—the three ladies, Captain Erd, his first officer, Edward Greaves, and myself, as official representative of the owners. We had shut out the war; we had gone for picnics; Mrs. Erd and Greaves and I had made a rusty but light-hearted threesome on the garrison links; and we had even managed a ball in the dining-room at Two in the Bush. That was the night before they left, a dancing, laughing farewell—"we who are about to die—"

I'm not a sentimental sort, I know, but the memory of that night, turned so tragic, used to take me somewhere in the middle and make me pucker up my eyes and blow my nose.

It wasn't anything in the dance-hall I remembered so poignantly. It was in the ragged palm-garden below, where Mary Erd and Greaves and I had descended to catch a breath of air. What a creature she looked, standing in the faint light filtering down through the fronds from the windows overhead. What a woman she was, with her buoyant carriage, the warm crown of her chestnut hair, her gray English eyes, her lips half parted to the lift of youth! I remembered her so; and the other thing I remembered was Greaves's eyes, drinking her in!

Faithful? Greaves was one of those lean, raw-cheeked, hawk-nosed seamen who are built like the oak for faith—a whole wood of oaks. His commander was his commander and his personal friend. Greaves himself didn't even suffer. He was the sort who wouldn't even know. But, Lord alive! a stranger could tell where the man's heart was. . . .

You may imagine, perhaps, what a dismal relic a memory like that would make of itself afterward, under the circumstances.

"With our beauty, our strength, our laughter, youth, honesty and deep faithfulness, we who are about to die salute you!"

But Greaves wasn't to die, after all. Greaves came back. A lime schooner put him ashore at Barbados, twenty-one days after the armistice was signed—Greaves in the flesh. The first news I had of it was in the cable notes in the *Colonial Islander*, and as I read it I had the feeling a man has who doesn't know

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he's still been hoping against hope—till he gets the definite crack in the head.

I was glad for Greaves, of course (though even then there was the formless suspicion that I shouldn't be). But as for the *Rose of England* and the rest of them, it was "Finis" printed clean and black.

Three days out from us, almost in the hour of the war's conclusion, the *Rose of England* had been chased by a U-boat, one of the big submersible cruisers, and shelled into surrender. Captain Erd had been killed on the bridge by the first shot that struck. Greaves himself had gone through the ironic and hopeless gesture of raising the white flag. (I can see his face.) Ordered by signal to abandon ship, they had made hard weather of it in the boats, a fairly heavy sea running under fog and rain and carrying them down so fast a-lee that they knew nothing of the *Rose of England's* end beyond the dull thuds of the attacker firing salvos from her two guns. Greaves himself had been picked up seven days later with three other men alive in the boat, two West Indian negroes and a Danish quartermaster. That was all there was. That was the sum of words coming out to us from that obscure and tragic event—for the time being. . . .

Then, when memory was trying to heal and the world going on again in its orbit, who should turn up but Greaves himself. I was coming across the square at noon, and I saw him planted on the sidewalk before the entrance to Two in the Bush. Winter visitors were beginning again; a bevy pried and peeped into the curio-windows at his back. Against their colorful frivolity he stood out stark and bleak and gray as an image cut in the grayest rock.

I didn't know what to say. In the end, of course, I came out with the old thing:

"Where in the *world* did *you* come from?"

"I got in on the Royal Mail from the south this morning."

"Bound home, I suppose?"

"I—I don't know." His eyes left mine. He looked all around. I had a sense in the man of an obscure embarrassment.

"Well, come along up-stairs, for Heaven's sake!"

And then, even in the sun-parlor, with a wicker table between us and the serene whiteness pouring over us and our mortal frames at rest—even then there seemed nothing to say. Of course there were a hundred things. A dozen questions swarmed through my mind, but I simply couldn't. As for Greaves, he sat as dumb as a log.

"Well?" I cleared my throat at last. I struggled. "Well, how did—did—" My resolution went lame. "How did—how did Tito take it?"

We ought both to have laughed at my funking. I can't say why my mind, shying clear of all the names I cared about, should have grasped at "Tito." Unless it were that I had happened one day to speculate as to how a human animal like Tito would "stand the gaff" in some hypothetical moment of peril. I had seen him once on board the *Rose of England* and more than once ashore during that week. A huge creation of flesh, black as tar, straight from the Ivory Coast through one generation in the Caribbean jungles of Dominica—they had pointed him out to me as the bully of the forecastle. I could believe it. And bully of the shore, too. A babe in mind, a three-year-old bullock in muscle, a peculiarly darksome and gale-rocked ape, one would say, in matters relating to the opposite sex. With his meat-red lips, his immense white flashing smile of teeth, his hot eyes, his barrel of a neck, his long arms— Well, when the *Rose of England* cleared there was more than one brown watcher in calico and madras on the quay's edge to see her go, and their eyes were not on the bridge. . . . As I say, I had wondered most casually what a creature like that would do in a pinch. It must have been this that wagged my despairing tongue, "How did Tito take it?"

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I saw the knuckles of Greaves's hand on the table grow gray.

"*What* do you mean by *that?*"

This point-blank effect of my vapid query and the sudden, virulent focusing of his eyes took me aback.

"Noth—nothing! Nothing at all! . . . Why?"

"I wondered."

But his queerness had jarred me into a franker attitude. "And Mary—Mrs. Erd? She—was in your boat?"

His eyes had abandoned mine and gone out to lose themselves in the white flare of the market-place. His face, in the ruthless refraction of light, looked fleshless, a pack of bones covered with brittle skin.

"No," he said. "You understand I was the last to leave. I asked Mr. Bayly, the chief, to take charge of the ladies. He must have misunderstood. I spoke his boat for a moment an hour later. He was under the impression the ladies had gone with the second officer, Croode. He could say definitely that Miss Spence and Miss Talbot went over the side in his, Croode's, boat. And he supposed Mrs. Erd had been—"

Greaves got to his feet. He glanced down at me with a gleam of malignance, as if I had betrayed him into too long and bald a speech.

A home-bound boat sailed three days later. To my surprise Greaves failed to take passage.

"I'm fagged! My dear fellow, I want a bit of rest!" he protested, with a trace of sullenness, when I met him squarely in the street.

As a matter of course I had advised my people by cable upon Greaves's arrival. He was still in their service and wearing the stripes of the Royal Naval Reserve. The day after the English boat sailed I received a message ordering Greaves to report at Newcastle. When I found him lying in his underclothes in the room he had taken above Thwaite & Coy, the colored grocers, he settled the business promptly. Requesting the loan of a fountain-pen, he tore a leaf from a note-book and wrote out his resignation, which he asked me to be good enough to forward. Then he stretched himself once more on the mattress and stared at the ceiling.

Once only in the days that followed did he betray himself in words:

"This is the nearest place to where it happened, Canby."

I've said he was built like an oak for faith, and when that sort of thing goes queer it goes very queer indeed. You know the dog that cowers and starves and won't be driven away from the master's grave? It's something that has nothing to do with the brain, canine or human either.

It looked like just one more case of a man going on the beach. I had liked him immensely; there was still the memory of that week to be thought of; I tried to get hold of him. But one might as well have fondled an armadillo. Once I came upon him standing at the quay-side staring out through the harbor entrance with dry, unblinking eyes. There was a three days' growth on his jaw. When a man like Greaves begins to neglect to shave he is in a bad way. . . . It was shortly after that that he came down with the island fever and was removed to the military hospital in the parish beyond the hills. I saw him for an instant in the covered cart, and he looked to be on the road to find his lost ship's company now, in truth. . . .

It was near the beginning of January that the amazing thing happened. One of the minor amazements was that I should have been the last inhabitant of St. George's to know of it—I, the local and visible presence of the House. But it chanced that I was called to the west that forenoon, and so shortly before the first disturbance that, turning as the carriage came to the height of the hill, I saw something already wrong in the square below. One thing I observed was a scramble of midget men tumbling into a long-boat at the quay, and another was black smoke pouring from the funnel of Buttercamp's tug. For a moment I had

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the impulse to turn back. But I didn't. I went on.

In a way I shall never forgive myself, for by that contravention of impulse I missed something a man ought to see. If you saw it in the papers you saw it badly done, a mere sapless procession of marine reporter's words, the husk around the rich, romantic meat of that event.

I lost it all: the first incredible hypothesis come down from St. David's and moving like a little wind through the white streets and the whiter square; the stouter, more authentic word, the manning of long-boats (I had a glimpse of *that*); the swifter eruption of tugboat after tugboat; the hour-by-hour gossip and shuffling and awe of the waiters ashore; the ordered succession of false alarms in the square. And then, at noon, the veritable presence between the headlands; the red loom of the carcass surrounded by its fringe of long-boats and urging tugs, towering higher and higher, gaunter and gaunter, in its slow approach. Queer things have come to St. George's, but nothing queerer yet than that rusty, shell-bitten derelict given up out of the slow whirlpool of the sea. . . .

When I arrived finally, caught by telephone and almost killing the horse over the hills, the *Rose of England* was already made fast to the quay, shutting up the whole side of the square with her hulk. Booms held her ten feet clear of the rock and the curious throng. Buttercamp, Hebron, the pilot, and five or six of Buttercamp's men were waiting in a kind of formal group amidships. Leaning over the wrecked rail of the bridge, lofty, monumental, solitary as a desert lion, was Tito, the black man.

I knew already (so much over the 'phone) that it was Tito who had brought her in. Of course he hadn't actually *brought* her; any one lone man would have about as much influence upon a six-thousand-ton steamer gone dead as a flea on an elephant. Tito it was, however, who had been found alone on board when the winds and currents of the ocean brought the *Rose of England* drifting within binocular range of St. David's Light; and Tito it was who would have to be reckoned with in subsequent proceedings under his Majesty's court of salvage.

He received me on board with the large, distrait tolerance of a potentate for an ambassador. He actually managed that pose. Buttercamp and the pilot joined me in that momentous midday tour of inspection. But first I heard Buttercamp bidding his men in the waist "stand tight and keep an eye out—till the magistrate arrives."

"What's the row?" I hated the man's red-tape mind.

"I thought best, sir." He indicated the scuppers on the port side of the deck.

The *Rose of England* still bore her dead, a floating charnel-house. And the child-of-the-jungle soul of that sea-conqueror, preening and posturing before us, stood revealed.

Alone in the solitude of the ocean, his nose and lungs assailed in the blaze of hot noons, his eyes fearfully averted in the moonshine of pale nights (Can't you see him?), he had been able to endure everything to the last—everything but that actual, physical coming-to-grips with the dead. His progress fore and aft of the ship must have been a trouble of navigation, like the zigzag courses of a beat to windward, steering to clear the horrid environs of this and that. Nor could those dangers to the navigation of his feet have always stood the same. Like Mississippi sand-bars, they must have been more or less continually shifting. The *Rose of England* had been through storms; a deck is smooth; things slide. Day by day, week by week, as they grow lighter and lighter under the ministrations of the sun, they will slide oftener and at less accountable moments in a seaway. So those small, red-lidded, half-averted eyes of Tito's must have been forever under the necessity of calculating new courses across the desert reaches of that deck (Can't you see those eyes?), and week by week through that

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empty eternity of time, as the remnants of the comrades of his bullying days took on more and more a kind of corporeal levity, and the grimaces of last pain dried flatter and tighter about the slowly discovered teeth, it must have become less and less possible for his mind to contemplate the idea of the only business that would help—the three or four sudden rushes, the lifts and powerful heaves with his eyes tight shut, the bumps on the rail, the faint splashes in the sea. . . .

Now in the crowded noon, sustained as on a pediment by the shuffle and whisper of adulation that came up over the quayward side, he seemed to give the lie to these speculations. He was magnificent, superb. If ever I saw a man drunk with the lordship of his own soul I would have said (then) that it was that shining black Afro-Caribbean animal, that huge, sleek, two-legged panther, Tito. His devouring lust to be ashore and engulfed in his rewards was not hidden. He followed me about the deck under obvious protest, with impatience and disdain.

I was under the necessity of scrutinizing the mummies in the scuppers. I performed the duty in a gingerly silence. There were three in all—relics of ordinary seamen, I judged—one a mulatto, one a Scandinavian perhaps, shot badly through the abdomen; one a Jap.

"Well, Tito, is that all?"

He stood with his arms akimbo, his black fists on his hips.

"I understand," I went on, "that Captain Erd was also killed."

He continued in the same pose of preoccupied disdain. But there had come the ghost of a shift in his eyes. Perhaps it impressed me more than was warranted; from that moment, however, I was not able to shake off a sense of something, somewhere, obscurely amiss.

"I say, Tito, look up, will you? What's happened to Captain—to the body of—Captain Erd? Still on the bridge, eh?"

"See in the fohwahd house, suh." He kept his eyes down.

The forward superstructure of the *Rose of England* stood up two decks from the main; above, the chart-room and the bridge; below, the captain's quarters—his state-room forward in the round bay under the bridge, reached only through the large cabin abaft of it, where he had his desk, his lounge, coffee-machine, and so on, and into which the door from the outer deck gave entrance.

I had known Captain Erd in life; only for a week, it is true, but in that week with something approaching intimacy; at least with a certain bantering, holiday gaiety of intercourse. I remembered him as a heavy-set, auburn-bearded, blue-eyed Cornishman, pleased with simple things, eating and laughing well. That made it a dozen times worse for me.

He sat in an arm-chair near the door in the forward bulkhead leading to his state-room. The door was shut, so that its white-painted panels behind his back thrust him out at us in strong silhouette. There he sat, bolt upright, staring at our intrusion with his distended, lusterless eyeballs. He seemed to drone, but that was flies. The only sign of his wound was an untidy blackness on the breast of his jacket, and even that was half hidden by the dull red mat of his beard. In one hand, brown as a Mocha glove, there lay three-quarters of a ship's biscuit, and there were crumbs on his fallen lower lip and on his beard. The refraction of sunlight, pouring in across the floor, picked out the last detail of that inexplicable and horrid suspension of the act of taking food. . . .

I wheeled on Tito and found him a dozen feet away by the rail. My voice snapped out, appallingly public in that hush:

"What the devil? He was killed on the bridge—?"

The black fellow bolted. I caught him in the ship's waist. It was too bad of me to spoil the magnificent gesture

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of his return, but I was puzzled and I was mad.

"See here, my man—"

He lashed out at me in whining protest. "Look at me, suh! Haven't I bring this steamship in from the ocean? Alone? No man else can't do that. That's enough. Now I'm all tiahed out. I wish to go ashoah now. Let me go!" His gesticulations grew more gigantic and uncertain above me. "I wish to go ashoah. I say I've been a long time at sea. I wish to have a drink of rum. I wish to have a friend. I wish to foahget I'm tiahed out. I'm not youah man, suh. I'm a bettah man 'n you ah, suh. I've bring in the *Rose of England* alone—"

He had shaken off my grip. With the soundless and ponderous agility of an ape he parted the guarders at the rail. He came to his own with an enormous leap and was swallowed up in the black gulf of their welcome. Swallowed up! Borne away in the dark tide! Nectar and ambrosia; shadowy joys, unutterable rewards, barbaric anodynes!

It was a problem in irony. The cable-wires of the world were gorged with his name and deed (I had no doubt); in a way we should all have been proffering him wine in golden goblets and waving peacock fans. Yet he was a beast and he made me sick, and there was nothing for it but to go and fish him out again from the blandishing gulf and keep him ruthless company till I knew the things I had to know.

The market-square was already almost empty. Bostwick, the fat proprietor of Two in the Bush, beckoned me from a window.

"Wanted at the 'phone. . . . Yes, you. From the hospital."

Merciful Heavens! I had completely forgotten Greaves.

It was not his voice over the wire, but, I judged, one of the hospital orderlies. His tone betrayed the man's sense of playing a bit of the fool.

"Beg pardon, sir, but Mr. Greaves wishes me to ask you to tell him it's a lie. Those are his words, sir."

"Lie? About the *Rose of England?*"

"Not so much that, sir, as— Please wait and I'll ask him again. . . . He says it's about the person named *Tito.* That it was *not Tito.* You're to say definitely *that it was not Tito.*"

I could have slapped Greaves. If there's one thing worse than a drunkard's burbling, it's a sick man's babbling.

"Tell him for God's sake to go to sleep!"

Why couldn't he mind his own business? His mystery-making was unreasonable and pointless, but it had succeeded in doing me no good. It was just one more thing. For the first time I was aware of a tremor of uneasiness as I stood in the doorway of St. John the Apostle Hall and told Tito to come out.

It's not the wisest thing to prod even the mildest of animals in the mating season. And Tito was not the mildest.

It was a child's mind of a peculiarly obnoxious bent, sulky, galled by restraint, secretive and boastful by turns, by turns cold with some inscrutable anxiety and warm with wild lusts of expectancy. And moment by moment, first and last, it revolved gigantic outbreaks of rebellion and deliverance. That was Tito's mind, and for all the will and perspiration spent that afternoon I never had more than a corner of it to work with.

. . . No, he had no idea why the *Rose of England* had not been sunk. To my hypotheses—that there might have been another ship heaving in view—that the thing might have had something to do with sudden wireless news of the armistice—that this or that—to them all he would give me only an abstracted, "I can't rightly say, suh." All he knew was that when the order came to lower the boats away he had "thought it out" (*sic*) and decided that anything was better than taking chances with the Hun—"Them hell devils, you can't rightly say what they'll do to you, suh"—and he had retired into the forecastle, got in his bunk, wrapped the blanket about his head, and remained there (praying, I

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presume) till some hours after the thud of the last shot. Then, "walking out on deck" (*sic*), he had found the ship afloat and the sea deserted.

You must not imagine that this information emerged in a lump, as written down. So much is the grist of perhaps four hours of cross-examination. My mountainous laborings brought forth mice.

The sun-parlor, where I had led him in face of Bostwick's scandalized protest, wouldn't do. Before the panes lay too much of the square exposed, too many awning-shadows and street-mouths full of eyes. That dusky patience beleaguered us. Inexorably, in the very middle of a fragment of speech, Tito's attention had slipped my grasp; he seemed to grow more distraught, more glossy and vital, more unpleasantly resplendent. . . . No, certainly, the sun-parlor would not do.

As the sun declined and the square below became a purple pool of dusk peopled with a bolder allurement, I had to decide upon some shift. I had gained something from Tito, it is true; enough to fill out the body of a formal report to the House. But in another, a queerer and more pressing way, I had gained precisely nothing at all. There was a question I wanted Tito to answer. The strange thing about that question was that I hadn't the slightest notion what it was. It remained shapeless and unnamable, a shade lurking just beyond the finger-tips of my mind. It had in it elements. It had the corpse of Captain Erd sitting in a buzz of flies in his cabin with a biscuit in his hand and crumbs on his beard. It had in it Greaves's life-and-death imbecilities over the 'phone. It struck root deeper back in memory to other acts and words:

"How did Tito take it?"

"*What* do you mean by *that?*"—And the graying knuckles and the abrupt scrutiny of his eyes, as if the name of Tito had struck him in a profound and shocking way. . . . Why?

To save me, I couldn't get hold of that "Why?" But it made me just the least bit sick at my stomach, all the same. . . .

"Tito," I said, "there are only one or two more points. I want you to come aboard with me for a moment or so."

"*Aboahd?*" He was on his feet. An enormous violence of panic seemed to throw him about. "I say, suh, but I'm not youah man. Haven't I done enough? No, suh, you got no legality to keep me. I salvage the *Rose of England*—me—one man alone. Do you thank me? No, you try and make me a run-and-fetch man foah you. No, suh; I'm my own mastah. I got engagements. I don't wish to go aboahd to-night. You got no legality. . . ."

The forensics sat clumsily on his mysterious but unmistakable terror of returning to that ship, now he was once clear of her.

"No!" His voice increased in violence. "No, no, no!"

I had succeeded in winning him then to the lesser of two evils. He followed me almost docilely to the floor above, where Bostwick, grudging but impressed, gave me a room. Still contemplating that fearful, narrowly escaped alternative, he took the chair I placed for him, facing the window, but far enough back so that the square beneath was hidden and only the rail and superstructure of the *Rose of England* beyond it showing, like a painting on a stage-drop in the failing light.

I settled myself. I informed him with quiet resolution "what was up."

His little eyes came to me. He pulled himself together. Given time to think, a bit of that aura of the epical hero crept back about him.

"I told you the truth, suh. What moah you wish?"

There he had me. What more, indeed, did I wish? In the silence that filled that cardboard box of a room, touched from without by the tiny sounds of the town and the inn itself—laughter, rustle of palm fronds, faint tinkling of crockery—in the silence I began to suspect that I was looking just a little the fool. I struck out at random:

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"How did Captain Erd get down there, from the bridge?"

There was a perceptible pause. The dusk was so heavy now in the room that I couldn't see the expression on his face.

"I can't rightly say that, suh."

"What have you ever done to the first officer, Mr. Greaves, Tito?"

"Mistah Greaves? Mistah *Greaves*, suh?"

His mystification was so patent that I felt sillier than ever. The oppressive silence returned. Once more the shapeless question had eluded the finger-tips of my mind. The light of a crescent, descending moon grew in the sky and, falling through the window in a ghostly parallelogram, encompassed the big, gray, bare feet of the negro.

I was at the end of my rope. . . .

There was the sound of a latch clicking, the door opened, and Greaves stepped into the room. In the light cast about him from the hallway for an instant I saw him, and Tito, his head twisted awkwardly over his shoulder, saw him, too. Greaves, the daft one, the wisp of hospital meat, the paper-covered skeleton. The man was grotesque. He had on a pair of soldier-breeches over his pajamas, and a raincoat draped his peaked shoulders. His feet flapped in straw slippers. His uncovered hair was a straw-cock; his eyes were large, round, whitish, and rimmed with membranous pink.

He said nothing at all. But as the door clicked to, plunging us all again in gloom, Tito's lips gave issue to such a bleat as I had never heard and never care to hear again. It was the sort of thing that runs up a man's spine. It continued. It hung immensely high-pitched, small, disembodied in the shadows. It was shocking and unsettling, out of that mass of puissant flesh.

The explanation struck my mind. With this and that and the other thing, not one of us had thought to tell the negro of the first officer's escape, his return, his actual presence in this island, now.

I opened my lips to plunge into explanation. It would be a relief. The situation was too much. On the one hand that bleat, dying off in gasps like a jackass's plaint, and the vision of those two apelike great toes sticking straight up in the moon-patch on the floor; on the other, that fellow Greaves sneaking into the corner behind my chair, mad with fever, escaped from hospital who knows how, thrusting in upon us, making a splendid mess of things altogether. I could have shaken both of them.

I say, I opened my lips. Then I closed them. I waited. Behind me I heard the febrile breathing of the watcher. That was all. It became intolerable. Presently I should have screamed.

But at last Greaves spoke, his voice glaucous, implacable, stupid:

"Tito, were you alone on board that ship?"

In the faint upflare from the light spot I perceived just the two whites of the black man's eyes fixed on me, desperately. It is a fatal thing for a man to look at a ghost.

"*Tito,*" it came again, "*were you alone?*"

I saw a glint of teeth as Tito's lips stirred in a whisper.

"Foah the sake of Christ Lawd, Mistah Canby!"

"*Tito, were you alone?*"

It was like a hammer—successive, dull, monotonous blows falling out of the dark. The implacable iteration began to beat in my brain. What was the fevered fellow driving at? What? I became aware that there was sweat on my temples.

"*Tito, were you alone?*"

I knew! I saw! In one black flash I saw what Greaves was driving at—what from the very first of those first days his sick imaginings had been clutching to him and alternately pushing away. . . . The unspeakable thing. . . . Nausea was in me. . . . A rebellion of protest! . . . It was an act of sacrilege against the divinity of thought. I wanted to

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burst out against Greaves, to hush him up, to wring his crazed neck. . . . I saw pictures. I saw the tiny picture of a gray-eyed, warm-haired woman standing in a light filtered down through fronds. I saw the picture of a steamer rolling dead and remote and forgotten of God on the naked desert of a sea. . . .

I tried to get away from that negro, but now, as if it had become in reality a nightmare, I saw him swelling in sight, obtruding hugely out of the dark, falling upon me with the wide, moist, grasping tentacles of his hands. He occupied the moonlight at my knees. He smothered my struggles. He clung to me and breathed his breath in my face.

"No, suh, Mistah Canby; foah the sake of Christ Lawd I'll tell you the truth. No, suh, I was not alone on that ship."

My wrists endured the sucking of his palms. I held my voice level:

"Who was with you on that ship, Tito?"

"The captain, suh."

"But the captain was dead, Tito, like the others."

"Dead? Of couhse he was dead, suh. Can't I see him shrivelin' away one day aftah anotheh? Can't I smell him? . . . But tell me this, suh, how can a dead man come walkin' down the laddah from the bridge, suh? How can he open the doah to his cabin, suh? How can he stand theah inside the doah waitin' foah Tito—?"

"Come!" I shook him again. "Look at me and talk sense!"

But his butter-plate eyes had strayed to the left of mine, and there, over my shoulder, I felt Greaves's hot face hanging and waiting.

"If you've anything to tell me," I expostulated, "start at the beginning and tell it straight. Sit back in that chair first; look out of the window, and don't be a damned fool."

For some reason he obeyed. He got his eyes away from the ghost of Greaves and stared out at the *Rose of England's* upper works, riding motionless in the oblique, silvery flood.

"Tell it straight, Tito. What happened first?"

"Fuhst? Fuhst thing of all he jumps out at me."

"Go slow!"

"Yes, suh. Look heah, suh. That's the vehy fuhst mohning aftah. I come on deck from the fo'c'sle, wheah I been all night. I don't like them cohpses, so I stay inside the fo'c'sle in the night-time. I come out. I think to myself I'd like to know wheah in the ocean I am. The captain he always put a line on the chaht. Only I don't like to go up on the bridge because he's lyin' theah. I think maybe he got the chaht in his cabin below. So I go theah and I open the doah. Then, suh, he is theah, waitin' behind that doah. Some time in the night he's come down from the bridge. When I pull that doah open he falls out on top of me, wavin' his ahms. He nevah say nothin', because he's dead and stiff and the blood dry on his jacket and his mouth open. He just wait theah and fall out on Tito. . . ."

"What did you do then, Tito?"

"I went back fohwahds and got into my bunk and stayed theah three days till I got too thuhsty."

"What did you do then, when you got too thirsty, Tito?"

"I got to the galley, suh."

"To get to the galley, aft, you had to pass the captain's cabin?"

I was consciously and elaborately holding him up, like a witness at the bar.

"Yes, suh."

"Was Captain Erd still lying where he had 'jumped out' at you?"

"No, suh. But the doah was still open and I seen him theah."

"Where, Tito?"

"Wheah you seen him youahself, suh, sittin' in that chaih with back to that stateroom doah inside, staihin' at me with his eyes wide open."

"Yes, Tito. Now, one thing. Did the captain have in his hand, at that time, the bit of biscuit—"

"No, suh. Oh no, suh. That come lateh on—"

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"Just when?"

"That must have been a week lateh, maybe moah, suh. I was in the galley evehy day, you undehstand that, suh. Well, suh, one day it seemed to me I miss some food. I know that food, suh; I count evehy tin. I know that watah, evehy inch. I find two tin of biscuit open and some watah gone, too. Suh, you can't undehstand. You nevah been all alone on a steamship out in the ocean —night and day—day and night—with the cohpses of men."

"What did you do then, Tito?"

"Deah Lawd, suh, I feel as if things grab at me behind my back in that galley —evehy minute. I'm all alone, but yet, suh, I can't stuhh hand noah foot out of that galley. It's wuhse about that food than it was even about him jumpin' out on me. Say theah could be a dead man walk! But no suh, theah ain't no dead man wants to eat. What good it do him? Tell me that, suh!"

"Yes, Tito. And then? You stayed in the galley?"

"Yes, suh, I stay theah in the galley. It come on dahk. It come on moonlight —big, full moon. I have a big drink of rum—and anothah big drink. It come on late. Then I heah him—pat-pat-pat on deck—light-foot—"

"*Heard* him? You actually mean to say—"

"Oh, suh, I heah that cohpse plenty times on a calm night, prowlin' and prowlin'. . . . Now I heah him, and he's comin' towahds the galley. What's Tito to do? I jump out of that galley and I see him, just a shadow creepin' along in the shade of the fohwahd house. I give one yell, suh. Then he stop. Then he give one daht back and I heah him slam that cabin doah to behind him. Then I'm crazy. I'm crazy, suh!"

Crazy, indeed. Now that dark narrator, lost wholly in the past, made the thing live. His gestures were powerful; his strong legs held him a little clear of the chair-seat; his eyes were fixed and rapt upon the faintly luminous deck hanging in the night beyond the square. He would have been surprised to know that, sentence by sentence, he was delivering himself from death.

"I'm crazy, suh. I think to myself, What the hell, Tito! A man got to do something. It come to that. I go back and get anothah big drink and I come out on deck. I see old Swanson lyin' there in the scuppers. I give him a kick in the chest. I'm crazy. I go and walk to that cabin doah. I look at it. Then all of a sudden I think to myself: See heah, Tito, theah ain't no cohpse wants to eat. Somebody is playin' tricks with Tito. I'm crazy. I think to myself: Tito, you go right through that place, stateroom and all. You fling that cohpse ovehboahd and be done with it. With that rum I can do anything. I pull that doah open. I mahch into that cabin. I tuhn on the electric light. And theah sit that cohpse staihin' at me, and foah deah God sake he been eatin' biscuit suah enough! Yes, suh, I see crumbs left on his whiskah. He got a piece left in his hand. Eatin'! . . . Foah God sake! . . . I back out of that doah and I slam it good, like a cannon-bang. And I nevah, nevah, nevah goin' to open that doah again. . . ."

The actuality of his rout at the hands of that imperturbable biscuit-feaster was too near. He had heaped down in his chair.

"Nevah, nevah!" he breathed.

"Tito," I pulled him up, "was that the last you had from him?"

"I nevah go near him again . . ."

"But did you ever *hear* him—"

"Oh yes, I *heah* him all right, suh. Come a calm night I heah him prowlin', prowlin'. Light-foot! He don't weigh so much now, that cohpse don't. Pat-pat-pat. Oh, deah Lawd, suh! Light-foot!"

And of a sudden, in the close gloom, with the weight of his outthrust chest and shoulders coming against my back, Greaves found a voice.

"Tito, how long has it been now since you heard it last?"

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Tito's eyes jerked to the half-forgotten, ghostly questioner.

"I—I can't rightly— Two nights—maybe five nights—"

"Heaven send!" I heard the prayer buried in Greaves's windpipe, and straightway he was clambering and stumbling for the door. The burst of light showed him in grotesque outrush, flapping, a flittergibbet of fever and haste.

Making the best pursuit I could, it was with difficulty I caught him almost across the square to the quay-side. The moon was going down. It was dark there, like a pond-bottom. His face loomed gray and set. "Hurry!" was all he said.

No one was at the gang-plank of the *Rose of England;* the guarders had slipped off to better company than the corpses still lying in the scuppers for the eye of that magistrate not yet located in the west of the islands.

Greaves threw open the cabin door and turned the electric switch inside. But the batteries must have long ago gone dead.

"Have you a match, Canby?"

I handed him one. The little flare illuminated the interior. Captain Erd stared at us from his chair, and again he seemed to drone. It was all precisely as it had been, even to the remains of that unwholesome feast—even to the state-room door standing like a white mat in a frame behind him.

Like Tito on that other moonlit night of crisis, Greaves was "crazy" now. He was striding toward that door when the match went out; in the darkness I heard the guarding chair thrust aside, the soft impact of that exemplary "watcher by the threshold" tumbling down, and the opening of the door.

Things pulled me two ways—inward—out on deck. I was out on deck when Greaves re-emerged, bearing Mary Erd wrapped in a merchant-captain's great-coat in his arms. It was preposterous for him to think he could carry even her, for he had no flesh or sinew on him, and his knees bent in. But when I put out my hands for that bundle the fierceness of his face drove me off.

He didn't seem to know what to do, where to go, how to act. I was almost as bad. In face of the gigantic mysteriousness of things we stood there and talked in calm voices.

"You were afraid of this from the very beginning," I said.

"Yes. I told you the 'chief' thought she must be in Croode's boat. What I didn't tell you was that I spoke Croode's boat ten minutes after that, myself. . . ."

There we stood, like two gawks.

"Good Heavens alive, man!" I broke out.

The tottering idiot thought again that I was going to rob him. He swayed off as fast as he could along the deck. As I caught up I saw Mary Erd's eyes open and rest on the ear and fever-crinkled cheek of her bearer. I heard a whisper hovering over her lips:

"Edward Greaves. . . . Edward!"

He battled to keep up. On my word, he was like a tippler trying to fool a policeman.

"Edward—is—is everything all right? You're here? You won't let any—anything—?"

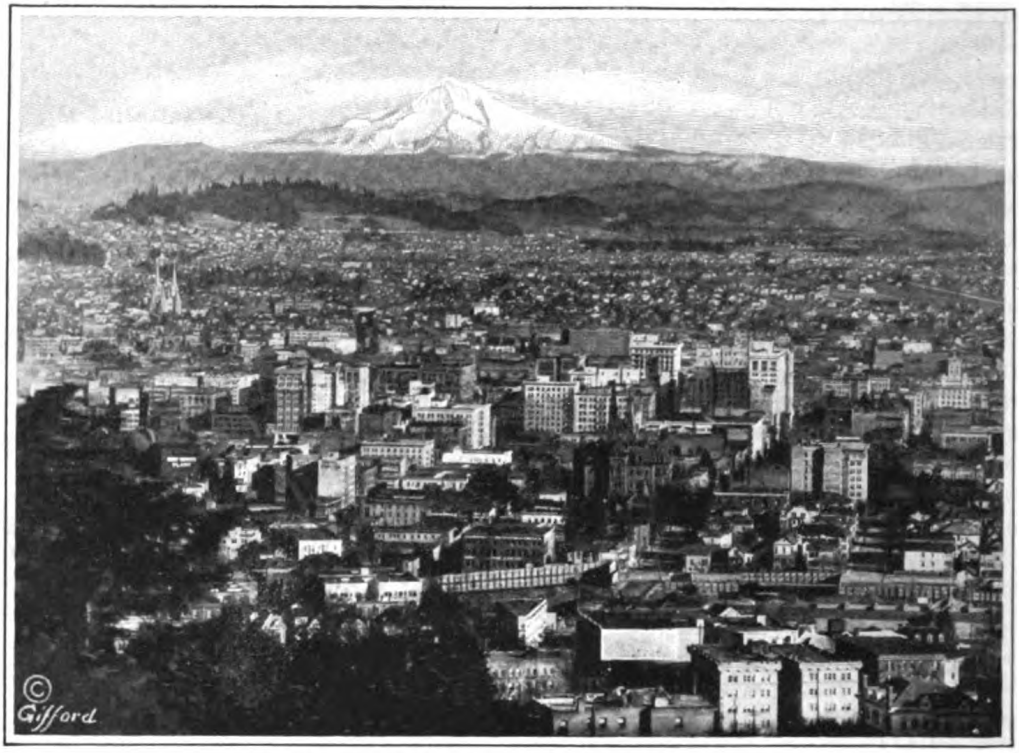
He sucked at his paper cheeks.

"I'm tired, Edward. I've been frightened. And I've had to do awful things—awful things. I've played tricks with the—the dead."

And there went the blighted, transfigured fool, puffing and teetering down the plank toward Two in the Bush—a skeleton bearing a skeleton in his arms and muttering, "Yes, Mary; Mary, yes—" in a silly way.

I was the one fit one among the three, and I was the one to lag. As I lagged, midway of the market-square, where the measures of a "fox-trot" came down faintly from the yellow windows on the hill, my eye caught the shadow of a creature of the night, making off, not unaccompanied, into the velvet cavern of a by-street. That was Tito, conqueror of the sea. . . .

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THE CITY OF PORTLAND, OREGON, WITH MT. HOOD IN THE DISTANCE

AMERICA GOES BACK TO WORK

VI.—THE SEETHING NORTHWEST

BY EDWARD HUNGERFORD

IF some one were to ask me to define the territorial limits of our Northwest, I should probably reply that I know it as the land of the yellow cars. The long orange-colored and lemon-colored passenger trains which slip in and out of the Chicago railroad hub extend from Lake Michigan to the Western Rim, to the great new Puget Sound country. It is of this, our greater Northwest, stretching back from its gateway cities of St. Paul and of Minneapolis, that we shall write in this article: of America going back to work in the empire states of Minnesota, the Dakotas, Montana, Idaho and Washington.

"But *is* America going back to work?" some one rises at once to ask me.

After twelve thousand miles of travel around the rim of the land in the first half of this year of grace, 1920, I think that I can answer honestly that she is. Not perhaps with enthusiasm, not with her energy well directed—and with such luxury industries as the "movies" and pleasure automobiles taking far more than their fair share of raw materials and labor; with the great strikes of the coal-miners, the steel-workers, and the railroaders hanging like deep black clouds over the very face of the land—yet back of all these

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discouragements the old Americanism still is leavening, the spirit of a dominant people who have been through a great upset, mental and physical, is beginning once more to reassert itself.

One might easily have spent this entire twelvemonth in our Northwest and have failed to see this deeper and this better spirit of America underlying the entire situation. That is the one corner of our land which to-day still sits among its greatest perplexities. In all probability the fact that it is in many ways the newest corner of our civilization—that holds the last few of the dying outposts of genuine wilderness within the United States—has much to do with it, while even within its borders the casual and fairly unobservant traveler may see a distinct difference between its two most western states—Oregon and Washington.



BIG WOODS NEAR SPOKANE, A PORTION OF THE LARGEST BODY OF WHITE PINE IN THE WORLD

Oregon looks like New England. One may easily stretch a point and say that it is New England. Tradition avers that almost a century ago its founders tossed a coin as to whether its chief city should be called Portland or Boston. Portland it became, and Portland has never lost the appearance of having been taken up bodily and carried all the way across the continent. Its neat white houses on the hillsides might easily have been stolen from Salem, or Newburyport, or the elder Portland, and set down among the stately pines which face the Willamette. And as Portland goes, so go the older Oregon towns, Salem, the capital, Eugene, Ashland.

Washington stands almost in antithesis to Oregon. It is still very raw and new. There are hundreds of miles of virgin forest within it, although with the present almost sinister progress of the lumbering industry they will not survive. The first white child born in Seattle still lives there.

The two states on the two banks of the Columbia are vastly different. Their people and their methods of settlement have been different. Two-thirds of the present-day Oregonians were born within the limits of their own state; but less than a quarter of the residents of Washington may claim a similar distinction. It is really fearfully new, this state of our farthest Northwest. This may account for and fairly excuse some of the changeable characteristics of its people. One understands why there should have been a considerable breadth and variation of sentiment in regard to one Ole Hanson, for instance; and even why Seattle

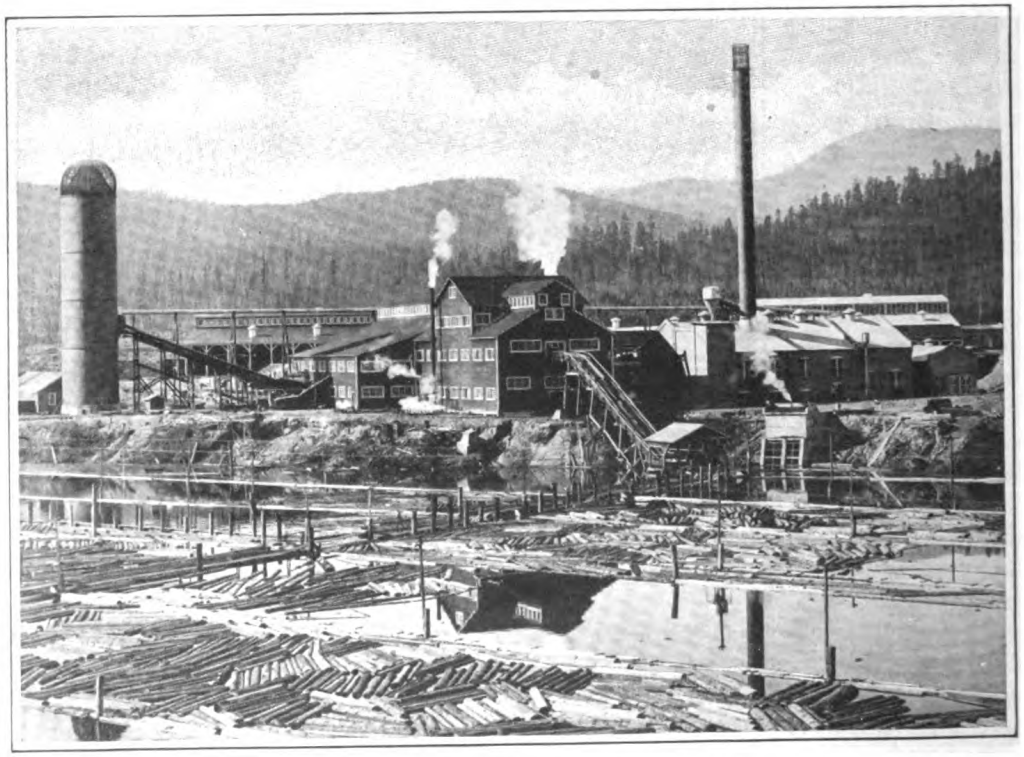
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should have had the "general strike" which was such bad advertising for her. But now that the 'general strike" is a matter of rapidly receding history, it may not be amiss to say that it may have had certain educational values; and we may add that Seattle herself, is probably capable of overcoming entirely its unpleasant advertising effect.

She is not apt to repeat that disagreeable strike experience—not in the near future at any rate—and this may be put down as a genuine silver rim to the cloudy episode. It may be true that her unions, after some terrific blows of defeat, are gradually reforming themselves. Such a step is hardly less than logical. But her manufacturers are also reforming themselves—under the rather generic name of the Associated Industries—and, if they be given the advantage of sound and broad and generous leadership, they ought eventually to make Seattle quite as conservative as—as, let us say, Philadelphia; and with such a foundation, almost, if not quite, as industrial, in proportion, of course, to her size.

Even as she stands, Seattle has attained no mean industrial strength. A single one of her several shipyards is reputed to have built one-eighth of all the steel ships constructed by the United States in the late war. They were good ships too, so proven by their records. One of them, the *Seattle*, made four round-trips across the Atlantic before being tied up a single hour for repairs, a remarkable record in our hastily built emergency merchant marine.

"I was thrust into this job," says the man who headed it. His name is Skinner and he was a lumberman with a reputation for force and resourcefulness before he became a shipbuilder. "We started in as carriers early in February, 1916, to build boats, simply because we had failed to buy any. We had been trying to buy in London—



A LUMBER MILL AT IONA, WASHINGTON

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HARVESTING ON A BIG SCALE NEAR PENDLETON, OREGON

the American market had already been swept clean—but every time they got a line on a ship for us and got her thoroughly investigated the cable would report her withdrawn or sold. At so great a distance we couldn't be quick enough. . . . That brought us to the building of our own first boat. But we could not seem to get that first boat built. The Norwegians came along and took her while she still was on the ways. We built five others, just like her. And five more times the Norwegians came along and took them, one by one, from under our very noses.

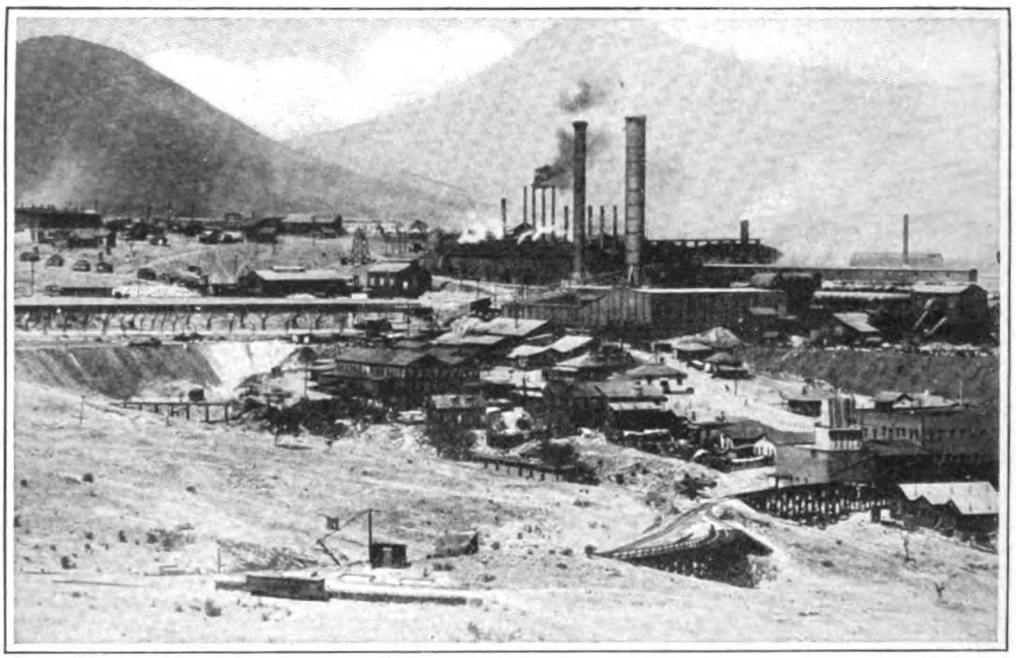
"Then we launched in. We bought land and laid down five shipways on it. We ordered the complete equipment for forty standardized ships—remember, if you will, that all this was well before the coming of the United States Shipping Board—ordered forty-five engines as well. We got the best equipment, the best engines, the best men to set them all up. We found Dave Rodgers, and before we were done with him he was known as the best all round shipbuilder in the entire land. . . . Eventually we turned out seventy-five boats—more than 675,000 tons deadweight; that was our one-eighth contribution to the new American merchant marine."

To-day the big shipyard stands idle. Its 15,000 workers have dispersed themselves to the four corners of the land. So have gone the other 20,000 shipbuilders of Seattle; perhaps to recite in years to come the Homeric ode of a quiet lumber port of the far Northwest transformed for a time into a mighty center of industry, with all the incidental ills and puzzles common to such industrial effort upon a huge scale; perhaps, if I may be permitted to suggest, to ruminate upon the permanent advantage to their fellows, or even to themselves, of a greed and a recklessness that upset all our carefully built economic traditions and practices, for perhaps two or three decades to come.

"Will the shipyard ever begin work again?" you inquire, "it or its fellows?"

Perhaps yes. Perhaps no. Mr. Skinner intimated to me his entire willingness to help relieve the great nationwide railroad crisis to-day by building freight cars in multiple pro-

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A VIEW OF THE FAMOUS ANACONDA MINES

duction, very much as he had built the ships. The timber was close at hand, and the metals—not a heavy proportion of the average freight car—could certainly be transported across the country in less tonnage than the plates and girders for steel ships. Moreover, Seattle holds to a rather definite idea for a rolling mill of her own. She says that the coal round about her is particularly suited for furnaces, while Alaska holds a sufficiency of workable ore. Whether or not she ever will become a center of the steel industry is still a good deal of an open question. It will depend upon many other things than fuel and ore. Most of these will come more or less closely under the category of labor. If she has learned the lesson of labor control—as she seems through bitter experience to have learned it—she may be able to stabilize herself into a real manufacturing city, as well as a port of growing importance and popularity.

But, even if she succeeds in doing these fairly difficult things, she still will find herself surrounded by a great area of almost perpetual labor disturbance. Our Northwest is anything but placid and settled, industrially at any rate. We do not read much these days of Wallace or Cœur d'Alene. But that is not because labor in those great mining camps is more satisfied to-day than it was yesterday. It is rather because of the judgment of their operators in employing only hand-picked men, and very carefully hand-picked at that. Only married men who are willing to bring their families with them into the Idaho mountains will be accepted; and these only after a most searching scrutiny into their individual industrial records.

Is that fair? I think that is eminently fair. Without any particular leaning toward the employer's side of the question, I think that he has quite as much of a right to insist upon a clean record on the part of his worker as the worker has to claim such a record of his employer—and this last in labor councils is now beginning to be acclaimed almost as an inherent right. Moreover, the big bosses in the isolated Idaho camps

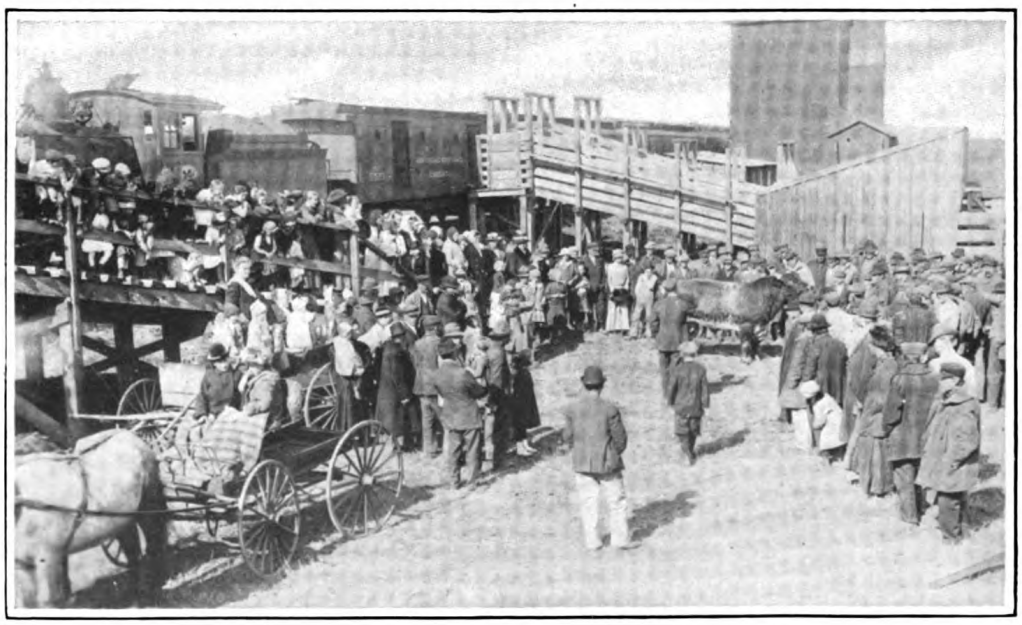
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live rather closely with their men—which I have set down once or twice before in these articles as almost a basic necessity toward settling all of our great labor troubles which are born of continued misunderstandings. By doing so, they gain in far more ways than one.

Directly east of Idaho and cheek-by-jowl with her is Montana. Although Montana has no "general strike," she has a labor record that almost outshames the brisk and picturesque one of Washington. Poor Montana! One can hardly fail at one and the same time to admire and to sympathize with her. She may have Missoula, but she also has Butte. And, as we shall presently see, the disadvantage of the one quite offsets the manifold advantages of the other.

Missoula is one of the pleasantest and one of the most truly American towns I have ever visited—with its university, its neat houses, its paved streets and parkways and the great bare hills looking down upon the flat floor of the confluence of the valleys of the Missoula and the Bitter Root rivers. A very old town it is, too, with a strange admixture of Scotch Presbyterian and French Canadian stock. And to-day the Flathead Indians still come down into it, pitching their tepees on the flats round about it, searching them for the bitter roots from which they grind the flour which is so pleasing to their palates, and drinking fearful amounts of firewater—despite all the penalties of prohibition and Indian laws combined. They are a picturesque lot, the men swaggering along the main street, with their brightly colored blankets folded upon their shoulders, and the women still freighting their papooses tightly strapped to their backs. Even the modernness of paved streets and electric lights, two railroad stations, and a department store which employs 228 persons, cannot take away the real western atmosphere of this delightful Montana town.

Into this new-old community of the Northwest the virus of radicalism already is being shot. When we are



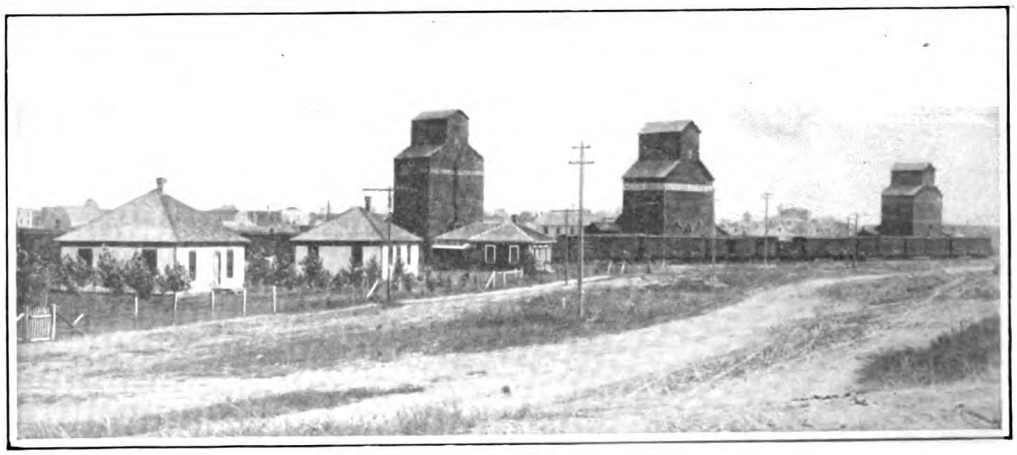
EXPERTS FROM AN AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE OUTLINING TO FARMERS THE GOOD AND BAD POINTS OF CATTLE

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come to a discussion of the Dakotas and their problems we shall enter upon a consideration of one Townley and his Nonpartisan League. At Butte we find the One Big Union and the I. W. W. extant and active, just as I found them extant and active throughout Washington, even at Seattle. I talked with them, ate with them, sang with them. The I. W. W. are not unapproachable. They neither bite nor bark, and they are most anxious to spread the propaganda of their blind faith.

Against this propaganda Missoula from the beginning has shut herself. She placed her thumbs in her ears to shut out sound and her fingers over her eyes to bar the sight of unpleasant things; and when her most eminent woman citizen, Miss Jeannette Rankin, brought Townley and his ideas in at the N. P. station, even the distinction of the fact that she, a Missoulian, had become the world's only congresswoman, could not obtain a hall to hold her meeting in. So they went up upon one of those high hills and there held their assemblage. All the while it snowed. It was bitterly cold. I wonder if ever a modern woman received a greater repudiation than the congresswoman from Missoula. She was not sent back to Washington.

From Missoula I rode upon a small local train over to Butte—a matter of four hours or thereabouts. The train stopped often on its way. As far as Garrison we rode the rails of the original main line of the Northern Pacific, and when we passed the marker for the "last spike" I was reminded of the time, away back in the eighties, that the far-seeing Henry Villard had brought the investors of the enterprise out over the ungraded track five days from St. Paul to witness the event, and how they, alarmed by the vast expanse of undeveloped territory, had telegraphed and cabled east to sell their holdings, thrusting the road into a financial crisis. From Garrison we bore south to Butte, over the rails of the former Montana Union, a forlorn stretch of hundreds of miles of single-tracked narrow-gauge which, nearly two generations ago, thrust itself up from the rails of the Union Pacific to touch those of the pioneer line of its northern competitor. The Montana Union is no more. It has become standard-gauged and, as far as Butte, a secondary main line of the Northern Pacific. The chief stem of this last road goes over the Continental Divide and down into Helena, the pleasant capital of the state, serene to-day in the assurance that she will probably continue to hold that distinction for a long time to come. Yet such serenity has not always been hers. Time was,



NORTH DAKOTA GRAIN ELEVATORS

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and that time not so long ago, when one Marcus A. Daly swore by all the gods and the prophets that he would remove the state capital to his own newly founded town of Anaconda. Heaven and earth he moved toward such an end. The Northern Pacific resisted the move. James J. Hill favored it. The power of his Great Northern was thrust into the balance against the rival road. The Northern Pacific—and Helena—won. The capital stayed "put."

You could no more write about Montana to-day and ignore Anaconda than you could write about France and ignore Paris. Only the Anaconda of which I speak is not the weather-beaten and forlorn little smelter town of that name back among the hills, but the big copper corporation which succeeded to the Daly properties and which to-day is a potent force in the politics of the third largest state in the Union. It is that Anaconda which owns, in addition to its copper-mines and smelters, stores, banks, railroads—and newspapers, a plenty. It is that Anaconda which finds itself intrenched against a world of bitterness and invective—with the chief point of attack in a battered Baptist church upon one of the broad hill-climbing streets of desolate Butte.

The Baptist church no longer functions, that is, not in the way set out for it in the beginning. The sayings of Jesus upon its rain-stained frescoes have been partly covered over by those of Karl Marx. For God's house has become a rallying point of men who speak but little of God, save irreverently. It is the headquarters of the more or less quiescent One Big Union, the gently declining I. W. W. but the extremely energetic *Butte Daily Bulletin*. Where the racks which held the hymn-books and the prayer-books once stood, there stands to-day a rack filled with very businesslike rifles. The reporters and the editors of the newspaper work each day with automatic revolvers beside their typewriters or in the upper drawers of their desks. They write viciously and slashingly of labor, from the angle of an extreme right wing, and they preach openly sovietism and revolution for America.

Butte seemingly is hopeless. Men have tried, and tried in vain, to work something out of her—save ore. The influences which dwell within her are apparently incapable of self-improvement, and they resent tremendously any improvement proffered from without. If she could be kept segregated from the rest of the United States, it might be well; but this cannot be done, and her malicious influence spreads steadily. Just now it is already touching Missoula—the clean, neat, conservative metropolis of Western Montana. A *Western Montana Bulletin* is being planned, to be cut from the same cloth as the *Butte Bulletin*, and to breathe the same sort of disorder and fire into the minds of the bewildered Montanians.

A week or so before I reached Missoula the first of the advance agents of this new publication had slipped into the small city. He was a tall, slim Irishman, slick of tongue and glib of invective, whose blue eyes blazed with the sincerity and the fervor of his soul. He preached revolution and the soviet—not covertly, but openly. With the intensity of a John Wesley he spoke of the cataclysm about to come. He cast off all restraint and breathed fire and destruction. . . . Among his auditors there in the corner of the Florence Hotel lobby was an old cattleman who had driven down that day from his ranch, forty miles up in the Bitter Root valley, to make his bank deposits. The old man was a Montana pioneer, a hard-headed Scotch Presbyterian into the bargain; thirty years before he found his way into that pleasant country. He had settled down and through the hard labor of his brain and his hands had made a real homestead for himself, whose broad green acres and whose grazing kine

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bespoke the ownership perhaps of $200,000 or $300,000 worth of securities back in the Missoula banks.

The old Scotchman listened attentively to the young Irish disciple of freedom, of progress; then he stood and spoke his own mind—freely.

"Three boys I had," said he, simply, "and gave them to my country. They fought at St. Mihiel and through the Argonne and, through the grace of God, came back to me. They are with me still. They know guns. If revolution comes they will fight for my home. We can do no more than die in its defense."

In the contour of Montana there are few level places; it all is high hills and deep valleys. Likewise, there is no level ground for human thought. Neutrality is not permitted. It is Anaconda or anarchy. Your morning paper comes to you—oddly enough the morning newspaper is the strength of Montana journalism—tainted with the propaganda of the one faction or the other. You read the mimeographs and the electrotypes and the patent-insides of the copper industry; or of the labor organizations—all the way from the left wing of Townley and his Nonpartisan League through the American Federation of Labor to the bitter wing of One Big Union, I. W. W., Bolshevism and revolution. For the really open-minded man there is no unprejudiced press to speak to him. He has sickened of propaganda. He abhors it. He turns in final despair to the national weeklies and the monthly magazines, which, no matter how fairly or how openly they may be edited. give him little or no interpretation of his local problem.

It was with the same sinister possibility in mind that the versatile Townley, with his Nonpartisan League already implanted in North Dakota and in the process of immediate implanting in Minnesota, set about at the beginning to have a thoroughly controlled press of his own. His chain of papers—several dailies and many, many weekly publications—are, first of all, extremely well edited and interesting. Townley is far too wise not to know the deadly effects of dull propaganda. He is himself a propagandist of real merit. To carry his message to the little towns of Minnesota he employs an aeroplane—which has a definite advertising value of its own.

I rode over Portland, Oregon, in a propaganda aeroplane. It belonged to a new-old religious cult, the Apostolic Faith, which is gaining both members and money—and is exerting the last to gain the first. It has printing-presses, motor cars, motor trucks, and the aeroplane in which I rode. This last is called the *Sky Pilot*, and has the cross and the crown painted on the under surfaces of its planes. Literally, it carries the gospel to the far corners of Oregon; the dominie is a war-graduate aviator and speaks with the force which comes from real experience.

It is a long cry—and a long nineteen hundred years—from Christ and his disciples toiling across the sands of Judea to the dominie of the Apostolic Faith hitting up his Curtiss at ninety miles an hour. Yet I do think that old Saul of Tarsus would have loved a De Haviland Four, and that even the gentle John would have seen a certain spiritual aspect in a twelve-cylindered motor car.

Let us come back to Townley and the Nonpartisan League. It is easy enough to decry him; easy enough to ridicule both the man and his league. One may go deeper. He may investigate the failure of the Scandinavian-American Bank of Fargo and leap to the rather unfair conclusion that the Bank of North Dakota at Bismarck may be at any time in similar straits. I myself shall refuse, however, to believe anything of the sort. It is not a particularly impressive organization at first sight—that bank, housed in an abandoned

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automobile warehouse in the rather forlorn capital town of North Dakota. But it does have its strong points. One of the best of these, I think, is the fact that it accepts no direct deposits from the residents of the state. It is a central institution, if you please, a sort of Federal Reserve institution, with a single great commonwealth as its bailiwick. And with such a bailiwick—to say nothing of such a backer—it should, and probably will, have a continued strength just so long as the people of North Dakota care to continue its existence.

But remember, if you will, however, that state banking is but one tenet of the Nonpartisan League program—which aims to ease the marketing conditions for the grain-raising and the stock-raising electorates of our Northwest. In its eyes the question of milling is hardly less important than that of banking; and so, being entirely consistent, it already has bought a small flouring-mill at Drake and has plans for a much larger plant of the same sort at Fargo already under consideration.

To gain a proper perspective for you on this grain situation of the Northwest, let me give you a paragraph of explanation of the entire system—as it was given to me by an extremely open-minded and fair-minded milling expert of Minneapolis. It may give you, as it gave me—an entire novice even at the contemplation of the elaborate processes by which American wheat is marketed—a sort of primary insight into them.

"In order to understand what is going on to-day," he says, "you must remember that the whole process of handling what is now undergoing readjustment after the complete dislocation of all ordinary methods as a result of war-time control. For three years the marketing of wheat was based on the federal government's guaranty of a minimum price to the farmer, and on the pledge of the government, through its official agency, the Grain Corporation, to buy at the established price any wheat not disposed of through commercial channels. As a matter of fact, however, for many months prior to the termination of the government guaranty, on June 1st last, the market price of wheat had been much higher than the guaranty, and farmers were getting $2.50 and more a bushel for wheat which, before the war, they gladly sold for 80 or 90 cents.

"As a result of the high prices which have prevailed since 1914, the farmer has been growing to feel himself increasingly independent of the grain trade. He has always, and traditionally, been more or less actively hostile to the great terminal grain companies which buy and store his wheat, on the ground that, whenever a rising market showed heavy profits in wheat, the grain companies appeared to make most of the money; but until recently he has been largely dependent on these same grain companies for his very existence.

"The reasons for this state of dependence have been simple. Wheat in the Northwest is all harvested during a period of from three to four weeks in the summer. The average farmer has storage facilities inadequate to take care of his crop, and, moreover, until recently, he was generally more or less behind the game financially. He could, of course, borrow a certain amount of money on the security of his harvested wheat; but wheat on the farm, stored in such a way as not to insure full protection, and generally a long distance from the mill—the only place where it can be used—has never been regarded as first-rate collateral. The flour mills themselves could not possibly buy up the entire crop at harvest time, and store it through the year until they could gradually grind it all into flour; and even if they could have done so, the dumping of such immense quantities of wheat on the market at one time would necessarily have depressed the price to a point where the farmer would have seen all his profits utterly wiped out.

"The grain trade held the bag for

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the farmer, first, by purchasing his wheat for cash, and paying him a good price for it, and second, by storing it until the mills were ready to use it. The two cities of Minneapolis and Duluth alone have together some ninety-four grain elevators, with a storage capacity of about ninety-five million bushels—enough to hold at one time fully one-eighth of the average total wheat crop of the United States. The big grain concerns were entirely able to manage the financing that baffled the farmer, because grain held in their great terminal elevators was the best for collateral.

"Of course, if the price of wheat went up after the farmer had sold it, the grain company got the benefit of the advance, often sharing it with the flour miller; and it is this that has been largely responsible for the farmer's hostile attitude. Frequent efforts have been made by the farmers to organize co-operative elevator companies, and some of these have been successful, but too often the result has been just the opposite, and an ill-judged tendency to speculation, or unfamiliarity with the intricacies of the wheat market, has brought disaster on the farmer stockholders.

"The recent prosperity of the farmers of the Northwest, resulting from the increase of from 100 to 200 per cent in the selling prices of their products, has made many of them feel that if the machinery for merchandising their grain could once be set up, they could be entirely independent of the established grain trade. The Nonpartisan League was quick to see the opportunity this feeling gave it. Using the analogy of the co-operative elevator company, it has told the farmers that, if the state can control the marketing of wheat and the milling of it into flour, the profits, speculative and otherwise, of the middle-men will be eliminated, and the farmer himself will get the full benefit of whatever price the flour consumer has to pay.

"This argument sounds exceedingly well, particularly to the farmer who sees double profits for himself from his wheat. Its weaknesses, on which, needless to say, the Townley forces do not dwell, are, first, that no state has ever shown any ability to market wheat profitably either to itself or to anyone else; second, that the cost of the state marketing machinery, reflected back in increased taxes, takes from the farmer a good deal more than he appears to get out of it; and third, that the state agency is at a hopeless disadvantage in trying to market wheat or flour outside the limits of its own territory, which, for an immense surplus-producing state like North Dakota, is a fatal handicap."

Wheat is the body and almost the soul of North Dakota. When Townley talks in terms of wheat—of growing or elevatoring or milling—he rouses its electorate to the highest enthusiasm, while the gentlemanly ushers pass through the hall and secure pledges of annual membership in the N. P. L., at sixteen dollars the year. And in the lobby one sees specimen sacks of flour from the new state-owned and state-operated flouring-mill at Drake.

For North Dakota has not only actually accomplished her bank and her first mill, but has plans for a far larger mill at Fargo under way. As to the first venture at Drake, expert opinion differs widely. Even North Dakota's own state auditor put out a report quite recently which said that the mill had operated through the first twenty-six days of its existence at a net loss of $7,440. Whereupon the secretary of state hired an auditor of his own, who promptly got out a report saying that the profits of the enterprise in that time had been $2,349. There was some slight dispute between the two auditors as to what portions of the salaries of the State Industrial Commission which operates the mill should be charged against its operation. The issue became academic and indi-

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vidual. And what is the ordinary man to do anyway when expert auditors quarrel?

The answer is that the poor old ordinary man pays anyway in his tax-bills—no matter who is right. That the quarrel in the Bismarck capitol was but academic after all was shown to the North Dakota taxpayer when his 1919 state taxes went up to 117 per cent. over those of the preceding years. Then it was that he knew that he owned a state flour mill—perhaps ten or a dozen or a hundred of them.

It would hardly be fair, however, to let the implication stand that the greatly increased taxes of North Dakota after a year of control by the Nonpartisan League were entirely due to its fads or follies. In that twelvemonth the state enacted a very generous bonus payment for its boys who had gone into the war overseas, greatly increased its school appropriations and, like every private business, found its ordinary costs of operation greatly added unto. These undoubtedly contributed, and contributed largely, to its tax budgets. But its average citizen might not differentiate quite so sharply on these things. And the result undoubtedly has been to cause an appreciable loss of strength for the Nonpartisan League movement in the commonwealth where it attained its first real hold.

In the meantime Townley plans to march upon Montana and upon Minnesota. Particularly upon the last state. For not only is Minnesota vastly richer than any of her sister states of our Northwest, but she is vastly more industrial. To translate vague statement into definite: in a northern county of Minnesota are the richest deposits of iron ore in the United States—one of the richest ore-fields, if not the very richest, of all the world. It has been proposed long ere this that a tonnage tax be placed upon every ton of that ore that was mined and sold. Such a tonnage tax Pennsylvania once succeeded in placing upon her anthracite. Such a tax two Minnesota legislatures have already passed; and two Minnesota governors (Johnson and Burnquist) vetoed it. A properly Townleyized governor would not veto a third bill of that sort; and we have just seen that in Minnesota it does not even need a Townleyized legislature to pass one.

With such a tax the state of Minnesota would be in a fair position indeed to indulge in state operation of wheat-marketing utilities—to a large degree. They might be vastly unprofitable, yet the burden of their expense would not fall upon the shoulders of the farmers—but chiefly upon the stockholders of a large steel corporation with its headquarters in lower Broadway, New York. The farmer would have no burdens, only benefits. At least so Townley argues, and not alone with the subtlety of personal phrase and ability, but with his well-built propaganda mechanisms which we have already noticed.

Let me digress into the neighboring state of South Dakota, for a moment. South Dakota has been neither blind nor asleep to the philanderings of Townley with her twin sister to the north. Long ago she saw for herself that against the insatiable Townley and his mass of communistic projects the professional politicians of the old line party organizations were offering nothing whatsoever. These, while discoursing feverishly upon the iniquities of the Nonpartisan League and linking it with every sort of sovietism, from Bolshevism to the even wilder plans of I. W. W., put forward no progressive or constructive measures with which to combat the somewhat fascinating pictures of communistic possibilities. South Dakota saw all these things, heard them, and realized their full import to her own precious adjacent self, and, in the language of the street, she immediately "beat Townley to it." Her legislature, sitting in her capital

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city of Pierre, adopted amendments to her constitution not only providing room in that document for all of the Nonpartisan League ideas, but even exceeding the wildest dreamings of that organization by providing for the state development and operating control of the Missouri River and other water powers within its boundaries.

Incidentally, I think that it was in this last measure that South Dakota has shown a genuine vision; a real foresight, if you please. I have lived in the state of New York to see our water powers—the state's great birthright—sold for mere messes of pottage, whatever they may be. Not only that, but a statute provision passed at Albany preventing the state from selling the water power generated at the various locks of its new barge-canal—a power which should easily bring from $3,500,000 to $4,000,000 annually to its coffers.

True it is that South Dakota, following a fashion in British legislation, made its radical constitutional amendments merely *permissive;* not *definitely effective;* this year or any other stated year. In fact, that is the irritating rub to Townley and his followers. The psychological effect of the amendments was not alone to gratify the impulsive desires of the electorate, but to shut the Nonpartisan League out of the state; if not permanently, at least for a long time to come. Herein would seem to lie a lesson to Minnesota, to Montana and the other states of the Northwest immediately threatened with Townleyism. Remember that the mere assemblage of invective will not defeat the man, any more than attempts to minimize his strength or his ability. These are poor shifts indeed.

We Americans are very prone to let our prophecies be colored by our prejudices. How easy! And then, how sad and violent the awakening! And how pitiful! Let us not indulge in too roseate dreams about the immediate or lasting defeat of Townley and his Nonpartisan League. He may be, as has been suggested, a second Jerry Simpson translated into the newest Kansas. But he might be the forerunner of a new era. Yet I think that if the Northwest would immediately adopt constructive methods of sane reform he would go down into history in the first of these classifications, rather than in the second. It may be, and probably is, as I have been told, that reforms are not easily accomplished in the grain trade—to come to the topic closest to the heart of Townley and his followers. It is probably true that any radical changes in the management of Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce—as the grain exchange of that important city is known—would cause violent reactions as far away as the grain exchange of Liverpool; that the city by the Mersey would have to share in reform measures introduced in the city by the high falls of the Mississippi, or anywhere else in our wheat growing and marketing sections. And yet greater changes than these have been worked, and worked successfully. Speculation has not only been curbed in other industries than foodstuffs but turned into legitimate business endeavor. For witness, turn to any man expert in the workings of the Federal Reserve Act.

In the meantime the industrial problem of the Northwest remains unsolved, and in its anarchistic phases, as I saw them at Butte, still most menacing. We need to gaze and to gaze long upon that sturdy figure of the Scotch Presbyterian landowner of Missoula. We do need the full inspiration of his Americanism. For there is no use of our indulging in complacencies and self-esteem as to a regenerate America as long as certain conditions within a single one of her states, such as is Montana, remain unchanged. And just as it is impossible to restrict the anarchism of labor to a single state, so it also may be impossible to restrict the anarchism of corporate ignorance.

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NEW NONSENSE NOVELS

WHO DO YOU THINK DID IT? OR THE MIXED-UP MURDER MYSTERY

(Done after the very latest fashion in this sort of thing)

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

HE DINED WITH ME LAST NIGHT

THE afternoon edition of the *Metropolitan Planet* was going to press. Five thousand copies a minute were reeling off its giant cylinders. A square acre of paper was passing through its presses every hour. In the huge *Planet* building which dominated Broadway employees, compositors, reporters, advertisers, surged to and fro. Placed in a single line (only, of course they wouldn't be likely to consent to it), they would have reached across Manhattan Island. Placed in two lines, they would probably have reached twice as far. Arranged in a procession, they would have taken an hour in passing a saloon: easily that.

In the whole vast building all was uproar. Telephones, megaphones and gramophones were ringing throughout the building. Elevators flew up and down, stopping nowhere.

Only in one place was quiet—namely, in the room where sat the big man on whose capacious intellect the whole organization depended.

Masterman Throgton, the general manager of the *Planet*, was a man in, middle life. There was something in his massive frame which suggested massiveness, and a certain quality in the poise of his great head which indicated a balanced intellect. His face was impenetrable and his expression imponderable.

The big chief was sitting in his swivel chair with ink all round him. Through this man's great brain passed all the threads and filaments which held the news of a continent. Snap one, and the whole continent would stop.

At the moment when our story opens (there was no sense in opening it sooner), a written message had just been handed in.

The Chief read it. He seemed to grasp its contents in a flash.

"Good God!" he exclaimed. It was the strongest expression which this solid, self-contained, semidetached man ever allowed himself. Anything stronger would have seemed too near to profanity.

"Good God!" he repeated, "Kivas Kelly murdered! In his own home! Why he dined with me last night! I drove him home!"

For a brief moment the big man remained plunged in thought. But with Throgton the moment of musing was short. His instinct was to *act*.

"You may go," he said to the messenger. Then he seized the telephone that stood beside him (this man could telephone almost without stopping his thinking), and spoke into it in quiet measured tones, without wasting a word.

"Hullo, operator, put me through to two, two, two, two, two. Is that two, two, two, two, two? Hullo, two, two, two, two, two, I want Transome Kent. Kent speaking? Kent, this is Throgton speaking. Kent, a murder has been committed at the Kelly residence, River-

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side Drive. I want you to go and cover it. Get it all. Don't spare expense. The *Planet* is behind you. Have you got car-fare? Right."

In another moment the big chief had turned round in his swivel chair (at least forty degrees), and was reading telegraphic dispatches from Jerusalem. That was the way he did things.

II

I MUST SAVE HER LIFE

WITHIN a few minutes Transome Kent had leaped into a car (a surface car) and was speeding north towards Riverside Drive with the full power of the car. As he passed uptown a newsboy was already calling: "Club Man Murdered! Another Club Man Murdered!" Carelessly throwing a cent to the boy, Kent purchased a paper and read the brief notice of the tragedy.

Kivas Kelly, a well-known club man and *bon vivant*, had been found dead in his residence on Riverside Drive, with every indication—or, at least, with a whole lot of indications—of murder. The unhappy club man had been found, fully dressed in his evening clothes, lying on his back on the floor of the billiard room with his feet stuck up on the edge of the table. A narrow black scarf, presumably his evening tie, was twisted tightly about his neck by means of a billiard cue inserted in it. There was a quiet smile upon his face. He had apparently died from strangulation. A couple of bullet holes passed through his body, one on each side, but they went out again. His suspenders were burst at the back. His hands were folded across his chest. One of them still held a white billiard ball. There was no sign of a struggle or of any disturbance in the room. A square piece of cloth was missing from the victim's dinner jacket.

In its editorial columns the same paper discussed the more general aspects of the murder. This, it said, was the third club man murdered in the last fortnight. While not taking an alarmist view, the paper felt that the killing of club men had got to stop. There was a limit, a reasonable limit, to everything. Why should a club man be killed? It might be asked, why should a club man live? But this was hardly to the point. They do live. After all, to be fair, what does a club man ask of society? Not much. Merely wine, women, and singing. Why not let him have them? Is it fair to kill him? Does the gain to literature outweigh the social wrong? The writer estimated that at the rate of killing now going on the club men will all be destroyed in another generation. Something should be done to conserve them.

Transome Kent was not a detective. He was a reporter. After sweeping everything at Harvard in front of him, and then behind him, he had joined the staff of the *Planet* two months before. His rise had been phenomenal. In his first week of work he had unraveled a mystery, in his second he had unearthed a packing house scandal which had poisoned the food of the entire nation for ten years, and in his third he had pitilessly exposed some of the best and most respectable people in the metropolis. Kent's work on the *Planet* consisted now almost exclusively of unraveling and unearthing, and it was natural that the manager should turn to him.

The mansion was a handsome sandstone residence, standing in its own grounds. On Kent's arrival he found that the police had already drawn a cordon around it with cords. Groups of morbid curiosity seekers hung about in twos and threes, some of them in fours and fives. Policemen were leaning against the fence in all directions. They wore that baffled look so common to the detective force of the metropolis. "It seems to me," remarked one of them to the man beside him, "that there is an inexorable chain of logic about this that I am unable to follow." "So do I," said the other.

The Chief Inspector of the Detective

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Department, a large heavy-looking man, was standing beside a gatepost. He nodded gloomily to Transome Kent.

"Are you baffled, Edwards?" asked Kent.

"Baffled again, Mr. Kent," said the Inspector, with a sob in his voice. "I thought I could have solved this one, but I can't."

He passed a handkerchief across his eyes.

"Have a cigar, Chief," said Kent, "and let me hear what the trouble is."

The Inspector brightened. Like all policemen, he was simply crazy over cigars. "All right, Mr. Kent," he said, "wait till I chase away the morbid curiosity seekers."

He threw a stick at them.

"Now then," continued Kent, "what about tracks, footmarks, had you thought of them?"

"Yes, first thing. The whole lawn is covered with them, all stamped down. Look at these, for instance. These are the tracks of a man with a wooden leg"—Kent nodded—"in all probability a sailor, newly landed from Java, carrying a Singapore walking stick, with a tin whistle tied round his belt."

"Yes, I see that," said Kent thoughtfully. "The weight of the whistle weighs him down a little on the right side."

"Do you think, Mr. Kent, a sailor from Java with a wooden leg would commit a murder like this?" asked the inspector eagerly. "Would he do it?"

"He would," said the Investigator. "They generally do—as soon as they land."

The Inspector nodded. "And look at these marks here, Mr. Kent. You recognize them, surely—those are the footsteps of a barkeeper out of employment, waiting for the eighteenth amendment to pass away—see how deeply they sink in—"

"Yes," said Kent, "he'd commit murder."

"There are lots more," continued the Inspector, "but they're no good. The morbid curiosity seekers were walking all over this place while we were drawing the cordon round it."

"Stop a bit," said Kent, pausing to think a moment. "What about thumb-prints?"

"Thumb-prints!" said the Inspector, "Don't mention them. The house is full of them."

"Any thumb-prints of Italians with that peculiar incurvature of the ball of the thumb that denotes a Sicilian brigand?"

"There were three of those," said Inspector Edwards gloomily. "No, Mr. Kent, the thumb stuff is no good."

Kent thought again.

"Inspector," he said, "what about mysterious women? Have you seen any around?"

"Four went by this morning," said the Inspector, "one at eleven-thirty, one at twelve-thirty, and two together at one-thirty. At least," he added, sadly, "I think they were mysterious. All women look mysterious to me."

"I must try in another direction," said Kent. "Let me reconstruct the whole thing. I must weave a chain of analysis. Kivas Kelly was a bachelor was he not?"

"He was. He lived alone here."

"Very good. I suppose he had in his employ a butler who had been with him for twenty years—"

Edwards nodded.

"I suppose you've arrested him?"

"At once," said the Inspector. "We always arrest the butler, Mr. Kent. They expect it. In fact, this man, Williams, gave himself up at once."

"And let me see," continued the Investigator. "I presume there was a housekeeper who lived on the top floor and who had been stone deaf for ten years."

"Precisely."

"She had heard nothing during the murder?"

"Not a thing. But this may have been on account of her deafness."

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"True, true," murmured Kent. "And I suppose there was a coachman, a thoroughly reliable man, who lived with his wife at the back of the house—"

"But who had taken his wife over to see a relation on the night of the murder and who did not return until an advanced hour. Mr. Kent, we've been all over that. There's nothing in it."

"Were there any other persons belonging to the establishment?"

"There was Mr. Kelly's stenographer, Alice Delary, but she only came in the mornings."

"Have you seen her?" asked Kent eagerly. "What is she like?"

"I have seen her," said the Inspector, "she's a looloo."

"Ha!" said Kent, "a looloo!" The two men looked into each other's eyes.

"Yes," repeated Edwards thoughtfully, "a peach."

A sudden swift flash of intuition, an inspiration, leaped into the young reporter's brain.

This girl, this peach, at all hazards he must save her life.

III

I MUST BUY A BOOK ON BILLIARDS

KENT turned to the Inspector. "Take me into the house," he said. Edwards led the way. The interior of the handsome mansion seemed undisturbed. "I see no sign of a struggle here," said Kent.

"No," answered the Inspector gloomily. "We can find no sign of a struggle anywhere. But then we never do."

He opened for the moment the door of the stately drawing-room. "No sign of a struggle there," he said. The closed blinds, the draped furniture, the covered piano, the muffled chandelier, showed absolutely no sign of a struggle.

"Come upstairs to the billiard room," said Edwards. "The body has been removed for the inquest, but nothing else is disturbed."

They went upstairs. On the second floor was the billiard room with a great English table in the center of it.

But Kent had at once dashed across to the window, an exclamation on his lips. "Ha! ha!" he said, "what have we here?"

The Inspector shook his head quietly. "The window," he said, in a monotonous, almost singsong tone, "has apparently been opened from the outside, the sash being lifted with some kind of a sharp instrument. The dust on the sill outside has been disturbed, as if by a man of extraordinary agility lying on his stomach— Don't bother with that, Mr. Kent. It's *always* there."

"True," said Kent. Then he cast his eyes upward, and again an involuntary exclamation broke from him.

"Did you see that trap door?" he asked.

"We did," said Edwards, "the dust around the rim has been disturbed. The trap opens into the hollow of the roof. A man of extraordinary dexterity might open the trap with a billiard cue, throw up a fine manila rope, climb up the rope and lie there on his stomach."

"No use," continued the Inspector. "For the matter of that, look at this huge old-fashioned fireplace. A man of extraordinary precocity could climb up the chimney. Or this dumb-waiter on a pulley, for serving drinks, leading down into the maids' quarters. A man of extreme indelicacy might ride up and down in it."

"Stop a minute," said Kent, "what is the meaning of that hat?"

A light gossamer hat, gay with flowers, hung on a peg at the side of the room.

"We thought of that," said Edwards, "and we have left it there. Whoever comes for that hat has had a hand in the mystery. We think—"

But Transome Kent was no longer listening. He had seized the edge of the billiard table.

"Look, look," he cried eagerly. "The clue to the mystery! The positions of the billiard balls! And the score marked upon the wall! The white ball in

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the very center of the table, and the red just standing on the verge of the end pocket! The score at ninety-nine all! What does it mean, Edwards, what does it mean?"

He had grasped Edwards by the arm and was peering into his face.

"I don't know," said the Inspector. "I don't play billiards."

"Neither do I," said Kent, "but I can find out. Quick! The nearest book store. I must buy a book on billiards."

With a wave of the arm, Kent vanished.

Inspector Edwards stood for a moment in thought.

"Gone!" he murmured to himself (it was his habit to murmur all really important speeches aloud to himself). "Now why did Throgton telephone to me to put a watch on Kent? Ten dollars a day to shadow him! Why?"

IV

THAT IS NOT BILLIARD CHALK

MEANTIME at the *Planet* office Masterman Throgton was putting on his coat to go home.

"Excuse me, sir," said an employee, "there's a lot of green billiard chalk on your sleeve."

Throgton turned and looked the man full in the eye.

"That is not billiard chalk," he said, "it is face powder."

Saying which this big, imperturbable, self-contained man stepped into the elevator and went to the ground floor in one drop.

V

HAS ANYBODY HERE SEEN KELLY?

THE inquest upon the body of Kivas Kelly was held upon the following day. Far from offering any solution of what had now become an unfathomable mystery, it only made it deeper still. The medical testimony, though given by the distinguished consulting expert of the city, was entirely inconclusive. The body, the expert testified, showed evident marks of violence. There was a distinct lesion of the œsophagus and a decided excoriation of the fibula. The mesodenum was gibbous. There was a certain quantity of flab in the binomium and the proscenium was wide open.

One striking fact, however, was decided from the testimony of the expert—namely, that the stomach of the deceased was found to contain half a pint of arsenic. On this point the cross-questioning of the expert by the district attorney was close and technical. Was it unusual, he asked, to find arsenic in the stomach? In the stomach of a club man, no. Was not half a pint a large quantity? He would not say that. Was it a small quantity? He should not care to say that it was. Would half a pint of arsenic cause death? Of a club man, no, not necessarily. That was all.

The other testimony submitted to the inquest jury brought out various facts of a substantive character, but calculated rather to complicate than to unravel the mystery. The butler swore that on the very day of the murder he had served his master half a pint of arsenic at lunch. But he claimed that this was quite a usual happening with his master. On cross examination it appeared that he meant apollinaris. He was certain, however, that it was half a pint. The butler, it was shown, had been in Kivas Kelly's employ for twenty years.

The coachman, an Irishman, was closely questioned. He had been in Mr. Kelly's employ for three years—ever since his arrival from the old country. Was it true that he had had, on the day of the murder, a violent quarrel with his master? It was. Had he threatened to kill him? No. He had threatened to knock his block off, but not to kill him.

The coroner looked at his notes. "Call Alice Delary," he commanded. There was a deep sensation in the court as Miss Delary quietly stepped forward to her place in the witness box.

Tall, graceful, and willowy, Alice

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Delary was in her first burst of womanhood. Those who looked at the beautiful girl realized that if her first burst was like this, what would the second, or the third be like?

The girl was trembling, and evidently distressed, but she gave her evidence in a clear, sweet, low voice. She had been in Mr. Kelly's employ three years. She was his stenographer. But she came only in the mornings and always left at lunch time. The question immediately asked by the jury—"Where did she generally have lunch?"—was disallowed by the coroner. Asked by a member of the jury what system of shorthand she used, she answered "Pitman's." Asked by another juryman whether she ever cared to go to moving pictures, she said that she went occasionally. This created a favorable impression. "Miss Delary," said the district attorney, "I want to ask if it is your hat that was found hanging in the billiard room after the crime?"

"Don't you dare ask that girl that," interrupted the coroner. "Miss Delary you may step down."

But the principal sensation of the day arose out of the evidence offered by Masterman Throgton, general manager of the *Planet*. Kivas Kelly, he testified had dined with him at his club on the fateful evening. He had afterwards driven him to his home.

"When you went into the house with the deceased," asked the district attorney, "how long did you remain there with him?"

"That," said Throgton quietly, "I must refuse to answer."

"Would it incriminate you?" asked the coroner, leaning forward.

"It might," said Throgton.

"Then you're perfectly right not to answer it," said the corner. "Don't ask him that any more. Ask something else."

"Then did you," questioned the attorney, turning to Throgton again, "did you play a game of billiards with the deceased?"

"Stop, stop," said the coroner, "that question I can't allow. It's too direct, too brutal; there's something about that question, something mean, dirty. Ask another."

"Very good," said the attorney. "Then tell me, Mr. Throgton, if you ever saw this blue envelope before?" He held up in his hand a long blue envelope.

"Never in my life," said Throgton.

"Of course he didn't," said the coroner. "Let's have a look at it. What is it?"

"This envelope, Your Honor, was found sticking out of the waistcoat pocket of the deceased."

"You don't say," said the coroner. "And what's in it?"

Amid breathless silence, the attorney drew forth a sheet of blue paper bearing a stamp, and read:

"This is the last will and testament of me, Kivas Kelly of New York. I leave everything of which I die possessed to my nephew, Peter Kelly."

The entire room gasped. No one spoke. The coroner looked all around. "Has anybody here seen Kelly?" he asked.

There was no answer.

The coroner repeated the question.

No one moved.

"Mr. Coroner," said the attorney, "it is my opinion that if Peter Kelly is found the mystery is fathomed."

Ten minutes later the jury returned a verdict of murder against a person or persons unknown, adding that they would bet a dollar that Kelly did it.

The coroner ordered the butler to be released, and directed the issue of a warrant for the arrest of Peter Kelly.

VI

SHOW ME THE MAN WHO WORE THOSE BOOTS

THE remains of the unhappy club man were buried on the following day as reverently as those of a club man can be. None followed him to the grave except a few morbid curiosity seekers who sat on top of the hearse.

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The great city turned again to its usual vocations. The unfathomable mystery was dismissed from the public mind.

Meantime Transome Kent was on the trail. Sleepless, almost foodless, and absolutely drinkless, he was everywhere. He was looking for Peter Kelly. Wherever crowds were gathered the Investigator was there, searching for Kelly. In the great concourse of the Grand Central Station Kent moved to and fro, peering into everybody's face. An official touched him on the shoulder. "Stop leering into the people's faces," he said. "I am unraveling a mystery," Kent answered. "I beg your pardon, sir," said the man, "I didn't know."

Kent was here, there and everywhere, moving ceaselessly, pro and con, watching for Kelly. For hours he stood beside the soda water fountains, examining every drinker as he drank. For three days he sat on the steps of Masterman Throgton's home, disguised as a plumber waiting for a wrench.

But still no trace of Peter Kelly. Young Kelly, it appeared, had lived with his uncle until a little less than three years ago. Then suddenly he had disappeared. He had vanished, as a brilliant writer for the New York press framed it, as if the earth had swallowed him up.

Transome Kent, however, was not a man to be baffled by initial defeat.

A week later the Investigator called in at the office of Inspector Edwards.

"Inspector," he said, "I must have some more clues. Take me again to the Kelly residence. I must re-analyze my first diæresis."

Together the two friends went to the house. "It is inevitable," said Kent, as they entered the fateful billiard room, "that we have overlooked something."

"We always do," said Edwards gloomily.

"Now tell me," said Kent as they stood beside the billiard table, "what is your own theory, the police theory, of this murder? Give me your first theory first, and then go on with the others."

"Our first theory, Mr. Kent, was that the murder was committed by a sailor with a wooden leg, newly landed from Java."

"Quite so, quite proper," nodded Kent.

"We knew that he was a sailor," the Inspector went on dropping again into his singsong monotone, "by the extraordinary agility needed to climb up the thirty feet of bare brick wall to the window—a landsman could not have climbed more than twenty; the fact that he was from the East Indies we knew from the peculiar knot about his victim's neck. We knew that he had a wooden leg—"

The Inspector paused and looked troubled.

"We knew it," he paused again—"I'm afraid I can't remember that one."

"Tut, tut," said Kent gently, "you knew it, Edwards, because when he leaned against the billiard table the impress of his hand on the mahogany was deeper on one side than the other. The man was obviously topheavy. But you abandoned this first theory."

"Certainly, Mr. Kent, we always do. Our second theory was—"

But Kent had ceased to listen. He had suddenly stooped down and picked up something off the floor.

"Ha! ha!" he exclaimed, "what do you make of this?" He held up a square fragment of black cloth.

"We never saw it," said Edwards.

"Cloth," muttered Kent, "the missing piece of Kivas Kelly's dinner jacket." He whipped out a magnifying glass. "Look," he said, "it's been stamped upon—by a man wearing hobnailed boots—made in Ireland—a man five feet nine and a half inches high—"

"One minute, Mr. Kent," interrupted the Inspector, greatly excited, "I don't quite get it."

"The depth of the dint proves the

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lift of his foot," said Kent impatiently, "and the lift of the foot indicates at once the man's height. Edwards, find me the man who wore these boots and the mystery is solved!"

At that very moment a heavy step, unmistakable to the trained ear, that of a man in hob-nailed boots, was heard upon the stair. The door opened and a man stood hesitating in the doorway.

Both Kent and Edwards gave a start, two starts, of surprise.

The man was exactly five feet nine and a half inches high. He was dressed in a coachman's dress. His face was saturnine and evil.

It was Dennis, the coachman of the murdered man.

"If you're Mr. Kent," he said "there's a lady here asking for you."

VII

OH, MR. KENT, SAVE ME

IN another moment an absolutely noiseless step was heard upon the stair.

A young girl entered, a girl tall, willowy, and beautiful in the first burst, or just about the first burst, of womanhood.

It was Alice Delary.

She was dressed with extreme taste, but Kent's quick eye noted at once that she wore no hat.

"Mr. Kent," she cried, "you are Mr. Kent, are you not? They told me that you were here—Oh, Mr. Kent, help me, save me!"

She seemed to shudder into herself a moment. Her breath came and went quickly.

She reached out her two hands.

"Calm yourself, my dear young lady," said Kent, taking them. "Don't let your breath come and go so much. Trust me. Tell me all."

"Mr. Kent," said Miss Delary, regaining her control, but still trembling, "I want my hat."

Kent let go the beautiful girl's hands. "Sit down," he said. Then he went across the room and fetched the hat, the light gossamer hat with flowers in it that still hung on a peg.

"Oh, I am so glad to get it back," cried the girl. "I can never thank you enough. I was afraid to come for it."

"It is all right," said the Inspector. "The police theory was that it was the housekeeper's hat. You are welcome to it."

Kent had been looking closely at the girl before him.

"You have more to say than that," he said. "Tell me all."

"Oh, I will. I will, Mr. Kent, that dreadful night! I was here. I saw, at least, I heard it all."

She shuddered.

"Oh, Mr. Kent, it was dreadful. I had come back that evening to the library to finish some work. I knew that Mr. Kelly was to dine out and that I should be alone. I had been working quietly for some time when I became aware of voices in the billiard room. I tried not to listen, but they seemed to be quarreling, and I couldn't help hearing. Oh, Mr. Kent, was I wrong?"

"No," said Kent, taking her hand a moment, "you were not."

"I heard one say, 'Get your foot off the table, you've no right to put your foot on the table.' Then the other said, 'Well, you keep your stomach off the cushion then.'" The girl shivered. "Then presently one said, quite fiercely, 'Get back into balk there, get back fifteen inches,' and the other voice said, 'By God! I'll shoot from here.' Then there was a dead stillness, and then a voice almost screamed, 'You've potted me. You've potted me. That ends it.' And then I heard the other say in a low tone: 'Forgive me, I didn't mean it. I never meant it to end that way.'

"I was so frightened, Mr. Kent, I couldn't stay any longer. I rushed downstairs and ran all the way home. Then next day I read what had happened, and I knew that I had left

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my hat there and was afraid. Oh, Mr. Kent, save me."

"Miss Delary," said the Investigator, taking again the girl's hands and looking into her eyes. "You are safe. Tell me only one thing. The man who played against Kivas Kelly—did you see him?"

"Only for one moment," the girl paused, "through the keyhole."

"What was he like?" asked Kent, "had he an impenetrable appearance?"

"He had."

"Was there anything massive about his face?"

"Oh yes, yes, it was all massive."

"Miss Delary," said Kent, "this mystery is now on the brink of solution. When I have joined the last links of the chain, may I come and tell you all?"

She looked full in his face.

"At any hour of the day or night," she said, "you may come."

Then she was gone.

VIII

YOU ARE PETER KELLY

WITHIN a few moments Kent was at the 'phone.

"I want four, four, four, four. Is that four, four, four, four? Mr. Throgton's house? I want Mr. Throgton. Mr. Throgton speaking? Mr. Throgton, Kent speaking. The Riverside mystery is solved."

Kent waited in silence a moment. Then he heard Throgton's voice—not a note in it disturbed.

"Has anybody found Kelly?"

"Mr. Throgton," said Kent, and he spoke with a strange meaning in his tone. "The story is a long one. Suppose I relate it to you," he paused, and laid a peculiar emphasis on what followed, "*over a game of billiards.*"

"What the devil do you mean?" answered Throgton.

"Let me come round to your house and tell the story. There are points in it that I can best illustrate over a billiard table. Suppose I challenge you to a fifty point game before I tell my story."

It required no little hardihood to challenge Masterman Throgton at billiards. His reputation at his club as a cool, determined player was surpassed by few. Throgton had been known to run nine, ten, and even twelve at a break. It was not unusual for him to drive his ball clear off the table. His keen eye told him infallibly where each of the three balls was; instinctively he knew which to shoot with.

In Kent, however, he had no mean adversary. The young reporter, though he had never played before, had studied his book to some purpose. His strategy was admirable. Keeping his ball well under the shelter of the cushion, he eluded every stroke of his adversary and his turn caused his ball to leap or dart across the table with such speed as to bury itself in the pocket at the side.

The score advanced rapidly, both players standing precisely equal. At the end of the first half hour it stood at ten all. Throgton, a grim look upon his face, had settled down to work, playing with one knee on the table. Kent, calm but alive with excitement, leaned well forward to his stroke, his eye held within an inch of the ball.

At fifteen they were still even. Throgton with a sudden effort forced a break of three; but Kent rallied and in another twenty minutes they were even again at nineteen all.

But it was soon clear that Transome Kent had something else in mind than to win the game. Presently his opportunity came. With a masterly stroke, such as few trained players could use, he had potted his adversary's ball. The red ball was left over the very jaws of the pocket. The white was in the center.

Kent looked into Throgton's face.

The balls were standing in the very same position on the table as on the night of the murder.

"I did that on purpose," said Kent quietly.

"What do you mean?" asked Throgton.

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"The position of those balls," said Kent. "Mr. Throgton, come into the library. I have something to say to you. You know already what it is."

They went into the library. Throgton, his hand unsteady, lighted a cigar.

"Well," he said, "what is it?"

"Mr. Throgton," said Kent, "two weeks ago you gave me a mystery to solve. To-night I can give you the solution. Do you want it?"

Throgton's face never moved.

"Well?" he said.

"A man's life," Kent went on, "may be played out on a billiard table. A man's soul, Throgton, may be pocketed."

"What devil's foolery is this?" said Throgton. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that your crime is known—plotter, schemer that you are, you are found out — hypocrite, traitor — yes, Masterman Throgton, or rather—let me give you your true name—*Peter Kelly*, murderer, I denounce you!"

Throgton never flinched. He walked across to where Kent stood, and with his open palm he slapped him over the mouth.

"Transome Kent," he said, "you're a liar."

Then he walked back to his chair and sat down.

"Kent," he continued, "from the first moment of your mock investigation, I knew who you were. Your every step was shadowed, your every movement dogged. Transome Kent—by your true name, *Peter Kelly*, murderer, I denounce you."

Kent walked quietly across to Throgton and dealt him a fearful blow behind the ear.

"You're a liar," he said, "I am not Peter Kelly."

They sat looking at one another.

At that moment Throgton's servant appeared at the door.

"A gentleman to see you, sir."

"Who?" said Throgton.

"I don't know, sir, he gave this card."

Masterman Throgton took the card. On it was printed.

PETER KELLY.

IX

LET ME TELL YOU THE STORY OF MY LIFE

FOR a moment Throgton and Kent sat looking at each other.

"Show the man up," said Throgton.

A minute later the door opened and a man entered. Kent's keen eye analyzed him as he stood. His blue clothes, his tanned face, and the extraordinary dexterity of his fingers left no doubt of his calling. He was a sailor.

"Sit down," said Throgton.

"Thank you," said the sailor, "it rests my wooden leg."

The two men looked again. One of the sailor's legs was made of wood. With a start Kent noticed that it was made of East Indian sandalwood.

"I've just come from Java," said Kelly quietly, as he sat down.

Kent nodded. "I see it all now," he said. "Throgton, I wronged you. We should have known it was a sailor with a wooden leg from Java. There is no other way."

"Gentlemen," said Peter Kelly, "I've come to make my confession, and I want to go through with it while I can."

"One moment," said Kent, "do you mind interrupting yourself with a hacking cough?"

"Thank you, sir," said Kelly, "I'll get to that a little later. Let me begin by telling you the story of my life."

"No, no," urged Throgton and Kent, "don't do that!"

Kelly frowned. "I think I have a right to," he said. "You've got to hear it. As a boy I had a wild, impulsive nature. Had it been curbed—"

"But it wasn't," said Throgton, "what next?"

"I was the sole relative of my uncle, and heir to great wealth. Pampered with every luxury, I was on a footing of—"

"One minute," interrupted Kent, rapidly analyzing, as he listened, "how many legs had you then?"

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"Two.— on a footing of ease and indolence. I soon lost—"

"Your leg," said Throgton. "Mr. Kelly, pray come to the essential things."

"I will," said the sailor. "Gentlemen, bad as I was, I was not altogether bad."

"Of course not," said Kent and Throgton, soothingly. "Probably not more than ninety per cent."

"Even into my life, gentlemen, love entered. If you had seen her you would have known that she is as innocent as the driven snow. Three years ago she came to my uncle's house. I loved her. One day, hardly knowing what I was doing, I took her—" he paused.

"Yes, yes," said Throgton and Kent, "you took her?"

"To the Aquarium. My uncle heard of it. There was a violent quarrel. He disinherited me and drove me from the house. I had a liking for the sea from a boy."

"Excuse me," said Kent, "from what boy?"

Kelly went right on. "I ran away as a sailor before the mast."

"Pardon me," interrupted Kent, "I am not used to sea terms. Why didn't you run *behind* the mast?"

"Hear me out," said Kelly, "I am nearly done. We sailed for the East Indies—for Java. There a Malay pirate bit off my leg. I returned home, bitter, disillusioned, the mere wreck that you see. I had but one thought. I meant to kill my uncle."

For a moment a hacking cough interrupted Kelly. Kent and Throgton nodded quietly to each other.

"I came to his house at night. With the aid of my wooden leg I scaled the wall, lifted the window and entered the billiard room. There was murder in my heart. Thank God, I was spared from that. At the very moment when I got in, a light was turned on in the room and I saw before me—but no, I will not name her—my better angel. 'Peter!' she cried. Then with a woman's intuition she exclaimed, 'You have come to murder your uncle. Don't do it.' My whole mood changed. I broke down and cried like a—"

Kelly paused a moment.

"Like a boob," said Kent, softly; "go on."

"When I had done crying, we heard voices. 'Quick,' she exclaimed, 'flee, hide, he must not see you.' She rushed into the adjoining room, closing the door. My eye had noticed already the trap above. I climbed up to it. Shall I explain how?"

"Don't," said Kent, "I can analyze it afterward."

"There I saw what passed. I saw Mr. Throgton and Kivas Kelly come in. I watched their game. They were greatly excited and quarreled over it. Throgton lost."

The big man nodded with a scowl. "By his potting the white," he said.

"Precisely," said Kelly, "he missed the red. Your analysis was wrong, Mr. Kent. The game ended. You started your reasoning from a false diæresis. In billiards people never mark the last point. The board still showed ninety-nine all. Throgton left and my uncle, as often happens, kept trying over the last shot—a half-ball shot, sir, with the red over the pocket. He tried again and again. He couldn't make it. He tried various ways. His rest was too unsteady. Finally he made his tie into a long loop round his neck and put his cue through it. 'Now, by Gad,' he said, 'I can do it.'"

"Ha!" said Kent. "Fool that I was."

"Exactly," continued Kelly. "In the excitement of watching my uncle I forgot where I was, I leaned too far over and fell out of the trap. I landed on uncle, just as he was sitting on the table to shoot. He fell."

"I see it all!" said Kent. "He hit his head, the loop tightened, the cue spun round and he was dead."

"That's it," said Kelly. "I saw that he was dead, and I did not dare to

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remain. I straightened the knot in his chest, and departed as I had come."

"Mr. Kelly," said Throgton thoughtfully, "the logic of your story is wonderful. It exceeds anything in its line that I have seen published for months. But there is just one point that I fail to grasp. The two bullet holes?"

"They were old ones," answered the sailor quietly. My uncle in his youth had led a wild life in the west; he was full of them."

There was silence for a moment. Then Kelly spoke again.

"My time, gentlemen, is short." (A hacking cough interrupted him.) "I feel that I am withering. It rests with you, gentlemen, whether or not I walk out of this room a free man."

Transome Kent rose and walked over to the sailor.

"Mr. Kelly," he said, "here is my hand."

X

SO DO I

A FEW days after the events last narrated Transome Kent called at the boarding house of Miss Alice Delary. The young Investigator wore a light gray tweed suit, with a salmon-colored geranium in his buttonhole. There was something exultant yet at the same time grave in his expression, as of one who has taken a momentous decision affecting his future life.

"I wonder," he murmured, "whether I am acting for my happiness."

He sat down for a moment on the stone steps and analyzed himself.

Then he rose.

"I am," he said, and rang the bell.

"Miss Delary?" said a maid, "she left here two days ago. If you are Mr. Kent the note on the mantelpiece is for you."

Without a word (Kent never wasted them) the Investigator opened the note and read:

DEAR MR. KENT,—Peter and I were married yesterday morning, and have taken an apartment in Java, New Jersey. You will be glad to hear that Peter's cough is ever so much better. The lawyers have given Peter his money without the least demur.

We both feel that your analysis was simply wonderful. Peter says he doesn't know where he would be without it.

Very sincerely,
ALICE KELLY.

P. S. I forgot to mention to you that I saw Peter in the billiard room. But your analysis was marvelous just the same.

That evening Kent sat with Throgton talking over the details of the tragedy.

"Throgton," he said, "it has occurred to me that there were points about that solution that we didn't get exactly straight, somehow."

"So do I," said Throgton.

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A WORLD FOR AN OCULIST

BY FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER

WE have been sitting beside a window, engaged upon some intricate and absorbing piece of work. All at once we have become aware that far away something is happening. We look up, blinking, into the light, and with a conscious physical effort adjust the focus of our eyes to the distant perspective. Far off, against the horizon, a vast commotion has begun, a violence set up. Vague and dim at first, it grows in size and intensity. Our gaze and our emotions are fixed upon it. We see nothing between. We have forgotten everything else. It continues a long time, and we remain with our vision strained upon it. . . . Suddenly the commotion ceases, the violence subsides. With a shock we realize that there is nothing more to see. Remembering our work, we withdraw our gaze from the horizon and attempt to focus it again within the room. But we can see nothing, our eyes ache, and the light swims before them with little floating specks. The work upon which we had been engaged has dropped from our hands. We grope for it, and overturn some familiar piece of bric-à-brac. We rise and walk about, stumbling against the familiar tables and chairs, declaring aloud that they were never in those positions before, that some one has disarranged the room. . . .

It is something like this that has happened of late to the world. We are, all of us, undergoing what the oculists call the "spasm of accommodation," and it would almost seem that the ciliary muscle, which controls that necessary operation, had been hopelessly strained, if not completely destroyed.

Add, then, to this confusion the fact that no two of us *ever* see alike; that the world suffers from astigmatism of a very complicated form; that most men are born with myopic or hyperopic eyes; and we have something approximating the state of our vision to-day.

Memories come to mind, illustrations, analogies. I recall the story of an acquaintance, a woman whose childhood was spent in a crowded section of New York. It was during her first year at public school that the innovation of free medical examination of school-children was established, and she was among those who were given notes to their parents saying that they must have glasses. Accordingly she was taken to an oculist. On the day when she was to return for the glasses an elder sister was sent with her; she put on the new glasses and, holding her sister's hand, descended the stairs that led from the oculist's office to the street. When they reached the pavement she stopped and cried out, excitedly, clutching her sister's dress: "Look! Over there! Look!" "What is it?" the sister asked in alarm. "Over there! Over there!" She was pointing in great agitation. "There's another side to the street!" "Why, of course," said the sister. "What's strange about that?" "But I've never seen it before!" said the child.

An exceedingly pat little allegory, is it not? How many citizens, publicists, statesmen, persons in authority, do we know who seem not to be aware that there is "another side to the street"; and who deny, quite logically from their point of view, the existence of the stars? Yet they sit in the seats of the mighty, make laws to govern the world. They, and another class—men with an extreme hyperopia, men born, it would seem,

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with telescopic eyes, who can see nothing close to them, who are aware of nothing this side of the stars. And if anywhere among them there be reasonable men, men with normal sight, they are easily proved mad, since both the near and the far-sighted will declare them so. They will be shouted down by the extremists on both sides.

One can imagine the American Senate, for example, being fitted with corrective spectacles. A disk, with black letters and figures, the letters spelling "The League of Nations," perhaps, or "Mexico," and the figures "Foreign Credits" or "The Cost of Armament"; this disk set up on the Presiding Officer's desk, and the Senators trying on pair after pair of spectacles, until they are all seeing the same thing, and seeing it alike.

But where is the oculist with the authority? And if he have the authority, where is one with the wisdom? And if one be found with both the wisdom and the authority, how shall the gentlemen of the Senate be persuaded that they need spectacles? For that is the real sticking-point. They are—to go back to the story of the public-school examinations—like the children of Christian Scientists who resist the examination of their eyes on the ground that there is no such thing as astigmatism. There is only truth. And that is plain for anyone to see. They stand upon their rights.

And they are not, any of them, precisely to blame. They do not know, just as the child who had never worn glasses did not know, that there is anything amiss with their sight. We all believe that normality begins with ourselves, and that abnormality is a divergence away from us. There is the story of H. G. Wells's which recounts the adventures of a man who strays into "The Country of the Blind," where the inhabitants, who have no eyes, consider him mad and keep him under guard. Daylight and darkness are one to them, and they move about, guided by the acuteness of other senses, quite as freely by night as by day. But at night the stranger gropes his way uncertainly, as if he were blind, or the victim of hallucinations or of some strange malady. During the day he talks irrationally of distant things which he claims to "see." And when they assemble at midnight, their favorite hour for important affairs, in the windowless council-chamber, to consider his case, he stumbles and falls against them drunkenly. Obviously there is something seriously wrong. The wise men decide that it is due to the abnormality of his having eyes, which they have discovered by passing their hands across his face, and he is again put under guard. In the end he submits to having his eyes destroyed, that he may become like his captors and live his life among them in freedom and peace.

Well, there are times enough when it is easy to believe that we have become that Country of the Blind. Only—such a condition would permit of agreement, and there is no such simplification of our complexities as that. Our difficulty lies in the fact that there exists among us, not a uniform defect of sight, but every possible degree, every imaginable phase.

Talk with five different men on any subject at all. Within five minutes each man will have revealed his particular focus, his mental boundary. Within another five minutes he will have revealed its origin. He who has suffered religious oppression in his youth will account for all oppression in that way. "It's religion," he will say. Another will blame everything upon ill health. Another upon poverty. Another upon the perfidy of women. Another upon a political party. And so on and on.

We all know the adjustment of focus necessary to conversation with different friends. If I am talking with my friend Brown, who is a radical of radicals, I am at once committed to certain tacit admissions necessary to our getting anywhere at all. If I wish to get the views of my friend Smith, who is a confirmed reactionary, I begin by tacit admissions of quite another set of facts. Unless, of

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course, I am merely argumentative, and wish to know nothing from either of them. I appear in this to contradict myself, but in reality I have done nothing of the sort. For Smith will accuse me of anarchy upon the same statement for which Brown will cry me down as reactionary. So, schoolboy or savant, fool or sage, artist or clod, I am apparently contradicting myself a dozen times a day. Yet I have only adjusted my focus to theirs, accepted their perspective for the moment, so that we shall be talking of the same thing. It is the only way we can discover what people really think, or convey to them the thing we think ourselves. To be inconsistent is, in such cases, the only way to preserve our consistency. We cannot oppose our perspective to theirs, or we are spent in mere opposition, and there is nothing left. To be sure, there are people who insist upon preserving a fixed focus, an inflexible point of view. Such people will talk seriously of the nebular hypothesis to a child of six, complain of the price of darning-cotton to a millionaire, or urge the excellence of exercise to a paralytic in a chair. They preserve their point of view intact. And although as companions they are neither wise, witty, nor agreeable, it cannot be denied that they have added much to the richness and variety of the human comedy.

But, then, the fixed focus is the "occupational disease" of politics. Indeed all public men seem foredoomed to it—or perhaps the tendency to the malady foredooms a man to public life. Even in the printed utterances of men whom we have come to regard as leaders of constructive thought, men in whom we have been accustomed to repose our confidence, we encounter the sudden boundary, are baffled by it, stopped. Just as we are hoping that here at last is an authentic, an unbiased word, we come all at once to the horizon at which his vision stops; why, we do not know, unless, as is often the case, some purely personal experience has bound him there, has made it the point beyond which he is not able to see. Or, more often than we like to suspect, until he has gained his point, he does not *choose* to see. He has a partisan view to uphold, and he is strong only in so far as he can persuade the rest of us to accept his view as the ultimate boundary of truth. No matter how great his vision may really be, he will not admit that he sees beyond, cannot admit it, in fact, or his power is gone.

Only a few days ago I saw on a typewritten list of qualifications for applicants to undertake an investigation and report on a work involving the public good this qualification, "And the ability to see and accept our point of view as to what constitutes the public good."

And for any point of view endless authority can be produced. The authentic testimony of experts will prove it true. There is probably no viewpoint held by a single member of the Congress of the United States that is not conclusively proved by some expert's report now in the hands of that body. Whenever the contest becomes too violent they send out experts, all sides, to prove themselves in the right. So that Congress presents the spectacle of a vast repository of unrelated and incontrovertible facts—reports of experts about everything under the sun.

This brings us to the contemplation of the saddest form of all, the malignant myopia of experts, of specialists. They are aggravated cases of nearsightedness, who make their fortune and their fame by virtue of their malady which puts them in the position of the fat lady of the circus, who dares not change her diet, but must continue to eat such foods as will increase her infirmity.

From years of concentration, of fixed gazing upon a certain point, the muscle of accommodation atrophies. It is almost never that a specialist escapes.

To become an expert is, in spite of oneself, to give up other things and to lose the sense of relationship of the ob-

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ject to the rest of the world. The business of an expert is to take a thing out of its relationships and examine it. He illustrates the lasting fallacy of the too-near view.

Nothing is so liable to error as the testimony of the man who has not stood far enough away. There is more misinformation to be had from the man who has "been there" than from him who has studied it afar. Who, within the year, has escaped the experience of listening to the truth about the war expounded by some one who has seen one facet of it at close range? And there is no contradicting these people. "I was there, I saw it with my own eyes; I certainly ought to know." Inside information, which is always so exactly the reverse of outside information! What they say is undoubtedly true as personal experience. But not the truth about the war, because the sum of all the facts is not at all the truth about the war.

I know a man and wife who were pro-German throughout the war for no greater reason than that the wife had once, years ago, spent an uncomfortable two weeks in an unheated English boarding-house, and that her discomfort was sympathetically shared by two German officers with very correct and charming manners; and that the experience gave her a severe cold from which she did not recover until she crossed to Germany where she found a boarding-house with sufficient heat. . . . It seems incredible, but it is true. She was led into the most extravagant statements, and her husband hypnotically followed suit. It was by a miracle that they escaped arrest.

And I do believe that most of our strongest prejudices are based at bottom upon some such trifling personal experience as that.

In the same way a Californian will assert with an air of serious authority the necessity and the imminence of an American-Japanese war. And he will offer as proof the fact that once in California he had a Japanese servant who, one day when the family was away, stole all the loose change in the bureau and twelve solid-silver spoons from the dining room and disappeared. If this is not considered sufficient proof of the trickiness of the Japanese, he will repeat the well-worn statement that "the Japanese can't even trust themselves! In Japan all the banks employ Chinese officers and clerks, because the Chinese — Now, the Chinese. . . .!" And then will follow the invariable reminiscence of the faithful Sing, who ran the house, who gave the family presents, who saved them money, and was with them twenty years. All true stories, to be sure, but hardly a comprehensive survey of an international situation that might lead to war. Nevertheless, if that war should ever come to pass, the Californian will nod his head and gravely say, "I told you so," and be convinced that he has been a keen observer of international politics.

How often have people sought to prove to us the integrity and complete trustworthiness of some public man because our informant once lived across the street from him, and knew him to be a genial neighbor, an indulgent husband and father, and generous to the poor? Or, on the contrary, they may seek to prove his public motives mean and fraudulent because he was an exclusive neighbor, strict with his family, and did believe in charity. From which personalities, as everyone reasonably knows, no deduction can be drawn, unless, indeed, the one of opposites — since how often do we find public scoundrels to be models of all the virtues in private life, and public benefactors proved petty rogues and tyrants in their homes? Often enough, at any rate, to make it almost seem a rule. Your cynic is always skeptical of any man whose private virtue is extolled. Yet so strong is the fallacy that almost any man who will cultivate a genial personality, practice private charity, and display a marked affection for children and animals, may plunder the public with im-

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punity. It is an old saying, but true, that wit is better than argument in a political campaign, and that a funny story wins more votes than reasoning.

Now all these may seem the most trivial and commonplace of instances, but that is precisely why I have chosen them. For I did not set out to compose a philosophical treatise upon the defective vision of man. I am only attempting to call attention to the most prevalent manifestations of the malady, and, if you will, by these homely, every-day examples, to clarify the symbol of an astigmatic world.

And here I am reminded of a lecture by Rabindranath Tagore, in which the point was otherwise and far more beautifully made. It was a morning lecture in a theater where at night a Broadway musical comedy held sway. A man came out upon the stage. He had a request to make of the audience. He wished to ask them to refrain from trying to make any social engagements with "The Master," and, above all, not to press forward to the stage after the lecture and attempt to shake hands or speak to him. We would understand that "The Master" had brought his message to us at the cost of great personal sacrifice; that he had been in America now several months, and that it was impossible to exaggerate the seriousness of the effect upon one unaccustomed as he was to the crudities, the grossness, and the confusion of our western world. It was necessary to take the utmost precaution to guard his health, in order that he might be able to appear before us at all. He could meet no one. The speaker departed, very business-like, as he came, without making the usual introduction of the celebrity.

At once there entered, from the back of the stage, the majestic, gray-robed figure of Tagore, bearing at that distance a startling resemblance to the idealized pictures of Christ, with his calm, ageless face, his serene, fine eyes, his long white hair and beard. He advanced to the center of the great empty stage, holding in his hands a manuscript, bound in gray like his robe, from which he began to read, without greeting or preface, merely lifting up his voice, that amazing strange falsetto, which so astonished me at first that I did not hear what he was saying, but listened only to the absurd quality of that thin, high voice, which yet was clearly audible, and without accent, except for a kind of deliberate precision, and which had the curious effect of simply detaching the words from the manuscript and suspending them aloft in the rarefied atmosphere. And, caught presently by the intimation of some word, and listening back, I heard from the beginning what he had said:

"The night is like a dark child just born of her mother, day. Millions of stars crowding round its cradle watch it, standing still, afraid lest it should wake up. . . . I am ready to go on in this strain, but I am interrupted by Science laughing at me. She takes objection to my statement that stars are standing still. But if it is a mistake, then apology is not due from me, but from the stars themselves. It is quite evident that they are standing still. It is a fact that is impossible to argue away. But Science *will* argue; it is her habit. She says, 'When you think that stars are still that only proves that you are too far from them.' I have my answer ready, that when you say that stars are rushing about it only proves that you are too near them. . . .

"Science is astonished at my temerity. But I obstinately hold my ground, and say that if Science has the liberty to take the side of the near and fall foul of the distant, she cannot blame me when I take the opposite side and question the veracity of the near. . . . The difficulty is to decide whom to trust. The evidence of the world of stars is simple. You have but to raise your eyes and see their face and you believe them. They do not set before you elaborate arguments. They do not break their hearts if you refuse to believe them. . . . We see that the world of stars is still. For

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we see these stars in their relation to one another. But astronomy, like a curious child, plucks out an individual star, and then we find the story different. Therefore, let us boldly declare that both facts are equally true about the stars. . . . Because we see things in various adjustments of time and space, therefore iron is iron, water is water, and clouds are clouds for us."

Accustomed by this time to the strangeness of his voice, I was able to follow now only the course of his thought while he progressed upward from this simple and beautiful beginning through realms of pure and always poetical reasoning to the ultimate relativity of things. A mystical Einstein. A seer who held in his hands the round crystal of Truth, into which for a little while he permitted us also to gaze. That perfect sphere which encompasses the beginning and the end, the within and the without, spirit and matter, reality and unreality, the finite and the infinite.

But when presently he passed from sight we woke to find that he had taken the crystal away with him. . . .

The doors of the theater opened, and there was Broadway again. Once more we were in the midst of all that confusion of noise and blatant life from which it was necessary to guard "The Master" so carefully. And I experienced the sudden hope that The Master had not lingered in the wings, for if the gay flock of chorus girls who passed at the moment on their way in through the stage entrance to twelve-o'clock rehearsals should encounter him there, his crystal of truth would be sent spinning out of his hands on the toe of a dainty patent-leather shoe. But turning my head, I saw a closed motor-car drive away from the stage door, and I knew that The Master and his crystal were safe.

For me that morning has always had the quality of a remembered dream—as aloof from the problems of our daily life. But a dream which seems to interpret itself as a symbol of the difference in vision between the eastern and the western worlds, the Old World and the New.

Tagore, in his long gray robe, has gone from us, back to his native land, that land of the East where all men's eyes are fixed upon the eternal mysteries.

They suffer the illusion of the far; we, the illusion of the near. For nature has made youth short of sight, and given to age the distant view. It is an Eastern saying that "the eyes of the great are dim." "All is illusion!" cry their philosophers; "all is unreality. There is nothing but the One!" And even we, when we come to the end of life, are willing to say it with them, for in the end it is true. But it is the far perspective of the old. And they of the East are an ancient race, whose eyes see past the world. For the petty problems of this earth they have long since accepted rules which serve.

But we of the West are young, and before us is our many-faceted life to live. We have no laid-down rules; our problems are all with us to be solved, our decisions to be made. We wrestle with material devils, employ our wits in strategy to clothe and provision ourselves. It is folly to say to us that these things are unrealities. It is folly to ask youth to forswear its world.

For us Science is not "a curious child," but our wisest sage. After a night in the astronomer's tower we are ever afterward ashamed to say that stars are still. It pleases us to have discovered them rushing ceaselessly about. It vindicates our own tireless activity. We cannot find a telescope too powerful. We have a passion for knowing the most intricate facts about everything. And one of these facts will blind us to the rest. We must disintegrate everything into its parts and examine each part separately.

And if now and then among us there is born a man with the gift of mobile sight, one for whom the relationships of things are evident, he straightway becomes a philosopher, and withdraws himself from us. For even our philosophers are specialists.

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So it is that the carrying on of our civilization is left in the hands of men of the fixed short sight. Men who have looked so long at one point that they conceive it to be the ultimate need of their fellow men, and they begin to proselytize. So "leaders" rise up, so "world movements" are begun.

And, seeing how easily we are led hither and thither by nearsighted leaders like these, how easily we are persuaded to believe half-truths, to accept the part and deny the whole, it is not to be wondered at that our philosophers stand apart, or that we are sometimes weary enough to say with the wise men of older civilizations: "All is illusion. All is unreality. There is nothing but the One!"

SEA DISTANCES

BY ALFRED NOYES

HIS native sea-washed isle
Was bleak and bare.
Far off, there seemed to smile
An isle more fair.

Blue as the smoke of spring
Its far hills rose,
A delicate azure ring
Crowned with faint snows.

At dusk, a rose-red star
Set free from wrong,
It beaconed him afar,
His whole life long.

Not till old age drew nigh
He voyaged there.
He saw the colors die
As he drew near.

It towered above him, bleak
And cold, death-cold.
From peak to phantom peak
A gray mist rolled.

Then, under his arched hand,
From that bare shore,
Back, at his own dear land,
He gazed once more.

Clothed with the tints he knew
He saw it smile—
Opal, and rose and blue,
His native isle.

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AN OLD CHESTER SECRET

A STORY IN THREE PARTS—PART III.

BY MARGARET DELAND

"I'M going to invite him to visit us next winter," Mary said.

This was at the end of the summer, and the prospect of saying good-by to Johnny for almost a year was more than she could bear.

"My dear!" her husband protested, "if you got him under your own roof you wouldn't be able to hold on to yourself! I could, but you couldn't. You'd tell him."

"I wouldn't! Why, I *couldn't*. Of course he can never know. . . . But I'm going to see—that woman, and tell her that I shall have him visit us."

"She'll not permit it."

"'Permit!'" Mary said. "Upon my word! My own child not '*permitted!*'"

"It's hard," Carl said, briefly.

"You want him, too," she said, eagerly; "I can see you do! Think of having him with us for a week! I could go into his room and—and pick up his clothes when he drops them round on the floor, the way boys do." She was breathless at the thought of such happiness. "I'll tell her I'm going to have him come in the Christmas vacation. Oh, Carl—" her black, heavy eyes, suddenly glittered with tears: "I want my baby," she said.

The words stabbed him; for a moment he felt that there was no price too great to pay for comfort for her. "We'll try it," he said, "but we'll have to handle Miss Lydia just right to get her to consent to it."

"'Consent'?" she said, fiercely. "Carl, I just hate her!" The long smothered instinct of maternity leaped up and scorched her like a flame; she put her dimpled hands over her face and cried. He tried to tell her that she wasn't just. "After all, dear, we disowned him. Naturally, she feels that he belongs to her."

But she could not be just. "He belongs to us! And she prejudices him against us. I know she does. I said to him yesterday that her clothes weren't very fashionable. I just said it for fun; and he said, 'You shut up!'"

"*What!*" Johnny's father said, amused and horrified.

"I believe she likes him to be rude to me," Mary said.

Her jealousy of Miss Lydia had taken the form of suspicion; if Johnny was impertinent, if that shabby Miss Lydia meant more to him than she did—the rich, beneficent, adoring Mrs. Robertson!—it must be because Miss Lydia "influenced" him. It was to counteract that influence that she planned the Christmas visit; if she could have him to herself, even for a week, with all the enjoyments she would give him, she was sure she could rout "that woman" from her place in his heart!

"I sha'n't ask for what is my own," she told Carl; "I'll just say I'm going to take him for the Christmas holidays. She won't dare to say he can't come!"

Yet when she went to tell Miss Lydia that Johnny was coming her certainty that the shabby woman wouldn't "dare," faded.

Miss Lydia was in the kitchen, making cookies for her boy, and she could not instantly leave her rolling pin when his mother knocked at the front door. Mary had not been at that door since the September night when she had

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crouched, sobbing, on the steps. And now, again, it was September, and again the evening primroses were opening in the dusk. . . . As she knocked, a breath of their subtle perfume brought back that other dusk, and for an instant she was engulfed in a surge of memory. She felt faint, and leaned against the door, waiting for Miss Lydia's little running step in the hall. She could hardly speak when the door opened. "Good—good evening," she said, almost in a whisper.

Miss Lydia, her frightened eyes peering at her caller from under that black frizette, could hardly speak herself. Mary was the one to get herself in hand first. "May I come in, Miss Sampson?"

"Why, yes—" said Miss Lydia, doubtfully, and dusted her floury hands together.

"I came to say," Mary began, following her back to the kitchen, "I came—"

"I'm making cookies for Johnny," Miss Lydia said, briskly, and Mary's soft hands clenched; why shouldn't *she* be making cookies for Johnny!

"I've got a pan in the oven," said Miss Lydia, "and I've got to watch 'em."

Mary was silent; she sat down by the table, her breath catching in her throat. Miss Lydia did not, apparently, notice the agitation; she bustled about and brought her a cooky on a cracked plate —and watched her.

"I want—" Mary said, in a trembling voice, crumbling the cooky with nervous fingers—"I mean, I am going to have Johnny visit me this winter."

"Oh!" said Miss Lydia, and sat down.

"I'll have him during the holidays."

"No."

"Why not?" Mary said, angrily.

"He'd—guess."

"You needn't be afraid of *that!*"

Miss Lydia silently shook her head; instantly Mary's anger turned to fright.

"Oh, Miss Lydia—please! I promise you he shall never have the dimmest idea—why, he *couldn't* have! It wouldn't do, you know. But I want him just to—to look at."

Miss Lydia was pale. She may have been a born gambler, but never had she taken such a chance as this—to give Johnny back, even for a week, to the people who once had thrown him away, but who now were ready to do everything for him, give him anything he wanted!—and a boy wants so many things! "No," she said, "no."

Mary gave a starved cry, then dropped on her knees, clutched at the small, rough, floury hand and tried to kiss it.

"A mother has a claim," she said, passionately.

Miss Lydia, pulling her hand away, nodded. "Yes, a mother has."

"Then let him come. Oh, let him come!"

"*Are you his mother?*"

Mary fell back, half sitting on the floor, half kneeling at Miss Lydia's feet. "What do you mean? You know—"

"Sometimes," said Miss Lydia, "I think *I'm* his mother."

Mary started. "She's crazy!" she thought, scared.

"He is mine," Miss Lydia said, proudly; "some foolish people have even thought he was mine in—in your way."

"Absurd!" Mary said, with a gasp.

"You have never understood love, Mary," Miss Lydia said; "never, from the very beginning." And even as Johnny's mother recoiled at that sword-thrust, she added, her face very white: "But I'll chance it. Yes, if he wants to visit you, I'll let him. But I hope you won't hurt him."

"Hurt him? Hurt my own child? He shall have everything!"

"That's what I mean. It may hurt him. He may get to be like you," Miss Lydia said. . . . "Oh, my cookies! They are burning!" she said, and pushed Johnny's mother aside—she wanted to push her over! to trample on her! to tear her! But she only pressed her gently aside, and ran and opened the oven door and then said, "Oh, *my!*" and raised a window to let the smoke out. . . . "I'll

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let him go," she said. But when Mary tried brokenly to put her arms around her, and say how grateful she was, Miss Lydia shrank away and said, harshly, "*Don't!*"

"I couldn't bear to have her touch me," she told herself afterward; "she didn't love him when he was a baby."

However, it was arranged, and the visit was made. It was a great experience for Johnny! The stage to Mercer, the railroad journey across the mountains, the handsome house, the good times every minute of every day! Barnum's! Candy-shops! New clothes (and old ones dropped about on the floor for Mrs. Robertson to pick up!) And five five-dollar bills to carry back to Old Chester! Then the week ended. . . . Mrs. Robertson, running to bring him his hat, and make sure he had a clean handkerchief, and patting the collar of his coat with plump fingers, cried when she said good-by, and Johnny sighed, and said he had a stomach ache, and he hated to go home. His mother glanced triumphantly at his father.

"(Do you hear that?) Do you love me, Johnny?" she demanded.

"Yes'm," Johnny said, scowling.

"As much as Miss Lydia?"

Johnny stared at her. "'Course not."

"She doesn't give you so many presents as I do."

"*Mary!*" Johnny's father protested.

But Johnny was equal to the occasion.

"I'd just as leaves," said he, "give you one of my five dollars to pay for 'em"—which made even his mother laugh. "Goo'-by," said Johnny. "I guess I've eaten too much. I've had a fine time. Much obliged. No, I do' want any more candy. O-o-o-h!" said Johnny, "I wish I hadn't eaten so much! I hate going home."

But he went—bearing his sheaves with him, his presents and his five five-dollar bills and his stomach ache. And he said he wished he could go right straight back to Philadelphia!

"Do you?" said Miss Lydia, faintly.

"But she's—funny, Aunt Lydia."

"How 'funny'?"

"Well," said Johnny, scrubbing the back of his hand across his cheeks, "she's always kissing me, and talking about my liking her. Oh—I don't mind her; she's nice enough. But I *don't* like kissing ladies. But I like visiting her," he added, candidly; "she takes me to lots of places, and gives me things. I like presents," said Johnny. "I hope she'll gimme a gun." . . .

That night, the kissing lady, pacing up and down like a caged creature in her handsome parlor, which seemed so empty and orderly now, said suddenly to her husband, "Why don't we adopt him?"

"H-s-s-h!" he cautioned her; then, in a low voice, "I've thought of that."

At which she instantly retreated. "It is out of the question! People would—think."

VI

Johnny would have had his gun right off, and many other things, too, if Miss Lydia hadn't interfered. "Please don't send him so many presents," she wrote Mrs. Robertson in her scared determined way. And Mary, reading that letter, fed her bitterness with the memory of something which had happened during the visit.

"It's just what I said," she told Johnny's father; "she influences him against us by not letting us give him presents! I know that from the way he talks. I told him, after I bought the stereopticon for him, that I could give him nicer things than she could, and—"

"Mary! You mustn't say things like that!"

"And—and—" Mary said, crying, "he said, 'I like Aunty without any presents.' You see? Influence! The idea of her daring to say we mustn't give him a gun. He's *ours!*"

"No, he's hers," Johnny's father said, sadly; "she has the whip hand, Mary—unless we tell the truth."

"Of course we can't do that," she said, sobbing.

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But after that Philadelphia experience, Miss Lydia—a fragile creature now, who lived and breathed for her boy—was obliged every winter to let Johnny visit these people who had disowned him, cast him off, deserted him! —that was the way she put it to herself. She had to let him go because she couldn't think of any excuse for saying he couldn't go. She even asked Doctor Lavendar for a reason for refusing invitations, which the appreciative and frankly acquisitive Johnny was anxious to accept. With a present of a bunch of lamplighters in her hand, she went to the Rectory, offering, as an explanation of her call, the fact that Johnny had got into a fight with the youngest Mack boy and rubbed his nose in the gutter, and Mrs. Mack was very angry, and said her boy's nose would never be handsome again; and she, Miss Lydia, didn't know what to do because Johnny wouldn't tell her what the fight was about and wouldn't apologize.

"Johnny's fifteen, and the Mack boy is seventeen; and a boy doesn't need a handsome nose," said Doctor Lavendar. "I'd not interfere, if I were you."

Then she got the real question out: Didn't Doctor Lavendar think it might be bad for Johnny to visit Mr. and Mrs. Robertson? "They're very rich, you know," Miss Lydia warned him, piteously.

"They've taken a fancy to him, have they?" Doctor Lavendar asked. She nodded. The old man meditated. "Lydia," he said at last, "you are so rich, and they're so poor, I'd be charitable, if I were you."

So she was charitable. And for the next two or three years Johnny went away for his good times, and old Miss Lydia stayed at home and had very bad times for fear that Mr. and Mrs. Robertson might suddenly turn into Johnny's father and mother! Then the father and mother would come to Old Chester in the summer and have their bad times, for fear that Miss Lydia would "influence" Johnny against Mr. and Mrs. Robertson. (We got to quite like the Robertsons, though we didn't see much of them. "Pity they had no children," said Old Chester; "all that Smith money going begging!")

The Smith money certainly went begging, so far as Johnny was concerned. Every time his father and mother tried to spend it on him Miss Lydia put her little frightened will between the boy and his grandfather's fortune. "Boys can't accept presents, Johnny, except from relations, you know," she would tell him; "it isn't nice." And Johnny, thinking of the gun or the pony or what not, would stick out his lips and sigh and say no, he "s'posed not." As a result of such remarks he developed as healthy a pride as one could hope for in a lad, and by the time he was eighteen he was hot with embarrassment when Mrs. Robertson tried to force things upon him.

"No, ma'am," he would say, awkwardly. "I—I can't take any presents."

"Why not?" she would demand, deeply hurt.

"Well, you know, you are not a relation," Johnny would say; and his mother would go up to her room and pace up and down, up and down, and cry until she could hardly see.

"She's robbed us of our own child!" she would tell her husband.

As for Johnny, he told Miss Lydia once that Mrs. Robertson was kind, and all that, but she was a nuisance.

"Oh, Johnny, I wouldn't say *that*, dear. She's been nice to you."

"What makes her?" said Johnny, curiously; "why is she always gushing round?"

"Well, she likes you, Johnny."

Johnny grinned. "I don't see why. I'm afraid I'm not awfully polite to her. She was telling me she'd give me anything on earth I wanted; made me feel like a fool!" said Johnny, "and I said, 'Aunty gives me everything I want, thank you;' and she said, 'She doesn't love you as much as I do.' And I said

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(all this love talk makes me kind of sick!) I said, 'Oh, yes, she does; she loved me when I was a squealing baby! You didn't know me then.' "

"What did she say?" Miss Lydia asked, breathlessly.

"Oh, she sort of cried," said Johnny, with a bored look.

But his perplexity about Mrs. Robertson's gush lingered in his mind, and a year or two later, on his twentieth birthday, as it happened, he asked Miss Lydia again what on earth it meant? . . . The Robertsons had braved the raw Old Chester winter, and come down to the old house to be near their son on that day. They came like the Greeks, bearing gifts, which, it being Johnny's birthday, they knew could not be refused. —and old Miss Lydia, unlike the priest of Apollo, had no spear to thrust at them except the forbidden spear of Truth! So her heart was in her mouth when Johnny, who had gone to supper with his father and mother, came home at nearly midnight and told her how good they were to him. But he was preoccupied as he talked, and frowned once or twice. Then suddenly he burst out:

"Aunty, why does Mr. Robertson bother about me?"

"Does he?" Miss Lydia said.

"Well, yes; he says he wants me to go into his firm when I leave college. He says he'll give me mighty good pay. But—but he wants me to take his name."

"*Oh!*" said Miss Lydia. She looked so little and pretty, lying there on her bed, with her soft white hair—the frizette had vanished some years ago—parted over her delicate furrowed brow, and her blue eyes wide and frightened, like a child's, that Johnny suddenly hugged her.

"As for the name part of it," he said, "I said my name was Smith. Not handsome or distinguished, but my own. I said I had no desire to change it, but if I ever did it would be to Sampson."

A meager tear stood in the corner of Miss Lydia's eye. "That was very nice of you, Johnny," she said, quaveringly.

"I'd like the business part of it all right," said Johnny. . . . "Say, Aunt Lydia—what *is* all the milk in the cocoanut about me? 'Course I'm not grown up for nothing; I know I'm—queer. I got on to that when I was fifteen—I put the date on Eddy Mack's nose! But I'd like to know, really, who I am?"

"You're my boy," said Miss Lydia.

"You bet I am!" said Johnny; "but who were my father and mother?"

"They lived out West, and—"

"I know all that fairy-tale, Aunty. Let's have the facts."

Miss Lydia was silent; her poor old eyes blinked; then she said: "They—deserted you, Johnny. But you mustn't mind."

The young man's face reddened sharply. "They—they weren't married, I suppose, when I was born?" he said, in a husky voice.

"They—got married before you were born."

He straightened up with obvious relief, then looked puzzled. "Yet they—deserted me? Were they too poor to take care of me?"

"Well, no," Miss Lydia confessed.

"Not poor, yet they deserted me?" he repeated, bewildered, but with a slow anger growing in his face. "Well, I guess I'm well rid of 'em if they were that kind of people! Cowards."

"Oh, my dear, you mustn't be unjust. They gave me money for your support."

"Money!" he said. "They paid you to take me off their hands?" He paused; "Aunt Lydia," he said—and as he spoke, his upper lip lifted, and she saw his teeth—"Aunt Lydia, I'll never ask you about them again. I have no interest in cowards. They are nothing to me, just as I was nothing to them. But tell me one thing: Is Smith my name?"

"Yes," said Miss Lydia, ("it's **his** *middle* name," she assured herself).

But Johnny laughed: "I guess you

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just called me Smith. Well, that's all right, though I'd rather you'd made it Sampson. But Smith will do. I said so to Mrs. Robertson. I said that my name was the same as her father's, and I thought he was the finest old man I'd ever known, and, though I was no relation, I hoped my Smith name would be as dignified as his."

"What did she say?" said Miss Lydia.

"Oh, she got weepy," said Johnny, good naturedly; "she's always either crying or kissing. But she's kind. Look at those!" he said, displaying some sleeve links that his mother's soft, adoring fingers had fastened into his cuffs. "Well, I don't take a berth with a new name tacked on to it at Robertson & Carey's. They'll have to get some other fellow to swap names for 'em!"

He went off to his room, his face still dark with a deep, elemental anger which that word "deserted" had stirred in him, but whistling as if to declare his entire indifference to the deserters. Old Miss Lydia, alone, trembled very much. "Take their name! *What will they do next?*" she said to herself.

The Robertsons were asking themselves the same question: "What can we do now to get him?" The lure of a business opportunity had not moved the boy at all, and what he had said about being called Sampson had been like a knife thrust in their hearts. It made Mary Robertson so angry that she sprang at a fierce retaliation: "She *couldn't* keep him—he wouldn't stay with her—if we told him the truth!" she said to Johnny's father.

"But we can never tell him," Carl reminded her.

"Sometimes I think she'll drive me to it!" said Mary.

"No," Robertson said, shortly.

"No one would know it but the boy himself. And if he knew it he'd let us adopt him. And that would mean taking his own name."

"No!" Carl broke out, "it won't do!" You see, I—don't want him to know." He paused, then seemed to pull the words out with a jerk. "I won't let him have any disrespect for his mother, and—" he got up and tramped about the room. "Damn it! *I* don't want to lose his good opinion, myself."

Her face turned darkly red. "Oh," she cried passionately, "'Opinion'! What difference does his 'opinion' make to me? A mother is a mother. And I love him! Oh, I love him so, I could just *die!* If he would put his arms around me the way he does to that terrible Miss Lydia, and kiss me, and say—" she clenched her hands, and closed her eyes, and whispered the word she hungered to hear—"'*Mother! Mother!*' If I could hear him say *that*," she said, "I could just lie down and die! Couldn't you?—to hear him say 'Father'?"

Robertson set his teeth. "And what kind of an idea would he have of his 'father'! No, I won't consent to it!"

"We can't get him in any other way," she urged.

"Then we'll never get him. I can't face it."

"You don't love nim as much as I do!"

"I love him enough not to want to risk losing his respect."

But this sentiment was beyond Johnny's mother; all she thought of was the aching hunger for the careless, friendly, but rather bored young man. The hunger for him grew and grew; it gnawed at her day and night. She urged Carl to take a house in Princeton while Johnny was in college, and only Johnny's father's common sense kept this project from being carried out. "You're afraid!" she taunted him.

"Dear," he said kindly, "I'm afraid of being an ass. If he saw us tagging after him, he'd hate us both. He's a man!" Carl said, proudly. "No, I've no fancy for losing the respect of—" he paused—"my son," he said, very quietly.

His wife put her hand over her mouth and stared at him; the word was too

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great for her; it was her baby she thought of, not her son.

In Johnny's first vacation, when she had rushed to Old Chester in June to open the house, she was met by the information that he was going off for the summer on a geological expedition.

Mary's disappointment made her feel a little sick. "What shall I do without you!" she said.

"Oh, if Aunty can do without me, I guess outsiders can," said Johnny, with clumsy amiability.

"We'll be here when you get back in September," she said; he yawned, and said, "all right," then he strolled off, and she went upstairs, and cried.

Johnny, walking home after this embarrassing interview, striking at the roadside brambles with a switch, and whistling loudly, said to himself: "How on earth did Mr. Robertson fall in love with her? *He's* got brains." A day or two later he went off for his geological summer, leaving in his mother's heart, that rankling word, "outsiders." As the weeks dragged along, and she counted the days until he would be back, she brooded and brooded over it. It festered so deeply that she could not speak of it to Johnny's father. But once she said: "He's ungrateful! See all we've done for him!"—and Carl realized that the bitterness at Miss Lydia, who had "robbed" her, was extending to the boy himself. And again—it was in August, and Johnny was to be at home in a fortnight—she said, "He ought to be *made* to come to us!"

Her husband looked at her in surprise. "You can't 'make' anybody love you. Mary, we are just outsiders to him."

She cried out so sharply that he was frightened, not knowing that he had turned a dagger word in the wound.

Perhaps it was the intolerable pain of knowing that she was helpless that drove her one day, without Carl's knowledge, to the rectory. "I'll put it to Doctor Lavendar as—as somebody else's story, the trouble of a 'friend,' and maybe he can tell me how I can make Johnny feel that we are *not* outsiders! Oh, he owes it to us, to do what we want! I'll tell Doctor Lavendar that the father and mother lived out West, and are friends of mine. . . . He'll never put two and two together."

She walked past the rectory twice before she could get her courage to the point of knocking. When she did, it was William King who opened the door.

"Oh—is Doctor Lavendar ill?" she said. And William King answered, dryly, that when you are eighty-two you are not particularly well.

"I thought I'd just drop in and ask his advice on something—nothing important," said Johnny's mother, breathlessly. "I'll go away, and come some other time."

Upon which, from the open window overhead, came a voice: "I won't be wrapped up in cotton batting! Send Mary Robertson up-stairs."

"Haven't I any rights?" Willy called back, good-naturedly, and Doctor Lavendar retorted:

"Maybe you have, but I have many wrongs. Come along, Mary."

She went up, saying to herself: "I'll not speak of it. I'll just say I've come to see him." She was so nervous when she entered the room that her breath caught in her throat and she could hardly say "how do you do?"

The old man was in bed; he held out a veined and trembling hand:

"William's keeping me alive so he can charge me for two calls a day. Well, my dear, what can I do for you"

Mrs. Robertson sat down in a big armchair and said, panting, that—that it was terribly hot.

Doctor Lavendar watched her from under his heavy, drooping eyelids.

"There was something I was going to ask you about," she said, "but it's no matter. Doctor King says you are sick."

"Don't believe all Doctor King tells you."

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"I just wanted to get advice for—for somebody else. But it's no matter."

"Let's hear about the 'somebody else.'"

"They are not Old Chester people—so you won't mind if I don't name names?"

"Not in the least," said Doctor Lavendar, genially; "Call 'em Smith; that's a somewhat general title."

"Oh—no, that's not their name," she said, panic-stricken—then saw that he had meant it as a joke, and said trying to smile, yes there were a good many Smiths in the world. Then, suddenly her misery rose like a wave, and swept her into words: "these people are terribly unhappy, at least the mother is, because—" she paused, stammered, felt she had gone too far, and stumbled into contradictions which could not have misled anyone, certainly not Doctor Lavendar. "They, these people had let their child be adopted, and now they wanted him—her, I mean," said Mary; "it was a little girl. But the little girl didn't want to come back to them. And the people who had taken her, influenced her against her parents, who had done *everything* for—for her. It's cruel," said Mary; "Cruel! I know the parents, and—"

"Mary," said Doctor Lavendar gently, "so do I."

She recoiled as if from a blow. "No—oh no! You are mistaken, sir. You couldn't know. They—his relatives—don't live here. You couldn't possibly know!"

She was white with terror. What would Carl say? Oh, she must lie her way out of it! How mad she had been to come here, and hint at things!

"I have known Johnny Smith's parentage for several years, Mary."

"Who told you?" she said, fiercely. "Oh—it was Miss Lydia, and she *promised* she wouldn't!—how wicked in her!"

"No one told me."

"I don't know what you're talking about!" she said, recovering herself. "The father and mother lived out West, but *I* don't know the child. He is nothing to me."

"I wonder," said Doctor Lavendar, half to himself, "do we all deny love, thrice?—for you do love him, Mary, my dear; I know you do." She tried to meet his quiet eyes—then gave a little moan, and bent over, and hid her face on her knees.

"Oh, I do—I do," she said in a whisper. "But he doesn't love me. . . . And yet he is *mine*—Carl's and mine."

"There were people in Old Chester who thought he was Miss Lydia's."

"Fools! fools!" she said, passionately.

"No one came forward to deny it," said Doctor Lavendar. She did not notice this; the flood of despair and longing broke into entreaty—how could she get her child, who considered her just an outsider! "That's Miss Lydia's influence!" she said. Doctor Lavendar listened, asked a question or two, and then was silent.

"I am dying for him!" she said—"oh. I am in agony for him!"

The old man looked at her, with pitying eyes. Was this agony a spiritual birth or was it just the old selfishness which had never brooked denial? And if indeed it was a travail of the spirit, would not the soul be still-born if her son's love should fail to sustain it? Yet why should Johnny love her? . . . Mary was talking and trying not to cry; her words were a fury of pain and protest:

"Miss Lydia won't give him up to—to people who haven't any claim upon him. And Johnny himself doesn't know our claim, so he won't consent to it. He doesn't know any reason for being adopted. You see?"

"I see."

"I suppose if we told him the 'reason,' we could get him. But I'm afraid to tell him, because I can't make him love me! He said I was an 'outsider.' But if he knew the reason—"

Doctor Lavendar looked out into the yellowing leaves of the old jargonelle

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pear-tree, and shook his head; "Hearts don't come when Reason whistles to them," he said.

"Oh, if I could just hear him say 'mother'!"

"Why should he say 'mother'? You haven't been his mother."

"I've given him everything!"

Doctor Lavendar was silent.

"He *ought* to come to us. He is ours; and he owes us—"

"Just what you've earned, Mary, just what you've earned. That's what children 'owe' to fathers and mothers."

"But, oh! what am I to do! what am I to do?"

"How much do you want him Mary?"

She was stammering with sobs. "It's all I want—it's my life—"

"Perhaps publicity would win him, Mary. He has a great respect for courage. So perhaps—"

She cringed. "But—Doctor Lavendar, that couldn't be! It *couldn't* be—don't you understand?"

"Poor Mary," said Doctor Lavendar. "Poor girl!"

"Doctor Lavendar, make him come to us. *You* can do it. You can do anything!"

"Mary, you can't 'make' a harvest anything but the seed you've sowed. My child—you sowed vanity and selfishness." . . . By and by he put his hand on hers and said: "Mary, wait. Wait till you love him more and yourself less."

It was dark when she went away.

When Doctor King came in in the evening he said to himself that Mary Robertson and the whole caboodle of 'em weren't worth the weariness in the wise old face.

"William," said Doctor Lavendar, "I hope there won't be any conundrums in heaven; I don't seem able to answer them any more." Then the whimsical fatigue vanished and he smiled;

"Lately I've just said, 'Wait; God knows'; and stopped guessing." But he didn't stop thinking.

VII

As for Johnny's mother, she yielded, for the moment, to the inevitableness of her harvest. But of course the devotion and the invitations and the visits to Old Chester went on. Johnny's bored good humor met them patiently enough; "for she is kind," he reminded himself—"and I like *him*," he used to tell his Aunt Lydia. Once he confided his feelings on this subject to William King:

"They are queer folks, the Robertsons," Johnny said. "Why do they vegetate down here in Old Chester? They don't seem to know anybody but Aunt Lydia."

William and the big fellow were jogging along in the doctor's shabby buggy out toward Miss Lydia's; she was very frail that summer, and Johnny had insisted that William King should come to see her. "The Robertsons know *you*, apparently," the doctor said.

"Well, yes," John said, "and they've been nice to me, ever since I can remember."

"G'on!" Doctor King told his mare, and slapped a rein down on Jinny's back.

"But Doctor King, they *are* queer," Johnny insisted. "What's the milk in the cocoanut about 'em?"

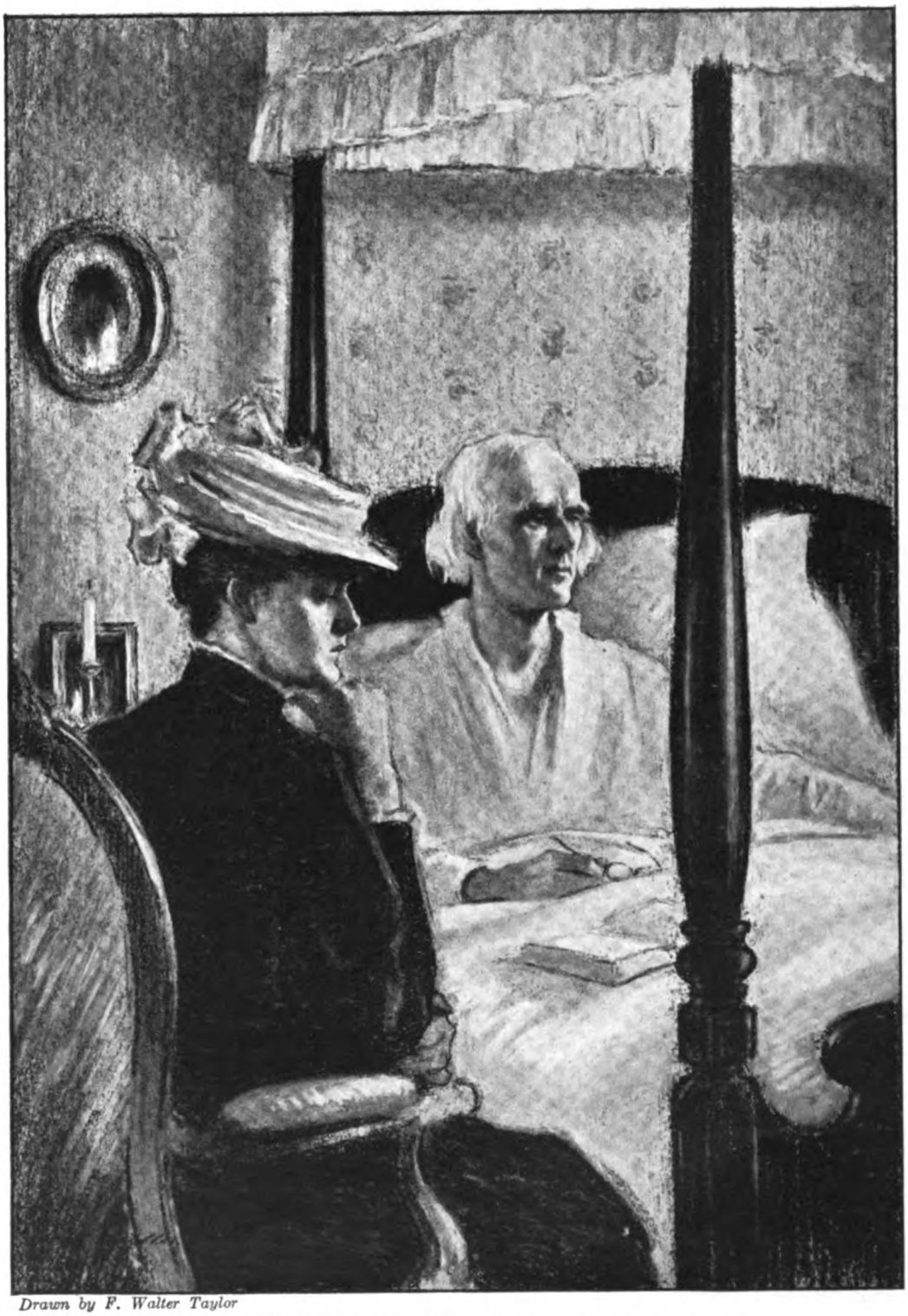
"Maybe a thunder-storm soured it."

Johnny grinned, then he looked at Jinny's ears, coughed, and said, "I'd like to ask you a question, sir."

"Go ahead."

"When people are kind to you—just what do you owe 'em? I didn't ask them to be kind to me—I mean the Robertsons—but, holy Peter!" said Johnny, "they've given me presents ever since I was a child. They even had a wild idea of—of adopting me! I said, 'No, thank you!' Why should I be adopted? . . . Mrs. Robertson always seems sort of critical of Aunty. Think of that! 'Course she never says anything; she'd better not! If she did, I'd raise Cain. But I *feel* it," Johnny said, frowning. "Well, what I want to know is, what do you owe people who do you favors? Mind you, *I* don't want their favors!"

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Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

"HEARTS DON'T COME WHEN REASON WHISTLES TO THEM"

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"Well," William ruminated, "I should say that we owe people who do us favors the truth of how we feel about them. If the truth wouldn't be agreeable to them, don't take the favors!"

"Well, the 'truth' is that I get mad when Mrs. Robertson looks down on Aunty! Think of what she's stood for me!" the boy said, suddenly very red in the face. "When I was fifteen one of the fellows told me I was—was her son. I rubbed his nose in the mud."

"Oh, that was how Mack got his broken nose, was it?" Doctor King inquired, much interested. "Well, I'm glad you did it. I guess it cured him of being *one* kind of a fool. There was a time when I wanted to rub one or two female noses in the mud. However, they are really not worth thinking of, Johnny."

"No," John agreed, "but anybody who looks cross-eyed in my presence at Aunt Lydia will get his head punched."

"Amen," said William King, and drew Jinny in at Miss Lydia's gate.

It cannot be said that William King's opinion as to what we owe people who do us favors was very illuminating to Johnny. "I like 'em—and I don't like 'em," he told Miss Lydia, with a bothered look. "But I wish to heaven she'd let up on presents!"

On the whole he liked them more than he failed to like them; perhaps because they were, to a big, joyous, somewhat conceited youngster, rather pitiful in the way in which they seemed to hang upon him. He said as much once to his Aunt Lydia; Mrs. Robertson had asked him to come to supper, but had not asked Miss Lydia: "I suppose I've *got* to go," he said, scowling, "but they needn't think I'd rather have supper with them than with you! I just go because I'm sorry for 'em."

"I am, too, Johnny," she said. She had ceased to be afraid of them by this time. Yet she might have been just a little afraid if she had known all that this special invitation involved. . . .

Mary Robertson no longer shared her longing for her son with her husband. She had not even told him of that day when her misery had welled up and overflowed in frantic words to Doctor Lavendar. But she had never resigned herself to reaping what she had sowed. She was still determined, somehow, to get possession of her boy. Sometimes she spoke of her determination to Doctor Lavendar, just because it was a relief to put it into words; but he never gave her much encouragement. He could only counsel a choice of two things: secrecy—and fortitude; or truth—and doubtful hope.

Little by little hope gained, and truth seemed more possible. And by and by a plan grew in her mind: she would get Doctor Lavendar to help her tell Johnny the truth, and then, supported by religion (as she thought of it), she would tell her son that it was his duty to come to her;—"nobody will know *why!* And he can't say 'no,' if Doctor Lavendar says, 'honor thy father and thy mother'!" That Doctor Lavendar would say this, she had no doubt whatever, for was he not a minister, and ministers always counseled people to obey the commandments! "But when I get him here, with Johnny, we must be by *ourselves*," she told herself; "I won't speak before *her!*"

So that was why Miss Lydia was not invited to supper when Johnny was—Johnny, and Doctor Lavendar! Mary Robertson was so tense all that September day when her two guests were expected, that her husband noticed it.

"You're not well, Mary?" he said.

"Oh yes, yes!" she said—she was pacing up and down, up and down, like a caged creature. "Carl, Doctor Lavendar is coming this evening."

"My dear, I think that is about the tenth time you have mentioned it! I should not call him a very exciting visitor."

"And Johnny is coming."

"Well, what of it? I hope Doctor Lavendar won't ask him to say his catechism!"

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As it happened, Johnny came first, and his mother was so eager to see him and touch him that, hearing his step, she ran to help him off with his coat —to his great embarrassment; then she came into the library clinging to his arm. Father and son said, "Hello, youngster!" and, "Hello, sir!" and Johnny added that it was beginning to rain like blazes.

"I sent the carriage for Doctor Lavendar," Mrs. Robertson said.

"He coming?" Johnny asked.

"Yes," she said; "he's a dear old man, Johnny, and"—she paused, then said, breathlessly, "*you must do whatever he wants you to do, Johnny.*"

The young man looked faintly interested. "What's she up to now?" he reflected; then began to talk to his father. But remembering his aunt Lydia's parting injunction, "Now Johnny, be nice to Mrs. Robertson," he spoke to his mother once in a while. Happening to catch the twinkle of her rings, he tried to be especially "nice":

"When I get rich, I'm going to buy Aunty a diamond ring like yours, Mrs. Robertson."

"I'll give you one of mine, if you'll wear it," she said, eagerly. Johnny's guffaw of laughter ended in a droll look at his father, who said:

"My dear Mary! This *cub*, and a diamond ring?"

She was too absorbed in loving her child to be hurt by his bad manners, and, besides, at that moment Doctor Lavendar arrived, and she ran out into the hall to welcome him; as she took his hand she whispered:

"Doctor Lavendar, you will help me with Johnny? I am going to tell him. I'm going to tell him to-night!—and I depend on you to make him come to us."

The old man's face grew very grave; he looked at Mary, closely, standing there, clasping and unclasping her hands, but he did not answer her. Later, when they went out to the dining-room he was very silent, just watching Mary and listening to Johnny,—who laughed and talked (and was "nice" to his mother), and ate enormously, and who looked, sitting there at his grandfather's old table, as much like the new Mr. Smith as twenty-three can look like seventy-eight!

"Well," the young fellow said, friendly and confidential to the company at large, "what do you suppose? It's settled—my career."

"I hope that means Robertson and Carey," Mr. Robertson said. He glanced over at his son with a sort of aching pride in his strength and carelessness. "I've offered this youngster a place in my firm," he explained to Doctor Lavendar, who said:

"Have you, indeed?"

"No," Johnny said, "it doesn't mean Carey and Robertson, though you're mighty kind, Mr. Robertson. But you see I can't leave Old Chester. It would pull Aunt Lydia up by the roots to leave Old Chester, and of course I couldn't go without her."

Mary's plump hand, with its shining rings, clenched sharply on the tablecloth; she drew in her breath, but she said nothing.

"Well, what are you going to do?" Carl said, not daring to meet his wife's eyes.

"Aunt Lydia got a job for me in Mr. Dilworth's hardware-store."

His mother cried out—then checked herself. "Miss Lydia ought not to have thought of such a thing!" she said; she tried to speak quietly, but her breath came quickly.

"Mary!" her husband warned her.

John's face darkened. "Aunty ought always to do whatever she does do," he said.

"Of course," his father agreed, soothingly.

"I only meant," Mary explained, in a frightened voice, "that a hardware store isn't much of a chance for a man like you."

"It means staying in Old Chester with Aunty," he explained; "she's not very well now, Mrs. Robertson," he ended and sighed. His strong, rather

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harsh face softened and sobered. "Beside, as for its not being a chance for *me*—I mean to make Rome howl with a Mercer branch! You see, Aunty bought a half interest for me. The Lord knows where she got the money! Saved it out of her food all these years, I guess."

"She didn't apparently save it out of your food," Doctor Lavendar said, dryly; "I believe you weigh two hundred, Johnny."

"Only a hundred and eighty-four," the young man assured him.

Mary, listening, was tingling all over; she had planned a very cautious approach to the truth, which was to give her son back to her. She meant at first to hint, and then to admit, and then declare her *right* to his love. But that Miss Lydia should without consulting Johnny's father and mother, have committed him to such business—"*my son* in a hardware store!" Mary thought—that Miss Lydia should have *dared*! "He's mine—he's mine—he's mine! . . . Of course," she was saying to herself as they went back to the library after dinner,—"of course, he'll give it up the minute he knows who he is. But I hate her!"

The room, in the September dusk, was lighted only by a lamp on the big desk; the windows opening on the garden were raised, for it was hot after the rain, and the air blew in, fragrant with wet leaves and the scent of some late roses. Johnny's father, sinking down in a great leather chair, watched the young, vigorous figure standing in front of the mantelpiece, smoking and, after the fashion of his years, laying down the law for the improvement of the world. Doctor Lavendar did not look at Johnny, but at his mother, who stood clutching the corner of the big desk—that desk at which one September night twenty-three years ago, Johnny's grandfather had been sitting when Miss Lydia came into the library. . . .

"Mary, my dear, aren't you going to sit down?" said Doctor Lavendar.

She did not seem to hear him. "Look here," she said, harshly; "I can't stand it—I won't stand it—"

Carl sprang up and laid his hand on her arm. "Mary!" he said, under his breath, "*please*," he besought her; "for God's sake—don't—don't—"

"Johnny, you belong to me," Mary said.

John Smith, his cigar half-way to his lips, paused, bewildered and alarmed. "Isn't she well?" he said, in a low voice to Doctor Lavendar.

"I'm perfectly well. But I'm going to speak. Doctor Lavendar will tell you I have a right to speak! Tell him so, Doctor Lavendar."

"She has the right to speak," the old man said.

"You hear that?" said the mother. "He says I have a right to you!"

"I didn't say that," said Doctor Lavendar.

"Miss Lydia sha'n't have you any longer. You are *mine*, Johnny—*mine*. I want you, and I'm going to have you!"

John Smith's face went white; he put his cigar down on the mantelpiece, went across the long room, closed the door into the hall, then came back and looked at his mother. No one spoke. Doctor Lavendar had bent his head and shut his eyes; he would not look at the three struggling souls before him. Silence tingled between them. Then slowly Johnny turned his eyes toward Mr. Robertson.

"And you—?"

"Yes," his father said. "John, you'll make the best of us won't you?"

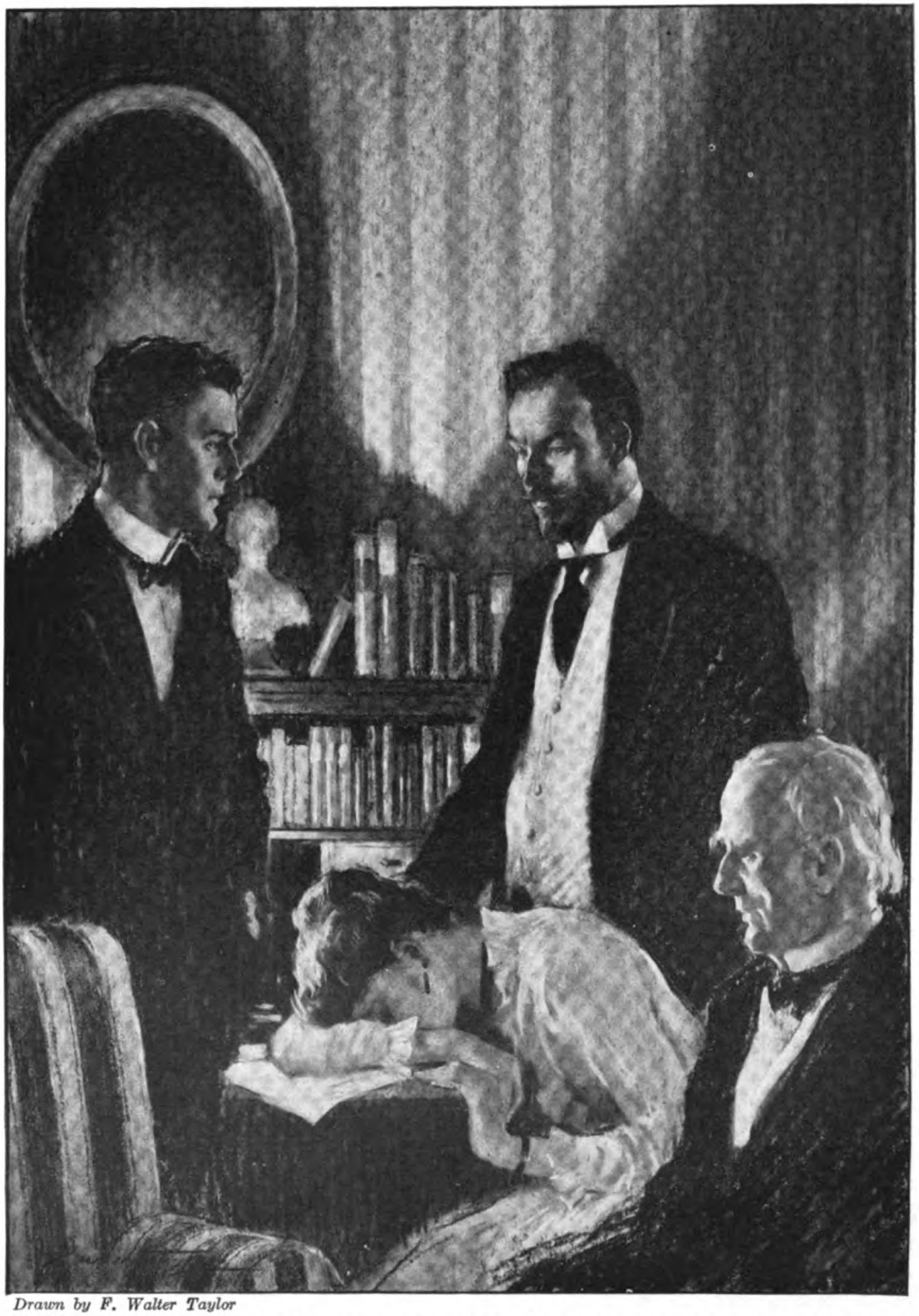
Again silence.

Then, unsteadily, and looking always at his father, John began to speak. "Of course it makes no difference to Aunt Lydia and me. We have our own life. But—I'm sorry, sir." He put his shaking hands into his pockets. "You and Mrs. Robertson—"

"Oh, say 'mother'! Say 'mother'!" she cried out.

"—have been very kind to me, always"—he paused, in a sudden, realiz-

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Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

THE PAIN OF IT ALL HAD BEGUN TO PENETRATE HIS PASSIONATE LOYALTY

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ing adjustment: their "kindness," then, had not been the flattery he had supposed? It was just—love? "Awfully kind," he said, huskily. "Once I did wonder . . . then I thought it couldn't be, because—because, you see, I've always liked you, sir," he ended, awkwardly.

Carl Robertson was dumb.

"I've told you," his mother said, trembling—her fingers, catching at the sheet of blotting-paper on the desk, tore off a scrap of it, rolled it, twisted it, then pulled off another scrap—"I've told you, because you are to come to us. You are to take our name—your name." She paused, swallowing hard, and struggling to keep the tears back. "You are *ours*, not hers. People thought you were hers, and it just about killed me."

Instantly the blood rushed into John Smith's face; his eyes blazed. "What!" he stammered; "what? You knew that?" . . . His upper lip slowly lifted, and Doctor Lavendar saw his set teeth. "*You* knew that some damned fools thought *that* of my aunt Lydia? Are you my mother, and yet you could allow— My God!" he said.

She did not realize what she had done; she began to reassure him, frantically.

"No one shall ever know! No one will ever guess—"

Doctor Lavendar shook his head. "Mary," he warned her, "we must be known, even as also we know, before we enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

They did not listen to him.

"You mean," John said, "that you won't let it be known that you are—my mother?"

"No, never! never! It couldn't be known—I promise you."

"Thank you," said John Smith, sardonically,—and Doctor Lavendar held up protesting hands. But no one looked at him.

"It would only be supposed," Carl said, "that, being childless people, we would make you our son. Nothing, as your mother says, would need to be known."

"How could you 'make me your son' and not have it known?"

"I mean by law," his father explained. "There was a 'law' that made me your son twenty-three years ago. That's the only law that counts. You broke it when I was born. Can I be born again?"

"Yes," said Doctor Lavendar.

"You deserted me," Johnny said, "and Aunt Lydia took me. Shall I be like you, and desert her? Little Aunt Lydia!" He gave a furious sob. "I'm *not* like you!" he said.

"He means," Carl said to his wife, quietly, though his face was gray—"he means he wants us to acknowledge him. Mary, I'm willing. Are you?"

Doctor Lavendar lifted his bowed head, and his old eyes were suddenly eager with hope. Johnny's mother stood looking at her child, her face twisted with tears.

"*Must* I, to get him?" she gasped.

"No," Johnny said; "it is quite unnecessary." He smiled, so cruelly that his father's hands clenched; but his mother only said, in passionate relief, "Oh, you are good!" And the hope in Doctor Lavendar's eyes flickered out.

"Nothing will ever be known?" her son repeated, still smiling. "Well, then, Mrs. Robertson, I thank you for 'nothing.'"

Doctor Lavendar frowned, and Mary recoiled as though he had struck her. Carl Robertson cried out:

"Stop! You shall not speak so to your mother! I'm ashamed of your, sir!"

But the mother ran forward and caught at her son's arm. "Oh, but I will make it known! I will say who you are! I'll say you are mine! I will—I will—"

"You can't, for I'm not," he said.

She was clinging to him, but he looked over her head, eye to eye with his father. "How can I be her son, when she let people here in Old Chester believe that Aunt Lydia—"

"Johnny," said Doctor Lavendar, "it

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didn't make the slightest difference to Miss Lydia."

The young man turned upon him. "Doctor Lavendar, these two people didn't own me, even when a pack of fools believed—" He choked over what the fools believed. "They let them think *that*, of Aunt Lydia! As for this—this lady being my 'mother'—What's 'mother' but a word? Aunt Lydia may not be my mother, but I am her son. Yes—yes—I am."

"You are," Doctor Lavendar agreed.

John turned and looked at his father. "I'm sorry for *him*," he said to Doctor Lavendar.

"We will acknowledge you to-morrow," Carl Robertson said.

"I won't acknowledge you," his son flung back at him. "All these years you have hidden behind Aunty. Stay hidden. I won't betray you."

Mary had dropped down into her father's chair; her face was covered by her hands on the desk. Her breath came like a moan. Her husband bent over her and put his arms about her.

"Mary," he said, in a whisper, "forgive me; I brought it on you—my poor Mary!" Then he stood up and looked at his son in suffering silence. "I don't blame you," he said, simply.

At that, suddenly, John Smith broke. The pain of it all had begun to penetrate his passionate loyalty. For a moment there was silence, except for Mary's sobs. Then Johnny said hoarsely, "Mr. Robertson, I'm—sorry. I—I—guess I'll go home."

"John," said Doctor Lavendar, "your Aunt Lydia would want you to be kind."

Carl Robertson shook his head. "We don't want kindness, Doctor Lavendar. I guess we don't want anything he can give. Good-by, boy," he said.

His son, passing him, caught at his hand and wrung it. "Goo'-by," he said, roughly. There were tears in his eyes. His hand was on the knob of the front door when Doctor Lavendar called after him:

"Johnny, wait a minute, will you? Give me an arm; I'm going to walk home."

The young man, out in the hall putting on his hat and coat, frowned, and set his jaw.

"I'll wait," he called back, briefly; and a minute later the door of the new Mr. Smith's house closed upon his grandson and the old minister.

It had begun to rain again, and the driveway was very dark—as dark as that other September night when Johnny's mother had cringed back from Miss Lydia's little leading hand while they had hurried along under the big trees. It was her son who hurried now. . . .

"Not so fast, Johnny," said Doctor Lavendar.

"Excuse me, sir." He was tense with the effort to walk slowly, but he fell into step with the old man . . . . They were nearly at the gate before there was any speech between them. Then Johnny said:

"There's no use saying anything to me, Doctor Lavendar!"

"I haven't said anything, John."

"They got you here to—to influence me! I saw through it the minute—she began. But I never forgive," Johnny said; "I want you to understand that!" He was hurrying again. The old man pressed a little on his arm.

"I'm sorry to be so slow, Johnny."

"Oh—excuse me, sir. I didn't realize. . . . She threw me away. I've thrown her away. There's no use saying anything to me!"

Doctor Lavendar was silent.

"I tell you, I won't have anything to do with them—with her, I mean. He's not so bad. I—I like him—in spite of—of everything. But she deserted me when I was born."

"It is certainly cruel to desert a newborn thing," said Doctor Lavendar.

John Smith agreed, violently—and again his upper lip lifted.

"I think," said Doctor Lavendar. "something has been born to-night—" He was very much out of breath.

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"I'm walking too fast again? I beg your pardon, sir," the boy said.

"Suppose we stand still for a minute," said Doctor Lavendar.

They stood still. "She deserted me," John said: his anger was deadly. "There is nothing to be said in excuse. Nothing."

"Desertion can never be excused," the old man agreed; "and, as you say, when your body was born, she left it. To-night her soul has been born. Do you mean to desert it, John?"

"Even a dog doesn't leave her pups!" John said.

("His grandfather over again!" Doctor Lavendar thought.) Yet it was to that inherited brutality that he made his appeal:

"No; a mother has to be either a little more or a little less than an animal to desert her offspring,"! Doctor Lavendar said; the young man's furious agreement broke off in the middle:

"What do you mean by that?"

"Shame is a strange thing," said Doctor Lavendar; "it can lift us up to heaven or push us down to hell. An animal doesn't know shame."

"You mean that—that woman—?"

"I mean your—Mrs. Robertson, was ashamed, John—" The young man was silent. "She tried to get away from shame by getting away from you. Now she knows that only by staying with you, could she really get away from it."

"I will *never* call her 'mother'!" Johnny burst out.

"Miss Lydia didn't stop to consider what she was going to call you; she just took care of you. Yet you weren't as helpless as that poor woman back there in that empty house. Johnny, her little weak soul, just born to-night, will die unless you take care of it."

The young man stood still, his hands clenched at his sides.

"You said desertion could not be excused. I am ashamed to be known as belonging to her!"

"That's just how she felt about you—*so she left you.*"

Silence, except for John Smith's panting breath.

"John," said Doctor Lavendar. "Go to your mother. Be kind to that helpless soul, as Miss Lydia was kind to your helpless body."

Still silence. Then suddenly, Mary's son flung Doctor Lavendar's hand from his arm.

"*I'll never live with them!*" he threw back at the old man,—and vanished in the shadows of his grandfather's driveway.

Doctor Lavendar stood still for a minute; then he drew a great breath of relief, and plodded on slowly into the rainy darkness.

(*The end.*)

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MARK TWAIN AND THE ART OF WRITING

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

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IN an after-dinner speech which Mark Twain made in 1907 in London at the Savage Club, he protested against an interviewer's having made him say that a certain address was "bully," and he asserted that this distressed him, because "I never use slang to an interviewer or anybody else," adding that if he could not describe that address without using slang, he would not describe it at all. "I would close my mouth and keep it closed, much as it would discomfort me."

Possibly a few of those who heard Mark make this assertion, and probably more than a few of those who have read it in the volume in which his speeches are collected, may have been surprised, and perhaps a little inclined to wonder whether Mark was not here indulging in his customary humorous unveracity. Some of them may have recalled the slang which fell unbroken from the lips of Scotty Briggs when he was enlisting the services of the preacher for Buck Fanshawe's funeral.

But in saying that he never used slang to an interviewer or anybody else, Mark was only asserting what must be plain to every careful reader of his works and to every one who has had the delight of hearing him tell a story. In the person of Scotty Briggs, who knew no other way of expressing himself, Mark could disclose his knowledge of the energetic and boldly imaginative speech of the unlettered Westerners :

> Phrases such as camps may teach,
> Saber-cuts of Saxon speech.

In his own person, as Samuel L. Clemens, or in his assumed personality, as Mark Twain, he refrained from this well of English undefiled by pernicketty precisions, tempting as many of its vigorous vocables must have been to him, with his relish for verbal picturesqueness. He knew better than to yield to the easy allurement; and his English is as pure as it is nervous and direct and uncompromising. As he eschews slang, so he does not disfigure his pages with localisms, current only sectionally. He avoids dialectic peculiarities, however picturesque in themselves and however expressive. Of course, he lets his local characters express themselves in their local vernacular, and he took pride in the intimacy of his acquaintance with sectional vagaries of vocabulary. In an explanatory note, prefixed to *Huckleberry Finn*, he tells his readers that he has therein used a number of dialects:

> to wit: the Missouri negro dialect; the extremest form of the backwoods Southwestern dialect; the ordinary "Pike County" dialect; and four modified varieties of this last. The shadings have not been done in a haphazard fashion, or by guesswork; but painstakingly, and with the trustworthy guidance and support of personal familiarity with these several forms of speech.

To a friend who had inquired as to his collaboration with Bret Harte in an unsuccessful and unpublished play, "Ah Sin," he explained that they had talked out the plot and that he had played billiards while Bret wrote the play, adding: "Of course I had to go over it and get the dialect right. Bret never did know anything about dialect."

While Mark never conformed to the British standard, often insular, and sometimes parochial, he disclosed no individual aberrations either in vocabulary or in usage. The Americanisms he employs on occasion are all legitimate,

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in that they are what may be called American contributions to the language; and he enlists very few even of these.

With his sensitiveness to the form and color of words, he was acutely conscious of the many differences between our habitual speech and that of our kin across the sea. In a chapter, which was crowded out of *A Tramp Abroad* to find refuge later in a volume of his sketches, he tells us of an interview he had with an Englishman who complimented him on his English.

> I said I was obliged to him for his compliment—since I knew he meant it for one—but that I was not fairly entitled to it, for I did not speak English at all—I only spoke American.

Then he pointed out that he judged that even the educated classes in England had once dropped their h's in *humble* and *heroic* and *historic*,

> because your writers still keep up the fashion of putting *an* before those words, instead of *a*. This is what Mr. Darwin might call a rudimentary sign that an *an* was justifiable once and useful. . . . Correct writers of the American language do not put *an* before those words.

And he concluded by assuring his chance companion that

> if I wanted to, I could pile up differences here until I not only convinced you that English and American are separate languages, but that when I speak my native tongue in its utmost purity an Englishman can't understand it at all!

This final statement is the extravagant whimsy of a humorist. Yet it is a fact that Mark spoke his native tongue in its utmost purity, which is why every Englishman could understand him. He spoke pure English, as free from obtruded Americanisms as from obsolete Briticisms, the English current on both shores of "the salt, unplumbed, estranging sea," the English of Defoe and Bunyan, of Franklin and Lincoln. He knew that English was his native tongue, a birthright and not a loan or a gift; and he was content with its ample resources, seeking always the exact noun and the inexorable adjective. As Mr. Howells has put it with his delicate felicity, Mark "used English in all its alien derivations as if it were native to his own air, as if it had come up out of American, out of Missourian ground"; and Mr. Howells has also pointed out that Mark had a "single-minded use of words, which he employs as Grant did to express the plain, straight meaning their common acceptance has given them, with no regard to their structural significance or their philological implications. He writes English as if it were a primitive and not a derivative language, without Gothic or Latin or Greek behind it, or German or French beside it." And he adds that the word Mark prefers is "the Abraham Lincolnian word, not the Charles Sumnerian; it is American, Western."

There is a superstition among those who have been educated beyond their intelligence that no man can be a master of English who does not possess Latin at least, and perhaps French also. But this absurdity is exploded by the vital vigor of Bunyan and Defoe, not less than by that of Franklin and Lincoln, Grant and Mark Twain. And the vitality of Mark's English was a gainer also by that fact that to him English was always a spoken tongue; he wrote as he talked; but then he was always as careful in his choice of words when he talked as when he wrote. He imparted to the printed page the vivacity of the spoken word, its swiftness and its apparently unpremeditated ease. His sentences never seem labored, no matter how deeply they may have been meditated. In reading them they appear spontaneous; and, whatever the toil they may have cost him, they are not stained with the smoke of the casting or scratched with the mark of the file. Self-taught as he was, no apprentice to the craft of composition ever had a severer teacher. He so mastered the secrets of our stubborn tongue that he was able to write it as he spoke it, with precise accuracy and yet with flowing freedom.

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In this Mark, all unwittingly (for he was never interested in the history of critical theories), was only acting on the principle laid down two and a half centuries ago by Vaugelas, the linguistic lawgiver of the French:

> The rule is general and without exception, that what one does not say in speaking one ought never to say in writing.

And again:

> The greatest of all errors in the matter of writing is to think, as many do, that we must not write as we talk.

The same point had been made even earlier by the Italian Castiglione, in his once famous book on the *Courtier:*

> Writing is nothing but a form of speaking, which continues to exist after man has spoken, and is, as it were, an image of the words he utters. It is consequently reasonable to use greater diligence with a view to making what we write more polished and correct, yet not to do this so that the written words shall differ from the spoken, but only so that the best in spoken use shall be selected for our composition.

This is precisely what Mark trained himself to accomplish. He selected for his composition the best in spoken use. He profited by one of the advantages of writing as we speak, if only we are in the habit of speaking with due respect for the nobility of our tongue, that he did not cumber his pages with dead and gone words. Like every growing language, English has a host of words which have fallen into innocuous desuetude and are no longer understanded of the people. They may run off the pen of the pedantic, but they never fall from the lips of Mark Twain. He was a man of his own time, with no hankering after the archaic. His language is the living speech of those who have English for their mother-tongue, however scattered they may be on all the shores of all the seven seas.

In his *Autobiography*, from which only a few passages were published in his lifetime, Mark has told us that when he made the overland trip to Nevada (which he has described in *Roughing It*) he took with him Webster's Unabridged Dictionary—an early testimony to his desire to spy out the secrets of the mother-tongue. It was a cumbrous impediment, and its carriage was costly, since the stage-coach charged extra baggage by the ounce.

> And it wasn't a good dictionary, anyway—didn't have any modern words in it, only had obsolete ones that they used to use when Noah Webster was a child.

It must be noted also that Mark refrained from the employment of the newest words, the linguistic novelties which are on probation, as it were, which may in time win acceptance, but which for the moment are only colloquialisms, uncertain of their ultimate admission into the vocabulary as desirable citizens.

It was Mark's misfortune—in that it long delayed his recognition as a writer to be taken seriously—that he first won the favor of the public, in the United States and also in Great Britain with the *Innocents Abroad*, a book of robust humor, mirth-provoking and often rollicking in its extravagance. His readers thereafter looked into his successive volumes for the fun they were in search of, and, having found it, abundant and sparkling, they sought no further. If they had, they could not have failed to find other things also, not humorous, but grave and even pathetic. Yet even in the *Innocents Abroad*, which compelled their laughter, there are passages which ought to have arrested the attention of those who do not run as they read, passages which proved that Mark was no mere clown, grinning through a horse-collar, and applying mechanically the formulas of John Phœnix and Artemus Ward. There is, for example, the meditation before the Sphinx:

> The great face was so sad, so earnest, so longing, so patient. There was a dignity not of earth in its mien, and in its countenance a

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benignity such as never anything human wore. It was stone, but it seemed sentient. If ever image of stone thought, it was thinking. It was looking toward the verge of the landscape, yet looking *at* nothing—nothing but distance and vacancy. It was looking over and beyond everything of the present, and far into the past. It was gazing out over the ocean of Time—over lines of century waves which, further and further receding, closed nearer and nearer together, and blended at last into one unbroken tide, away toward the horizon of remote antiquity. It was thinking of the wars of departed ages; of the empires it had seen created and destroyed; of the nations whose birth it had witnessed, whose progress it had watched, whose annihilation it had noted; of the joy and sorrow, life and death, the grandeur and decay, of five thousand slow revolving years. It was the type of an attribute of man—a faculty of his heart and brain. It was *Memory—Retrospection*—wrought into visible, tangible form. All who know what pathos there is in memories of days that are accomplished and faces that have vanished —albeit only a trifling score of years gone by —will have some appreciation of the pathos that dwells in those grave eyes that look so steadfastly back upon the things they knew before History was born—before Tradition had being—things that were, and forms that moved, in a vague era which even Poetry and Romance scarce know of—and passed one by one away and left the stony dreamer solitary in the midst of a strange new age, and uncomprehended scenes.

This description of a work of man must be companioned by the description of a work of nature, contained in his second book of European travel, *A Tramp Abroad.* It is a vision of the Jungfrau, seen from Interlaken:

This was the mighty dome of the Jungfrau softly outlined against the sky and faintly silvered by the starlight. There was something subduing in the influence of that silent and solemn and awful presence; one seemed to meet the immutable, the indestructible, the eternal, face to face, and to feel the trivial and fleeting nature of his own existence the more sharply by the contrast. One had the sense of being under the brooding contemplation of a spirit, not an inert mass of rocks and ice—a spirit which had looked down through the slow drift of the ages, upon a million vanished races of men, and judged them; and would judge a million more—and still be there, watching, unchanged and unchangeable, after all life should be gone and the earth have become a vacant desolation.

In the writings of how many of the authors of the nineteenth century could the beauty and the power of these passages be equaled? Could they be surpassed in any of them?

The Innocents Abroad was published in 1869 and *A Tramp Abroad* in 1879, and in the course of the decade which intervened between these books Mark was called up to speak at a dinner of the New England Society in New York. He chose as his topic the subject which forms the staple of our casual conversation, the weather. And never before had the demerits of the New England climate been delineated and denounced with such vigor and such veracity. Never before had Mark displayed more exuberantly the wealth of his whimsy. And then at the very end he made a plea in extenuation for the misdeeds of the culprit he had held up to derision.

But, after all, there is at least one thing about that weather (or, if you please, effects produced by it) which we residents would not like to part with. If we hadn't our bewitching autumn foliage, we should still have to credit the weather with one feature which compensates for all its bullying vagaries—the ice-storm, when a leafless tree is clothed with ice from the bottom to the top—ice that is as bright and clear as crystal; when every bough and twig is strung with ice-beads, frozen dew-drops, and the whole tree sparkles cold and white, like the Shah of Persia's diamond plume. Then the wind waves the branches and the sun comes out and turns all those myriads of beads and drops to prisms that glow and burn and flash with all manner of colored fires, which change and change again with inconceivable rapidity from blue to red, from red to green, and green to gold—the tree becomes a spraying fountain, a very explosion of dazzling jewels; and it stands there the acme, the climax, the supremest possibility in art or nature, of be-

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wildering, intoxicating, intolerable magnificence.

Only by quotation is it possible to indicate the sustaining dignity of Mark's thought, his interpreting imagination, the immeasurable range of his vocabulary, the delicate precision of his choice of words, and the certainty of his construction. To the three passages already chosen for this purpose, it is impossible not to append a fourth, taken from one of the last papers that he penned with his own hand—the account of the death of his youngest daughter, Jean, only four months before he was himself to die. It was written at intervals, after he was awakened on the morning before Christmas by the sudden announcement, "Miss Jean is dead!" and during the days that intervened until she was laid away by the side of her mother, her brother, and her elder sister. He did not write it for publication; it was too intimate for that; but he told his future biographer that if it was thought worthy, it could appear as the final chapter in the *Autobiography*, whenever that should at last be printed. In these broken paragraphs, set down from hour to hour while he was stunned by the blow, he attains to the severest simplicity—the sincere simplicity of the deepest feeling. The selections must be few and brief:

> Jean lies yonder, I sit here; we are strangers under our own roof; we kissed hands good-by at this door last night—and it was forever, we never suspecting it. She lies there, and I sit here—writing, busying myself, to keep my heart from breaking. How dazzling the sunshine is flooding the hills around! It is like a mockery.
>
> Seventy-four years twenty-four days ago. Seventy-four years old yesterday. Who can estimate my age to-day?
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Would I bring her back to life if I could do it? I would not. If a word would do it, I would beg for strength to withhold the word. And I would have the strength; I am sure of it. In her loss I am almost bankrupt, and my life is a bitterness, but I am content: for she has been enriched with the most precious of all gifts—that gift which makes all other gifts mean and poor—death.

It is not a little curious that few of those who have written about Mark Twain have called attention to his mastery of style, and that even fewer have paid any attention to the essays and the letters in which he himself discussed the art of writing. Perhaps this is just as well, since his own work has been judged free from any bias aroused by his criticism of other men's writing. It may have been a disadvantage to Howells and Henry James and Robert Louis Stevenson that they approved themselves as critics as well as novelists, and that they were frank in expressing their opinions and in formulating their theories about the art of fiction and the art of writing; and it may be that the reticence in regard to these matters observed by Hawthorne and Hardy and Kipling is wiser. Mark's ventures into criticism are not many, but they are significant; and they shed light upon his own artistic standards.

There is illumination, for example, in one of the maxims of Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar: "As to the Adjective: when in doubt, strike it out." It would be useful to have that stamped in gold on the border of the blotting-pad of many a man of letters. And there are other remarks equally suggestive, scattered through his letters and through his essays on Howells as a master of English, on "Fenimore Cooper's Literary Offences" and "In Defense of Harriet Shelley."

The predisposing condition which led Mark to take up his pen in defense of Shelley's wife was his manly detestation of insinuating insincerity; and the exciting cause was his perusal of Dowden's unfortunate biography of her husband. Mark was moved to wrath, as well he might be, by Dowden's special pleading, by his maneuvers to whiten Shelley by blackening Shelley's wife. Mark begins by a characterization of Dowden's style:

> Our negroes in America have several ways of entertaining themselves which are not

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found among the whites anywhere. Among these inventions of theirs is one which is particularly popular with them. It is a competition in elegant deportment. . . . A cake is provided as a prize for the winner in the competition. . . . One at a time the contestants enter, clothed regardless of expense in which each considers the perfection of style and taste, and walk down the vacant central space and back again. . . . All that the competitor knows of fine airs and graces he throws into his carriage, all that he knows of seductive expression he throws into his countenance. . . . They call it a cake-walk. The Shelley biography is a literary cake-walk. The ordinary forms of speech are absent from it. All the pages, all the paragraphs walk by sedately, elegantly, not to say mincingly, in their Sunday best, shiny and sleek, perfumed, and with *boutonnières* in their buttonholes; it is rare to find even a chance sentence that has forgotten to dress.

From this expressive characterization it is plain that Dowden had a liking for what Kipling has described as "the Bouverie-Byzantine style, with baroque and rococo embellishments," and that Mark Twain did not share this liking. He detested pretense and pretentiousness. Affectation in all its myriad aspects was ever abhorrent to him, and what he most relished in an author was a straightforward concreteness of presentation. We may be sure that he would have approved Brunetière's assertion that

> a good writer is simply one who says all he means to say, who says only what he means to say, and who says it exactly as he meant to say it.

It was the false tone and the unfair intent of Dowden's book which compelled Mark to his merciless exposure. In his less carefully controlled essay on "Fenimore Cooper's Literary Offenses," he impales the author of "The Leather Stocking Tales" for the verbal inaccuracies not infrequent in Cooper's pages. Mark declares that the rules for good writing require that

> an author shall *say* what he is proposing to say, not merely come near it; use the right word, not its second cousin; eschew surplusage; not omit necessary details; avoid slovenliness of form; use good grammar; and employ a simple and straightforward style.

He insists that all seven of these rules, of these precepts for correct composition, "are coldly and persistently violated in *The Deerslayer* tale."

A little later in his searching criticism Mark becomes more specific. He tells us that

> Cooper's word-sense was singularly dull. When a person has a poor ear for music he will flat and sharp right along without knowing it. He keeps near the tune, but it is *not* the tune. When a person has a poor ear for words, the result is a literary flatting and sharping; you perceive what he is intending to say, but you also perceive that he doesn't *say* it. This is Cooper. He was not a word-musician. His ear was satisfied with the *approximate* word.

Even an ardent admirer of the broad, bold pictures of life in the green forest and on the blue water painted in *The Last of the Mohicans* and in *The Pilot* cannot but admit that there is not a little justice in Mark's disparaging criticism. Cooper is not a word-musician; he sometimes flats and sharps, and he is often content when he has happened on the approximate term. But the seven rules here cited, while they cast light on Cooper's deficiencies, also illuminate Mark's own standards of style. He was annoyed by Cooper's occasional carelessness in the use of words, as many other readers must have been; but Mark is more annoyed than most of these other readers because his own practice had made him inexorable in precision. He himself was never satisfied with the approximate word; he never flatted or sharped; he had a word-sense that was always both acute and alert.

Although he never prepared a paper on Walter Scott's literary offenses, Mark held that the author of *Guy Mannering* had been guilty of verbal misdemeanors as heinous as those of the author of *The Last of the Mohicans*. And in a letter

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that he wrote to me in 1903 he asked a series of questions which he obviously held to be unanswerable:

> Are there in Sir Walter's novels passages done in good English—English which is neither slovenly nor involved? Are there passages whose English is not poor and thin and commonplace, but of a quality above that? Did he know how to write English, and didn't do it because he didn't want to? Did he use the right word only when he couldn't think of another one, or did he run so much to wrong because he didn't know the right one when he saw it?

Here again the loyal lover of *Quentin Durward* and of *The Heart of Midlothian* cannot deny that there are inaccuracies and inelegancies in Scott's flowing pages, and quite enough of them to make it a little difficult to enter a general denial of all these piercing queries. Scott did not take his fiction over-seriously. He was, as Carlyle put it bluntly, "improvising novels to buy farms with." His style, like his construction, is sometimes careless, not to call it reckless. Mark had trained himself to be careful and to take delight in the dexterities of verbal adjustment, and this had made him intolerant of the verbal untidiness, so to term it, perhaps not so frequent in Scott as in Cooper, but far too frequent in both of them, even if their works had major merits which Mark was led to overlook in his disgust at their minor lapses from rhetorical propriety.

Besides calling attention to these linguistic deficiencies, Mark takes occasion in the essay on Cooper and in the letter on Scott to express his dislike for their stories, merely as stories. He holds that Cooper violated the rules which require that "a tale shall accomplish something and arrive somewhere"; that "the episodes of a tale shall be necessary parts of the tale, and shall help to develop it"; that "the personages in a tale shall be alive, except in the case of corpses, and that always the reader shall be able to tell the corpses from the others"; and that "the personages in a tale, both dead and alive, shall exhibit a sufficient excuse for being there." He asks whether Scott has "personages whose acts and talk correspond with their characters as described by him?" Whether he has "heroes and heroines whom the reader admires, admires and knows *why?* Whether he has "funny characters that are funny, and humorous passages that are humorous?" And he asserts that

> it is impossible to feel an interest in these bloodless shams, these milk-and-water humbugs. And, oh, the poverty of the invention! Not poverty in inventing situations, but poverty in furnishing reasons for them.

Here we come face to face with one of Mark's most obvious limitations as a critic of literature—he is implacable in applying the standards of to-day to the fiction of yesterday. Despite their occasional slovenliness of diction and their constant heaping up of adventure upon adventure, Scott and Cooper could create individual characters, standing upright on their own feet and dominating the situations in which they are immeshed. But both of these bold storytellers did this in their own fashion, in the fashion of their own time, for they knew no other; and they could not foresee that their methods would be demoded in fivescore years. Mr. Howells was right when he declared that the art of fiction is a finer art now than it was only half a century ago. Of course it is, and so is the art of the drama and the art of painting also. And equally, of course, this declaration carries with it no implication that the artists of the present are mightier than the masters of the past. There were giants in those days, as we all know, but these giants were not armed and equipped with the weapons of precision now available for men of only ordinary stature. The state of the art—whichever this art may be, fiction or drama or painting—is never stationary; and its processes are continually modified and multiplied.

One explanation for Mark's error of judgment is probably that he is a realist, with all the realist's abiding abhorrence

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for romanticism, wilful, arbitrary and highflown, for its striving for vivid external effects, and for the departure from veracity which this seeking entails. He so detested the attitude of Scott and Cooper, he was so painfully annoyed by their frequent failure to pierce below the surface that he blinded himself to their major merits, to the outstanding qualities which make them majestic figures in the history of fiction, however old-fashioned their way of telling a story and however blundering their use of language. But this explanation will not serve to elucidate the reason for his hatred of Jane Austen's novels. She was also a realist and a humorist—and her style is not open to the strictures which Scott and Cooper invite by their haste in composition. Yet he once wrote to a friend that he had often wanted to criticize Jane Austen,

> but her books madden me so that I can't conceal my frenzy from the reader, and therefore I have to stop every time I begin. Every time I read *Pride and Prejudice* I want to dig her up and beat her over the skull with her own shin-bone!

There is no denying the vernacular vigor of this whimsical ebullition. Mark knew well enough what he did not like; but why didn't he like Jane Austen? And the answer is far to seek. Perhaps it is that Jane Austen is a miniaturist of exquisite discretion, not a mural painter—because she molds Tanagra figurines and not the Winged Victory, because her little miracles of delicate observation seemed to him only the carving of cherry-stones. Her field is limited and her vision, keen as it is, is restricted, whereas Mark was wont to survey the full spectroscope of American life—that spectroscope which may seem at times to be almost a kaleidescope. It may be, however, that the explanation lies a little deeper in the difference between the clever spinster of Winchester and the robust humorist of Hannibal, Missouri; it may be that with Mark's ingrained democracy he was outraged by Jane's placid and complacent acceptance of a semi-feudal social organization, stratified like a chocolate layer-cake, with petty human fossils in its lower formations.

It is only fair to note that Mark never wrote a criticism of Jane Austen, although he once went out of his way (in *Following the Equator*) to speak of her disparagingly. He expressed his desire to desecrate her grave only in a letter to an intimate, familiar with his imaginative exaggeration. In the same letter he confessed that he had no right to criticize books, because he could not keep his temper. "I don't do it, except when I hate them." He hated Dowden's biography of Shelley, and for good reason, since it is intellectually dishonest. He persuaded himself that he hated Cooper's *Deerslayer*, and admirers of "The Leather Stocking Tales" must admit that he had a case, even if he does not win a verdict from the jury.

Once, and once only, was he moved to criticism, not by hate, but by love, by a sincere appreciation of the superb craftsmanship of a fellow-practitioner of the art of fiction. His unbroken friendship with Howells is one of the most salient in all the long history of literature, worthy to be set by the side of those of Molière and Boileau, Goethe and Schiller, Emerson and Carlyle. It endured cloudless for twoscore years, and its full significance will not appear until the letters they interchanged are collected and published. Four years before he died Mark wrote a brief essay on Howells. It is a study of style, of Howells's command over the language, of the characteristics which combine to make Howells one of the indisputable masters of our stubborn speech.

> For forty years his English has been to me a continual delight and astonishment. In the sustained exhibition of certain great qualities—clearness, compression, verbal exactness, and unforced and seemingly unconscious felicity of phrasing—he is, in my belief, without his peer in the English-writing world. . . . There are others who exhibit

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those great qualities as greatly as does he, but only by intervaled distributions of rich moonlight, with stretches of veiled and dimmer landscape between; whereas Howells's moon sails cloudless skies all night and all the nights.

Mark finds in Howells's writing the very virtue which he failed to find in Cooper's (who worked, it must again be pointed out, more than fourscore years earlier).

In the matter of verbal exactness Mr. Howells has no superior, I suppose. He seems to be almost always able to find that elusive and shifty grain of gold, the *right word*. Others have to put up with approximations more or less frequently; he has better luck. To me, the others are miners working with the gold-pan—of necessity some of the gold washes over and escapes; whereas, in my fancy, he is quicksilver raiding down a riffle—no grain of the metal stands much chance of eluding him.

And then Mark gives us an explanation certain to be quoted again and again in our future manuals of composition:

A powerful agent is the right word; it lights the reader's way and makes it plain; a close approximation to it will answer, and much traveling is done in a well-enough fashion by its help, but we do not welcome it and applaud it and rejoice in it as we do when *the* right one blazes out on us. Whenever we come upon one of those intensely right words in a book or a newspaper the resulting effect is physical as well as spiritual, and electrically prompt; it tingles exquisitely around through the walls of the mouth and tastes as tart and crisp and good as the autumn-butter that creams the sumac-berry.

These quotations reveal Mark's own standards of style as sharply as they illuminate Howells's practice. And this quotation, the last of all, imposes itself because it exemplifies Mark's own mercurial clutch on the right word:

As concerns his humor, I will not try to say anything, yet I would try, if I had the words that might approximately reach up to its high place. I do not think anyone else can play with humorous fancies so gracefully and delicately and deliciously as he does, nor has so many to play with, nor can come so near making them look as if they were doing the playing themselves and he was not aware they were at it. For they are unobtrusive and quiet in their ways and well conducted. His is a humor which flows softly all around about and over and through the mesh of the page, pervasive, refreshing, health-giving, and makes no more show and no more noise than does the circulation of the blood.

Did any humorist ever praise another with a more absolute understanding and with a more certain insight into the essence of the best humor?

THE HAUNTED HEART

BY JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE

I AM not wholly yours, for I can face
A world without you in the years to be,
And think of love that has been given me
By other men and wear it as a grace;
Yes, even in your arms there is a space
That yet might widen to infinity,
And deep within your eyes I still can see
Old memories that I cannot erase.
But let these ghostly tenants of the heart
Stay on unchallenged through the changing days
And keep their shadowy leaseholds without fear,
Then if the hour should come when we must part,
We know that we shall go on haunted ways,
Each to the end inalienably dear.

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THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL OF MINDANAO

BY PHILIP CURTISS

BINGHAM was opening his mail. "Do you want to make a fortune?" he asked, casually.

"No," I replied.

"All right," retorted Bingham, cheerfully, and with heightened interest he went on reading the letter he held in his hand.

It was a dull, hot September afternoon at the club. One sole occupant of the reading-room rattled a newspaper in a fussy, irritating way, while the only other man in the lounge was fast asleep with his feet on *The Army and Navy Journal*. In the latticed summer dining-room, to the rear, a lone waiter whisked at flies with a spotted menu card. Only the linen covers of the lounge chairs were cool, and even they not for long. I tossed my head pettishly against one of them, dreaming vainly of things in tall glasses. At last, from sheer boredom, I nibbled feebly at Bingham's bait.

"What is it?" I asked, "oil stocks?"

Without remark Bingham handed me an odd, foreign-looking letter.

I studied the unfamiliar stamp with its profile of some youngish king, then drew out a large double sheet, surmounted by a crest and displaying long columns of figures. Bingham had thrown down his other letters to watch me.

"What is it?" I asked.

"That," replied Bingham, "is an invitation to participate in the Royal Danish State Lottery. They send them to me every little while. Why, I don't know."

I studied the columns of prizes which one might gain by a small, well-chosen investment.

"What's a 'kr'?" I asked. "'Kr 1,000,000?' Is it as much as it sounds?"

"Krone," explained Bingham, with practiced glibness. "That's about the same as a shilling, I think. As nearly as I can figure, the lucky boy stands to win a quarter of a million dollars."

I looked at him suspiciously. "Have you been trying it?" I demanded.

"No," replied Bingham, slowly, "but I've often wondered—"

"That's enough!" I retorted. "You're done for! That's the way they all start."

Bingham was unusually cheerful for a hot, dry afternoon.

"No, not at all," he replied. "I was just wondering how it would feel—" Then he looked up suddenly and his jaw dropped. Another man had come in and was trying to blow out the stem of his pipe into the fireplace. The man turned and caught sight of Bingham just as Bingham caught sight of him. His jaw dropped, too, and Bingham burst into a hearty laugh.

"Well, well, well," he exclaimed. "Come home and all is forgiven."

The other man laughed, but as he advanced toward us there was in his manner a notable air of doubt. Bingham waved his hand toward my chair. "You remember Sandy—Sandy McMahon, don't you?"

"That isn't the point," suggested the newcomer. "The point is, does Mr. McMahon remember *me*?"

The coming of our friend Bracken was the most refreshing thing that could have happened that deadly hot afternoon, and both of us brightened visibly. I say "friend" for, although both Bingham and I had seen Mr. Bracken but once in our lives, neither of us would ever forget him. He had, on that single occasion, told us a most remarkable tale

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about a crocodile and a British governor's daughter which had endeared him to Bingham and me for life, but which had not had the same effect on Mullin, who had also been present. Mullin is a type of citizen which is no doubt necessary for our civilization, but which is only a nuisance around a camp fire.

As for Bingham, he should be an impresario. He isn't really awfully bright himself, but he has a genius for bringing out the best in other people. With unfailing instinct he picked the lottery advertisement out of my hand and passed it to Bracken.

"Did you ever see one of these?" he asked.

Bracken read it with interest. "I never saw one of *those*," he replied, "but I've seen some like it. In all the Spanish-American countries—"

Bingham sat up with glee. "Now we're getting to it. 'It was a dark and stormy night. In a cave, around a fire, sat twelve robbers. And the leader arose and said, "Dominguez, my boy, tell us one of your famous stories."' "

Bracken laughed, but in protest. "No, honest," he argued, "in all the Spanish-American countries they really do—"

"Oh, if it's true, don't tell it," retorted Bingham, sinking back into his chair. "I was hoping that the sight of that foreign stamp would bring to your mind the scents of the oakum trees and the native sampans and the gaudy juju birds with their brilliant plumage along the ambassadors' drive at Malacca. I hoped you would out with some tale of far Kashmir."

Bracken scratched his head ruefully. "Well, to tell the truth, the sight of that lottery sheet did remind me of the time—"

"We're off!" shouted Bingham. "Wait a minute," he added. "This ought not to be wasted on Sandy and me. Let's see if I can't scrape up a public."

"Oh, I say!" protested Bracken, but Bingham had already turned around and at that minute little Willy Warren strolled into the room with his cane on his arm and his teeth in the foreground. Bingham and I saw him at the same instant.

"Fate sent him," I murmured, and Bingham beckoned violently.

"Oh, Willy, come over here and be sociable. Don't keep to yourself like a clam."

It wasn't often that any one wanted Willy Warren. It was almost pathetic, the way that Willy did not fall into the trap, but swam in.

"Willy," said Bingham, "I want you to meet Mr. Bracken."

"What name?" asked Willy. That describes Willy Warren. There is no need to say any more.

"Mr. Bracken," explained Bingham, "was just about to tell us of a very curious thing that once happened to him in— Where was it, Bracken?"

"It was in the Philippines," said Bracken, "in Manila."

I heard a rustle on the other side of the room and saw that the man who had been asleep on *The Army and Navy Journal* had turned over on his side and begun to blink his eyes at our group. Bracken paused as he filled his pipe slowly and began to fish in his pockets for matches. Bingham and I, knowing that at that moment he had no more idea of what he was going to say than we had, were glad to let him have all the time that he wanted. I was morally certain that Bracken had never been west of San Francisco in his life. He was playing for time. Willy Warren, however, leaped to fill what he thought was the breach. He lit a match eagerly and held it for Bracken.

"Thank you," said Bracken, gravely, and began to speak between puffs.

"Most people," he began, "have a curious misconception of the Philippines."

"I know *I* have," supplied Bingham, with such bland simplicity that I could hardly keep from choking, while even Bracken smiled slightly. "Its—its" quite a place, isn't it?"

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"Yes," said Bracken, "it is. Few people realize that from San Francisco to Manila is nearly three times as far as from Liverpool to New York; that if two steamers started from New York for Manila, one going west by the Panama Canal and the Pacific and one going east around the whole of Europe and Asia, they would get there about the same time."

Willy Warren was watching him, awed, fingering his watch-chain. "Why, I thought," he exclaimed, "that they were just a little ways out, like Honolulu."

"Most people do," replied Bracken. He was now catching his stride and going famously. "Why," he exclaimed, "you could make a steamer trip of two thousand miles without leaving the islands. Luzon is in the north, but when you get down to Mindanao, in the south, it is only a stone's throw to Borneo, and not very much farther to Singapore. It is under the very shadow of Asia."

I looked at Bracken in awe myself. What a man! Had he just read that in some encyclopedia or had he always known it? Bingham, however, still felt his position as showman. He thought he should help.

"Just what are the principal products of the Philippines?" he asked, sweetly.

"Hemp, mostly," replied Bracken. "In fact, hemp entirely. All the Manila hemp in the world comes from Manila, as the word might imply, although not necessarily. Then, of course, there are some coconuts, and there ought to be a lot of tobacco. To those of us who are accustomed to them, Philippine cigars are better than Cuban. Why, there used to be a cigar in Manila called 'El Terrible,' which was done up in isinglass and was like 'Vuelta Abajo.' It cost a little less than five cents. Only the very rich smoked that kind. Why—"

There was another rustle on the other side of the room. We all looked up and a cold shiver went down my spine. The man who had been listening from the lounge was coming toward us, and suddenly I realized who he was. His name was Vickery and he was an old army officer, although he looked like anything else under the sun, as most old army officers do. He was fat and benignant, wore gold-rimmed spectacles and gray socks with wrinkles in them.

"Do you mind if I sit in?" he asked, grinning.

"Not at all, not at all," replied Bingham. Apparently he did not see the danger, but I thought that it was my duty to warn Bracken.

"Major Vickery," I said, pointedly, "is in the army. You have been to the Philippines, haven't you, major?"

"Once or twice," said the major, deprecatingly, in that way that implied that he had spent half his life there.

I looked at Bracken anxiously. I thought that our story-telling hour was at an end, but that genius never turned a hair.

"When were you there, major?" he asked, solicitously.

"In nineteen-five," replied Vickery, "and nineteen-twelve, and then again when the war broke out."

Bracken shook his head as if regretful that they had no common ground.

"Well," he said, "I am afraid that the Philippines you know and the Philippines I know are two different things."

Bingham had a sudden fit of coughing and it was a minute before the story could proceed.

"When were *you* there?" asked the major, politely.

"Bless you!" replied Bracken. "I haven't been in the islands since the occupation. No, this yarn I am telling is about the old days."

"The old Spanish days?" asked Vickery, with sudden interest.

Bracken nodded, with a smile.

"You don't tell me," answered the major, eagerly. "What was Manila like then?"

"Very different from what it is now, I'm afraid," replied Bracken. "I saw some pictures of it the other day and I would never have known the place."

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"I don't suppose you would," said the major, sympathetically.

"I suppose the Luneta is still there," began Bracken, with an almost childlike wistfulness.

"Yes, the Luneta is still there,," replied Vickery.

"What's the Luneta?" asked Willy Warren.

"I don't know exactly how you *would* describe it," said Bracken. "You tell him, major."

"Oh no, you tell him," insisted Vickery.

"Yes, Bracken, you tell him," joined Bingham, maliciously. "It's your Luneta. You saw it first."

"Well," said Bracken, slowly. "You couldn't exactly say what it was unless you had seen it. It was a sort of—"

"Why, it's a sort of promenade," interrupted Vickery, anxious to waste no more time. "It's up on the beach outside the city walls. It's at the end of the Maleçon which begins at the Pasig."

"That's the word I was trying to think of," continued Bracken, "a promenade. It was a wonderful sight in the old days. A marvelous band of fifty pieces—Spanish, of course—used to play there every afternoon."

"The Royal Artillery Band!" broke in Vickery, eagerly. "They still talk about it. The old-timers say none of the American bands has ever been half as good."

"They'd have to be very good to equal it," replied Bracken, politely. He had suddenly become the complete old-timer in all of his views and prejudices. "Of course I don't know how it is now, but, in the old days, the Luneta was a marvelous sight—all the wealth and beauty out in the carriages, the ladies in their mantillas with their faces powdered up like chalk."

"It's very much the same to-day," agreed the major.

Bracken's success had made him bolder. "But the view from that promenade!" he exclaimed. "Will you ever forget it, major? The long stretch of the harbor with Corregidor Island, and, far beyond it, the masts of the Chinese junks and then the Pacific Ocean?"

The major's face clouded. "I don't remember the junks, but the ocean's still there."

Bracken laughed. "The Yankees have probably done away with the junks, and a good thing, too—regular pirates—but, speaking of the Luneta, they used to have a curious custom. All the carriages had to go round and round in one direction except those of the archbishop and the governor-general. Do they still do that?"

The major shook his head, puzzled. "To tell the truth, I can't remember."

Bracken brightened visibly. "Well, that just shows you how the islands have changed. Why in the old days that was the most sacred law in Manila. And do they still have house snakes?"

"House snakes?" burst out Willy Warren. "What for?"

Like most great artists, I had begun to learn that Bracken had a method entirely his own. For minutes his stories would grope around with local color and matters of the most minute and painstaking detail. Then suddenly his fancy would take flight from a picturesque word or a name and off he would go, leaving the dull world of fact far behind him. Something told me that this minute was about to arrive, and I think that something also told Major Vickery. He leaned back in his chair and began rolling a cigarette while, around his eyes, little lines of amusement began to form. In the meantime Willy Warren was left ignored, but he was accustomed to that.

"House snakes?" echoed the major, slowly, as he twisted the end of his cigarette and put his linen bag of tobacco back in his pocket. "House snakes? I suppose they still have them in the old city, although I have never seen one."

Bracken saw that he had not misjudged his man. From this time on the floor was his own. "And rum beetles?"

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he pursued, eagerly. "Are they as common as they used to be?"

The major blew two columns of thin smoke through his nose. "Worse than ever," he answered. "The medicos have tried every known method to get rid of them without any effect. Why, in the *veranillo*—that's what they call the 'little summer' between the rains—the rum beetles get so bad that, to keep any kind of liquor at all, you have to stand every bottle in kerosene oil."

"Exactly what they did in the old days," agreed Bracken, "except that kerosene oil was too expensive and we had to use a crude form of nitric acid made by pounding up the shells of the Hongkong oyster.

"And how about the track lice?" he pursued. "In the old days they had to keep men walking back and forth day and night with brooms to keep them from eating all the ties off the tramways. I saw a dogcart, left in the streets one night, from which every bit of wood had entirely disappeared. Absolutely nothing left but a little pile of the metal parts with the horse standing patiently in front of them. He had been hitched to a post, but the post was gone, too. Nothing left but the loop in the tie line. You've no idea how foolish it looked. Do they still have track lice?"

"Not one left," said the major. "You see they electrified the street railways and they were all killed in a single night. You ought to have seen the streets the next day. It was a sight."

"But what are house snakes?" insisted Willy Warren.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," answered Bracken. "Well, you see, a house snake is very hard to describe."

"Like the Luneta," suggested Bingham.

"Much harder than that," answered Bracken, with perfect good nature, "because everybody that goes to Manila sees the Luneta, but very few people ever see a house snake. The major, for instance, has spent years right out of the best part of his life in Manila and he has never seen one. All those years gone for nothing."

"Did *you* ever see one?" asked Willy.

"Just one," replied Bracken, "and that was the story that I was about to tell you when the major joined us."

"Keep right on telling it," laughed the major. "I don't want to miss it."

Bracken turned squarely to Willy Warren as if he were the only one in the party who really appreciated the scientific interest of the thing.

"You see, the curse of Manila is the Mongolian saw-tooth spider, a thing as large as a crab and twice as ferocious."

A weak smile spread over Willy's face. "Oh, come on; you're trying to string us," he said.

Bracken only smiled the more cheerfully. "It does sound funny, doesn't it? But ask the major. Major, you know the Mongolian saw-tooth spider?"

"I should say I do," answered the major. "The natives call them *cacadillos*."

The foreign term silenced Willy as a foreign term has silenced many a critic before and since, but Bracken was eager to leave no stone of suspicion unturned. "I'll tell you how it got its name. It was from the Chinese invasion in 1793 under Admiral Wun Tu."

"The father of Wun Tu Three?" asked Bingham.

"Oh, come on, Bingham," I ordered. "You are no better than Willy. If you two don't want to listen to this story, why don't you go and play pool?"

"I beg your pardon," said Bingham primly, and we both settled ourselves with an air of alert attention, while Willy vacillated between a foolish smile and efforts to imitate our example. Bracken continued:

"With the coming of Admiral Wun Tu, or, as he was better known, 'The Great Admiral,' the saw-tooth spider was introduced to the Philippines. In 1794 the Chinese were finally expelled through the heroic efforts of Fernandez Cordón, known as 'The Liberator,' but the spider remained. In the sultry,

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I HAD NEVER SEEN A LADY IN THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S CARRIAGE

tropical climate it propagated in such great numbers that it threatened to drive out the inhabitants, Spanish and native alike, until it was discovered that its one great enemy was a certain kind of snake. What is the native name for that snake, major?"

"*Contrabandista*," replied the major, promptly. He was getting as good at this as Bracken.

"*Contrabandista*, that's it," repeated Bracken. "One forgets one's Spanish. Well, the upshot was that every family found that it had to keep a snake in order to kill the spiders, which was a case of the cure being worse than the sickness, for the snakes were like hunting dogs. If you fed them they wouldn't hunt, and if you didn't feed them you had a hungry snake in your house, which wasn't nice, either, especially if you had chickens or children.

"The way it worked out," explained Bracken, carefully, "was that, in time, instead of keeping a snake around the living rooms, as they had done at first, they got so that, when they built a new house, the contractor simply brought a pair of big, healthy snakes and built them right into the walls, just as they build in steam pipes and electric wiring these days."

"What?" asked Willy.

"Sure," replied Bracken. "It's perfectly plausible when you think of it. That's where the spiders lived, in the walls and under the roofs, and those long thin snakes could go anywhere that a spider could. Once build the snakes in and you never had to give the spiders another thought."

"But suppose they died there," asked Willy. "Wouldn't they—"

"Not a bit of it," answered Bracken. "In the first place, the *bandarilla* snake—"

"The *contrabandista*," corrected Vickery.

"Thank you. I mean the *contrabandista*. The *contrabandista* snake lives practically forever, but the thing took care of itself, anyway. Like most lower animals, snakes devour the aged and infirm members of the tribe. The old

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snakes kept propagating there in the walls and the young snakes kept eating the old ones. It was a pure case of the indestructibility of matter. That would continue just as long as the house stood. That's what the major meant when he said that, although he knew all about house snakes, he had never seen one. Wasn't that it, major?"

The major was very busy rolling another cigarette. "Oh, sure," he replied.

Bracken took his handkerchief and mopped his brow. "But it was eerie, though. You take an old house that had hundreds of snakes cooped up in the walls. The ceilings are only canvas, or were in the old days. They didn't dare use plaster on account of the earthquakes. You take an old house like that and sometimes, when you'd be lying in bed, you'd hear those snakes crawling and twisting and rustling up in the canvas over your head in masses like macaroni. Sometimes you'd see them bulge, to say nothing of the dried skins from the dead snakes whispering in the winds and tapping against the rafters—"

Even Bingham and I were impressed by that masterpiece. We all sat in silence and Bracken rubbed his hands briskly.

"Well," he exclaimed, "this is a long ways from a lottery ticket."

"It is indeed," said Bingham. "I sha'n't sleep a wink to-night."

"I'm sorry," said Bracken, "but that explanation was necessary in order to give you the lay of the land, so to speak. Now, leaving all that for a moment, I am going to ask you to accompany me in your mind's eye to the Luneta, up beyond the Maleçon which begins at the river Pasig."

"We're there already," said Bingham. "We're all walking round and round in one direction except the archbishop, who's going the other way."

And the governor-general," I supplied. "Don't leave him out."

"Precisely," affirmed Bracken. "Don't leave out the governor-general, for if he hadn't been going one way while I was going the other this story would never have been told."

"Let's get this straight," said Bingham. "It is a hot, tropic afternoon in—in what?"

"April," said Bracken, "the most beautiful month of the Manila year."

I saw Major Vickery suddenly drop his cigarette and begin vigorously to dust the sparks from his coat, but he said nothing.

"Right!" continued Bingham, suddenly taking the story into his own hands. "It is April, the most beautiful month of the Manila year. All Manila is out to drink in the sunshine. The band is playing—"

"The Royal Artillery Band," corrected the major.

"Of fifty pieces," I added.

"No," said Bracken, "there were only forty-nine. The fiftieth was the man who carried the front end of the bass drum, but he had to work only when they were marching, so now he was sitting down below the bandstand watching them. Only forty-nine were playing."

"My mistake," I said, but Bingham persisted:

"I see the picture before me—the rows of resplendent carriages filled with the aristocracy and the gentry and the members of the diplomatic set. On the pavements are the picturesque peons, the Spanish soldiers, the flower-girls, the merry villagers, the Floradora Sextette, and the general public, of whom, I presume, Bracken, that you were one. Set me right if I am wrong."

"You are perfectly right," said Bracken. "You see it as clearly as I do. It seems only yesterday. Yes, I was only one of the general public, a humble clerk working for a large firm of hemp exporters. There is only one point that you have got wrong, Bingham. I *had* been walking and I was *about* to walk faster than ever but, as this story opens, I was sitting down."

Bracken turned to Vickery. "You remember, major, those rows of little wire chairs that they have along the Luneta,

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where you could sit down for two cents? You remember those?"

"Perfectly," said the major.

"Well," continued Bracken, "there is where I was sitting, in one of those chairs. I had just paid my two cents and was settling back to enjoy that picture that Bingham has outlined so vividly when suddenly a little native boy shoved a paper in front of my nose. You can easily guess what the paper was."

"*House and Garden*," suggested Bingham.

"No," said Bracken, "it wasn't that kind of a paper. It was a little, thin, brown sheet. In fact, it was a lottery ticket."

"Ah!" gasped Bingham.

"You have guessed it," said Bracken. "The plot opens."

He turned to Vickery. "You know, major, how in all Spanish countries lottery tickets are sold on the streets by old women and boys. There was nothing unusual in this, but I never bought my lottery tickets that way. I used to buy them of brokers where you could get a whole ticket. The boys on the streets sold merely fractions—tenths and twentieths of a ticket which cost only a few cents.

"For that reason I shook my head and was about to send the boy on his way when suddenly I noticed that he had a whole ticket which cost ten dollars. That in itself was enough to make me look at it twice. Then, as I looked, I saw that the number was 'four.'

"That," said Bracken, "was very unusual, for it is not once in a lifetime that you see a low number in a lottery. I don't know why, but lottery tickets are like automobile markers. They are usually number one million eight hundred and fifty-four thousand six hundred and ninety-seven, or something like that. If you see number three on a car you look at it twice. To make it more strange, four has always been my lucky number.

"You understand that all this," said



MERCEDES CONFESSED THAT SHE LOVED ME AS I LOVED HER

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Bracken, "took place in the smallest part of a second, just flashed through my mind while I sat there absent-mindedly, and while the boy was slowly edging away with the ticket still outstretched in his hand. I was rather numb, like a man half awake from a dream. I knew that I ought to call the boy back, but I was debating whether or not I should do it when suddenly there was a rush and stir all about me. The band stopped short and then began to play the national air, while people of every class turned about and began crowding to the curb. I looked up and saw a gorgeous carriage coming the wrong way of the drive, while, seated in it so near that I could almost touch her, was the most beautiful girl I had ever seen in my life."

"The governor-general's daughter!" gasped Willy Warren.

"Or the archbishop's," suggested Bingham.

"As a matter of fact," said Bracken, "both of you are wrong. The governor-general was a bachelor and so was the archbishop, of course. That was what made it so unusual. In all the years I had been in Manila I had never seen a lady in the governor-general's carriage, nor had anyone else; but, no matter whose carriage she had been in, the crowds would have turned to look at her, for, as I say, she was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen in my life. Shall I describe her to you?"

Bingham looked at his watch. "How long will it take?"

Bracken laughed. "It would take a long time to do her justice, and I will not be satisfied with anything else, so I will just let my statement stand. That was all I could do myself—just stand—and gasp. I watched the carriage until it passed far up the Luneta. My instinct was to leap into a cab and dash in the other direction, hoping to meet it on the next lap, when suddenly I remembered the lottery ticket. You can imagine my predicament. Within me every instinct cried out that it was the chance of a lifetime. I felt absolutely certain that that ticket was going to win the grand prize of eighty thousand dollars in gold, but, on the other hand, there was the girl. She might not go round again. She might be leaving the Luneta. What was I to do? You are good at pictures, Bingham. Picture me standing there on the Luneta, torn 'twixt love and wealth."

"That's just what I am doing," said Bingham. "Which was it you finally chose, the lady or the tiger?"

"Neither," said Bracken, "for the time being. As usually happens, Faint Heart lost both. I stood there so long that, when I came to my senses, the lady was gone, and so was the boy with the lottery ticket."

"I should imagine," I suggested, "that the lady would have been easier to trace than the lottery ticket."

"Not necessarily," said Bracken. "You see, all the tickets were registered. The brokers and the lottery offices were continually called on to find special numbers. People would dream of lucky numbers or get tips from fortune-tellers and then set agents at work to get them. If the ticket had not been spoken for by some luckier man I stood a fair chance of getting it."

"And the same was true of the lady?" asked Bingham.

"In a more remote degree," said Bracken. "Of course I hadn't the slightest trouble in finding out who she was, for, when I returned to the English club, I found that the whole city buzzed with her fame.

"Her name," explained Bracken "was Doña Mercedes Mendoza and she was descended from one of the proudest families of Old Castile. Her father was one of the highest officials in the islands. He had been sitting beside her in the carriage that afternoon, a haughty grandee with a huge black beard, but of course I had had no eyes for any one except the daughter. Mercedes, as I soon learned to call her, had been at a convent in Spain, but now, in the height

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FINALLY DON FULANO TOOK ME ASIDE FOR WHAT HE TERMED A BUSINESS TALK

of her beauty, she was just home after a series of conquests at all the most brilliant courts of Europe.

"Being a foreigner, it was not so hard for me to meet her as it might otherwise have been. The feat was accomplished through my good friend, the British consul, at a ball given by the governor-general in her honor. From that minute on, of course, I was at her feet. Day and night I thought and dreamed of nothing but Mercedes. My work at the hemp house suffered sadly.

"There are certain chapters in a man's life," said Bracken, "of which he is very reluctant to speak. The days which followed formed one of those chapters. I do not attach too much credit to my own attractions. The truth was that Mercedes found the local young men provincial and she was only too glad to talk to anyone who knew the outside world. Suffice it to say that, within a week, I was a daily visitor at the Mendoza mansion, and our acquaintance ripened into intimacy and our intimacy into love.

"There was only one fly in the ointment," said Bracken, "but that was a serious one. To tell the truth, in order to secure my admittance to the family circle, my friend, the British consul, had been obliged to say that I was a son of one of the great American millionaires, and was, in short, the future heir to the hemp house at which I was, in reality, only a humble clerk.

"To Mercedes's father, old Don Fulano Mendoza, this was especially important, for, while of the noblest blood and proudest position, he was loaded with debt. Officially he held the title of Postmaster-General of the Island of Mindanao, but I doubt whether he had ever seen Mindanao in his life. Like many such positions in the old days, the office was merely a sinecure. Even, however, with the princely salary which the post gave him and with all its perquisites, his income was not enough to

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maintain his immense establishment and the requirements of his lofty station. Thus he welcomed eagerly a chance to ally his family with one of the fabled American fortunes, and he allowed me far more freedom than he would have allowed to a suitor of his daughter's own race.

"He lived in a huge, historic house in the old walled city, with heavy grilles at the windows, with armorial bearings over the door and a great *patio* in the center, in which *patio*, 'midst the trickling of the fountains and the whispering of the palm trees, my courtship took place.

"The day came, however, when I realized that I was at the parting of the ways. One evening, late in April, as we sat in the *patio*, Mercedes confessed that she loved me as I loved her, and then I knew that I could no longer live a lie. I told her all. I told her that, while my family bowed its head to none in Evanston, my fortune was not exactly what her father believed it to be.

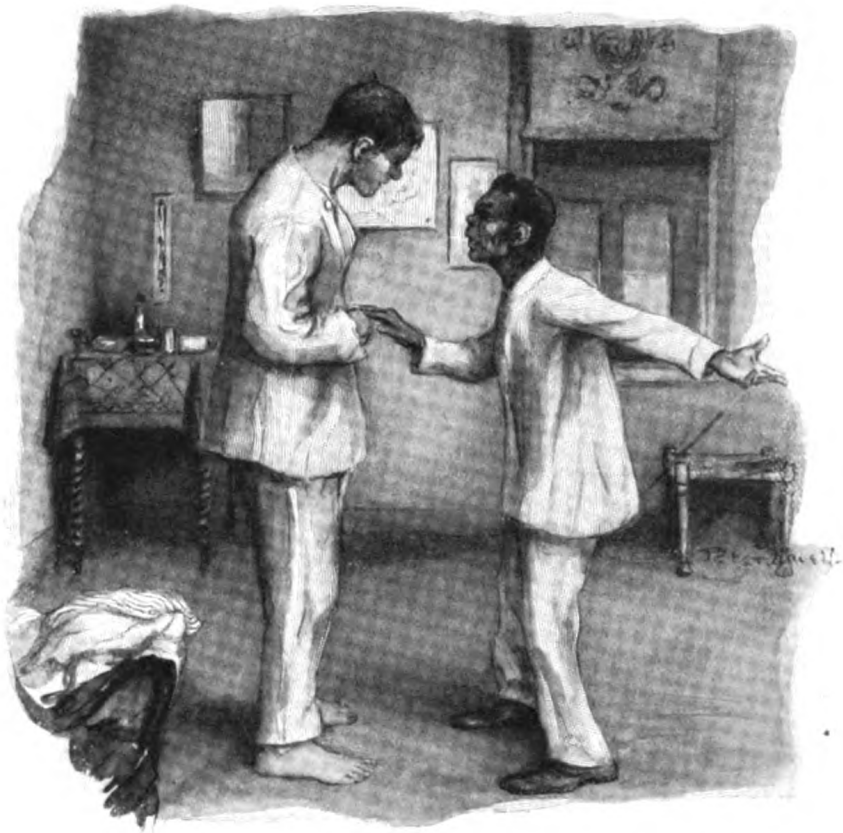
"Poor girl, the news was a shock, but she was true-blue. She said that, so far as she was concerned, it made not the slightest difference. For her there could ever be but one man in the world, but her father was different. She begged me to keep up the masquerade on the chance that something might turn up. Night after night we put our heads together and tried to scheme frantically, but to no avail. Finally the night arrived when old Don Fulano took me aside for what he termed a business talk.

"He said that, having lived so long in the islands, I was no doubt familiar with the old Spanish custom of making a little settlement on each side when a betrothal was announced. Having—well—having certain obligations to meet on the first day of May, he had decided to fix that date for the announcement of our betrothal. On her side, as her dowry, Mercedes was bringing to me the blood of one of the proudest families of Old Castile, as well as the official patronage of the Postmaster-General of Mindanao, which was really no mean item. On my side he suggested a little guaranty in good faith, say, fifty thousand pesos in gold.



I WAS FOR KILLING HIM AT ONCE

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"THE YANKEE WARSHIPS ARE BOMBARDING THE CITY!"

"My actual fortune at that moment," said Bracken, "consisted of seventy dollars, Mex., but there was nothing to do but agree to everything that he said. I even asked him whether fifty thousand would be enough. Why not seventy-five thousand? The proud grandee hesitated a moment, but blood told and he said that fifty thousand would see him through.

"The minute that he was out of the room I rushed to Mercedes in despair, but she never quailed.

"'What day is to-day?' she asked me thoughtfully.

"'April twenty-first,' I replied. 'Only nine days more, then the fatal May first.'

"At the words she sat up with a start. 'May first?' she exclaimed. 'The national lottery! The drawings are held on the last day of this month and the payments made on the first. Have you bought a ticket? I feel that my kindly fates will help us.'

"At the word 'lottery' my heart began to race. Like a flash I remembered that scene on the Luneta. I saw in it the hand of fate. Like my dear Mercedes, I felt absolutely confident that I could win the grand prize of eighty thousand pesos in gold, but to do it I knew that I must have that ticket numbered 'four.'

"I could hardly wait until morning," said Bracken, "to go to the brokers and set in motion the machinery to find that fatal number. All day long I sat in suspense and misery in one office after another, but, just about six o'clock a broker sent me a note. The number four had been found. Gladly I paid a bonus of twenty dollars which hardly left me money to buy a bunch of orchids for Mercedes, and, the ticket in my hand, I rushed to tell her the news. She

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greeted me with outstretched arms. My eyes told her the tidings. We both felt not the slightest doubt that the ticket would win the grand prize and that she would be mine."

Bracken sat back in a tantalizing way and began deliberately to fill his pipe while we sat, waiting, breathless. As calmly as if he had been sitting alone he watched the match burn its full length and then continued.

"And now," he said, "I am obliged to go back for a moment to the subject of house snakes. As I have already said, Don Fulano and his beautiful daughter Mercedes lived in a very old house in the ancient part of the city. Just as some of our oldest families live in houses which antedate open plumbing, so the Mendoza mansion had been erected before the era of built-in snakes, and Don Fulano had never had ready money enough to put in modern improvements. In his house all the snakes still ran loose as they did in the olden times. Mostly, of course, they were kept to the garrets and stables, but there was one old snake, named Auguste, who was a family pet and was allowed the run of the *patio*.

"On this evening when I came in with my lucky number Mercedes kissed the ticket in delirious happiness, then laid it down on the table while we tried to express our own happiness to each other."

Bracken smiled wistfully as if lingering over the memory.

"We took some time," he said, slowly, "as young people do in the glow of first love. It was not for some minutes that we became conscious of a rustle behind us and turned around just in time to see that rascal, Auguste, draped across the table with the last of the lottery ticket just disappearing down his open throat.

"Mercedes gave a cry of alarm while I leaped to seize Auguste, but she held me, trembling. I was for killing him at once and recovering the ticket, but it seems that one of the dread native superstitions is that it is fearfully unlucky to lay violent hands in any way on a house snake. As all our happiness at that moment depended on the good graces of the goddess of chance, neither one of us dared touch Auguste.



DISGUISED AS A CHINESE COOLIE, I HID IN THE RICE FIELDS

"Besides," continued Bracken, "after the first rush of disappointment, Mercedes said that she thought we still might be saved. It seems that the Philippine house snake is a member of the anaconda family. It takes its food whole and allows days and weeks to digest it. The question now was how long Auguste could keep that lottery ticket in a form that would still be legal tender.

"I was for feeding him mustard and whites of eggs in a friendly way and taking no chances, but Mercedes would have none of it. Leaving me to watch Auguste, she rushed to her father's library, plunged into some scientific books, and returned with the news that, if it is not excited or upset, a snake does not begin to get the full benefit of its

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meals for from eleven to fourteen days. That at least allowed us some leeway, and we began at once to make a great fuss over Auguste, pulling grass to make him a little bed and stroking his skin.

"While we were doing that I had another thought. Rushing out to a nearby confectioner's, I bought some very large, very hard peppermint balls and while Mercedes held his head I began to feed these to Auguste as a sort of tracer. You see the peppermint balls were so large that we could watch them as they went down. We knew that the ticket was just ahead of them on the main line, so when the first ball finally came to a stop about three feet from his head we estimated a space about four inches below it and tied a white ribbon around Auguste, pulling it as tight as we dared, like a tourniquet. By that time curfew was tolling over the roofs of the sleeping city and I had to go home."

Bracken leaned back and drew his breath. "Well, sir," he said, "you can imagine our state for the next few days. For me it was not so bad because I could try to forget myself in my work at the hemp house, but for poor Mercedes it was awful. All day long she could do nothing but watch the white ribbon. Every evening I went to see her, but it was a gloomy courtship. All we could do was sit hand in hand and estimate on that snake. So far as we could see we were still safe, if you call that safe. The peppermint balls still remained in a bulge about four inches above the ribbon, so we judged that the lottery ticket must still be there, between the balls and the ribbon, but that was all the good it did us. Auguste gave no signs of—of relenting.

"In the meantime the preparations for the public betrothal were proceeding apace. The old mansion was scrubbed from top to bottom. Old family relics were got out and placed on the walls. Potted palms were brought in and the whole Artillery Band engaged for the music. All aristocratic Manila was invited, but we alone, we who were to be the principal figures in the event, could take no joy in it.

"Late on the afternoon of the thirtieth I went to the house almost sick with suspense. Mercedes was waiting for me in the *patio* and, at a glance, I saw that she had been weeping. Without a word she held out a piece of paper. It was my lottery ticket!

"'My darling!' I cried. 'My pearl!' but Mercedes waved me away.

"'*Mi Americano*,' she said, with a sob, 'all is lost!'

"I stared at her in amazement. 'But,' I cried, 'we have the ticket!'

"'Yes,' she replied, 'we have the ticket, but Auguste is dead.'

"I am not superstitious," said Bracken, "but at her words I felt a foreboding creep over me. Without going into too much detail, the white ribbon tied around his waistband seemed to have done for Auguste. We might try to argue, but in our hearts we knew that we had killed him. I attempted to laugh away Mercedes's fears, but my own words were hollow. The native superstition held me in its clutch. I knew that my ticket was so much paper. Heavy of heart I left the house.

"Well," said Bracken, "about ten o'clock that night the crowds began to gather around the lottery offices. I had no temptation to join them, but morbid curiosity drew me. I stood before the bulletin board at the central office cursing my folly. A man came out on the little platform and, with agonizing slowness, began hanging the numbers.

"I watched him dully. 'Grand prize, eighty thousand pesos gold.' Then my heart gave a leap. Opposite it he hung a single number—my number—four!

"I almost fainted where I stood in the street. Bystanders looked at me curiously as I wedged my way out. They thought I had lost, but I had won. Even with that great news I dared not go to Mercedes's house at that hour. I went to my own bungalow to try to live through the night. Sleepless I tossed with the ticket clutched in my hand."

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Bracken stopped and filled his pipe slowly. He remained silent so long that Bingham cautiously prompted him.

"Er—are we—" he asked—"are we to understand that the fair Mercedes is the present Mrs. Bracken?"

Bracken shook his head sadly. "No," he said, in a choking voice. "No. Mercedes was right. We had tempted fortune.

"I cannot describe what happened very clearly. It remains but a confused nightmare in my mind. Some time after midnight I fell into a troubled sleep, but awoke to hear a dull rumble, growing louder and louder with every minute. I leaped from my bed, suspecting an earthquake, and ran to the window. The streets were full of excited crowds.

"The next moment my door burst open and my faithful servant, Antonio, came in, white as a sheet. 'Señor,' he whispered, 'you must fly at once! Your life is not safe! The Yankee war-ships are bombarding the city!'"

Bracken straightened himself with an effort. "That, gentlemen, was the first day of May in the year eighteen-ninety-eight. My servant was right. Dewey had slipped past the mines and was shelling the forts.

"I suppose that I should not complain, for what was my loss compared to my country's gain? But it was hard—hard. For three days, disguised as a Chinese coolie, I hid in the rice fields. On the fourth I reached the American lines.

"Three weeks later I stood on the quarterdeck of the *Olympia*, watching the fading shores of Manila. All around me the officers were laughing and joking; below me the sailors were cheering. Alone on that historic ship I stood in sadness. We passed Cavite; we passed Corregidor. We entered the China Sea and I took one last look at the receding land which still contained all I held dear. I never saw her again."

In spite of ourselves we sat with bowed heads and in silence as Bracken finished his tale. Not one of us laughed, not even the major. Little Willy Warren seemed the least affected.

"Well," he said, as he rose, "I guess I'll see who's in the club."

A moment later Bracken rose, too, murmuring something about dinner. I honestly think the chap was touched by his own recital. Bingham and Major Vickery and I were left and even then none of us laughed. At last, as the tension seemed to relax, the major began to speak gruffly.

"Do you know," he said, "I haven't heard one of those old-time islanders spin a yarn in ten years. We used to have dozens of them at the English club the first time I went to the islands—Englishmen mostly, old planters and merchants. I've heard them sit by the hour and string the newcomers, but none of them was ever better than this chap. I couldn't quite make him out at first, but as soon as he spoke of house snakes I knew what was coming."

The major looked with a grin toward the stairs, where he saw Willy Warren looking down into the pool room. He nodded with his head.

"That young fellow there—I think he was completely taken in, don't you?"

Bingham and I both looked away before we replied.

"Yes," I said, slowly, "I think that he was."

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THE MIND IN THE MAKING

BY JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON

Formerly Professor of History, Columbia University

PART II

SHOULD we arrange our present beliefs and opinions on the basis of their age, we should find that some of them were very, very old, going back to primitive man; others were derived from the Greeks; many more of them would prove to come directly from the Middle Ages; while certain others in our stock were unknown until natural science began to develop in a new form about three hundred years ago. The idea that man has a soul or double which survives the death of the body is very ancient indeed and is accepted by most savages. Such confidence as we have in the liberal arts, metaphysics, and formal logic goes back to the Greek thinkers; our religious ideas and our standards of sexual conduct are predominantly mediæval in their presuppositions; our notions of electricity and disease germs are, of course, recent in origin, the result of painful and prolonged research which involved the rejection of a vast number of older notions sanctioned by immemorial acceptance. In general, those ideas which are still almost universally accepted in regard to man's nature, his proper conduct, and his relations to God and his fellows are far more ancient and far less critical than those which have to do with the movement of the stars, the stratification of the rocks and the life of plants and animals.

Each age has contributed its particular part to our current intellectual heritage—to the making of the mind. For the mind, in the sense of our knowledge and intelligence and the directions in which we apply them, has a long history reaching back to the beginnings of organic life. In the preceding article of this series the four foundations of our modern mind were pointed out: (1) the animal mind with its curiosity and its impulse to fumble and grope and experiment, which, with the animal body, lies at the very base of our intelligence and of the whole history of mankind; (2) the child mind (for we are children at our most impressionable age) with its infantile misapprehensions, prejudices, and lack of adult perspective, and its native longings struggling against the censorship of the elders; (3) the savage mind, which is the only one man has had during the greater part of his existence on earth; (4) the traditional civilized mind, beginning with the Greeks and coming down with various modifications to our own day. It is on these four foundations, on these accumulations of the race and our own personal past, that we must, as was pointed out, build an intelligence appropriate to our newest knowledge and our present conditions.

The question was also raised in the preceding article why our thinking on matters which have to do with the adjustment of human relations is so befogged, in contrast to the unrivaled achievements of our age in penetrating the obscure workings of both animate and inanimate nature. Some of the reasons were pointed out which help partially, at least, to explain why we deal so unintelligently with human affairs and so ingeniously with Hertzian waves and ultra-microscopic bacteria; and why we have left the scientist, inventor, and

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engineer free to alter our environment without at the same time making appropriate readjustments in our social, economic, and political convictions and ideals. For this is just what has happened. We vainly strive to deal with new things and new conditions without the new ideas and point of view essential to their comprehension, clinging to old ideas which are grossly out of gear with our existing environment, and which often represent only so many obstacles to clear and forward thinking.

It was also suggested that to a historical student who turns his attention to the history of human thought, it will seem that in no way are we more likely to see where our troubles lie and to discover a way out than by reviewing the strange way in which we have come to have our present degree of intelligence and knowledge. History, by tracing the process by which our minds have accumulated and by showing us the "real" reasons for many of our current beliefs, can clear the ground for the same kind of scientific thought in relation to human affairs which has worked such progress in the natural sciences. We can thus help to spread what Wells calls the "veracity, self-detachment, and self-abnegating vigor of criticism," which lie back of the scientific discoveries of the last three centuries, to the study and adjustment of man's dealings with man.

In speaking of the "savage" or "primitive" mind we are, of course, using a very clumsy expression. We shall employ the term, nevertheless, to indicate the characteristics of the human mind when there were as yet no writing, no books, no considerable organized industry or mechanical arts, no money, no important specialization of function beyond the distribution of work between the sexes; no settled life in large communities. The period so described covers all but about five thousand of the half million to a million years that man has existed on the earth. Only very recently did he transcend the stage of a savage hunter and become a settled barbarian with huts and fields and woven garments. It was about ten thousand years ago that agriculture, the raising of crops, and the domestication of animals seem to have appeared in western Europe. Although there are no chronicles to tell us the story of those long centuries, some inferences can be made from the increasing artfulness and variety of the flint weapons and tools which we find. But the stone weapons which have come down to us, even in their crudest forms (eoliths), are very far from representing the earliest achievements of man in the accumulation of culture. Those dim, remote cycles must have been full of great, but inconspicuous, originators who laid the foundations of civilization in achievements and discoveries so long taken for granted that we do not realize that they ever had to be made at all.

Since man is descended from less highly endowed animals, there must have been a time when the man animal was in a state of animal ignorance. He started with no more than an ape is able to know. He had to learn everything for himself, as he had no one to teach him the tricks that apes and children can be taught by sophisticated human beings. He was necessarily self-taught, and began in a depth of ignorance beyond anything we can readily conceive. He lived naked and speechless in the woods, or wandered over the plains without artificial shelter or any way of cooking his food. He subsisted on raw fruit, berries, roots, insects, and such animals as he could strike down or pick up dead. His mind must have corresponded with his brutish state. He must at the first have learned just as his animal relatives learn —by fumbling and by forming accidental mental associations. He had in the beginning the guidance of his animal instincts and such sagacity as he individually derived from experience, but no heritage of knowledge accumulated by the group and transmitted by education. This heritage had to be constructed on man's potentialities.

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Of mankind in this extremely primitive condition we have no traces. There could be no traces. All savages of the present day or of recent times represent a relatively highly developed traditional culture, with elaborate languages, myths, long-established artificial customs, which it probably took hundreds of thousands of years to accumulate. Man in a state of nature is a presupposition, but a presupposition which is forced upon us by compelling evidence, conjectural and inferential though it is.

On a geological time scale we are all close to savagery, and it is inevitable that the ideas and customs and sentiments of savagery should have become so ingrained that they may have actually affected man's nature by natural selection through the survival of those who most completely adjusted themselves to the uncritical culture which prevailed. But in any case it is certain, as many anthropologists have pointed out, that savage customs, savage ideas, and conventional sentiments have continued to form an important part of our own culture down even to the present day. We are met thus with the necessity of reckoning with this inveterate element in our present thought and customs. Much of the data that we have regarding primitive man has been accumulated in recent times, for the most part as a result of the study of simple peoples. These differ greatly in their habits and myths, but some common salient traits emerge, which cast light on the spontaneous workings of the human mind when unaffected by the sophistications of highly elaborate civilization.

Man started at a cultural zero. He had to find out everything for himself. He had to learn to see and to think. While we do not know what goes on in the head of an ape or dog, we may be sure that it is not what we should imagine. They have no means of seeing things as we do, for the way we see things is a slowly achieved art. They must have only mass impressions which they have little power to analyze. A dog perceives a motor-car and may be induced to ride in it, but his idea of it would not differ from that of an ancient carryall, except, mayhap, in an appreciative distinction between the odor of gasoline and that of the stable. Locke thought that we first got simple ideas and then combined them into more complex conceptions and finally into generalizations or abstract ideas. But this is not the way that man's knowledge arose. He started with mere impressions of general situations, and gradually by his ability to handle things he came upon distinctions, which in time he made clearer by attaching names to them. The typewriter is at first a mere mass impression, and only gradually and imperfectly do most of us distinguish certain of its parts; only the men who made it are likely to realize its full complexity by noting and assigning names to all the levers, wheels, gears, bearings, controls, and adjustments. John Stuart Mill thought that the chief function of the mind was making inferences. But making distinctions is equally fundamental—seeing that there are many things where only one was at first apparent. This process of analysis has been man's supreme accomplishment. This is what has made his mind grow.

At the start man had to distinguish himself from the group to which he belonged and say, "I am I." This is not an idea given by nature.[1] There are evidences that the earlier religious notions were not based on individuality, but rather on the "virtue" which objects had—that is, their potency to do things. Only later did the animistic belief in the personalities of men, animals, and the forces of nature appear. When man discovered his own individuality he

[1] In the beginning, too, man did not know how children came about, for it was not easy to connect a common impulsive act with the event of birth so far removed in time. The tales told to children still are reminiscences of the mythical explanations which our savage ancestors advanced to explain the arrival of the infant. Consequently, all popular theories of the origin of marriage and the family based on the assumption of conscious paternity are outlawed.

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spontaneously ascribed the same type of individuality and purpose to animals and plants, the wind, and the thunder. This exhibits one of the most noxious tendencies of the mind—namely, personification. It is one of the most virulent enemies of clear thinking. We speak of the Spirit of the Reformation or the Spirit of Revolt or the Spirit of Disorder and Anarchy. The papers tell us that, "Berlin says," "London says," "Uncle Sam so decides," "John Bull is disgruntled." Now, whether or no there are such things as spirits, Berlin and London have no souls, and Uncle Sam is as mythical as the great god Pan. Sometimes this regression to the savage is harmless, but when a newspaper states that "Germany is as militaristic as ever," on the ground that some insolent Prussian lieutenant says that German armies will occupy Paris within five years, we have an example of animism which in a society farther removed from savagery than ours might be deemed a high crime and misdemeanor. Chemists and physicians have given up talking of spirits, but in discussing social and economic questions we are still victimized by the primitive animistic tendencies of the mind.

The dream has had its great influence in the building up of the mind. Our ideas, especially our religious ones, would have had quite another history had men been dreamless. For it was not merely his shadow and his reflection in the water that led him to imagine souls and doubles, but pre-eminently the visions of the night. As his body lay quiet in sleep he found himself wandering into distant places. He was visited by the dead. So it was clear that the body had an inhabitant which was not necessarily bound to it and which could desert it from time to time during life and which continued to exist and interest itself in human affairs after death. Whole civilizations and religions and vast theological speculations have been dominated by this savage inference. It is true that in very recent times, since Plato, let us say, other reasons have been urged for believing in the soul and its immortality, but the idea appears to have got its firm footing in savage logic. It is a primitive and spontaneous inference, however it may later have been revised, rationalized, and ennobled.

The taboo—the *Verboten*—of savage life is another thing very elementary in man's make-up. He had tendencies to fall into habits and establish inhibitions for reasons that he did not discover or easily forgot. These became fixed and sacred to him, and any departure from them filled him with dread. Sometimes the prohibition might have some reasonable justification, sometimes it might seem wholly absurd and even a great nuisance, but that made no difference in its binding force. For example, pork was taboo among the ancient Hebrews. No one can say why, but none of the modern justifications for abstaining from that particular kind of meat would have counted. It is not improbable that it was the original veneration for the boar and not an abhorrence of him that led to the prohibition.

The modern "principle" is too often only a new form of the ancient taboo, rather than an enlightened rule of conduct. The person who justifies himself by saying that he holds certain beliefs, or acts in a certain manner "on principle," and yet refuses to examine the basis and expediency of his principle, introduces into his thinking and conduct an irrational, mystical element similar to that which characterized savage prohibitions. Principles unintelligently urged make a great deal of trouble in the free consideration of social readjustment, for they are frequently as recalcitrant and obscurantist as the primitive taboo, and are really scarcely more than an excuse for refusing to reconsider one's convictions and conduct. The psychological conditions lying back of both taboo and principle are essentially the same.

We find in savage thought a sort of intensified and generalized taboo in the

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classification of things as clean and unclean and in the conceptions of the sacred. These are really expressions of profound and persistent traits in the uncritical mind and can only be overcome by carefully cultivated criticism. They are the result of our natural timidity and the constant dread lest we find ourselves treading on holy ground. Where they enter the mind we cannot expect to think freely and fairly, for they effectually stop argument. If a thing is held to be sacred it is the center of what may be called a defense complex, and a reasonable consideration of the merits of the case will not be tolerated. When an issue is declared to be a "moral" one—for example, the prohibition of strong drink—an emotional state is implied which makes reasonable compromise and adjustment impossible; for "moral" is a word on somewhat the same plane as "sacred," and has much the same qualities and similar effects on thinking. In dealing with the adjustment of the relations of the sexes the terms "pure" and "impure" introduce mystic and irrational moods alien to clear analysis and rearrangements.

Those who have studied the characteristics of savage life are all struck by its deadly conservatism, its needless restraints on the freedom of the individual, and its hopeless routine. Man, like plants and animals in general, tends to go on from generation to generation living as nearly as may be the life of his forbears. Changes have to be forced upon him by hard experience, and he is ever prone to find excuses for slipping back into older habits, for these are likely to be simpler, less critical, more spontaneous — more closely akin, in short, to his animal and primitive promptings. One who prides himself today on his conservatism, on the ground that man is naturally an anarchic and disorderly creature who is held in check by the far-seeing Tory, is almost exactly reversing the truth. Mankind is conservative by nature and generates restraints on himself and obstacles to change which have served to keep him in a state of savagery during almost his whole existence on the earth, and which still perpetuate all sorts of primitive barbarism in modern society. The conservative "on principle" is therefore a most unmistakably primitive person in his attitude. His only advance beyond the savage mood lies in the specious reasons he is able to advance for remaining of the same mind. What we vaguely call "radical" is a very recent product due to altogether exceptional and unprecedented circumstances.

The Egyptians were the first people who, so far as we know, invented a highly artificial method of writing, about five thousand years ago, and began to devise new arts beyond those of their barbarous predecessors. They developed painting and architecture, navigation, and various ingenious industries; worked in glass and enamels and began the use of copper, and so introduced metal into human affairs. But they came upon neither philosophy nor science, and in their beliefs remained very primitive. The same may be said of the peoples of Mesopotamia and of the western Asiatic nations in general. Just as in our own day, the practical arts have got a long start compared with the revision of beliefs in regard to man and the gods. The peculiar opinions of the Egyptians do not enter directly into our intellectual heritage, but some of the fundamental religious ideas which developed in western Asia have, through the veneration for the Hebrew Scriptures, become part and parcel of our ways of thinking. To the Greeks, however, we are intellectually under heavy obligation.

The literature of the Greeks, in such fragments as escaped destruction, was destined, along with the Hebrew Scriptures, to exercise an incalculable influence in the formation of our modern civilized minds. These two dominating literary heritages originated about the same time — day before yesterday, viewed in the perspective of our race's

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history. Previously books had played no great part in the development, dissemination, and transmission of culture from generation to generation. Now they were to become a cardinal force in advancing and retarding the mind's expansion.

It required about a thousand years for the Greek shepherds from the pastures of the Danube to assimilate the culture of the highly civilized regions in which they first appeared as barbarian destroyers. They accepted the industrial arts of the Eastern Mediterranean, adopted the Phœnician alphabet, and emulated the Phœnician merchant. By the seventh century before our era they had towns, colonies, and trade, with much stimulating running hither and thither. We get our first traces of new intellectual enterprise in the Ionian cities, especially Miletus, and in the Italian colonies of the Greeks. Later only did Athens become the unrivaled center in an unprecedented outflowering of the human intelligence.

It is a delicate task to summarize what we owe to the Greeks. Of their supreme achievements in literature and art nothing can be said here; indeed, no more than a word in regard to the general scope and nature of their thinking as it relates most closely to our theme.

The chief strength of the Greeks lay in their freedom from hampering intellectual tradition. They had no venerated classics, no holy books, no dead languages to master, no authorities to check their free speculation. As Lord Bacon said, they had no knowledge of antiquity and no antiquity of knowledge. A modern classicist would have been a forlorn outlander in ancient Athens, with no books in a forgotten tongue, no obsolete inflections to impose upon reluctant youth. He would have had to use the every-day speech of the sandal-maker and fuller. For a long time no technical words were invented to give aloofness and seeming precision to philosophic and scientific discussion. Aristotle was the first to use words incomprehensible to the average citizen. It was in these conditions that the possibilities of human criticism first showed themselves. The primitive notions of man, of the gods, and the workings of natural forces began to be overhauled on an unprecedented scale. The intelligence developed as exceptionally bold individuals came to have their suspicions of simple, spontaneous, and ancient ways of looking at things. Ultimately men appeared who professed to doubt everything.

As Abelard long after put it, "By doubting we come to question, and by seeking we may come upon the truth." But man is by nature credulous. He is victimized by first impressions from which he can only escape with great difficulty. He resents criticism of accepted and familiar ideas as he resents any unwelcome disturbance of routine. So criticism is against nature, for it conflicts with the smooth workings of our more primitive minds, those of the child and the savage. It should not be forgotten that the Greek people were no exception in this matter. Anaxagoras and Aristotle were banished for thinking as they did, Euripides was an object of abhorrence to the conservative of his day, and Socrates was actually executed for his godless teachings. The Greek thinkers furnish the first instance of intellectual freedom, of the self-detachment and self-abnegating vigor of criticism which is most touchingly illustrated in the honest knownothingism of Socrates. They discovered scepticism in the higher and proper significance of the word, and this was their supreme contribution to human thought.

One of the finest examples of early Greek scepticism was the discovery of Xenophanes that man created the gods in his own image. He looked about him, observed the current conceptions of the divine, compared those of different peoples, and reached the conclusion that the way in which a tribe pictured its deities was not the outcome of any knowledge of how they really looked and

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whether they had black eyes or blue, but was a reflection of the familiarly human. If the lions had gods they would have the shape of their worshipers. No more fundamentally shocking revelation was ever made than this, for it shook the very foundations of religious belief. The home life on Olympus as described in Homer was too scandalous to escape the attention of the thoughtful, and no later Christian could have denounced the demoralizing influence of the current religious beliefs in hotter indignation than did Plato. To judge from the reflection of Greek thought which we find in Lucretius and Cicero, no primitive religious belief escaped mordant criticism.

The second great discovery of the Greek thinkers was *Metaphysics*. They did not have the name, which originated long after in quite an absurd fashion,[1] but they reveled in the thing. Now metaphysics is revered by some as our noblest effort to reach the highest truth, and scorned by others as the silliest of wild-goose chases. I am inclined to rate it, like smoking, as a highly gratifying indulgence to those who like it, and, as indulgences go, relatively innocent. The Greeks found that the mind could carry on an absorbing game with itself—the indoor sport *par excellence*. We all engage in reveries and fantasies of a homely, every-day type, concerned with our desires and resentments. The fantasy of the metaphysician busies itself with conceptions, abstractions, distinctions, hypotheses, postulates, and logical inferences. Having made certain postulates or hypotheses, he finds new conclusions, following them in a seemingly convincing manner. This gives him the delightful emotion of pursuing Truth, something as the simple man pursues a maiden. Only Truth is more elusive than the maiden and may continue to beckon her follower for long years, no matter how gray and doddering he may become.

Let me give two examples of metaphysical reasoning. We have an idea of an omnipotent, all-good and perfect person. We are incapable, knowing as we do only imperfect things, of framing such an idea for ourselves, so it must have been given us by God himself. And perfection must include existence, so God must exist. This was good enough for Anselm and Descartes, who went on to build a whole closely concatenated philosophical system on this foundation. To them the logic seemed irrefragable; to the modern student of comparative religion, even to Kant, another metaphysician, there was nothing whatsoever in it but an illustration of the native operations of a mind that has made a wholly gratuitous hypothesis and is victimized by an orderly series of spontaneous associations.

The Eleatic philosophers, who appeared early in the Greek colonies on the coast of Italy, thought hard about space and motion. Empty space seemed as good as nothing, and as nothing could not be said to exist, space must be an illusion; and as motion implied space in which to take place, there could be no motion. So all things were really perfectly compact and at rest and all our impressions of change were the illusions of the thoughtless and the simple-minded. Since one of the chief satisfactions of the metaphysicians is to get away from the welter of our mutable world into a realm of assurance, this doctrine exercised a great fascination over many minds. The Eleatic conviction of unchanging stability received a new form in Plato's doctrine of eternal "ideas," and later developed into the comforting conception of the "Absolute," in which logical and world-weary souls have sought refuge from the times of Plotinus to those of Josiah Royce.

But there was one group of Greek

[1] When in the time of Cicero the long-hidden works of Aristotle were recovered and put into the hands of Andronicus of Rhodes to edit, he found certain fragments of highly abstruse speculation which he did not know what to do with. So he called them "addenda to the Physics"—*Ta meta ta physica*. These fragments under the caption "Metaphysica" became the most revered of Aristotle's productions, his "First Philosophy," as the Scholastics were wont to call it

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thinkers whose general notions of natural operations correspond in a striking manner to the findings of the most recent science. These were the Epicureans. Democritus was in no way a modern experimental scientist, but he met the Eleatic metaphysics with another set of speculative considerations which happened to be nearer what is now regarded as the truth than theirs. He rejected the Eleatic decisions against the reality of space and motion on the ground that, since motion obviously took place, the void must be a reality, even if the metaphysician could not conceive it. He hit upon the notion that all things were composed of minute indestructible particles (or atoms) of fixed kinds. Given motion and sufficient time, these might by fortuitous concourse make all possible combinations. And it was one of these combinations which we call the world as we find it. For the atoms of various shapes were inherently capable of making up all material things, even the soul of man and the gods themselves. There was no permanence anywhere; all was no more than the shifting accidental and fleeting combinations of the permanent atoms of which the cosmos was composed. This doctrine was accepted by the noble Epicurus and his school and is delivered to us in the immortal poem of Lucretius on the nature of things.

The Epicureans believed the gods to exist, for, like Anselm and Descartes, they thought we had an innate idea of them. But the divine beings led a life of elegant ease and took no account of man; neither his supplications and sweet-smelling sacrifices, nor his neglect and blasphemies ever disturbed their calm. Moreover, the human soul was dissipated at death. So the Epicureans flattered themselves that they had delivered man from his two chief apprehensions, the fear of the gods and the fear of death. For, as Lucretius says, he who understands the real nature of things will see that both are the illusions of ignorance. Thus one school of Greek thinkers attained to a complete rejection of superstition in the name of natural science.

In Plato we have at once the scepticism and the metaphysics of his contemporaries. He has had his followers down through the ages, some of whom carried his scepticism to its utmost bounds; others of whom availed themselves of his metaphysics to rear systems of arrogant mystical dogmatism. He put his speculations in the form of dialogues—ostensible discussions in the market-place or in the houses of philosophic Athenians. The Greek word for logic is *dialectic*, which really means "discussion," argumentation in the interest of fuller analysis, with the hope of more critical conclusions. The dialogues are the drama of his day employed in Plato's magical hand as a vehicle of discursive reason. Of late we have in Ibsen, Shaw, Brieux, and Galsworthy the old expedient applied to the consideration of social perplexities and contradictions. The dialogue is indecisive in its outcome. It does not lend itself to dogmatic conclusions and systematic presentation, but exposes the intricacy of all important questions and the inevitable conflict of views which may seem altogether irreconcilable. We much need to encourage and elaborate opportunities for profitable discussion to-day. We should revert to the dialectic of the Athenian agora and make it a chosen instrument for clarifying and co-ordinating and directing our co-operative thinking.

Plato's indecision and urbane fair-mindedness are called irony. Now irony is seriousness without solemnity. It assumes that man is a serio-comic animal, and that no treatment of his affairs can be appropriate which accords him a consistency and dignity which he does not possess. He is always a child and a savage. He is the victim of conflicting desires and hidden yearnings. He may talk like a sentimental idealist and act like a brute. The same person will devote anxious years to the invention of

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high explosives and then give his fortune to the promotion of peace. We devise the most exquisite machinery for blowing our neighbors to pieces and then display our highest skill and organization in trying to patch together such as offer hope of being mended. Our nature forbids us to make a choice between the machine-gun and the Red Cross nurse. So we use the one to keep the other busy. Human thought and conduct can only be treated broadly and truly in a mood of tolerant irony. It belies the logical precision of the long-faced, humorless writer on politics and ethics. Such works rarely deal with man at all, but are a stupid form of metaphysics.

Plato made terms with the welter of things, but sought relief in the conception of supernal models, eternal in the heavens, after which all things were imperfectly fashioned. He confessed that he could not bear to accept a world which was like a leaky pot or a man running at the nose. In short, he ascribed the highest form of existence to ideals and abstractions. This was a new and sophisticated republication of savage animism. It invited lesser minds than his to indulge in all sorts of noble vagueness and impertinent jargon which still curse all popular discussions of human affairs. He consecrated one of the chief foibles of the human mind and elevated it to a religion.

Ever since his time men have discussed the import of names. Is there such a thing as love, friendship, and honor, or are there only lovely things, friendly emotions in this individual and that, deeds which we may, according to our standards, pronounce honorable or dishonorable. If you believe in beauty, truth, and love as such you are a Platonist. If you believe that there are only individual instances and illustrations of various classified emotions and desires and acts, and that abstractions are only the inevitable categories of thought, you would in the Middle Ages have been called a "nominalist." This matter merits a long discussion, but one can test any book or newspaper editorial at his leisure and see whether the writer puts you off with abstractions—Americanism, Bolshevism, public welfare, liberty, national honor, religion, morality, good taste, rights of man, science, reason, error—or, on the other hand, casts some light on actual human complications. I do not mean, of course, that we can get along without the use of abstract and general terms in our thinking and speaking, but we should be on our constant guard against regarding them as forces and attributing to them the vigor of personality. Animism is, as already explained, a pitfall which is always yawning before us and into which we are sure to plunge unless we are on our constant guard. Platonism is its most amiable and complete disguise.

Previous to Aristotle, Greek thought had been wonderfully free and elastic. It had not settled into compartments or assumed an educational form which would secure its unrevised transmission from teacher to student. It was not gathered together in systematic treatises. Aristotle combined the supreme powers of an original and creative thinker with the impulses of a text-book writer. He loved order and classification. He supplied manuals of Ethics, Politics, Logic, Psychology, Physics, Metaphysics, Economics, Poetics, Zoölogy, Meteorology, Constitutional Law, and God only knows what not, for we do not have by any means all the things he wrote. And he was equally interested and perhaps equally capable in all the widely scattered fields in which he labored. And some of his manuals were so overwhelming in the conclusiveness of their reasoning, so all-embracing in their scope, that the mediæval universities may be forgiven for having made them the sole basis of a liberal education and for imposing fines on those who ventured to differ from "The Philosopher." He seemed to know everything that could be known and to have ordered up all earthly knowledge in an inspired

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codification which would stand the professors in good stead down to the day of judgment.

Aristotle combined an essentially metaphysical taste with a preternatural power of observation in dealing with the workings of nature. In spite of his inevitable mistakes, which became the curse of later docile generations, no other thinker of whom we have record can really compare with him in the distinction and variety of his achievements. It is not his fault that posterity used his works to hamper further progress and clarification. He is the father of book knowledge and the grandfather of the commentator.

After two or three hundred years of talking in the market-place, those Greeks predisposed to speculation had thought all the thoughts and uttered all the criticisms of commonly accepted beliefs and of one another that could by any possibility occur to those who had little inclination to fare forth and extend their knowledge of the so-called realities of nature by painful and specialized research and examination. This is to me the chief reason why, except for some advances in mathematics, astronomy, geography, and the refinements of scholarship, the glorious period of the Greek mind is commonly and rightfully assumed to have come to an end about the time of Aristotle's death. Why did they not go on as modern scientists have gone on, with vistas of the unachieved still ahead of them?

In the first place, Greek civilization was founded on slavery and a fixed condition of the industrial arts. The philosopher and scholar was estopped from fumbling with those every-day processes that were associated with the mean life of the slave and servant. Consequently there was no one to devise the practical apparatus by which alone profound and ever-increasing knowledge of natural operations is possible. The mechanical inventiveness of the Greeks was slight, and hence they never came upon the lens; they had no microscope to reveal the minute, no telescope to attract the remote; they never devised a mechanical timepiece, a thermometer or a barometer, to say nothing of cameras and spectroscopes. Archimedes, it is reported, disdained to make any record of his ingenious devices, for they were unworthy the noble profession of a philosopher. Such inventions as were made were usually either toys or of a heavy practical character. So the next great step forward in the extension of the human mind awaited the disappearance of slavery and the slowly dawning suspicion and repudiation of the older metaphysics, which first became marked some three hundred years ago.

Those who ushered in the modern scientific study of natural things early in the seventeenth century were separated from Aristotle by nearly two thousand years, during which much of Greek learning had been lost, and much of a suspicious nature was added to the range of human thought. They did not start where the Greeks left off, but had to escape from a highly imposing scheme of things based on mystic and supernatural presuppositions, formulated in the universities of the later Middle Ages. We cannot understand the difficulties of the early scientific thinkers, nor those of our own day, without taking the medieval frame of mind into consideration. This and some of its effects on our current ideas and habits of thought will be the subject of the next article.

(To be continued.)

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THE LION'S MOUTH

A BIRD IN THE HANDBOOK

BY FREDERICK L. ALLEN

LAST winter I was seized with a passion for becoming a naturalist. I decided to learn all about birds. I had recently come to live in a house with trees around it, and the opportunity looked too good to miss. I shall buy a bird book, said I, and keep a bird list. I shall get the jump on the birds by starting in at the very beginning of spring and checking them off as they arrive from Pinehurst and points South. In this way, I told myself, I shall master my subject, until at the end of the season I sha'n't even have to raise my eyes when I hear a peeping sound outside the window, but shall simply wave a hand and say to my guests: "Ah, the Blue-bellied Finch once more! Industrious little fellows! I saw my first one on April 26th. As we were saying, before I'd vote for a man like Cox—"

I went to a book store and inspected bird books. I found that there are three kinds. One is full of minute descriptions. It tells you that the Swamp Sapsucker is eight and a quarter inches long, that the maxillary feathers are pointed rather than obtuse, that it has a greenish eye which distinguishes it from the yellowish eye of the Hairy Sapsucker, that its tibia is olive, while its tarsus is olive in the male and brown in the female, and that it has a sweet, plaintive song and abounds in juniper groves. By the time you have looked up the tibia and the tarsus and have exhausted yourself trying to picture a bird with pointed maxillary feathers, you find that the Swamp Sapsucker is peculiar to Southern Texas. Frankly, a book like this is no good for such as you and me. We aren't up to it Give me, I said to myself, give me something simple and impressionistic.

So I went on to the second kind of bird book. At first this kind attracted me because it was plainly written for people with undeveloped minds, and so I could understand most of it. But it, too, had its difficulties. It was in story form. It told, for example, how Dotty the Tree Sparrow and Daisy the Bluebird had a difference of opinion over a little matter of a worm, and then how Screamer the Blue Jay drove them both off and grabbed the worm. "Dear me," said Daisy afterward to the horrified orchard folk, "what a distressing incident! I must say I detest Screamer the Blue Jay, the nasty thing, even though he is a large and handsome bird with a blue back, a white breast, a black collar, black wing-bars, and a somewhat prominent crest." All that sort of thing. The dialogue was brisk, and the book had pictures in it—a great advantage—but there seemed to be difficulties about the thing for field use. Imagine youself standing a-tiptoe on a little hill and detecting a strange bird in a strange bush, and having to turn to Chapter 9, "Friends of Summer," and run through three pages of repartee to locate your bird. And then, too, as fiction, the book was disappointing; there were too many characters and the plot was involved.

I finally settled on a small pocket-size book that was entirely full of colored pictures. All you had to do on discovering a new bird in the tree top was to run through the pictures as you would run through the family photo-

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graph album in search of the likeness of an unidentified aunt, and presto!—there you were.

So on a windy day in March, having waked at dawn and heard a song-sparrow, and being convinced that I must move fast if I was to welcome the earliest arrivals from Southern parts, I tucked my photograph album in my pocket and set out for the woods The season was on.

I had a jolly afternoon. It was fine March weather, and I was glad to be out in the open. From a birding point of view, to be sure, the day was not an unqualified success. When I came home my notebook bore the sole entry; *March 25. Crow.* But after all, that doesn't quite give a fair impression of the day's work. For I saw several crows, quite a number in fact. And then after I got home I suddenly recollected that I had a perfect right to enter also birds seen earlier in the year, and in a burst of pride I entered the names of *English Sparrow, Blue Jay, and Chickadee.* So you see I already had four. Not a bad beginning for an amateur, all things considered. In fact, I think you will agree that I was already in a fair way to be an ornithologist.

There is one thing I want you to notice —the perfect simplicity of the entries in my notebook. I had already decided that the stern choice must be made between science and literature. There are some who enliven their notebooks with descriptive material. "March 25," they would write. "A fine day, full of the odors of spring. As I walked through Belmont I saw a woodchuck. The hills were white with pussywillows and the roads were black with tiny Fords, tempted into the wilds by the enticing freshness of the dewy morning. Near Lexington I saw a single crow, sitting black and gaunt at the top of a crab-apple tree, and with a thrill I remembered the well-known words of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Home by moonlight, ate a piece of pie, and to bed."

Now that is all very well in its way. But I prefer the scientific temper. My notebook simply reads: *March 25. Crow.* Science, too, has her victories.

As the season progressed and my list grew gradually from five to ten, and then to fifteen, and finally to seventeen, I began to discover the difficulties which beset the ornithologist. In the first place, the birds keep undeniably inconvenient hours. Their big time is about 3.30 A.M., and at the beginning of the season I decided to get up some fine morning at 3.30 and fill my notebook with entries. "Not to-morrow," I would say; "I've got too much work to do to-morrow, but Saturday—Saturday I shall rise with the dawn and make a big killing." But somehow the thing didn't come off. On Saturday at 3.30 A.M. I would decide to compromise on 3.30 P.M., thus making the best of a very bad situation. I think something should be done about the early morning habits of birds. Perhaps an amendment to the Constitution. . . .

Then, too, there is a certain embarrassment inherent in the early stages of ornithology. When your neighbor Jones comes along and finds you standing motionless in the road, stalking a large brown bird which you can't see properly because he *will* keep between you and the sun, and Jones asks if it's a very rare bird you're after, and you say, "I *think* it's a robin, but I want to make sure," Jones is not impressed. In fact, you soon develop the habit of trying to look, whenever Jones comes along, as if you were bound somewhere on an important errand, or else just pausing to look at your watch and decide whether to return to the house for breakfast. For Jones, you see, has no proper appreciation of the importance of identifying a robin once and for for all.

And when Campbell comes along the situation is even worse. "Ah," says Campbell, "birding? I belong to the Audubon Club, and last Saturday we

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had a field day and I had the worst record in the Club—only seventy-one birds identified in the course of the day. The Blackburnian Warblers are pretty thick now, aren't they?" After that you take good care that whenever Campbell comes along you are simply taking the air, simply gazing at the beauty of the fine old elms, simply taking a letter to be mailed at the post-box down the road. You had intended that morning, perhaps, to call up Campbell over the telephone and ask him what is a smallish bird, brownish above and grayish underneath, that goes "swee swee swee swee," but now you know that you will have to sit down alone with your bird-guide and decide whether the song was a "gay, warbling melody," or a "clear succession of notes ending in a whistle."

But I wouldn't have you think I'm discouraged; the birds have a habit of leaving the region in which I go a-birding and congregating about me when I'm playing my celebrated mashie shot on the eleventh hole and mustn't be disturbed; but I already have twenty-one on my list, and the season's not nearly over. And then, of course, I'll probably get up next Saturday morning at dawn and see a lot of new ones. Or at any rate, I'll make a fresh start next spring, and then I won't have to waste time on the robins and bluebirds, and I'll get a whopping big list. Yes, perhaps that's the wisest course on the whole: to take it easy this year and especially to take it easy next Saturday morning, and make a fresh start at ornithology in 1921.

LETTERS TO CERTAIN PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE

TO A DOCTOR

BY WINIFRED KIRKLAND

DEAR DOCTOR,—I write to you in a spirit not of censure, but of friendly warning to one near and intimate whose career I perceive beset with dangers. That prestige which you have painstakingly built up through long, grudging centuries is so conspicuous that it is natural you should think it more secure than it actually is. As I look back into the revelations of literature and of social history I see you steadily advancing from a position far below the salt to one that goes steadily up and up, until to-day no other frequenter of any household is accorded the authority which you receive. Human nature, too proud to admit its helpless dependence on its own physical machinery, has been loath to acknowledge the dignity of the man who mends and oils that machinery. People once regarded the apothecary who treated their bodies as they still regard the veterinarian who treats the bodies of their horses. Your emergence from your humble origin has been so complete that you are no longer to be looked upon as the successor to the apothecary, but, rather, as the successor to the priest, the prophet, and the prince. You have attained, perhaps, the pinnacle of your glory, and this fact is the cause of my apprehension, for all pinnacles are dangerous.

Your peril, however, comes not from without, but from within. There is as yet no indication that the public has gone back upon you. You are still eminent, and deservedly, but are you going to protect this eminence with all the wise secrecy of your primitive yet canny predecessors, the medicine man and the voodoo? Dear friend, in this sadly astute old world, are you going to know enough to take care of yourself? You are incurably boyish, even when gray and palsied; you are even more naïve than a lawyer or a politician. That engaging infantine self-exposure of yours, where may it not lead you!

It is all very natural, your innocence. You are, in sober reality, the father confessor of a faithless generation. Many people who don't believe in a God do believe in a doctor. The mediæval confessor held in his hand the fate of families and dynasties and empires. So do you. The mediæval priest threatened the

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refractory with the execrations of the Church, but you threaten us with all the execrations of Science. You enter a house, and every inmate bows to your commands. You order the mother away from the child, and direct the son how he shall deal with his father. Almost, but not quite, you issue mandates to the cook. You strike awe even into a child. The nations obey you, for you attend the statesman in the very council chamber, and you follow the financier to his stall in the Bourse. It is but natural you should believe the reverence everywhere paid you more secure than it is. But stop and think on what sand it is founded! What master ever safely trusted his slave?

Because you believe your patient trusts you, you trust him. You trust his sincerity, his confidence, his admiration. Too often you think the poor wretch so sodden with illness as to be incapable of any thought whatever. Doctors and nurses are unaware of the razor glance thrust into them from beneath eyelids heavy with pain. No matter with what confidence you may sail into the sick room, remember there is no shade of your word or manner but is recorded for or against you by that swathed carcass on the bed. Be assured there never yet was a patient who did not dissect his surgeon more exhaustively than any surgeon ever dissected him.

I beg you to understand the reasons for an invalid's acumen in order that you may believe in it and be on your guard against it. No cloak of professional pomp will protect you from a patient's insight because his life depends on you. Therefore he watches you as the trapped beast watches his keeper. He notes every quirk of your finger, every flicker of your eyelash, for you hold his very existence in the hollow of your hand. You are his judge and his executioner and his pope. And you naïvely suppose he loves you for your power! Of course he hates you for it. However kind his keeper, isn't the trapped beast always looking for a vulnerable spot to bite? And yet you, poor dear, how blithely in the apparent safety of the sick room you exhibit the holes in your chain armor of reserve! Your patient is human, and he is your slave, and yet you are not afraid of him! Do you think he does not resent your intimacy, your intrusion, your dominion over his wife and his children and his grandchildren and his goods and his cattle and his men servants and his maid servants?

As if his helplessness were not affront enough, the sick man knows that if he is ever to get loose from your fetters he must temporarily bind them tighter; he knows that you'll never set him free until he has delivered you all his secrets. You must know exactly where his mind is crooked, you tell him, or you can never straighten out his body. People used to tell the apothecary merely their physical ills, and if the invalid happened to be a choleric, gouty squire, by no means all of those; but to-day, when our physiology and our psychology have become so intertangled, no one dares to hide even a thought from a doctor, for fear one won't recover. And for disobedience you threaten terrible penalty. The mediæval confessor could achieve no more compelling threat than mere spiritual disintegration and postmundane discomfort, but you can terrorize the most obstinate glutton with the loss of his money-making faculties if he does not eat less and exercise more. A soul is a vaporish unreality, but a gall bladder and an appendix and a bad heart are very present troubles, enough to frighten anybody into obeying you. I reiterate that it is because of your power over other people's fortunes that your own are insecure. The patient in these modern days is so abjectly helpless that he cherishes all a slave's rancor, and at any time may strike you in the dark. He has even been known secretly to laugh at you.

Now all this danger of your self-betrayal to some unperceived enemy is inadvertent and unconscious on your part. You are simply unaware that the patient is fooling you, and that is why I

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warn you; but what can I say to you of that rashness with which you voluntarily expose yourself to the heartless publicity of print! You have lately taken to writing books, books of extreme lucidity and popular appeal, which dare to reveal the arcana of your methods. With an audacity insane in view of the consequences to yourself and your profession, you inform us, in book and magazine, attaching the magic seal M.D. to your statements, that you heal us by means of our minds. Pills and liniments and potions you prescribe, so you tell us, because we like to be fooled, in fact, because we insist on being fooled. You cure us through our minds, you dare to say it, and through your own magnetism! I told you at the start that you had perhaps reached the pinnacle of your success. It is a sorry fact about pinnacles that they are such prickly seats that no man sits on one very long. Nobody prods him from it; always he, himself, manages to tumble off any height to which he has climbed. The modern curse of publicity has undone you. Neither you nor your calling can exist if you cease to be occult, and yet here you go hurtling into print with all the mysteries your profession has guarded for ten thousand years!

But print has money in it, you say. Good lack! yes, but why? Your books sell, but why? We buy your secrets as fast as we can, because we want to know how to do without you. But when you have sold them all (and by your own account they are few and simple) what are you going to do then for a livelihood? Do you wonder that I rush to write you, begging you to stop these perilous revelations while yet there is time? Think how many people resent your sway so bitterly that they will rejoice to see your throne totter! Of these I am not one. I love you and I worry about you. Your despotism has been absolute, and yet devoted. Is it, perhaps, sheer kindness that has made you long at last to set us free? For when you voluntarily cease to be mysterious you voluntarily cease to be powerful. By naïvely informing us how deftly you do the trick for us, presto! we spring from our beds and do the trick for ourselves.

It is not the patient's welfare, you see, but your own that makes me anxious. We others shall be better off, perhaps, but how about you? You have been my friend, you have raised me from languishment until I have become well enough to be impudent. I owe you a debt that I am here endeavoring to pay. Do be careful. Stop just where you are. Don't tell the public one more thing. Re-establish the pill in its prominence, re-sanctify the lotion, re-employ the cryptic phrase. It is not too late. Human nature is still human nature, and you might as well make something out of it. That's what it is for, and that's what we are all doing, making something out of it. Why throw away your chances? Don't doff your cloak: revert to the medicine man. Do you dare to dream that you can retain your prestige when you confess yourself no magician, strong in an arsenal of drugs, but a mere man doing his bit of mind cure? It's madness for you to confess that your cure is due not to the pellet you shoot into us, but to the incantation you pronounce while shooting. Such confession transfers our faith from a pill to a person. A pill is so mysterious that we shall always be afraid of it, but when you tell us that your power is not that of a pill, but of a person, we smile, for we know so much about persons that we could never be afraid of one.

RARES AND ANTIQUES

BY CAROLYN WELLS

MY friends are all collecting;
I want to do it, too.
And so, I am reflecting,
And this and that rejecting,
To choose what I shall do.

One friend's collecting Whitman,
One has a George Moore shelf;
If I could find a fit man,
From Cadmus down to Pitman,
I'd take a hand myself.

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In ignorance extensive,
I aimed at Keats—but, oh!
I found him *so* expensive,
It made me apprehensive;
And so I turned to Poe.

You see, you choose a writer—
Then gather, here and there,
His books—or items slighter
Of which he was inditer—
Portraits or locks of hair.

But, listen, oh, ye scholars!
A single raven lock
That had hung o'er Poe's collars
Sold for three thousand dollars,
Upon the auction block!

If just one lock of Poe's hair
Three thousand dollars brought—
I can't buy E. P. Roe's hair
At that rate! Goodness knows hair
Is dearer than I thought!

Hair prices are stupendous!
Washington's hair brought lots;
One man (of wealth tremendous)
Obtained at price horrendous,
Four hairs of Walter Scott's!

I sat, in blank amazement,
At such a sale of "rares";
And wondered if the craze meant
A higher still appraisement,
And if they'd yet split hairs!

And now, upon reflection,
Since hair's so very high—
I'll start my own collection
Headed in the direction
Of Riley, Field, or Nye!

THE TRAGEDY OF ECONOMY

BY PHILIP CURTISS

THE other day, while inspecting an almshouse, I felt a tug at my coat and, looking down, saw the face of my one-time friend, Harry Spender. Seeing, no doubt, the shock that I felt, he begged a word with me out in the garden.

"Well," he began, a bit defiantly, "I suppose that you are not surprised to find I have come to this."

"To be perfectly frank, I am not," I replied. "You know, Harry, you cannot have your cake and eat it. You had your fun in the prime of your life. You threw your money to right and left when you had it. You certainly cannot complain if now you are called on to pay the reckoning."

He shook his head sadly. "You wrong me," he said. "If it had been the pleasures of those happy days when I was known as the leading spendthrift in town that had brought me to this sad pass, I would make no complaint. I am always willing to pay for my fun; but the bitter drop in my present cup lies in the fact that saving, not spending, has been my ruin. My downfall in life came not from extravagance but economy."

"Your story interests me strangely," I answered. "Sit down."

We sat down under the trees, lighted cigars, and Harry told me his curious tale.

"The days in which you knew me," he began, "were the happiest of my life. Let us make no bones about it. I always spent every cent that I earned. I was known as a man headed straight for the rocks, but even you will have to admit that I never got there. I denied myself nothing. Nor only that, but I did what I did in the most extravagant way. I never owned the roof over my head. I paid any rent that the landlord demanded. I bought silk socks at fashionable shops and when I wanted cigars I purchased them two or three at a time at expensive hotels."

I nodded my head. The picture he painted was true.

"My friends," he resumed, "watched my course with alarm. They begged me to put some check on myself, to keep proper accounts, to get an efficient agent to run my affairs. They called me insane. They did not have the genius to see that my books were really the cleanest in town—income and outgo exactly balanced each other each month. My system was simple and fundamentally faultless. If I wanted

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a thing I went out and bought it—and bought that thing only. If I did not want anything I stayed at home. When I had money I spent it. When I hadn't money I didn't spend any. I hadn't a care in the world until Tom Niggles appointed himself to take charge of my affairs."

Harry shook his head sadly "Of course you remember Tom Niggles. Tom, you recall, was one of those men who could never talk without beginning to figure on the back of an envelope.

"'Now listen, Harry,' Tom used to say to me, 'The trouble with you is not that you are really a spendthrift but that you haven't the faintest conception of business methods. For instance, how much do you pay for this house?'

"'Fifty dollars a month,' I replied.

"'And how long have you lived here?'

"'Twenty-six years.

"He began to figure. 'Harry,' he said as last, 'do you realize that, in that time, you have paid your landlord no less than $15,600?'

"'Yes, but, after all, it is his house.'

"'Quite so, but who bought it for him? You did yourself. The sum you have paid him is more than the house is worth. You have made him a present of the building and still have to pay him to live here.'

"With that he sat down to figure some more. He calculated that fifty dollars a month was the interest on ten thousand dollars. The upshot was that, in a week, I had bought a house of my own—and a mortgage. My happy days of rent slavery were over. It had sounded very plausible when Tom had said that I might just as well pay interest to a bank as rent to a landlord. He hadn't explained that I would also have to pay taxes and fire insurance, and that the city would pick the day I moved in to assess me eight hundred dollars for a school to which I had no children to send, for a pavement on which I never walked, and a sewer I never saw. When I was paying rent my landlord had never asked me to build a school house or lay down a sewer.

"What with the moving and all, I ran behind, that month, for the first time in my whole life. I went to see Tom about it. 'You got me into this,' I told him. 'Now it is up to you to get me out.'

"He laughed, as people do about other people's affairs. 'The trouble with you, Harry, is that you have never had any system. You have never looked two days ahead. Now, for instance, how much did you pay for that cigar you are smoking?'

"'A quarter.'

"'There you are!' he retorted. 'You are paying six cents for the gilt on the band and the privilege of buying it at a hotel. Those are the little leaks that are keeping you poor. Now I can get you exactly that same cigar, without the band, for nineteen cents. I know a place where I can buy them by the thousand.'

"'But they won't keep.

"'Then buy a humidor.'

"The upshot of that was that, on top of my other expenses, a box of a thousand cigars landed in the next day, and also a bill for $190. Also I began to smoke three times as many cigars. So did the furnace man and all the cook's friends and most of my own. Formerly, when I had slapped my pockets in search of cigars, my guests had said, 'Here, smoke one of mine!' But when I brought out a huge cedar chest with a thousand cigars, they never said that any more. That thousand cigars lasted thirty-one days.

"The second month I was worse in the hole than before. I told Tom about it. He took out his pencil and envelope. 'Well, now,' he said, 'let's get down to fundamentals. That old Irish cook of yours, how does she buy your groceries?'

"'Just goes out and buys them,' I said.

"'Most extravagant plan in the world,' replied Tom, 'buying by driblets. You're paying three profits. Let me

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show you how to save some money. Now I've got a brother-in-law in Chicago who is a wholesaler. He will give wholesale prices, besides a discount for cash. What you want to do is buy in quantity. My brother-in-law knows the state of the market. Let him make up a list of plain groceries to last you for several months.'

"So, the next week, a van drove up to the door, with five hundred and forty-six dollars' worth of groceries, plus freight from Chicago and cartage. The furnace man charged me three dollars for putting them in and then I had to buy a hammer to open the boxes. There were barrels of flour and sacks of rice and bags of tapioca and dozens of hams and crates of salt codfish. There were nothing but staples of course, things that would keep, but the funny part of it is how little you really use staples. The things we wanted for supper, like butter and eggs and beefsteak, we always had to go out and buy just as before. Our regular bills at the corner grocery were not affected a bit.

"We did use some of the coffee, after we had discovered that it was still in the bean and had spent four dollars and sixty cents for a coffee grinder. Then there was pepper in forty-tin lots and boxes of cloves. When they came to settle my estate in the bankruptcy court they found that my principal assets were four gross of boxes of pepper and eight dozen boxes of cloves—besides two barrels of moldy flour and three sacks of sugar full of red ants.

"By the third month I was avoiding Tom but, one day in midsummer, he caught me on the street. 'Harry,' he said, 'how much do you pay for your shirts?'

"'Three dollars,' I said, 'but,' I added hastily, 'I don't need any now.'

"'You'll need them sooner or later, won't you?'

"I had to admit it, so Tom said that there was a sale of shirts at Einstein's, every shirt in the store a dollar and ninety-eight cents. This, as it proved, was a misstatement. All the shirts that I liked were still the regular price, but I laid in a dozen of the least offensive of the one-ninety-eighters. My laundress's son is wearing them now."

The poor fellow came to a pause. Even with the rest and regular meals of the almshouse he was not yet himself again.

"And now the fourth month?" I asked. "What happened then?"

Harry shook his head. "There wasn't any fourth month. The fourth was the month that a carriage came to the door and brought me out here."

I looked at him sadly. "I suppose," I said, "that you feel very bitterly toward Tom, for forcing this on you."

"No," answered Harry. His eyes wandered over the shaded walks and well-kept lawns of the almshouse. Under the trees old men were chatting and smoking. On benches, old women were knitting. Neat little flower beds were dotted around. It was very peaceful—sort of monastic.

"No," Harry repeated. "I can't really feel very bitterly toward Tom, for the truth is I rather like it. I suppose that this is the place for which I was always destined."

Then suddenly a shadow crept over his once handsome face. "But why—but why," he asked rather piteously, "are not men like me allowed to get here in our own good, happy-go-lucky fashion?"

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EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THERE is no use in objecting because people don't do what you think they should, especially in public concerns. The affairs of this world and this life are very incompletely transacted by people who do as you think they should. Most things that happen happen largely as a result of the activities of persons who do what you think they shouldn't or of the failure to function of persons on whom you had built hopes.

Take the war! It was pretty much all a consequence of mistakes—the great preliminary mistake, well-distributed, of starting it: von Kluck's mistakes that led up to the battle of the Marne, the mistakes of Gallipoli, and so on through four years of it until in spite or in consequence of all mistakes, the end came.

Take the peace! Here we are, at this writing, in the earlier weeks of a political campaign, which aims chiefly to get the opinion of the country as to who made the worst mistakes after the war.

The great factor in history that is constant is the fallibility of man. The one thing we can count on in life is that people will blunder. One might just as well expect that in the first place and try to be reconciled to it. It is the way the world is run. Life is a hurdle race and mistakes are the hurdles, and yet people groan about them and complain of them as though they didn't belong in the game. But of course they belong in it, and the winner is the contestant who best and soonest gets over them.

One of the most useful exercises is to attempt something you have never done and think you can't do. To do it you have to amend, enlarge, extend yourself, and if you do that it may be a bigger thing than to accomplish what you undertook. For to amend ourselves, enlarge and extend ourselves and become more than we began, is precisely what we are in this world for. We are started in life with the admonition to make the most of our talents. Education and all influences supposed to be beneficial are directed to induce us to let out a tuck and try to amount to something. But most of us hate to do it. We hate to think; we hate exertion; we hate discipline and self-denial; we hate innovation.

All these phenomena can be observed on a large scale in our present world. For practical purposes it is a new-born world, invited to amend itself and to undertake much more than it finds ability to do. It must recontrive its life, and it does not want to. It has come through a terrific struggle to be born again, and is still tired. It hates to think, it hates exertion and a large part of it hates innovation. Nothing can make it bestir itself sufficiently and submit itself to necessary changes, but the discomfort of things as they are and the fear of what they may be if they are not taken in hand. It is the old-fashioned fear of hell, prodding up a reluctant world to go after salvation. The whimperings and complaints of people who think life ought to go on again in the old way, and can if proper plans are furnished and competent hands guide it, and their efforts to supply such hands and plans, are amusing when they do not threaten dangerous misdirection and delay.

With a world in such a case and so uncertain about its prospects, Easy Chairs seem incongruous. Are there

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any left? Should any be preserved? When Mr. Curtis began, about 1854, to sit in the Easy Chair of this magazine, a big national job, the Civil War, was coming down the road. He had an active part in that great disturbance and earned a share in whatever distribution of repose came after it. Truth was he never got any very somnolent degree of repose but was active in political disturbance all his days. The house he lived in on Staten Island is still there and very much as he left it, a house saturated with his personality, with Civil War flavors, and pictures, books, and writings reminiscent of the 'sixties, the 'seventies and the 'eighties of the last century. A visitor who is old enough to remember, will feel himself back in the times of Lincoln, of Grant, of Blaine, of Cleveland. He may see reminders of still earlier times—notes from Thackeray written when he came here to lecture in the 'fifties; letters from Dickens; other letters, both earlier and later, and of a most particular literary interest. And maybe in the room where Mr. Curtis wrote and where his desk stands undisturbed, a chair will be pointed out to him and he will be told, "That was the Easy Chair."

It was *his* Easy Chair, and so the one most identified with the department in the magazine, though not the "old red-backed Easy Chair" described in the October number, 1851, and from which the department, then begun, got its name. Mr. Curtis' chair is not at all such a chair as one thinks of when he thinks, nowadays, of easy chairs. No springs, no stuffing, no arms! It is a simple, shaker rocking-chair; a chair that stood not so much for repose as for a change of thought; for contemplation, consideration, reflection,—things we have as much need of in these times as in any days that ever were. For thirty-eight years, until his death in the autumn of 1892, Mr. Curtis filled the Easy Chair. Then for eight years it was laid off, until in 1900 came Mr. Howells and sat in it.

Mr. Howells came to an Easy Chair still affectionately remembered and to times meet for it. The Spanish War had come and gone, and left the country bulging with peace. To be sure it had left the United States in a different relation to the world from that it found it in, but it had no violent after effects. Its results were premonitory but not convulsive, and the same can be said of the seven years of Roosevelt's administration, which Mr. Howells sat through. They were immensely interesting and had in them the beginnings of change, but not in the whole course of them did easy chairs go out of fashion or to sit in them seem unbecoming. His essays in the back of this magazine were to Mr. Curtis a change of thought from politics. For Mr. Howells they were a change from creative literature. Mr. Curtis turned from writing leaders for *Harper's Weekly* to write essays about society, letters, travel, the drama, and music. The change was not so marked for Mr. Howells, for he turned from writing books to writing about books—from making pictures of human life to writing comments on human life. Mr. Howells was a very diligent worker, who never sat down to rest until he had done his task, but the contemplative attitude was very agreeable to him and characteristic of him, and until the Great War came his Easy Chair state of mind was not much disturbed. Through the first fourteen years of this century the world was a pleasant place—rich, well ordered, full of beauties, very comfortable to go about in, highly agreeable and improving to inspect. Mr. Howells went about a great deal—duly inspected Europe, approved it for the most part, and wrote about it. He saw the era that he had lived in end, and grieved undoubtedly at the sight. He hated war and wrote no more about it than he could help, but in the Great War there never was any doubt where his heart was. Though he sat in the Easy Chair all through it, he never went to sleep. He saw the United States, after two years of looking

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on and discussion, finally bestir itself, slowly gather its strength, and go like a giant into the world conflict and do a giant's work. For Mr. Howells, though he saw the end of the era he lived in and the beginning of the new one, the visible world at home was not dislocated. It became immensely picturesque—filled with new sights, with new emotions—but it did not dissolve. It never came to a place where an easy chair was impossible.

Nor has it yet come quite to that. We have had action, no end. The world has passed the crisis of a terrific sickness and these are days of convalescence, but of a convalescence hardly less anxious than the illness it succeeds. It is a convalescence full of pains and distempers, threatened constantly with relapses, needing careful watching and nursing all the time if the patient is to be saved from loss of vital powers and from age-long invalidism. Certainly in such times people who can sit down and think, have need to do it. Chairs to sleep in, the world hardly needs, for there are beds for that, but for chairs that rest the body while the mind stays active, for places a little apart from the din, where the soul can be invited, there may well be demand.

For there are more world problems nowadays than can be settled even at the polls. Indeed, the most that will be done at the polls, or in conferences or councils, will be to record something thought out elsewhere by people sitting apart, watching events and taking such council as comes of solitude and meditation. We have had a great row and delay and disagreement about the details of a mechanism designed to give a a broken world a chance to get well of its fractures and bruises. The delay has held back the organization of the remnants left by the war and is generally credited with having done immense harm. But, after all, the delay is only more of the same disease that made the war. The war did not cure the disease; it ran over into the making of the peace. What made the war? Vanity and fear; love of riches and love of power. What has delayed the peacemakers? The same—vanity and fear; love of riches and love of power. Those are the things that must be cured if the world is to get well and those are matters that can always be meditated in an easy chair. The cure of them is not political nor economic, though politics and economics have their places in it. It is spiritual. It will come, if it comes, when the leadership of the world—the controlling leadership—can find the political road humanity should travel, and when humanity is ready to travel it.

But it may be debated whether political leadership will ever find that road. Humanity may find it by mass instinct. The question as to whether leaders lead the herd, or the herd crowds them where they ought to go, is not altogether easy. People of great sobriety and judgment say that no leadership can control the world at this time; that the great forces that are working in it will work out whether they are opposed or not, breaking bonds and bans, their courses shaped by driving instincts behind them.

The mass feels, and produces thinkers, and presently a man of action. To feel and then to think is a better sequence than to think first and feel afterward, but neither order is infallible. Genius can divine the thoughts that are born of feeling, and stupidity may feel indefinitely without having a saving thought.

When the mass has produced a great leader, the thing is to get something valuable out of him while he is still good. That calls for promptness, because leaders spoil so fast. They swim in terrible twisting currents of adulation, solicitation, abuse, and condemnation. They are all black to one side, all white to the other. When they would stop and think, they are driven on; when they see the course and would pursue it they are thwarted. Fool

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friends practice to twist them away from their best conclusions by arguments of expediency. Fool enemies assail them with slanders. It is an awesome calling to be a world leader, and men do not seem to last long at it. World leaders especially have need of easy chairs wherein to sit apart, from time to time, and rest and look on at the world in continuous performance.

What sort of eggs is she hatching out, our Mother Earth, so unfamiliar and disquieting in her present gestations? What will come of all these vast upheavals, this general upset? How long will the Bolshevists last, and when they go how will they go? They will not make the world communist, but they may do something to it that will be more interesting to future historians than comfortable for present earth-dwellers. Is Lenin Tolstoi's "strange figure from the North—a new Napoleon—in whose grip most of Europe will remain until 1925"? What Bolshevism aspires to do has very slight relation to what it may actually accomplish. It is a moving, destructive force and will get somewhere, though probably not where its artificers think to send it. It is an exceedingly ominous force, and powerful just now by its partial acquirement of organization. If there must be a collective effort to fight it back from Western Europe, the issue of that effort will leave Europe different from what it found her.

There is not a country in Europe, not a country in Asia, in which the present order rests on any firm basis. We think we know, if we know anything, that England will still be England twenty years from now; that France will still be France. And Germany will be Germany, though Austria, it would seem, may be a spot on the map where there once was a nation. British will still be British; French, French; Italians, Italian; Germans, German; but what sort of British will govern England and on what plan, and with what visible results we do not know, nor who will be on top in Italy or Germany or France. And as for all the new-born nations, no one can foresee how many of them will grow up, or who will run a nursery for them.

My! but there's a lot to do in this world just now; a lot of plans to be made and worked out, and a lot of coal to be dug and passed around; and oil and gasoline to be collected and distributed, and so on, a thousand items, including food, and no visible superabundance of willing hands to do all these things. Even here, out to one side of the worst disturbed area, willing hands to do the chores of civilized life are somewhat to seek. Even here the strange restlessness that the war has left in the minds of men is a factor in all plans. Even here we are not insured against novelties of experience nor against catching contagions from Europe.

The day's work is exacting and one must think of it until it is done, but in the easy chair that follows it, these other novelties may be considered. The evening paper will have news and rumors about them, and the morning paper more of the same, which may or may not be information, and little by little, day by day, the scroll will unroll on which the destinies of mankind are recorded.

Optimism nowadays is based chiefly on religion. It looks with confidence for better times, and a truer spirit in men. It sees a lot of good in the world, both spiritual and material; it sees knowledge ever increasing, and, though it recognizes the danger-signals and sees how slowly response comes to them and what grave impediments delay it, it does not think a world so laboriously improved as this of ours is really going to pot. But even optimism, though it has faith in the future, hesitates about the present. It does not know how far it is to the turn in the road that leads in the direction of harmony and happiness, nor how the going will be until we reach it.

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EDITOR'S DRAWER

AN ORDEAL OF ART

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

IF you have tried to get a room in New York City lately—or anywhere, for that matter—you have had an interesting time. Not exactly the kind of a time I had, perhaps, but something picturesque. You have threaded an anxious way through the Sunday papers, of course; you have climbed endless stairs and been shot up in elevators, warm with anticipation as you went up, clammy with a fear of bankruptcy as you came down. You have groped through caves and tunnels; you have looked out of skyless windows on the third floor; you have grown dizzy peering down from some perch under the roof, which you knew about the middle of July would turn into a fireless cooker and broil you and stew you in your own juice. You will recognize the variety—also, the one feature common to all the places—I mean the price. You realized at once when you heard it that you could not pay it and at the same time continue to eat meals which anybody could respect. Let us not dwell on this painful aspect of a world in the throes of reconstruction. The wounds still bleed.

I had to move, just as you did. Never mind why—that is a sore point, too. Like you, I went out and hunted—like you, I came home each night with that dull conviction that in a little while—just a little while—I should be choosing between the river and the open road. Then, as the novels say, something happened. Joe Hamby told me of a room which he felt sure would suit me; he was just giving it up. Nice large room, he said, near the Subway, one flight up, good light, price reasonable by the present scale. He told me the tariff, and it certainly seemed so. Then, he said, it was in a private house, occupied by an old lady with a taste for art.



I HAD A FEELING OF BEING AT A PRIVATE WILD WEST SHOW

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Knowing, as I did, something of collecting, Joe said he was sure it would suit me exactly. The old lady, he said, was the kindest soul in the world—a collector herself, and had also painted in earlier life. He said that it was mainly on account of his lack of taste that he was leaving; that, lovely as the old lady was, they had few points in common; that they were not affinities, as it were, in the world of art. Anyway, his firm was sending him to Mexico, he said, where he would probably be shot or kidnapped, and he spoke as if the idea somehow afforded him relief. I judged he had enjoyed an overdose of art, and, knowing his purely practical and material nature, I thought I understood.

Furthermore, I was pleased—I may say overjoyed. The thought of a large light apartment in an atmosphere of quiet refinement with this gentle old lady of taste as the presiding spirit was really more than I had ever dared to hope. I did not wait to see the place, but told Hamby to secure it for me—to take it by telephone. He did this, and was already gone when I arrived, Monday morning.

Now, at this point, I want to be quite fair to the motherly soul who became then, and still is, my landlady. She opened the door for me, herself, and I was cheered and warmed by her smile of welcome. Then, almost immediately, I experienced a slight chill. It was caused by certain objects I noticed in the hall. A pair of vases impressed me first. They were very large, and placed, one on either side of the hall-tree. I had never seen such vases before except once on Fourteenth Street, in an auction-room window. Very likely my landlady had collected them there. I am sure they were rare. The man who made them could hardly have had time to make another pair before they shot him for making those. I will not try to describe them—words seem weak in that relation.

Besides, I had noticed other things. The hall-tree itself had its points. They were horns, in fact, and two of them projected from the head of an Indian chief, which some gifted house-painter, dead to shame, had painted above the looking-glass. The other horns projected from anywhere, without motive or direction. They were to hang things on. The hall carpet—well, time and wear had done something for that—but the walls! The paper was an explosion, and the pictures—there were Indians among those, too, and a papier-maché head of an excited buffalo. My landlady had answered nobly to the call of the wild, I could see that. Mrs. Griffin—such being the good lady's name—pushed open the parlor door, but I paused on the threshold. I caught a glimpse of family portraits—done in crayon—and turned resolutely away. I said, weakly, that I would like to go at once to my room—that I wasn't feeling very well. I was thinking at the moment of Paul Cooper—Paul who is on the fine-arts committee at the Metropolitan and has been my friend and counselor for several years. I was thinking of the time soon when he would be coming to see me. I imagined him entering Mrs. Griffin's hall. Things go hard with Paul.

But a little later that violent portal seemed mild by comparison. I stood in my own room—the large, light room of my anticipation. Large it was, certainly, and a perfect flood of day streamed in at the two tall front windows. Every corner of that room was radiant—nothing was concealed or subdued—ah, me!

There were tables in the room; there was a piano; there was a couch; there were chairs; there was a bed, and let me hasten at once to do justice to the bed—it was snowy and soft and all that a bed should be. Perhaps the other things were equally commendable, only I was not prepared for them. Their designs and colors were so peculiar. And the things on the piano, the tables, even in some of the chairs, were of a nature to make strong men turn pale—to send even a robust materialist like Joe Hamby cheerfully to assassination by Mexican bandits. I didn't suppose there was such a weird display of crockery and carving and burnt leather as that this side of purgatory. The couch with its soft, downy pillows, but I will not dwell on those—most of them were painted—hand painted—and there were Indians here, too, and cupids, and poetry, and—oh, what's the use!

Still, these were as nothing, or seemed so, when I turned my eyes to the walls. They were wide walls, solid as to color, for somebody had told her that one must have a plain background for pictures. But you hardly noticed the tone of the walls—there wasn't enough of it to show. You could see only the pictures. From one end of the room to the other, and across the ends—above the piano, above the bed, above the couch and tables they marched, a solid front of art. They were paintings, most of them, her col-

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lection, done by herself. I was speechless, and she thought I was overwhelmed, which was true.

"I was very talented, as a girl," she explained, "and I took up painting at boarding-school. Landseer, the great animal artist, was all the fashion then, and we copied his designs. That one of the 'Stag at Bay' was my first attempt, and nearly all the others were done while I was in school. That one of 'Pharaoh's Horses' is the last one I did. That was after I was married." She sighed. "Married life so often interferes with art, and I gave up my painting, to collect things. I have always made this room my art-gallery, because it is so nice and light. I still keep adding things to it. I have some scroll candlesticks down-stairs, now, that you can have if you want them."



"HE WAS SO SORRY THAT THEY COULDN'T AVAIL THEMSELVES OF THE COLLECTION"

My eyes took in the contents of the walls — animals, mainly hounds pursuing deer, or dragging them down; landscapes with perfectly solid waterfalls and green-cotton foliage; fruit pieces in which the bananas and oranges would have required a hammer and chisel to cut them, and one photograph—one dear and lovely note in all this array of horror, a portrait of the artist herself, at seventeen.

I stood before it wondering how that innocent-looking lamb could have committed these crimes. She explained that it was herself, and added:

"I always keep it here with the collection. I want to give it all to some museum when I'm gone—or even before, if I could find just the right place. I've offered it to the Metropolitan, but they couldn't find room for it. Such a nice gentleman came to look at it—a Mr. Cooper, I think his name was—"

"Paul Cooper? Was he here?"

"Oh yes, and seemed so pleased with everything, and so sorry that they couldn't avail themselves of the collection—I think that was the expression he used."

I felt pretty weak. Paul had seen this ghastly place and lived, but what would he think to find me living in it?

"Mr. Hamby said that you were interested in art collections and might find some good place for mine," she rambled on cheerfully. "Do you think you might?"

I could not reply, for the instant. I was strongly moved to tell her that there was just one place for a collection like that—a place not often named in polite circles. Then the impulse passed and I was moved to say:

"Madam, your wish does you the greatest credit. I will make every effort in my power to help you carry it out. My influence in the art world is very slight, but such as it is it is yours to command."

She trembled a little with emotion. "I see you understand," she said, "and care for such things, as I do. I have two more paintings that I've always kept in my room, because they were my favorites, but I will bring them up to you; there is just enough room for them at the foot of your bed. You ought to have them to enjoy a little, as they are likely to go to a museum."

What was the use? Nothing could make the place worse.

"Yes," I said, "there *is* a little space here, and I could see them first thing in the morning."

She disappeared and presently came bringing them. They were the "Challenge" and the "Monarch of the Wilderness," and just filled the space. She disappeared, and I settled down to the nightmare which was to be my steady diet henceforth, perhaps forever. By and by I denuded one of the smaller

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MRS. GRIFFIN WEPT COPIOUSLY AS SHE SAW HER TREASURES CARRIED OUT

tables, placed it in front of the window, and sat with my face to the street, trying to forget the fearful array behind me. Mrs. Griffin came in during the afternoon, bringing the candlesticks and a china cat. Next day she brought me a burnt-leather bear, and a crockery hen, quite large, sitting on a nest. I thanked her, for it did not matter—nothing mattered any more. I had put my own few little prints and things into the closet. She had looked at them thoughtfully, but with no outspoken disapproval. Her heart was always kind.

It was at the end of my second week in the torture-chamber that I heard from Maria Crosby—Maria J. Crosby, tall, angular, and forty-five, who had gone down to the mountains of east Tennessee, to try to bring a little light into the lives of the hill people—mostly moonshiners—of that retired district. I have never been stirred by Maria's beauty, though admiring her resolute instincts of reform. I had thought the mountains of Tennessee a good place for Maria, and hoped she would stay there. Her letter did not change me in that particular, but as I read I began to see Maria herself in a new light. I began to see her with a halo, as a glorified being, so to speak, moving among the lowly habitations of those remote hills. Read, and you will understand my emotions.

You will never guess [wrote Maria Crosby] the poverty of the lives of these people, so far as anything in the way of culture is concerned—not a book, not a picture, not an object of any sort that would direct their thoughts to anything beyond their hopeless and meager, and sordid daily round. Many of them do not read, and never even saw a book, or a picture. In my school I have hung up a few magazine prints and half the parents in the district have come in to look at them. Now, I have a plan. An uncle of mine, who can afford it, is going to furnish money to build me an annex—a sort of library and museum, where I can gather from my friends the things they want to get rid of—mere trash to them—everybody has such things—but precious beyond price to these starved souls. Can't you collect such a bunch of junk as that, and ship it to me for the new room? Send anything—anything; it can't be too bad—books, of course, but mainly pictures and things to look at, for they are not yet to the reading stage. You are on the ground where such things grow Gather the harvest and send it to me—you will be a benefactor, blest through the ages. I know it's mean to ask this of you, but you will understand, and do it—won't you?

Blessed Maria Crosby! Your age and angularity fell away as I scanned those lines, and left you a radiant angel. Three minutes later I was in deep converse with Mrs. Griffin. I said I had found for her the place

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of all others for her works and her collection. I told her of the nobility of Maria J. Crosby, and how she was struggling to lead those benighted souls to the light. I read portions of her letter, editing it a good deal in spots, but only in a worthy cause. I became really eloquent, in passages, and the good lady was in tears when I finished. Then she rose to the occasion, as I hoped and believed she would, and made the supreme sacrifice. She said it would be far away, and she would never see her treasures again, but no matter —she had not long, perhaps, to live, and she would have lived to some purpose. She would send everything, she said, reserving nothing. Even the rare vases and things in the lower hall should go. She would keep only the family portraits in the parlor. I did not touch on that point—the door of that deadly mausoleum was always closed, anyway. She asked me if I would attend to the shipping. I pressed her hand and said I would.

I wrote Maria Crosby that night, and there was a van at the door next morning. I did not believe either of the women would change her mind, but I wanted those things on the way. Mrs. Griffin wept copiously as she saw her treasures carried out, and I had to support her as the van drove away. I went down and paid the shipping people something extra to get that stuff packed and on board a train, going south. I would have paid something to have had the train wrecked, if there had been any danger of its coming back. When I returned I hung my own poor little prints and things on the empty walls. Mrs. Griffin came in and looked about, sighing heavily.

"It seems too bad," she said, "but it was in a righteous cause."

And when, some weeks later, I got a letter from Maria Crosby fairly drenching me with compliments, a letter I could show to Mrs. Griffin, who received a noble share of its gratitude, and when I turned from her tears to my own reconstructed walls I knew that we had not lived in vain.

An Obliging Salesman

THE woman shopper looked and looked, but seemed to be unable to find anything to satisfy her. The obliging clerk pulled down box after box in an attempt to make a sale. Finally the woman picked up her gloves and parasol and observed:

"I don't think I'll buy anything to-day. I'm sorry to have troubled you, but the fact is I was just looking for a friend."

"Oh, that's all right. It was no trouble at all, I assure you," the clerk answered. "In fact, if you think your friend might be in any of the few remaining boxes I'll open them, too!"

Taking Precautions

"EVERYBODY expects a Kentuckian to tell a feud story," stated Governor Morrow of Kentucky recently. "The thing has really been much overdone, but the story of Lige Parsons may be worth telling. Lige dropped into the courthouse to see his friend, the probate judge.

"'Howdy, Lige!' greeted the judge.

"'Howdy, Judge!'

"'What's doin' down your way, Lige?'

"'Nuthin', Judge, nuthin'.'

"A few moments of silence.

"'T'other evenin' I was a-settin', a-readin' of my Bible, Judge,' spoke up Lige, 'when some shootin' begun. One of my gals said 'twas the Harris boys down by the middle pasture. Now, Judge, I didn't mind them Harris boys a-shootin', but I was afraid a stray bullet might hit a calf or one of the kids, so I picked up my rifle and dropped a few shots down that way and went back a-readin' of my Bible. Next mornin' I went down that way an' they was all gone 'cept four.'"

A Dangerous Weapon

A MAN sitting on the top of a Fifth Avenue bus was deeply engrossed in his newspaper. The seat beside him was vacant. Soon a large, lapless woman got aboard and seated herself in the empty place. In her arms she held a baby. What it lacked in beauty it made up in friendliness, and presently it found itself gaping interestedly at the nice-looking man by its side.

The distracted gentleman stood it as long as he could, then, with a very pained expression, he turned to the woman and said:

"My *dear* madam, *please* don't point that thing at me!"

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"Here's a little kitten that I found, mother, and it's awfully dirty. Shall I give it a bath or would it be better to lick it?"

Her Luck

ALTHOUGH she was somewhat pale, Mrs. Litnitzky smiled contentedly as she entered her lawyer's office. When she had taken the chair beside his desk he had indicated she announced:

"Well, Mr. Moses, I have had another accident. Yesterday afternoon I slipped on the sidewalk downtown and got hurt. The doctor thinks I ought to get damages."

"Why, Mrs. Litnitzky," exclaimed the attorney, "isn't this the third accident within a month?"

"Yes," said she, proudly. "Ain't I lucky?"

Busy Bertha

THE dear old lady was traveling in a compartment of an English train and, what with her knitting and watching the scenery and her guide book, she was enjoying herself about as much as old ladies usually do. Then a young soldier, carrying a rifle, came in and sat opposite her. Immediately she stiffened up and presently said, in no unmistakable tones:

"Sir, will you please put the nozzle of your gun out of the window!"

A Sleepwalker

A NUMBER of Bobbie's playmates were noisily calling for him to come out and play.

Presently Bobbie appeared at the door and said, "I can't come out just now; I'm taking my nap."

Too Absorbed to Report

MAKING newspaper reporters out of college boys and girls is not without its trials and tribulations. Dean Walter Williams of the University of Missouri School of Journalism will bear testimony to this fact. Once, he says, he sent a member of one of the reporting classes over to a near-by town to report a railroad wreck. The press hour grew near and there was no story from the reporter. Dean Williams waited and waited for a report of the wreck to come in. Finally, in sheer desperation, he wired the student reporter, asking him what the trouble was and why he hadn't sent in his story. The reply came back: "Too much excitement. Wait till things quiet down."

No Cause for Complaint

"I'M sorry, young man," said the druggist, as he eyed the small boy over the counter, "but I can only give you half as much castor oil for a dime as I used to."

The boy blithely handed him the coin. "I'm not kicking," he remarked. "The stuff's for me."

Subtleties of Our Language

TWO friends returning home from a late evening gathering noticed through the window a Chinaman in the dimly lighted rear shop.

"I wonder what that Chinaman is doing up so late?" said one.

"Shirts, I suppose," came the answer.

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Rural Frankness

THE great and marvelous American institution of the lyceum has reached even into the hill country of the Ozarks. During the winter, at a small village in that territory, a university professor was billed to give a lecture on the moon. The professor was of the extreme academic type, with a voice unsuited to the lecture platform. He had scarcely begun on his talk when cries of "Louder! Louder!" came from his audience. The professor raised his voice as much as he could, and continued his dry dissertation. He had not talked long when another cry of "Louder!" went up. The professor paused for a supreme effort of voice. Taking advantage of the pause, a gaunt Missourian arose and exclaimed, "Yes, louder; and funnier too!"

Outwitting the President of the Road

A RAILWAY man tells this story of the late James J. Hill, the great railway builder and owner:

Mr. Hill watched his road with microscopic care. It went hard with the section hand who allowed anything to lie around his right of way, or to the station master who showed carelessness about his station. Once, in making an inspection, the president of the road found a perfectly good railway spike lying by the side of the track. He sought out the section boss with fire in his eye and showed him the spike. The boss had a quick wit, however, and before the rebuke broke upon him he exclaimed:

"My goodness, Mr. Hill, I am glad you found that spike! I have been looking for it for nearly three weeks!"

The Joys of a Capitalist

MOTHER: "Why don't you eat your apple, Johnny?"

JOHNNY: "I'm waitin' for Jimmy Jones to come along. Apples taste lots better when there's some other kid to watch you eat 'em."

Scant Opportunity

THE children of a traveling salesman were having an altercation when their mother interfered.

"You children, of all others, should not be caught quarreling. Why, you never heard your father and me quarrel in your lives."

Little Ann, still sobbing from the hair-pulling her brother had given her, answered: "He's—not—home—long—enough."

Making It Easy for Him

A COLORED man of some means built a handsome mausoleum for himself in the churchyard. It was a massive piece of masonry and presented an aspect of unusual strength.

One day he met one of the church officers coming out of the churchyard.

"Well," said the owner of the mausoleum, with an air of pride, "you have been up seein' that mausoleum of mine?"

"I have," was the response.

"What do you think about my rising out of it on the Day of Judgment?" asked the owner, rather facetiously.

"Oh, well," said the other, "I wouldn't bother about that. When that day comes, they'll just take the bottom out of your concern and let you fall down."



City Life

SHE: "*Say, was you ever in swimmin' in de ocean?*"
HE: "*De nearest I ever come to goin' in swimmin' was onct when a man turned a hose on me*"

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Binks recognizes the Judge who excused him from jury duty on account of illness

---

Paul, the Precisian

WHEN his mother entered the room she surveyed little Paul distrustfully and then said:

"Some one has taken a big piece of pie out of the pantry that I put there this morning."

At this Paul reddened guiltily.

"Aren't you ashamed?" his mother reproached him. "I didn't think it was in you!"

"Well, mother," piped Paul, feebly, "it isn't all in me. Part of it is in Isabel."

A Large Order

A RATHER fussy young woman had spent nearly two hours inspecting the stock of linoleums in a certain shop. Roll after roll was brought out by the perspiring salesman, but still she seemed dissatisfied. The salesman judged from the woman's dress that she was a person of wealth, and, therefore, likely to give a fine order. When finally he had shown her the last roll he paused in despair.

"I am extremely sorry, madam," said he, apologetically, "but if you could wait I could get some more pieces from the factory Can you call again?"

Whereupon the young woman gathered her belongings together and rose from the chair.

"Yes, do," she said, with a gracious smile, "but ask them to send something with very small designs, suitable for putting in the bottom of a canary's cage."

Above the Market Price

TWO boys were recently brought into court on a charge of assault and battery upon the person of a third boy. One of the boys was convicted of the assault and one was convicted as an accessory. The latter was made to admit that he knew the attack was to be made and that he stood by and watched the fight. The judge fined him twenty-five dollars.

"But, Judge," the boy exclaimed, "I could have seen Dempsey fight for that!"

A Dangerous Doctor

IN a certain New England village there lives a doctor noted for his reckless automobile driving. One day when he was summoned to the telephone a woman's voice inquired whether the doctor intended to drive that afternoon.

"I hardly think so," replied the physician. "But why do you ask?"

"Well," resumed the voice, "I want to send my little daughter downtown on an errand if you are not."

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE



NOVEMBER

Beginning in this issue:

Two Adventurers in the South Seas
JAMES NORMAN HALL
CHARLES NORDHOFF

"Moccasins in Motor Cars"
By W. G. SHEPHERD

America Through French Eyes
By the ABBÉ ERNEST DIMNET

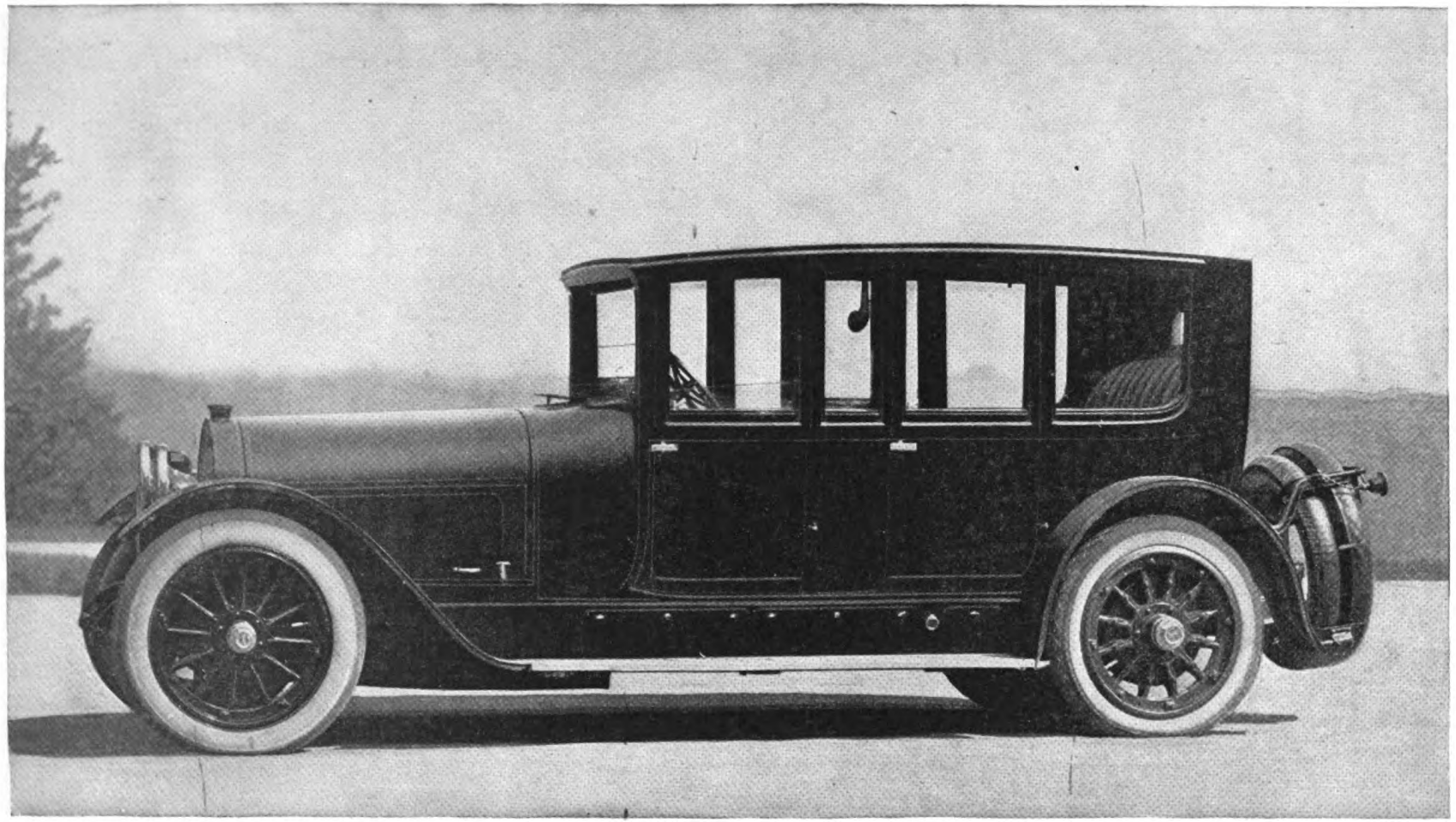
Short Stories by
GORDON ARTHUR SMITH, TEMPLE BAILEY, RICHARD MATTHEWS HALLET
RICHARD PRYCE, ALICE COWDERY

Price 40 Cents

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Painting by C. E. Chambers — Illustration for "The Hidden Land"

NANCY CAME BACK WITH HER HAIR DOWN AND BLOWING IN THE WIND TO DRY

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. CXLI NOVEMBER, 1920 NO. DCCCXLVI



FAERY LANDS OF THE SEA

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL AND CHARLES NORDHOFF

Photographs by William Crake, Papeete

The islands of the South Seas are lands over which has always hung the glamour of romance. Stevenson and Conrad heard their call, and the Frenchman, Gauguin, and the American, O'Brien, have given us striking narratives of life in this distant archipelago. But it has remained for two young American soldiers of fortune, fresh from the adventure of the Great War, to see the remotest islands with the eager eyes of youth and to write of them in a new way.

Mr. Hall and Mr. Nordhoff started out together nearly a year ago. It was their original idea that the story of their adventures should be written by Mr. Hall. Then they decided to separate, but to keep in touch by letter. Gradually Mr. Nordhoff's letters grew to be of such interest and importance that Mr. Hall generously insisted that they be made a part of the narrative. So they will appear in this and subsequent articles, the main narrative coming always from the pen of Mr. Hall. That this unusual and novel method adds vividness and a personal touch to this true story of adventure will hardly be questioned by anyone who reads this first installment.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

A LEISURELY APPROACH

I DON'T remember precisely when it was that Nordhoff and I first talked of this adventure. The idea had grown upon us, one might say, with the gradual splendor of a tropical sunrise. We were far removed from the tropics at that time. We were, in fact, in Paris and had behind us the greatest adventure we shall ever know. On the Place de la Concorde and along the Champs Elysées stood rank on rank of German cannon, silent enough now, but still menacing, their muzzles tilted skyward at that ominous slant one came to know so well. For a month we had seen them so, children perched astride them on sunny afternoons, rolling pebbles down their smooth black throats; veterans in soiled and faded horizon blue, with the joy of this new quiet world bright on their faces, opening breech-blocks, examining mechanism with the skill of long use at such employment; with a kind of wondering hesitation in their movements, too, as though at any moment they expected those sinister monsters in the fantastic colors of Harlequin to spring into life again.

Those were glorious days! Never again, I think, will there be such a happy time as that in Paris. The boulevards were crowded, the tables filled under every awning in front of the cafés; and yet there seemed to be a deep silence everywhere, a silence intensified by the faint rustling of autumn leaves and the tramping of innumerable feet. One heard the sound of voices, of laughter, of singing, the subdued, continuous rumble

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THE PLACID WATERS OF THE REMOTE LAGOON

of traffic; but not a harsh cry, not a discordant note. All the world seemed to be making holiday at the passing of a solemn, happy festival.

Well, we had kept it with the others—Nordhoff and I—and have the memory of it now, a lovely thing, to be enjoyed over and over again as the years pass. But there was danger that we might outstay the freshness of that period. We were anxious to avoid that for the sake of our memories, if for nothing else. While we were not yet free to order our movements as we chose, we pretended that we were, and so one rainy evening in the December following the armistice we decided to call that chapter of experience closed and to go forward with the making of new plans.

For we meant to have further adventure of one kind or another—adventure in the sense of unexpected incident rather than of hazardous activity. That had been a settled thing between us for a long time. We had no craving for excitement, but turned to plans for uneventful wanderings which we had sketched in broad outlines months before. They had been left, of necessity, vague, but now that any of them might be made realities, now that we had leisure, and a reasonable hope for the fulfillment of plans—well, we had cause for a contentment which was something deeper than happiness.

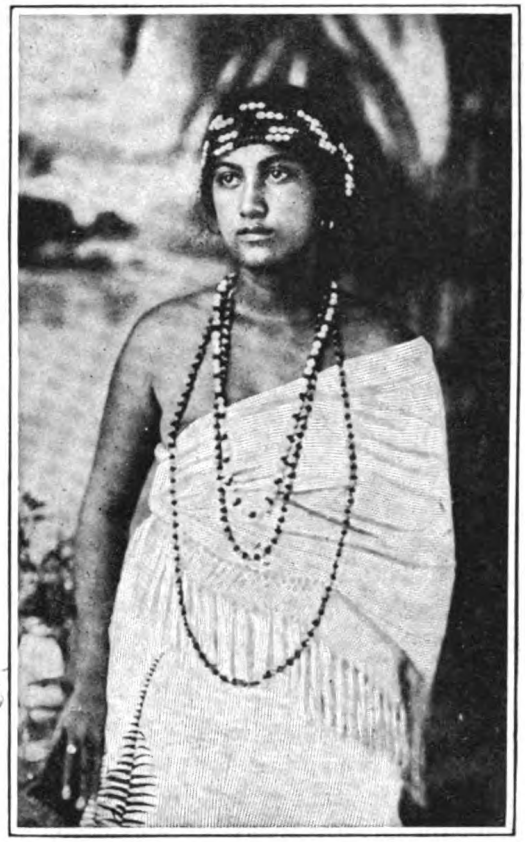
The best of it was that the close of the war found us with nothing to prevent our doing pretty much as we chose. We might have had houses or lands to anchor us, or promising careers to drag us back into the bewilderments of modern civilization; but, fortunately or unfortunately, there were none of these things. The chance of war had given us a freedom far beyond anyone's desert. We had some misgivings about accepting so splendid a gift, which the event sometimes proves to be the most doubtful of benefits. Viewed in the light of our longings, however, our capacity for it seemed incalculable, and so, by degrees, we allowed our minds to turn to an old allurement—the South Pacific. It became irresistible the more we talked

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of it, longing as we then were for the solitude of islands. The objection to this choice was that the groups of islands which we meant to visit have been endowed with an atmosphere of pseudo-romance, displeasing to the fastidious mind.

But there was not the slightest chance of our being pioneers wherever we might go. We could not hope to see with the eyes of the old explorers who first came upon those far-off places. We must expect great changes. But much as we might regret for the purposes of this adventure that we had not been born two hundred years earlier, comfort was not wanting to our situation. Had we been contemporaries and fellow-explorers with de Quiros, or Cook, or Bougainville we should have missed the Great War.

We came within view of Tahiti one windless February morning—such a view as Pedro Fernandez de Quiros himself must have had more than three hundred years before. The sky to the west was still bright with stars and but barely touched with the very ghost of light, giving it the appearance of a great water, with a few clouds, like islands, immeasurably distant. Half an hour later the islands themselves lay in full sunlight, jagged peaks falling away in steep ridges to the sea. Against sheer walls still in shadow in upland valleys one could see a few terns; but there was no other movement, no sound, nor any sign of a human habitation—nothing to shatter the illusion of primitive loveliness.



A TAHITIAN GIRL



A CHARMED CIRCLE OF LOW LAND FRONTING THE SEA

It was illusion, of course, but the reality was nothing like so disappointing as I had feared it would be. Outwardly, two hundred years of progress have wrought no great amount of havoc. There is a little port, a busy place on boat days. But when the steamer has emptied the town of her passengers, the

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silence flows down again from the hills. Off the main harbor-front thoroughfare streets lie empty to the eye for half hours at a time. Chinese merchants sit at the doorways of their shops waiting for trade. Now and then broad pools of sunlight flow over the gayly flowered dresses of a group of native women, scarcely to be seen otherwise as they move slowly through tunnels of moist green gloom; or a small schooner, like a detail gifted with sudden mobility in a picture, will back away from shore, cross the harbor, bright with the reflections of clouds, and stand out to sea. In the stillness of the noonday siesta one hears at infrequent intervals the resounding thud of ripe fruits as they tear their way to the ground through barriers of foliage; and at night the melancholy thunder of the surf on the reef outside the harbor, and the slithering of bare feet in the moonlit streets.

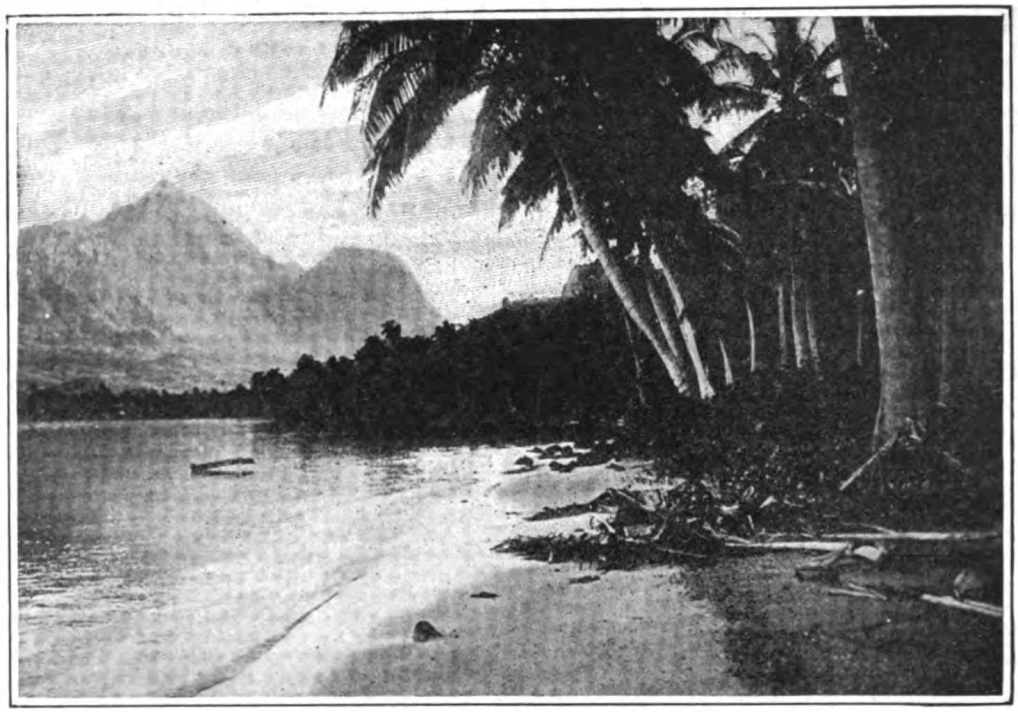
Coming from a populous exile, doubly attracted for that reason by the lure of unpeopled places, Nordhoff and I sought here an indication of what we might find later elsewhere. The few thousands of natives, whites, Orientals, half-castes, live in a charmed circle of low land fronting the sea, conscious of their mountains, no doubt, but the whites without curiosity, the Orientals without desire, the natives without remembrance. There must have been a maze of trails in the old days, leading down from the rich valleys. Now they are overgrown, untraveled, lost. Since the old life is no more than a memory, one is glad for the desolation, and grateful to the French lack of enterprise which surely is the only way to account for it.

No, we couldn't have chosen a better jumping-off place for our unpremeditated wanderings. We had the whole expanse of the Pacific before us, or, better, around us, and there was, as I have said, a harbor full of shipping. Boats with pleasing names, like the *Curieuse*, the *Avarua*, the *Potii Ravarava*, the *Kaeo*, the *Liane*—and self-confident, seagoing aspect. Some tidy and smart



APATAKI IN THE PAUMOTUS

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THERE ARE FEW ENOUGH LEFT OF THE UNSPOILED CORNERS OF THE WORLD

with new paint and rigging; others with decks warped and sides blistered, bottoms foul with the accumulation of a six months' cruise, reeking with the warm odor of copra. Boats newly arrived from remote islands, with crowds of bare-legged natives on their decks, their eyes beaming with pleasure in anticipation of the delights of the great capital; outward-bound to the Marquesas, the Australs, the Cooks, the Low Archipelago, despite the fact that it was the middle of the hurricane season. Among these latter there was one whose name was like a friendly hail from Gloucester, or Portland, Maine. But it was not this which attracted me to her, for all its assurance of Yankee hospitality. She was off to the Paumotus, the Cloud of Islands, and a longing to go there persisted in the face of a number of vague discouragements. There were no practical difficulties. Easy enough to get passage by one schooner or another. Paumotu copra is famous throughout the Southern Pacific. There is a good deal of competition for it, boats racing one another for cargo to the richer islands. The discouragements weren't so vague, either, now that I think of them. They came from men kindly disposed, interested in the islands in their own way. But their concerns were purely commercial. I heard a deal of talk about copra—in kilos, in tons, in shiploads; its market value in Papeete, in San Francisco, in Marseilles, until the stately trees which gave it lost for a time their old significance. Talk, too, of coconut oil and its richness in butter-fat. Butter-fat! There was a word to bring one back to a workaday world. To meet it at the outset of a long-dreamed-of journey was disheartening. It followed me with the shrill insistence of a creamery whistle, and I came very near giving up my plans altogether. Nordhoff did change his. He said that it was silly, no doubt, but he didn't like the idea of wandering, however lonely, in a cloud of butter-fat islands. Therefore we said good-by, having arranged for a rendezvous at a distant date, and set out on diverging paths.

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I ought to leave Crichton, the English planter, out of this story altogether. He doesn't belong in a commonplace record of travel such as this one set out to be. He had very little to do with the voyage of the *Caleb S. Winship* among the atolls. But when I think of that vessel he comes inevitably into mind. I see him sitting on the cabin deck with his freckled brown hands clasped about his knees, looking across a solitude of waters; and in my mental concept of the Low Archipelago he is always somewhere in the background, standing on the sun-stricken reef of a tiny atoll, his back to the sea, almost as much a part of the lonely picture as the sea itself.

But one can't be wholly matter of fact in writing of these islands. They are not real in the ordinary sense, but belong, rather, to the realm of the imagination. And it is only in the imagination that you can conceive of your ever having been there, once you are back again in a well-plowed sea track. As for the people, whether native or alien, in order to focus them in a world of reality it is necessary to remember what they said or did, what they ate, what sort of clothing they wore. Otherwise they elude you just as the islands do.

This point of view isn't, perhaps, commonly held among the few white men who know them—captains of small schooners, managers of trading companies, resident agents, whose interest, as I have said, is in what they produce rather than what they are. As one old skipper of my acquaintance put it, in speaking of the islands, "Take them by and large, they are as much alike as the reef-points on that sail." Findlay's *South Pacific Directory*, a supposedly competent authority, bears him out in this: "They are all of similar character," adding, for emphasis, no doubt, "and they exhibit very great sameness in their features." He does, however, make certain slight concessions to what may be his own private conception of their peculiar fascination, "This vast collection of coral islands, one of the wonders of the Pacific," and later, in his account of them, "The native name, 'Paumotu,' signifies a Cloud of Islands, an expressive term." But he doesn't forget that he is writing for practical-minded mariners who want facts and not



Photograph by Charles Nordhoff

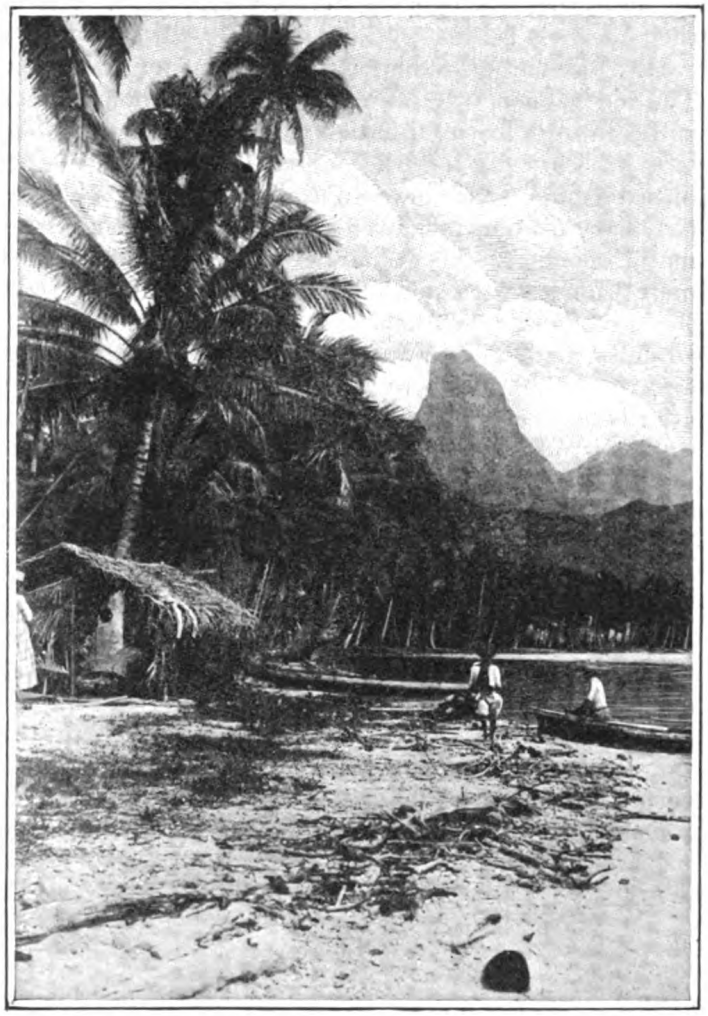
A NATIVE DWELLING AT THE EDGE OF THE TARO SWAMPS

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fancies, however truthful these may be to reality.

"Now there's Tikehau," one of them said to me before I had been out there. "That's a round atoll; and Rahiroa is sort o' square like, an' so on. Some with passes and a good anchorage inside the lagoon, an' others you got to lay outside an' take your cargo off the reef in a small boat."

But, to go back to Crichton, no one knew who he was or where he came from. The manager of the Inter-Island Trading Company had lived in Papeete for years and had never seen him until the day when he turned up at the water front trundling a wheelbarrow loaded with four crates of chickens and an odd lot of plantation tools and fishing tackle. Following him were two native boys carrying a weather-blackened sea chest, and an old woman with an enormous roll of bedding tied loosely in a pandanus mat. That was about an hour before the schooner weighed anchor. He stacked his gear neatly on the beach and then went on board, asking for passage to Tanao.



ROW UPON ROW OF MAJESTIC PALMS LINE THE COAST

"No, sir," the manager said, in telling about it afterward, "I never laid eyes on him until that moment, and I don't know anyone who had. Where's he been hiding himself? And why in the name of common sense does he want to go to Tanao? There's no copra or pearl shell there, not enough anyway to make it worth a man's while going after it."

The supercargo was equally puzzled.

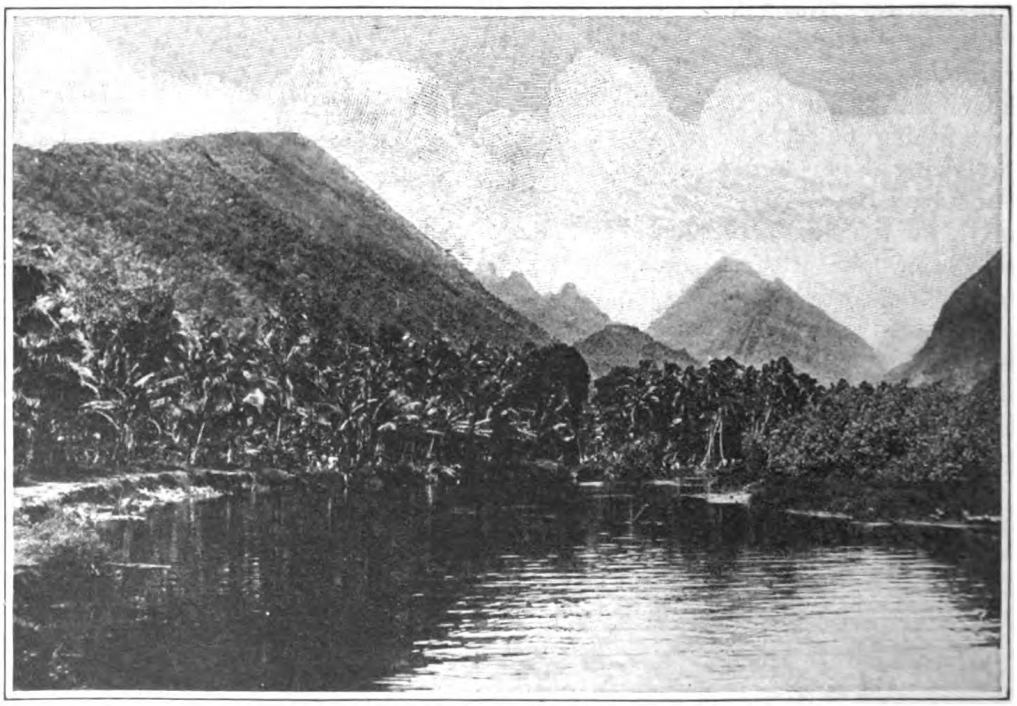
"I know Tanao from the sea," he said. "Passed it once coming down from the Marquesas when I was supercargo of the *Tiare Tahiti*. We were blown out of our course by a young hurricane. Didn't land. There's no one on the God-forsaken place. Now here's this Englishman, or Dane, or Norwegian —whatever he is—asking to be set down there with four crates of chickens and an old Kanaka woman for company!" He shook his head with a give-it-up expression, adding a moment later: "Well, you meet some queer people down in this part of the world. I don't believe in asking them their business, but it beats

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me sometimes, trying to figure out what their business is."

He figured it out in this case, I believe. The old woman was talkative, and he gathered from her information to stimulate his curiosity all the more. She owned Tanao, an atom of an atoll miles out of the beaten track even of the Paumotu schooners. There had never been more than a dozen people living on it, she said, and now there was no one. Crichton had taken a long lease on it, and was going out there, as he told me afterward, "to do my writing and thinking undisturbed."

I didn't know this until later, however. When I first heard him spoken of we were only a few hours out from Papeete. We had left the harbor with a light breeze, but at four in the afternoon the schooner was lying about fifteen miles offshore, lazy jacks flapping against idle sails with a mellow, crusty sound. After a good deal of fretting at the fickleness of land breezes, talk had turned to Crichton who was up forward somewhere looking after his chickens. I didn't pay much attention then to what was being said, for I had just had one of those moments which come rarely enough in a lifetime, but which make up for all the arid stretches of experience. They give no forewarning. There comes a flood of happiness which brings tears to the eyes, the sense of it is so keen. The sad part of it is that one refuses to accept it as a moment. You say, "By Jove! I'm not going to let this pass!" and it has gone as unaccountably as it came, half lost through foreboding of its end. One prepares for it unknowingly, I suppose, through months, sometimes years, of longing for something very remote and very beautiful—such as these islands, for example. And when you have your islands, the moment comes, sooner or later, and you see them in the light which never was, as the saying goes, but which is the light of truth for all that. Brief as it is, no one can say that the reward isn't ample. And it leaves an afterglow in the memory, tempering regret, fading very slowly, which one never wholly loses



JAGGED PEAKS FALLING AWAY IN STEEP RIDGES

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since it takes on the color of memory itself, becoming a part of that dim world of worth-while illusions.

All of which has very little to do with what was passing aboard the *Caleb S. Winship*, except that I was prevented from taking an immediate interest in my fellow passengers. But while you are still warm with the beauty of such a moment, everything else seems trivial. You look down upon other men as from an immense height. You have a great compassion for them. You want to share with them what you have seen in a flash of insight, of the meaning and loveliness of life. But their moments have passed long since, perhaps, or are yet to come, and you hear them talking in a language which you hardly understand. Gradually you lose vision and find yourself touching elbows with your kind again, feeling lost and a little ridiculous, taking an interest in their concerns which you find are very much like your own, after all.

This being my first near view of a Polynesian trading schooner, the scene on deck had all the charm of the unusual. Our skipper was a Paumotuan, a former pearl diver, and the sailors—six of them, including the mate—Tahitian boys. In addition to these there were Crichton, the planter; the supercargo, master of three major languages and half a dozen Polynesian dialects; the manager of the Inter-Island Trading Company; William, the engineer; Oro, the cabin boy; a Chinese cook and two Chinese storekeepers—evidence of the leisurely, persistent Oriental invasion of French Polynesia; thirty native passengers; a horse in an improvised stall amidships; a monkey perched in the mainmast rigging; Crichton's four crates of chickens, and five pigs. In addition to the passengers and live stock, we were carrying out a cargo of lumber, corrugated iron, flour, rice, sugar, canned goods, clothing and dry goods. Each of the native passengers brought with him as much dunnage as an Englishman carries when he goes traveling, and his food for the voyage—limes, oranges, bananas, breadfruit, mangoes, canned meat. With all of this, a two months' supply of gasoline for the engines, and fresh water and green coconuts for both passengers and crew, we made a snug fit. Even the space under the patient little native horse was used to stow his fodder for the long journey.

The women, with one exception, were barefooted, bareheaded, but otherwise conventionally dressed according to European or American standards. This, I suppose, is an outrageous betrayal of a trade secret, if one may say that writers of South Sea narratives belong to a trade. Those seriously interested in the islands have, of course, known the truth about them for years; but I believe it is still a popular misconception that the women who inhabit them—no one seems to be interested in the men—are even to this day half-savage, unselfconscious creatures who display their charms to the general gaze with naïve indifference. Half-savage they may still be, but not unselfconscious in the old sense. There are a few, to be sure, who, by means of the bribes or the entreaties of itinerant journalists and photographers may be persuaded to disrobe before the camera for a moment's space; and in this way the primitive legend is preserved to the outside world. But, as I told Nordhoff, although we are itinerant, we may as well be occasionally truthful and so gain, perhaps, a certain amount of begrudged credit.

The one exception was a girl of about nineteen. She came on board balancing unsteadily on high French heels, her brown legs darkening the sheen of her white-cotton stockings. I had seen her the day before as she passed below the veranda of Le Cercle Bougainville, the everyman's club of the port. She walked with the same air of precarious balance, and her broad-brimmed straw hat was set at the jaunty angle American women affect.

"*Voila! L'indigène d'aujourd'hui*," my French companion said. Then, break-

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ing into English: "The old Polynesia is dead. Yes, one may say that it is quite, quite dead." A memory he called it. "*Maintenant je vous assure, monsieur, ce n'est rien que ça.*" He rang changes on the word, in a soft voice, with an air of enforced liveliness.

I was rather saddened at the time, picturing in my mind the scene on the shore of that bright lagoon two hundred years ago, before any of these people had been forced to accept the blessings of an alien civilization. But the girl with the French heels wasn't a good illustration of *l'indigène d'aujourd'hui*, even in the matter of surface changes. Most of the women dress much more simply and sensibly, and it was amusing as well as comforting to see how quickly she got rid of her unaccustomed clothing once we had left the harbor. She disappeared behind a row of water casks and came out a moment later in a dress of bright-red material, barefooted and bareheaded like the rest of them. She had a single hibiscus flower in her hair which hung in a loose braid. I don't believe she had ever worn shoes before. At any rate, as she sat on a box, husking a coconut with her teeth, I could see her ankle calluses glinting in the sun like disks of polished metal.

There was another girl sitting on the deck not far from me, with an illustrated supplement of an American paper spread out before her. It was an ancient copy. There were pictures of battlefields in France, of soldiers marching down Fifth Avenue, a tennis tournament at Longwood, aeroplanes in flight, motor races at Indianapolis, actresses, society women, dressmakers' models making a display of corsets and other women's equipment—pictures out of the welter of modern life. The little Paumotuan girl appeared to be deeply interested. With her chin resting on her hands and her elbows braced against her knees, she went from picture to picture, but looked longest at those of the women who smiled or posed self-consciously, or looked disdainfully at her from the pages. I would have given a good deal to know what, if anything, was passing in her mind. All at once she gave a little sigh, crumpled the paper into a ball and threw it at the monkey, who caught it and began tearing it in pieces. She laughed and clapped her hands at this, called the attention of the others, and in a moment men, women, and children had gathered round, laughing and shouting, throwing bits of coconut shell, mango seeds, banana skins, faster than the monkey could catch them.

The spontaneity of the merriment did one's heart good. Even the old men and women laughed, not in the indulgent manner of parents or grandparents, but as heartily as the children themselves. Unconscious of the uproar, one of the Chinese merchants was lying on a thin mattress against the cabin skylight. Although he was sound asleep, his teeth were bare in a grin of ghastly suavity, and his left eye was partly open, giving him an air of constant watchfulness. He was dreaming, I suppose, of copra, of pearl shell—in kilos, tons, shiploads; of its market value in Papeete, in San Francisco, in Marseilles, etc. Well, the whites get their share of these commodities and the Chinamen theirs; but the natives have a commodity of laughter which is vastly more precious, and as long as they do have it one need not feel very sorry for them.

Dusk gathered rapidly while I was thinking of these things. Heavy clouds hung over Tahiti and Moorea, clinging about the shoulders of the mountains whose peaks, rising above them, were still faintly visible against the somber glory of the sky. They seemed islands of sheer fancy, looked at from the sea. It would have been worth all that one could give to have seen them then as de Quiros saw them, or Cook, or the early missionaries; to have added to one's own sense of their majesty the solemn and more childlike awe of the old explorers, born of their feeling of utter isolation from their kind with the presence of the unknown on every hand. It is

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this feeling of awe, rarely to be known by travelers in these modern days, which pervades many of the old tales of wanderings in remote places; which one senses in looking at old sketches made from the decks of ships, of the shores of heathen lands.

The wind freshened, then came a deluge of cool water, blotting out the rugged outlines against the sky. When it had passed it was deep night. The forward deck was a huddle of shelters made of mats and bits of canvas, but these were being taken down now that the rain had stopped. I saw an old woman sitting near the companionway, her head in clear relief against a shaft of yellow light. She was wet through and the mild misfortune broke the ice between us, if one may use a metaphor very inapt for the tropics. With her face half in shadow she reminded me of the typical, Anglo-Saxon grandmother, although no grandmother of my acquaintance would have sat unperturbed through that squall and indifferent to her wet clothing afterward. She didn't appear to mind it in the least, and now that it was over fished a paper of tobacco and a strip of pandanus leaf out of the bundle on which she was sitting. She rolled a pinch of tobacco in the leaf, twisting it into a tight corkscrew, and lit it at the first attempt. Then she began talking in a deep, resonant voice, and by a simplicity and an extraordinary lucidity of gesture conveyed the greater part of her meaning even to an alien like myself. It was not, alas, a typical accomplishment. I have not since found others similarly gifted.

She was Crichton's landlady, the owner of Tanao. "Pupure" she called him because of his fair hair. I couldn't make out what she was driving at for a little while. I understood at last that she wanted to know about his family—where his father was, and his mother. I suppose she thought I must know him, being a white man. They have queer ideas of the size of our world. He was young. He must have people somewhere. She, too, couldn't understand his wanting to go to Tanao, and I gathered from her perplexity that he hadn't confided his purposes to her to any extent. I couldn't enlighten her, of course, and at length, realizing this, she wrapped herself in her mat to preserve the damp warmth of her body, and dozed off to sleep.

I went below for a blanket and some dry clothing, for the night air was uncomfortably cool after the rain. The cabin floor was strewn with sleeping forms. Three children were curled up in a corner like puppies in a box of sawdust. Little brown babies lay snugly bedded on bundles of clothing, the mothers themselves sleeping in the careless, trustful attitudes of children. The light from a swinging lamp threw leaping shadows on the walls, flowed smoothly over brown arms and legs, was caught in faint gleams in masses of loose black hair. And to complete the picture and make it wholly true to fact, cockroaches of the enormous winged variety ran with incredible speed over the oilcloth of the cabin table, or made sudden flying sallies out of dark corners to the food lockers and back again.

On deck no one was awake except Maui at the wheel. There was very little unoccupied space, but I found a strip against the engine-room ventilator where I could stretch out at full length. By that time the moon was up and it was almost as light as day. I was not at all sleepy, and my thoughts went forward to the Paumotus, the Cloud of Islands. We ought to be making our first landfall within thirty-six hours. I didn't go beyond that in anticipation, although in the mind's eye I had seen them for months, first one island and then another. I had pictured them at dawn, rising out of the sea against a far horizon, or at night, under the wan light of stars, lonely beyond one's happiest dreams of isolation, unspoiled, unchanged, because of their very remoteness. Well, I was soon to know whether or not they fulfilled my hopeful expectations.

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Some one came aft, walking along the rail in his bare feet. It was Oro, the cabin boy, who is taken with an enviable kind of madness at the full of the moon. He looked carefully around to make sure that everyone was asleep, then stood clasping and unclasping his hands in ecstasy, carrying on a one-sided conversation in a confidential undertone. Now and then he would smile and straightway become serious again, gazing with rapt, listening attention at that world of pure light, nodding his head at intervals in vigorous confirmation of some occult confidence. At length his figure receded, blurred, took on the quality of the moonlight, and I saw him no more.

My first letter from Nordhoff was brought by the skipper of the schooner *Alouette*. He had been carrying it about for three months, and had it in the first place from the supercargo of another vessel, met at Rurutu, in the Austral Group. The envelope, tattered and weather-stained, spoke of its long journey in search of me.

Before separating at Papeete we had arranged for a rendezvous in the early spring, but at that time we still possessed American ideas of punctuality and well-ordered travel. Now we know something of the casual movements of trading schooners, and have learned to regard the timely arrival of a letter as an event touching on the miraculous—the keeping of a rendezvous, at any of the islands of this midmost ocean, a possibility too remote for consideration. One hears curious tales, in this part of the world, of the outcome of such temporary leave-takings as ours was meant to be—husbands seeking wives, and wives their husbands; families scattered among these fragments of a forgotten continent, and striving for years, without success, to reunite.

I witnessed, not long ago, the sequel of one of these unsuccessful quests. A native from a distant group of islands set out for one of the atolls of the Low Archipelago—the home of his sweetheart. Arrangements for the marriage had been made long before, but letters had gone astray, and upon his arrival the young man found that the family of his prospective father-in-law had gone to another island for the diving season. With no means of following, he submitted to the inevitable, and married another girl. Months later, the woman of his first choice returned with her second choice of a husband, and the former lovers met, for the young man had not yet been able to return to his own island. Neither made any question of the other's decision—life is too short, and from the native point of view it is foolish to spend it in wanderings which, at the last, may never fulfill their purpose. Nevertheless, I shall make a search for Nordhoff—a leisurely search, with some expectation of finding him. Our islands, like those of Mr. Conrad's enchanted Heyst, are bounded by a circle—two thousand or more miles across—and it is likely that neither of us will ever succeed in breaking through to the outside world . . . if, in fact, there is an outside world. I am beginning to doubt this, for the enchantment is at work. As for Nordhoff, his letter on the land of Ahu Ahu, which follows, may speak for itself:—

DEAR HALL,—I might attempt to set down a matter-of-fact description of this place, if only the subject permitted one to be matter of fact. Strange and remote, set in a lonely space of the sea, and isolated from the world for the seven or eight centuries following the decline of Polynesian navigation, there is no other land like this hollow island of Ahu Ahu. Week after week, month after month, the watcher on its cliffs may gaze out toward the horizon and see never a sail or a distant trail of smoke to liven the dark-blue desert of the Pacific. The cliffs themselves are strange—the reef of an ancient atoll, upraised in some convulsion of the earth to form a ring of coral limestone—sheer precipices facing the sea, half a mile of level barren summit, and an inner wall of cliffs, overlook-

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ing the rich lowlands of the interior. During the unnumbered years of their occupation, the land has set a stamp upon its people—so long on Ahu Ahu that they have forgotten whence they came. Hardy, hospitable, and turbulent, they are true children of the islands, and yet a family apart—ruder and less languid than the people of Samoa or Tahiti, and speaking a harsher tongue. And, more than any other island folk, they live in the past, for ghosts walk on Ahu Ahu, and the living commune nightly with the old dead who lie in the *marae*.

It was an hour before sunset when we sighted the land—the merest blue irregularity on the horizon, visible from one's perch in the shrouds each time the schooner rose to the crest of a sea. The mellow shout of landfall brought a score of native passengers to their feet; at such a moment one realizes the passionate devotion of the islander to his land. Men sprang into the rigging to gaze ahead with eager exclamations; mothers held up their babies—born on distant plantations—for a first glimpse of Ahu Ahu; seasick old women, emerging from disordered heaps of matting, tottered to the bulwarks with eyes alight. The island had not been visited for six months, and we carried a cargo of extraordinary variety — hardware, bolts of calico, soap, lumber, jewelry, iron roofing, cement, groceries, phonograph records, an unfortunate horse, and several pigs, those inevitable deck-passengers in the island trade. There were scores of cases of bully beef and ship's biscuit—the staple luxuries of modern Polynesia, and, most important of all, six heavy bags of mail.

As we drew near the land, toward midnight, I gave up the attempt to sleep in my berth and went on deck to spread a mat beside Tari, our supercargo, who lay aft of the mainmast, talking in low tones with his wife. It was calm, here in the lee of the island; the schooner slipped through the water with scarcely a sound, rising and falling on the long gentle swell. Faint puffs of air came off the land, bringing a scent of flowers and wood smoke and moist earth. We had been sighted, for lights were beginning to appear in the village; now and then, on a flaw of the breeze, one heard a sigh, long-drawn and half inaudible — the voice of the reef. A party of natives, seated on the forward hatch, began to sing. The words were modern and religious, I believe, but the music—indescribably sad, wild, and stirring—carried one back through the centuries to the days when man expressed the dim yearnings of his spirit in communal song. It was a species of chant, with responses; four girls did most of the singing, their voices mingling in barbaric harmonies, each verse ending in a prolonged melodious wail, "*Ia, Ia, É.*" Precisely as the last note died away, in time with the cadence of the chant, the deep voices of the men took up the response, "*Karé, auél*" ("No, alas!"). Tari turned to me.

"They sing well," he said, "these Ahu Ahu people; I like to listen to them. That is a hymn, but a stranger would never suspect it—the music is pure heathen. Look at the torchlights in the village; smell the land breeze—it would tell you you were in the islands if you were set down here blindfold from a place ten thousand miles away. With that singing in one's ears, it is not difficult to fancy oneself in a long canoe, at the end of an old-time voyage, chanting a song of thanksgiving to the gods who have brought us safely home."

He is by no means tne traditional supercargo of a trading schooner, this Tari; I have wasted a good deal of time speculating as to his origin and the reasons for his choosing this mode of life. An Englishman with a hint of Oxford in his voice—quite obviously what we call a gentleman—a reader of reviews, the possessor (at his charming place on Nukutere) of an enviable collection of books on the natural history and ethnology of the South Seas, he seldom speaks of himself or of his people at

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home. For twenty years he has been known in this part of the world—trading on Penrhyn, Rakahanga, Tupuai, the atolls of the Paumotu. He speaks a dozen of the island dialects, can join in the singing of *Utes*, or bring a roar of applause by his skill in the dances of widely separated groups. When the war broke out he enlisted as a private in a New Zealand battalion, and the close of hostilities found him with decorations for gallantry, the rank of captain, and the scars of honorable wounds. As a subject for conversation, the war interests him as little as his own life, but this evening he had emptied a full bottle of rum, and was in the mildly mellow state which is his nearest approach to intoxication.

"I never thought I'd see the old country again," he said, "but the war changed all that. I got a nasty wound in Gallipoli, you see, and they sent me home to convalesce. The family wasn't meant to know I was hurt, but they saw a bit of a thing in the paper [an account of the exploit which won Tari his D. C. M.], and there they were at the dock when the transport off-loaded. I hadn't laid eyes on them for fifteen years. . . . The old governor—by Jove! he was decent. It was all arranged that I should stop in England when the war was over; I thought myself it was a go. When the job was finished, and I'd got a special dispensation to be demobbed at home, I stood it for a fortnight and then gave up. . . .

"Home is all very well for a week or two, but for a steady thing I seem to fit in better down here. What is it that makes a chap stop in the islands? You must have felt it yourself, and yet it is hard to put into words. This sort of thing, perhaps [he swept his hand through the soft darkness] . . . the beauty, the sense of remoteness, the vague and agreeable melancholy of these places. Then I like the way the years slip past—the pleasant monotony of life. My friends at home put up with a kind of dullness which would drive me mad, but here, where there is even less to distinguish one day from another, one seems never to grow fretful or impatient of time. One's horizon narrows, of course; I scarcely look at the newspaper any more. If you stop here you will find yourself unconsciously drifting into the native state of mind, readjusting your sense of values until the great events of the world seem far off and unreal, and your interests are limited to your own business, the vital statistics of your island, and the odd kinks of human nature about you. Perhaps this is the way we are meant to live; at any rate, it brings serenity.

"I've been here too long to sentimentalize about the natives—they have their weak points, and plenty of them. Allowing for these, you'll find the Kanakas a good sort to have about—often amusing, always interesting; at once deep, artful, gay, simple, and childish. At bottom they are not very different from ourselves; it is chiefly a matter of environment. Consider any of the traders who came here as boys—old fellows who will buttonhole you and spend hours abusing the people—the truth is that they have become more native than the men they abuse.

"There are places, like Africa, where one can live among a primitive people and absorb nothing from them; their point of view is too alien, their position in the scale of humanity too widely separated from our own. It is different in the islands. If one could discover the truth, it wouldn't surprise me to learn that these people were distant cousins of ours. The scholars—in whose conclusions I haven't much faith—trace them back, along the paths of successive migrations, through Indonesia to northern India or the land of the Cushites. In any case, I believe that the blood we term Caucasian flows in their veins, the legacy of ancestors separated from the parent stock so long ago that mankind had not yet learned the use of iron. And they are old, these island tribes who were discovering new lands in the Pacific in

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the days when our forefathers wore the horns of bulls upon their heads. Don't judge them in the present, or even in the time of Cook; they were a dying people then, whose decline had begun five or six hundred years before. It seems to me that a race, like an individual, grows old, loses heart, and fades away. On nearly every island they are dying to-day—a tragedy, an inevitable one, which the coming of the European has hastened, but not caused.

"Whether or not it may be accounted for on grounds of a distant kinship, it is impossible to stop long in the islands without absorbing, to a certain extent, the native point of view. Things which seemed rubbish at first slowly acquire significance; one begins to wonder if, after all, there may not be varieties of knowledge lost to us in the complexities of civilization. . . . I've seen some queer things myself.

"My wife's mother lives on Ahu Ahu, where her ancestors have been hereditary rulers since Maui fished the island out of the sea. I've known the family a good many years, and long before I married Apakura the old lady was kind enough to take a motherly interest in me. I always put up with her when we touched at Ahu Ahu. Once, after I had been away for several months, I sat down to have a yarn with her, and was beginning to tell about where I'd been and what I'd done when she stopped me. 'No, let me tell you,' she said, with an odd smile; and, upon my honor, she did—down to the details! I got the secret out of her the same evening. She is very friendly, it seems, with an ancestor of hers—a woman named Rakamoana, who lived twenty-eight generations—seven hundred years—ago, and is buried in the big *marae* behind the village. When one of the family is off on a trip, and my mother-in-law suspects that he is in trouble or not behaving himself, she puts herself into a kind of trance, calls up old Rakamoana, and gets all the facts. I hope the habit won't come into general use—might prove jolly awkward, eh? Seriously, though, I can't account for the things she told me without accepting her own explanation. Strange if there were a germ of truth in the legends of how the old sea-going canoes were navigated—the priests, in a state of trance, directing the helmsmen which way to steer for land. . . .

"There is another old woman on Ahu Ahu whose yarns are worth hearing. Many years ago a Yankee whaling vessel called at the island, and a Portuguese harpooner, who had had trouble with the captain, deserted and hid himself in the bush. The people had taken a fancy to him and refused to give him up, so finally the captain was obliged to sail away without his man. From all accounts this harpooner must have been a good chap; when he proved that he was no common white waster, the chief gave him a bit of land and a girl of good family for a wife—now the old lady of whom I spoke. I think it was tools he needed, or some sort of gear for a house he was building; at any rate, when another whaler touched, he told his wife that he was going on a voyage to earn some money, and that he might be gone a year. There was a kind of agreement, current in the Pacific in those days, whereby a whaling captain promised to land a man at the point where he had signed him on.

"Well, the narpooner sailed away, and, as might have been expected, his wife never saw him again; but here comes the odd part of the story. The deserted wife, like so many of the Ahu Ahu women, had an ancestor who kept her in touch with current events. Being particularly fond of her husband, she indulged in a trance, from time to time, to keep herself informed as to his welfare. Several months after his departure the tragedy occurred—described in detail by the obliging and sympathetic dweller in the *marae*. It was a kind of vision, as told to me, singularly vivid for an effort of pure imagination—the open Pacific, heaving gently and ruffled by a light air; two boats from rival vessels pursuing the

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same whale; the Portuguese harpooner standing in the bows of one, erect and intent upon the chase, his iron the first, by a second of time, to strike. Then came a glimpse of the two boats foaming side by side in the wake of the whale; the beginning of the dispute; the lancing and death flurry of an old bull sperm; the rising anger of the two harpooners, as the boats rocked gently beside the floating carcass; the treacherous thrust; the long red blade of the lance standing out between the shoulders of the Portuguese.

"The woman awoke from her trance with a cry of anguish; her husband was dead—she set up the widow's *tangi*. One might have thought it an excellent tale, concocted to save the face of a deserted wife, if the same vessel had not called at Ahu Ahu within a year, to bring news of the husband's death under the exact circumstances of the vision.

"What is one to believe? If seeing is believing, then count me a believer, for my own eyes have seen an incredible thing. It was on Aitutaki, in the Cook Group. An old chief, the descendant of a very ancient family, lay ill in the village. I had turned in early, as I'd promised to go fishing on the reef when the tide served, an hour after midnight. You know how the spirits of the dead were believed to flee westward, to Hawaiki, and how their voices might be heard at night, calling to one another in the sky, as they drove past high overhead. Early in the evening, as I lay in bed, a boy came into the next room, panting with excitement. He had been to a plantation in the hills, it seemed, and as he returned, just after dusk, had heard the voices of a shouting multitude passing in the air above him. I was tired and paid little attention to his story, but for some reason I found it impossible to sleep. It was a hot night, very still and sultry, with something in the air that made one's nerves twitch every time a coconut frond dropped in the distance. I was still lying awake when my fishing companions came to get me; a little ahead of time, for, like me, they had been unable to sleep. We would wait on the reef, they suggested, where it was sure to be cool, until the tide was right.

"We were sitting on the dry coral, smoking. I had just looked at my watch, I remember; it lacked a few minutes to one o'clock. Our canoes were hauled up on one side of the Arutunga Passage—the western pass, by the way. There was no moon. Suddenly one of the boys touched me. 'What is that?' he exclaimed, in a startled voice. I looked up; the others were rising to their feet. Two flaring lights were moving across the lagoon toward us—together and very swiftly. Nearer and nearer they came, until they revealed the outlines of a canoe larger than any built in the islands nowadays—a canoe of the old times, with a flaming torch set at prow and stern. While we stood there, staring in silence, it drew abreast of us, moving with the rush of a swift motor boat, and passed on—out to sea. I was too amazed to think clearly until I heard one of the boys whisper to another, '*Kua maté te ariki*—the chief is dead; the great canoe bears him out to the west.' We launched our canoes and crossed the lagoon to the village. Women were wailing; yes, the old man was dead—he had drawn his last breath a little before one o'clock. Remember that I saw this thing myself. . . . Perhaps it was a dream—if so, we all dreamed alike."

It was late. The singing died away; the lights in the village went out one by one. The passage in the Ahu Ahu reef is a bad place by daylight—the chances were that no canoes would risk it till dawn. Tari struck a match for an instant and lay down on the mat beside his wife. In the little flare of light I saw her sleeping in the unconscious manner of a child.

I know their story—a pretty one, in pleasant contrast to the usual ignoble and transitory loves of white and brown.

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Apakura is the daughter of the principal family of this island—her mother and father for many years the warm friend of Tari. He had petted the child from the time she was three; she was always on the beach to meet the canoe that brought him ashore, and he, for his part, never forgot the small gifts for which she waited with sparkling eyes. On his rambles about the island the little girl followed Tari with the devotion of a dog; many a time, clambering along the base of the cliffs at dawn, his first knowledge of her presence came with the shrill cry of "*Tiaké mai, Tari!*" and he waited while his small follower managed some difficult pile of coral in the rear. Their friendship had only Tari's two or three visits a year to feed on, but neither forgot, and in the course of time, as the child learned to read and write, a correspondence began—very serious on her side, pleased and amused on his. When he went away to the war she was eleven—a slim, dark-eyed child; when he returned she was sixteen, and a woman, though he did not know it.

On this occasion, in the evening, when the rest of the family had gone to bed, he sat talking with Apakura's mother—or, rather, listening while the old woman told one of her stories of life on Ahu Ahu, equally fascinating and long drawn out. It is not difficult to reconstruct the scene in imagination—Tari comfortable in bare feet and a *pareu*, half reclining against the wall as he smoked his pipe in absent-minded puffs; the woman cross-legged on the floor, leaning forward in earnest speech—her voice rising, falling, and dying to a whisper in the extraordinary manner of the Polynesian teller of tales; her hands, from time to time, falling simultaneously with a loud slap to her knees, in emphasis of some point in the narrative. The story ended, little by little the mother led the conversation to the subject of her daughter. Tari began to praise the girl.

"What do you think of her," asked the old woman, "now that you have been away these five years?"

"There is no other girl like her," said Tari.

"Since that is so, take her with you; we shall be pleased, all of us—I in particular, who look on you as a son. She is a good girl; she can sew, she can cook, and the young men say that she is beautiful."

"You propose that I take her as a wife?" exclaimed the astonished Tari, to whom, in truth, the idea had not occurred.

"Yes. Why not? You need a wife, now that the little affair of Tukonini has blown over."

"But think, mamma—I am forty and the child is sixteen; it is not fitting."

"Young wives are best if they are faithful; Apakura will never look at another man."

"I will think it over," said Tari; "let us leave it so. Not this year, at any rate—she is too young."

As he bade her good night and turned to go to his sleeping place, the old woman spoke again.

"Bear one thing in mind," she said, with a smile; "it will help you to decide. Consider, now and then, the thought of my daughter married to another."

In the end, as is often the case, it was Apakura who settled the matter. Next morning Tari was busy with some stock-taking and did not board the schooner till the last moment, or notice—in his preoccupation—the mysterious smiles with which the crew greeted him. They were a dozen miles offshore before he folded the last of his papers, lit a pipe, and went on deck for a breath of air. The old woman's last words stuck unpleasantly in his mind, I fancy, as he stood there smoking, with his back to the companionway. All at once he saw the helmsman—an Ahu Ahu boy he had known since childhood—lift his eyes from the binnacle and grin from ear to ear; at the same moment Tari felt a hand slip into his own, and heard a small familiar voice say, "I am here." It was Apakura—more serious than usual and a little frightened, but not to be put off

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longer. They were married in Tahiti a fortnight later.

It was Apakura s voice that awakened me. She was leaning over the bulwark in eager conversation with her mother, who had come off in the first canoe. The air was fresh with the cool of dawn; in the east the sky was flushing behind scattered banks of trade-wind clouds, tinted in wonderfully delicate shades of terra cotta. A dozen big outrigger canoes, of the type peculiar to this island, were coming out through the passage, each paddled by four men, who shouted as their heavy craft dashed through the breakers.

Little by little, not at all after the manner of traditional dawn in the tropics, the light increased, until Ahu Ahu lay fully revealed before us—the smoking reef, the shallow lagoon, and the cliffs, their summits plumed with coconut palms. A crowd of islanders was already gathering on the reef, and I could see others making their way down the steep path from the settlement. As the sun rose, the colors of the scene grew stronger—green palms, gray cliffs, white walls of the village, pale blue of the sky, azure of the sea water. There is no color in the world—that I have seen—like the blue of the water off the Ahu Ahu reef; so vivid, so intense, one felt that a tumbler of it, held up to the sun, would be a mass of sapphire, or that a handkerchief dipped in it would emerge strongly dyed.

Apakura was going ashore with her mother. Standing in the narrow canoe, she directed the stowing of her luggage—a mat, a bright patchwork quilt, a box of cedar-wood. Tari was awaiting the coming of the traders, for the schooner was stocked with good Tahiti rum, and the rites of welcome would take place on board.

"There they are," he said, pointing to two white figures, wading gingerly across the shallow lagoon to the reef; "you're going to meet a pair of rare ones—they've been hard doers in their time!"

The distant figures reached the edge of the boat passage and I could see a boy beckoning them into a waiting canoe, but now they stopped and seemed to argue, with many gestures. Tari chuckled.

"No use trying to nurry them," he told me; "they are discussing the loss of the *Esperanza*. She went ashore here in the late 'nineties—a full-rigged ship. Peter was one of her crew; Charley had just come here to trade, and saw the whole thing. They've spent twenty years thrashing out the question of whether or not the wreck might have been avoided. Every morning, after breakfast, Charley strolls across to Peter's house to smoke a pipe and discuss some of the fine points; every evening, after tea, Peter returns the visit, and the argument goes on till bedtime. Charley's an American—an old man now, close to seventy. He put in thirty years on Hiva Oa, in the Marquesas, before he came to Ahu Ahu; I'd like to have some of his memories. Notice his arms if he pulls his sleeves up. He has sixteen children on Hiva Oa and fourteen here—all numbered; he says he never can remember their heathen names. When his wife died in the north, he gave all his land to the children and left on the first schooner. She touched at Papeete, but he didn't go ashore. Then she made Ahu Ahu, where he landed and established himself a second time. He has never seen a motor car, a telephone, or an electric light."

Presently the canoe came dancing alongside, and the two old men clambered painfully over the rail—Peter thin, hatchet-faced, and stooping; Charley the ruin of a magnificent man. He towered above any of us on the deck—this ancient dweller among cannibals—still erect, his head still carried proudly, but the flesh hanging loose and withered on his bones. It was easy to fancy the admiration he must have inspired forty years ago among the wild people, in whose eyes physical strength and perfection were the great qualities of a man. In the cabin, while the cook squeezed limes for the first of many rum-punches,

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Charley took off his tunic of white drill, and as he sat there in his singlet I saw that his arms and chest, like his face, were tanned to an indelible dull brown, and that patterns in tattooing ran from wrist to shoulder—greenish-blue and barbaric.

I never learned his history—it must have been a thing to stir the imagination. Once, as we sat drinking, Tari mentioned Stevenson, and the old man's face brightened.

"*É*," he said, slowly, in native fashion, "I remember him well; he came to Hiva Oa with the *Casco*. A funny fellow he was . . . thin! There was nothing to him but skin and bones. And questions—he'd ask you a hundred in a minute! I didn't take to him at first, but he was all right. He didn't care how he dressed; one day I saw him walking on the beach with nothing on but a pair of drawers."

The cook plied back and forth, removing empty glasses and bringing full ones. As each tray was set on the table, Peter—typical of a lively and garrulous old age—seized his glass and held it up.

"Hurrah!" he exclaimed. "Down she goes," drawled Charley, and Tari murmured, "Cheerio!" At the end of two hours Charley's eyes were beginning to glaze, and Peter was mumbling vaguely of the *Esperanza*. Tari rose and beckoned to me.

"Make yourselves at home," he said to the old men; "I've got to go ashore. Akatara will give you lunch whenever you want it."

As our canoe made for the reef my companion told me there was to be a feast in his honor, and that his wife wished me to be present. We shot into the passage without a wetting; the people crowded about Tari, laughing, shaking his hand, speaking all at once—an unmistakable warmth of welcome.

The settlement, reached by a short, steep trail, lies at the base of a break in the cliffs. At the door of her mother's house Apakura met us—turned out, as becomes a supercargo's wife, in the choicest of trade finery. She wore heavy golden earrings; bands of gold were on her fingers, and her loose frock was of pale embroidered silk. Her mother—the keen-eyed old woman I had seen in the canoe—made me welcome.

In the afternoon, when the feast was over, and we rose stiffly, crammed with fish and taro and baked pig, I asked Tari if he knew a youngster who would show me the best path to the interior of the island. A boy of ten was soon at the door—a dark-skinned child with a great shock of hair, and legs disfigured by the scars of old coral cuts.

A twisting path, cobbled, and wide enough to walk two abreast, led us to the summit. The stones were worn smooth by the passage of bare feet, for, excepting fish, all the food of the village is brought over this road from the plantations to the sea. There could be no doubt that the ring of cliffs on which we stood was an ancient reef; in places one could recognize the forms of coral, imbedded, with shells of many varieties, in the metamorphosed rock. Here and there one found pockets of a material resembling marble, veined and crystalline—formed from the coral by processes impossible to surmise. The bulk of the rock is the fine-grained white limestone called *makatea* in the eastern Pacific. The level summit of the cliffs, over which, in centuries gone by, the sea had washed and thundered, forms a narrow plain, sparsely wooded and cultivated in spots where a thin soil has gathered in the hollows.

We halted under the palms crowning the inner brink. The trail wound down giddily ahead—so steep in places that ladders had been fastened to the rock. To right and left of us the cliffs were sheer walls of limestone, rising from a level little above that of the sea. The low hills of the interior, volcanic and fern covered, draining in every direction toward the foot of the *makatea*, have formed a circling belt of swamp land, on which all the taro of the island was grown. One could look down on the beds from where we stood, a mosaic of

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pale green, laid out by heathen engineers in days beyond the traditions of men.

Another time, perhaps, I will tell you of that afternoon — how we climbed down the trail and walked the dikes among the taro; how my escort increased to a merry company, as the people began to come after food for the evening meal; of a boisterous swim in a pool beneath a waterfall; of how I found the remains of an ancient house, built of squared stone so long ago that over one end of it the wooded earth lay two yards deep.

Toward evening, in the bush at the edge of the taro swamps, I came upon a large house, built of bamboo and pandanus in the native fashion. A man was standing framed in the doorway—a tall white man, dressed in pajamas of silk. His gold-rimmed spectacles, gray beard, and expression of intelligent kindliness were vaguely academic—out of place as the cultivated voice which invited me to stop. The boys and girls escorting me squatted on their heels outside; a brace of pretty children, shy and half naked, scurried past as I entered the house. My host waved his hand toward a mat. There was only one chair in the room, standing before a table on which I saw a small typewriter and a disordered heap of manuscript. Otherwise the place was unfurnished except for books, ranged in crude bookcases, tier upon tier, stacked here and there in precarious piles, standing in rows along the floor.

"I am glad to see you," he said, as he offered me a cigarette from a case of basketwork silver; "it is not often that a European passes my house."

I shall not give his name, or attempt to disguise him with a fictitious one; it is enough to say that he is one of the handful of real scholars who have devoted their lives to Polynesian research. I had read his books, published long before, and wondered—more than once—whether he still lived and where he hid himself. The years of silence had been spent (he told me) in a comparative study of the ocean dialects, through which he hoped to solve the riddle of the Pacific—to determine whence came the brown and straight-haired people of the islands. Now, with the material in hand, he had chosen Ahu Ahu as a place of solitude, where he might complete his task of compilation undisturbed.

"On the whole," he said, with agreeable readiness to speak of his work, "I am convinced that they came from the west. The Frenchman's theory that the race originated in New Zealand, like the belief that they migrated westward from the shores of America, is more picturesque, more stirring to the imagination; but the evidence is too vague. If one investigates the possibilities of an eastward migration, on the other hand, one finds everywhere in the western islands the traces of their passage. Far out in the Orient, in isolated groups, off the coast of Sumatra, about Java and Celebes, and in the Arafura Sea, I can show you people of the true Polynesian type. Even in such places, where the last migration must have passed nearly two thousand years ago, scraps of evidence remain—a word, a curious custom, the manner of carrying a basket. These things might seem coincidences if the trail did not grow warmer as one travels east.

"Though no trace of their blood is left, New Guinea must at one time have been a halting place in the migration. Papua it is called, and one finds the word current in Polynesia, meaning a garden, a rich land. The natives of New Guinea are as unlike the people of the eastern Pacific, I should say, as the average American or Englishman, and yet, throughout New Guinea there is a most curious cropping out of Polynesian words, pointing to a very ancient intercourse between the races. Consider the word for woman among the Polynesians. In Rarotonga, it is *vaine;* in Tahiti, *vahine;* in the Marquesas, *vehine;* in Hawaii, *wahine;* in Samoa, *fafine.* The same root runs through the dialects of Papua. In Motu, woman is *hahine;* in Kerepunu, *vavine;* in Aroma, *babine;*

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and in Motumotu it is *ua*, which in this part of the Pacific means, variously, female, seed, and rain. I could cite you dozens of similar examples. Now and then one comes across something that sets one's imagination to work . . . as you must know, the word for sun in the islands is *ra*, but in Tahiti they have another word, *mahana*. In New Guinea, thirty-five hundred miles away, and with all Melanesia between, the tribes of the South Cape call the sun *mahana*. What a puzzle it is!

"Though it may be the merest coincidence, that *ra* has a flavor of Egypt. I wonder if there could be a connection? I used to know a girl in Tahiti whose strange and rather beautiful name—hereditary as far back as the records of her family went—was that of a queen of Egypt who ruled many hundreds of years before Christ. But I mustn't ride my hobby too fast.

"It is a pity you can't stop on Ahu Ahu for a time—there are not many islands so unspoiled. I've grown very fond of the place; I doubt if I ever leave it permanently. If you are interested in ghosts, you had better change your mind. I have a fine collection here; the house is built on the site of a tumble-down *marae*. There is our white rooster, the spirit of an old chief, which appears during the new moon—perfectly harmless and friendly, but the people rather dread him. Then we have a ghostly pig, very bad indeed; and a pair of malignant women, who walk about at night with arms and long hair entwined, and are suspected of ghastly appetites. I shall not say whether or not I have seen any of these; perhaps it is living too much alone, but I am not so skeptical as I was. . . ."

It was not easy to part with such a host, but the sun was low over the *makatea*, and the prospect of crossing the dikes among the taro and scaling the cliff by dark drove me at last to take reluctant leave.

Lamps were shining in the village when I returned; in some of the houses I heard the voice of the father, reading aloud solemnly from the Bible in the native tongue; in others, the people were assembled to chant their savage and melancholy hymns. Tari was alone on the veranda, smoking in his absent-minded fashion, and motioned me to sit down beside him. I told him how I had spent the afternoon. When I had finished he puffed on in silence for a time.

"It is a strange place, Ahu Ahu," he said at last. "My mother-in-law has finished her prayers, sung her *himines*, and put away the family Bible. Now she has gone to the house of one of her pals for a session with old Rakamoana. Like the land itself, the people are relics of an elder time—pure heathen at heart."

C. B. N.

(To be continued.)

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THE TREE

BY ALICE COWDERY

BEN tapped the last shingle into place, slipped his hammer into a pocket of his overalls, and, bracing a foot against the chimney, sprawled, with a sigh of contentment, upon the roof of his little house. The lowest limb of the great pine, luxuriant with fresh green and spicy tassels, reached across and screened him from the earth whereon Myra, his wife, was raking. By half closing his eyes he could feel himself cut off, high, alone, in a sun-warmed, fragrant nest. He could feel the faintest of breaths from the sea, beyond the cliff fields, stir in the tousled masses of his graying hair, just as it stirred in the thick tassels that pointed up from each slender twig. He could hear the whisper of it, running through the pine, like a little echo of the sea. His eyes, like bits of the sky's vivid blue, opened to the tree above him.

"You're a grand tree!" Ben's heart, exulting, sang up to it—"and you're mine!" His, each tiny bronze-green cone, tight shut and glossy, like varnished carvings in relief; his, each great wooden blossom with the petals faintly traced in dusky ruddiness. Once he himself, before he had taken up with Myra and his trade of carpenter, back in their far, smug, inland town, once he, too, long ago, had tried to carve such things from wood.

He recalled how their stage had swung around a curve of the King's highway toward the village of their destination, and the great tree had confronted him, towering, solitary, in the open fields, outsprawled along the sky. Its bigness was one with the whole strange bigness of this Californian coast between the limitless barren ranges and that first tremendous vision of the sea. And yet it had seemed to shelter, so benignly, the tiny cottage beneath it. Perhaps that was why he had felt as if Nature, without descent from her magnificence, had reached out to him a kindly hand. The desire, too intense for adequate expression, to have that tree for his own, to live beside and under, had most amazingly coincided with Myra's eventual decision to acquire the place for their new home.

"No sooner did I get the clam shells and tin cans raked up out of this soil—and a nice shiftless lot it proves the folks you bought this shack from—than down come those messy pine needles." Myra's voice rose as on the crisis of accumulative expostulation.

"But it's a grand tree, ain't it, Myra?" From the heart of each dark shining needle cluster he saw how paler yet more vivid life shot upward like unlit candles.

"It's a dirty tree, I tell you," said Myra, and she said it with energy, scorn, and reproach.

Up, up, the shining needles pointed, vibrant with the mystery of life, merging in velvet dark shadow masses or thrust, clear cut, from limbs that tangled the very sky within their outreaching. To be sure, there were needles that had turned dry and brown on that old limb up yonder. When they fell they made a deliciously crunchy carpet, but when you looked up at them, now, against the sun, you could only think of life dissolving into golden dust and silence. It occurred to him, however, that the present silence held an element of less dreamy intensity. He turned on his side and peered cautiously down, be-

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tween the interstices of his shield. His surmise was correct. Myra's gaze exactly transfixed his own.

"I'll keep those needles raked up for you, Myra. Don't you bother."

"You," said Myra, significantly, and resuming her raking with redoubled vigor, "have got enough to do to get this place in order before the rain sets in—and a nice soggy mess it 'll make under this tree. I ain't complaining about this move, since your health's the better for it, but I tell you one thing, Ben Creath, if I got to spend the rest of my days in this outlandish dago country, I'm going to have a lawn, a nice, tidy bit of green that 'll be a landmark of decency."

"I'll make you a lawn, Myra."

"I want to know how you think you'll do it, with that old tree messing it up and drawing in all the moisture and cutting off the sun from this front yard? One thing's certain; anything I can't and won't stand, it's a moth-eaten-looking lawn." She whirled suddenly about with a tremendous hiss and gyration of her rake toward a stray rooster, already gallantly leading his flock upon her prospective verdure. "And," she continued, flushed and casting indignant glances after the agitated fowls, "I'm going to have that lawn fenced in."

"I'll begin your fence first thing to-morrow."

"No." Myra squinted thoughtfully up at the pine. "That would be foolish. You can get at the fence the day after. To-morrow you'll have all you can do getting that scraggly old tree down. It," she reflected, "is a blessing that it sort of lists to the road. I suppose," she mused, "you ought to grub the roots out, too."

For an instant, behind Ben's stare, there focused but one concrete thought: never, in the whole fifteen years of his devotion to Myra, had he realized how truly and energetically masterful she could look. Her stolid redundancy seemed to expand the checked gingham she wore into heroic and unyielding proportions. Her feet, in their thick and heelless shoes, gripped the ground, and the cap, dragged close over her sparse hair, against her archenemies, dirt and disorder, bore a square and upturned visorlike arrangement that appallingly emphasized the thin and horizontal rigidity of her upper lip. Then the full significance of her words surged in upon him. He summoned speech.

"Just what do you think you're talking about?"

At the unprecedented belligerency of his tone, Myra's eyes revolved slowly from the tree and around to his. Her mouth opened slightly.

"Right smart place you made of this here old shack, Mrs. Creath." Their rigid gaze disjointed itself and turned toward the road.

"It sure needs us white folks to teach them dagos how. Now ain't it true?"

"Why"—Ben's voice was constrained by the difficulties of speedy orientation —"why, hello, Massey!" he finished, dully. Massey was not oversubtle, but even he felt a lack of glad welcome. The consciousness that Myra, after a brief nod, was already intent on obliterating the huge marks of his passage across her raked soil, combined with the difficulty of seeing Ben closer without obtruding thereon, did not lessen Massey's confusion. Impelled, by the menace of steely teeth, toward the comparative safety of the side path, and being, thereby, completely shut off from a view of Ben, his attention, perforce, focused upon Myra.

"I see you're busy, ma'am," he resumed, with propitiatory intent, "but I got a proposition to make to you-all that fits in so fine with your fixing up this here place, it—well—it jest seems like fate."

Myra surveyed him noncommittally.

"I know a party from Frisco building one of these here bungalows up in the hills, and he's got a fireplace that 'll jest eat up all the logs and chunks I can haul him, and they ain't so easy to

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find round these parts. I had my eye on that thar old tree for quite a spell."

Myra, her rake at rest, vouchsafed him now a concentrated interest. The scraping of boots on the roof, that had implied a leisurely descent, had stopped abruptly. The very shadow of the bough, which had stirred upon the ground, seemed held in rigid attention.

"I was thinking," said Myra, resting on her rake, but with clear, incisive voice, "that we'd use the wood ourselves."

"Why, you 'ain't got no use for big logs and chunks, ma'am, and with the stump and maybe them roots grubbed out, why, it 'd sure pay you a lot better to sell."

"Maybe so." Myra nodded reflectively. "What 'd it be worth?"

"Well, I calculate going fifty-fifty, if I do the cutting and hauling; I calculate, ma'am, that it ought to bring in a good seventy dollars between us."

Myra turned and glanced at the pine with a gleam of respect. "Thirty-five dollars"—she raised her voice with undeniable distinctness, one might even have inferred a hint of cajolement in it—"thirty-five dollars would go a long ways to paying for a new stove. Could you get at it to-morrow, Mr. Massey?" she added, briskly.

"To-morrow suits me all right, ma'am." But, nevertheless, Massey hesitated. However hypnotic Myra's presence, he seemed to feel that there was something lacking to their agreement. He craned his head up toward the roof.

"To-morrow suit you, Creath?"

The flush on his face enhanced by the sunset crimson, his eyes very blue and hard, Ben, straddling the ridgepole now, loomed clear cut against the sky, like the upper half of a small and wiry Jovelet struggling to select from among his thunders the most devastating. Grasping the pine bough like a bolt of wrath, he twisted about, glaring down at them. His movement dislodged a great cone that went bounding from the roof straight at the desecrating enemy below. The scathing words he was about to summon became a note of warning. The enemy leaped, then turned.

"I'm surprised," said Massey, reproachfully, "you let that limb hang over your roof. I'd 'a' had the whole tree down first thing."

"Anybody would," cried Myra, passionately. She hurled the cone far into the road. If looks could have accomplished it, the pine would have been shrunk and shriveled away.

"Well," resumed Massey, from the road, "to-morrow suits me all right, Creath."

"It don't suit me," shouted Ben, with all the voice at his command, "to-morrow or any day."

Myra's voice came cold and incisive: "You just come around again to-morrow, Mr. Massey."

The kitchen door slammed with a reverberation that Ben felt tingling up through every fiber. The vigor of that protestation seemed to prolong itself throughout the more than ordinary tintinnabulation of supper preparations, to reach up and absorb the anger that had been casting muttered imprecations after Massey, to reach out and dampen the flaming protectorate he had felt to a sense of baffling inadequacy in himself. The situation was unprecedented. Never before had he desired anything like this, save, perhaps, in those far days when he had desired and acquired Myra—and those seemed hazy, different, anyhow, less sustained. He wished he hadn't to come off the roof. For a moment he considered crawling along the friendly arm stretched out to him and climbing up to where the sunset crimsoned the edges of its topmost nest.

"She's had everything her way, always," muttered Ben. "This is mine. You are mine." His eyes were those of a lover.

He chopped a conciliatory pile of kindling. He pumped the tank to the

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Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner

"YOU'RE GOING TO PUT UP THAT FENCE BEFORE THAT TREE COMES DOWN?"

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limit of the well bore. He wouldn't get the second-hand engine with which he had intended to lighten this labor. She should have her new stove. He would see that no carpet of crunchy pine needles ever had a chance to spread itself under the tree. He would plant her lawn and cunningly devise a rockery where the tree most shaded it. He entered briskly with a crashing of kindling into the woodbox. Myra, with rocky countenance, immediately took up the broom and swept, ostentatiously, around the box. The subtle placations he had planned to introduce oozed into the silence. The unusual excellence of her always excellent suppers filled him with an irritating sense of guilt. He availed himself of the established privilege of smoking one pipe on the porch after supper.

It was a night of stars, sheer, glittering silver. The heavens seemed to reel with them as Ben raised his eyes, in a wonder too deep to sustain; but seen through his tree those stars came closer, warmer, more friendly; a Christmas tree now, the pine; his yet free to all the earth. His momentary reverie was broken by the creaking of the board under Myra's rocker; he had a feeling that she got up to peer out at him from behind the curtain. She was always fidgeting when he sat out there. It was a sort of resentment, he supposed, against what she could not share with him. Why couldn't she share it all; just naturally feel the utter impossibility of her stand against his tree? As he stared at it now it seemed to grow larger, darker, to fill the night with an all-encompassing and mysterious loveliness that made him long, like a prayer, to reach out with it, beyond it and himself. And then his glance shifted to the star, just beside it, that sparkled like the little diamond he had given Myra long ago.

"Myra!" He sprung up suddenly and opened the door. "Come, see how fine!"

She was darning the sleeve of his old sweater. "I've no time to moon," she said, briefly.

He slammed the door. His pipe was out. He stared out into the night, defiantly endeavoring to get back into that lovely mood. But the night had turned to a lonely chill. Only across in the opposite fields did a warm spot glow. Some one was camping there. He could see a figure like some slim boy's, outlined against the leaping fire. He sighed, knocked the ashes from his pipe, and, wiping his feet carefully on the sack before the door, went in.

"You going to put up that fence today?" Myra called from the kitchen doorway, but he pretended not to hear. He concentrated on keeping his whistle brisk and buoyant as he got out his shovel and some posts from the shed. He knew it sounded hollow and that his businesslike squinting up at the shifting rain clouds was overdone.

"I got to go into town to-morrow for more lumber," he remarked, as to whom it might concern. He stood uncertain for a moment, considering where he should begin the fence. Should he march boldly to the front and place a defiant post on either side of the tree, or should he just commence at the farthest corner of his survey and lead steadily up and around it?

"You going to put up that fence today?" Myra repeated her inquiry as if none of these phenomena had occurred. He wondered if anything in the world was worth this sense of conflict and the day's doomed crisis. He glanced up at its cause, dappled with the radiance and shadow of the morning, and he felt a traitor at the thought.

"I am," said Ben. "Then you won't have any more bother with chickens," he added, weakly.

"You're going to put up that fence before that tree comes down?" Myra insisted, striding into the yard and placing her hands stiffly on her hips.

"Long before," said Ben, firm and miserable.

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"I wonder," inquired a young and buoyant voice, "if you'd let me have some water?"

She was slim and rather boyish-looking with her uncovered and shining hair. The effect was enhanced by the trousers and puttees she wore, although somewhat modified by the queer garment of tawny silk that hung to her hips, loosely belted and in cut not unlike one of Ben's nightshirts. The quick and slightly nervous glance which Myra directed from this outlandishly garbed, yet possibly attractive, apparition toward Ben suggested a mind confused by the persistency of his divergence from herself, yet quite sufficiently alert to warn him against, or, perchance, protect him from, any further divergence. However, there lurked in Ben's eyes nothing more alarming than the pleasant, albeit somewhat wistful, attentiveness he customarily bestowed upon strangers.

"I'm camping across from you in the fields until to-morrow. I sleep in my car. It's perfectly weatherproof. I'm on my way to join friends down the coast. My name's Sonia Garthewaithe. I'm a painter—and there you are." As one who had triumphantly forestalled all boresome inquiries, Sonia offered a smile to Myra; encountering but a noncommittal stare, that smile radiated onward to Ben. Thereupon Myra suggested briskly that he fill the lady's water bottle.

"Goodness knows there's enough needs painting round here," said Myra, "but I can't see how you'll make anything out of it. They're mostly a poor, shiftless lot of dagos, and the coat of whitewash that their grandfathers put on is good enough for them. My husband's going to paint this house himself when he gets round to it. You look like it paid you, but there ain't a bit of use for you here."

Sonia stared, then laughed. "Oh, I see. I should have said I was an artist; but I'm really awfully modest, you know."

As a cat, when confronted by phenomena beyond its comprehension, maintains the show of dignity by ever so slight a drooping of its upper eyelids, so Myra now encountered this explanation. But behind those lids passed vague recollections of cinema contacts, of queer studio doings, of vampishness, cigarettes, of garments not unlike Ben's nightshirts. She turned a more vivid glance upon Ben's activities at the pump.

"Maybe the lady's in a hurry," she suggested.

"Oh, I am," cried Sonia, eagerly. "I'm wild to begin work. I wish I could stay on longer, but I'll have one glorious day at least. You don't think it 'll rain?" she implored.

"I do," said Myra.

"Maybe it won't," volunteered Ben, kind and hopeful.

"You lucky people," sighed Sonia, but she sighed toward Ben, "to live right here. I wonder if you didn't choose this spot for the very reason I did."

"Water, for one thing," suggested Myra.

Sonia laughed. "No, but really." She raised her vivid face to the tree. She took a few steps toward it, turned, and looked back at Ben. "Did you, too, see it first as you came round the curve of the highway?"

"Yes," said Ben. He left her canteen and moved slowly toward her with shining eyes.

"Did you feel the confusing bigness of everything and then how that glorious old thing just seemed to suddenly leap out and bring it all together and hold it out to you?"

"Yes," said Ben.

Regardless of the raked soil, she walked toward the tree, Ben following. They wandered out into the road and she began backing off, making funnels of her half-closed hands.

"You think I'm crazy?" she broke off, as if suddenly aware of him beside her. She looked at him intently and then smiled again. "No. You don't think so at all, do you?"

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"You want your water, miss?"

They turned with a mutual start. Ben leaped to bring it to her. Myra stalked into the kitchen. The screen door slammed.

"Well"—Sonia waved her hand at him"—"you're liable to see me prowling round here all day."

Ben stared after her. Then he stared up at his tree. Suddenly he began to whistle. It was no half-hearted attempt this time. He caught up his shovel and began ardently to dig post holes right where he stood beside it.

Sonia prowled, and at last settled herself in a field beside the road.

Of classic myths encountered, some thirty years before, at high school; of goddesses descending to protect man against the powers of darkness; of slim dryads that dwelt in trees; of allies, swift-sprung to succor, on dubious battlefields—something of all this occurred to Ben. Certainly he did not dwell upon her as mere woman. He wanted to go over and see what she was doing. He glanced back at the house and hesitated. The silence within seemed to wait and store up, ominous as the storm clouds banking on the horizon. The great pine towered over him in a sort of suspended breathlessness. But two horses loose in the fields were beginning to prance with lifted heads and shaking manes. It seemed to him they might disturb her. He went toward them, picking up clods of earth and driving them farther away.

Sonia looked up with a smile. "Why must you put a fence around it?"

Why indeed! It seemed to him a ridiculous thing. He stood by her, silently watching. He didn't understand the thing she was doing, but he did understand that the way her eyes rested on his tree, in quick and eager absorption, was so much homage to its beauty, so much justification of his own protectorate. The way her deft fingers spread color and light and shadow on the pad before her fired his imagination with a sense of the way he, too, would like to plunge in and express some intensity of service.

"And there's the little shack, just as real!" he cried, delightedly.

"No," said Sonia, thoughtfully, "I'm not going to need the little house, after all. There's nothing but the tree and the wind and the storm clouds"; and with a stroke of her brush the little house was gone.

He was puzzled by the momentary dismay he felt, for, after all, he had never quite detached his tree from the lowly roof it sheltered, but the boldness of her concept intrigued him.

"See how its shadow masses against the sky, seems to hold the form of those dark clouds over it. And the wind—other trees, like that row of planted blue gums, over behind my car, they fuss and writhe and torture themselves with every gust. But not this tree—for all its fluffy tassels. Why, this tree just loves the wind, it doesn't even fight it—it just holds it, through the years, till every great, twisted limb is like the wind itself, caught and made visible—" She stopped abruptly, her vivid eyes upraised. "I love that tree," she said, solemnly.

"So do I." Ben's voice was tense, his face, too, upturned. He had a vague impression that Myra was calling him from their doorway, but he did not turn.

"And when it has to go," said Sonia, working furiously now, "it will go with the wind."

"No other way," cried Ben, with fervor. This time there was no mistaking Myra's summons.

Gray flannel was spread over the sitting-room table. The sewing machine was open.

"If you ain't too busy," said Myra, "and nightshirts being in style, maybe you'll kindly spare me a moment to fit your new ones."

She yanked one of those cut-and-pinned garments down over his head. His thoughts, still daring the elements, seemed stifled as in a sudden airless sack. His arms struggled wildly for

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Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner

"I LOVE THAT TREE," SHE SAID, SOLEMNLY

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outlets. Pins drew from him subdued "ouches" and "doggone its." His face emerged, hot with rebellion inadequately expressible, before the obvious fact that she was doing him a service.

"Why can't you fit 'em by the old ones?" he muttered. His eyes sought the window that opened on the field where Sonia worked. He was twitched about toward the one that faced down the road. The thought of Massey's doomed advent suddenly surged up again within him. Suppose Massey should come while he was caught in this hideous bondage. What masterly, final, decisive dignity could he summon to confront him? The idea sent him into a silent panic. Had she the diabolical intention of so holding him till Massey did come? Myra removed some pins from her mouth and picked up the scissors.

"You're always fussing about the neckbands being too tight. I want these to be real comfortable for you." Their eyes avoided meeting. The scissors crunched coldly, trimming about his throat and making him wince. He thought vaguely of Delilah.

The wind was increasing in force. A human form could undoubtedly be seen detaching itself from the village and coming up the road. It was growing so dusky he couldn't be sure, but it looked like Massey's slouching gait. Let him but get at Massey first, alone and unencumbered. Fierce and final phrases framed themselves on his lips. He struggled for a moment, emerged, and bolted out into the road. Sonia's eager voice came to him on the wind. The first big drops of rain hit his face like exhilarant lashes. He wheeled and ran to her. She had caught up her sketch and was waving it.

"I have it," she cried, triumphantly. "Now I can't ever lose it!" and held it to her as the rain descended. He snatched at her easel and folding stool, cavorting before the gale. He shouted to her to come on, and her answering breathless laughter joined with his as they fled across to the house. He had a glimpse of Massey down the road, standing, hunched and hesitant, and then beginning to run grotesquely back; of Myra, retreating up the path before the downpour with equally grotesque deliberation.

Twice Ben dashed across to the shed, pouring wood into the box by the kitchen stove, and the noise of it dimmed the elemental uproar. His feet tracked mud and water masterfully across the floor. He didn't care! He didn't care! He brushed by Myra, standing, with pale hard face, in the kitchen, and, with his hat still hung recklessly on the back of his head, went over to the window of the living room, where Sonia stood.

The storm beat in with the gathering dark. Myra removed her gaze from their motionless figures long enough to light the kitchen lamp. She brought it into the living room and set it down on the table. She suggested that Ben draw the curtains. Her suggestion was ignored. Ben's gaze and Sonia's strained, through the streaming pane to the tree. Out of the noise of rattling casements and banging screen doors, the rush of the gale and the roar of distant surf, the downpour beating on roof and windows, it, alone, seemed to stand, calm, assured, and motionless, save for the quiet rhythmic lift and fall of its boughs. Suddenly he turned to Sonia. His eyes met hers. As two who mutually remember and possess, they smiled. He could not have told whether Myra's shrill outcry or the splintering crash that jarred the house came first.

"Now what'd I tell you?" Myra's wail seemed compound of triumph and dismay.

He stared from the jagged opening in the roof of the porch to the broken step with the limb flung down across it. He was conscious of a sudden lull, of a pale moon slipping in and out of flying clouds, of a bewildering sense of treachery. Then Sonia's voice came from the garden path.

"It won't spoil it a bit," she cried,

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reassuringly. "What's a dead limb, more or less, to a grand old beauty like that!" She turned back to Myra, standing just within the doorway.

"It was good of it, though, not to come down on our heads, wasn't it?" and she laughed.

Myra, looking down at her through half-closed eyelids, did not reply.

"Well"—Sonia seemed perplexed—"I'd better run on now."

Still Myra looked silently down at her.

Ben hesitated a moment between them. "I'll take you across," he said, mechanically.

Sonia refused. Her voice sounded cold and far away to him. He wandered after her as far as the road, and watched her drifting across the fields in the pale night. He glanced at the tree as he turned back. It looked like something he had seen in the theater, long ago, cut out of painted cardboard. Even the torn porch looked unreal, theatrical. Myra's form looming against the lamplight beyond the open door seemed the only reality.

"Look at it! How glorious! How lovely!" She minced her words atrociously. "Ain't it just too good of it not to come down on our heads!"

Ben came in and shut the door.

"Under my roof!" Her voice trembled slightly. "Under my very own roof!"

"'Over,' she means," thought Ben, and slung his hat on the table.

"You yourself brought her in, under my roof!"

Ben turned, his mouth open, his eyes wide, bewildered, on hers.

"I've seen your grinnings and whisperings together!" Her voice rose higher and sharper, as if she lashed with it both at herself and him. "You set yourself against me along with that tree, and now you use it—yes, you use it as a cover—for that woman, wandering round, picking up—what she can find!"

The couch was just behind him. He sat down on it. He was conscious of a sense of sickening collapse somewhere in the region of his stomach. Myra looked at him for a moment huddled there, elbows on knees, face pressed within the angle of his hands.

"Very well," she muttered, "let her be." She turned away to the window, frowning out a moment, and then wheeled again upon him.

"But just you look at what you've set above me—me, a living woman who hasn't one thought above you and doing for you. Just you look at that dangerous, dirty, interfering old tree that means more 'n me or my wishes to you."

Ben half lifted his head. No—no, Myra," he murmured, "that ain't true. You just don't understand."

"Prove it, then; prove it, if it ain't true."

Ben got up and opened the door. Beyond the torn porch and the torn-off limb the tree filled the night, like a thing that was neither alive nor dead, yet challenged him with an obstinacy tight as the line into which his lips now stiffened. He slammed the door shut again.

"I'm damned if it ever comes down!" he said, and it seemed to him that a current like hate had shot straight from out his eyes across to hers. He turned and threw himself face downward on the couch.

"Then it *is* true," said Myra, in a hollow voice. Her eyes moved aimlessly from him and about the room. They focused eventually on the dirt that had been tracked in upon her immaculate floor. At that stirring sight she seemed galvanized into renewed self-confidence. She snatched up a broom from the kitchen and, opening the door, swept the invasion back and into the outer debris. She stood for a moment, her face upturned to the tree, her broom aloft and firm in a hand that shook as with the intensity of a silent oath.

"Very well," she said aloud, as she came in. "Then it's settled at last. You hear?"

Ben dragged a cushion down against his head.

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She picked up the lamp and strode toward the bedroom as one whose course has been inevitably determined, come weal, come woe. The bedroom door clicked shut. In a little while it opened.

"You'll take cold there, won't you?"

Ben did not answer.

"Ain't you coming to bed?"

He let her think that he slept. But he was too cold to sleep. He could only lie there in the confused dark with a sense of something that had been loved, betraying and betrayed, flinging beauty away from it, bit by bit, yet standing forever firm and menacing overhead. And then that sense merged into one of deep and baffling inadequacy in himself, for, to an accompaniment of stealthily creaking boards, something drew near and closer, stooped over him with hushed breathing. He was no longer cold, but pinioned, as in a comforter tucked firmly about him by efficient hands. They loosened one of his boots, then the other, and weakly and miserably something within him inaudibly responded, "I wish it had come down in the storm!"

He would take the stage into San Luis and come back on the truck that night with his lumber. The stage wasn't due for some time at the crossroads, but rather than hang about in the dumb unhappiness of the house he would walk to meet it. He did not so much as glance at the tree, but went through its shadow and up the road with his shoulders hunched and his hat pulled low. He pretended a cynical indifference to the consciousness of a world refreshed after night and storm, to green fields and fragrant earth and the excited twittering and fluttering of birds. But as he turned into the highway he realized that his pace had become hardly consistent with studied gloom.

"I wish I could go on and on and never come back."

He reached the curve where the highway swung out again and lost itself in tremendous sweeps of barren ranges and vast panoramas of earth and sea and sky. He halted before the appalling magnificence of that loneliness. Instead of going on and on, he stopped and for the first time looked back at his tree. He took off his hat and sat down on the roadside to look at it.

He saw it in sunlight that came as through clear crystal, aloof and waiting in a golden morning stillness. Never had it seemed so beautiful, so deep sunk and high in peace. Never had it seemed so far removed from him and yet never so near, as if, somehow, nothing had mattered, not even his own lack of faith.

The smoke from Sonia's camp fire spiraled faintly across the sky to it. She would be gone when he returned. He didn't care. She had swept the house away and placed the tree lonely in clouds and storm. But if he could paint, it was so he would paint it, so he would keep it, as he saw it now, like a sense of peace and all lovely things, waiting to spread from over the little house across to him. And again the old longing to somehow express intensely all of these things came upon him.

He started up to look for his stage, but it was not yet in sight. He sat down again. If only he might so wait there for a long, long time, just as the tree, too, seemed waiting patiently.

Suddenly Myra came out of the house. He could hear the faint slam of the kitchen door. She also seemed to be looking up at the tree. The old turban that she crammed down upon her head, like a helmet, when she went to the village marketing, was but a tiny speck in the landscape, yet all the quiet splendor seemed to recede before its one insistent note of black, and all the ugly discord to draw closer awaiting his return. If he could only shout aloud to her to come up there and share it. He watched, fascinated, her tiny, black-helmeted figure stride up the road toward the village and disappear. But the dread of his inevitable return did not disappear.

Suppose the storm *had* taken it? He

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tried his best to visualize it gone. He tried very hard, but he could get no further than the sense of a lonely place against the sky. And then, as he gazed up into that vacancy, a strange thing happened. It seemed no longer so lonely. Across it, faint but persistent, real as the delicate films that trailed and spiraled against the clear blue from Sonia's fire, there drifted the consciousness of all the beauty his tree had given him, and somehow only the beauty.

"Now I can't lose it, ever!" He turned his head, startled, as if he had heard her voice again. "Now I can't lose it, ever," she had cried out, waving her sketch triumphant to the coming storm. Suppose the storm *had* taken it? Is that what she had meant? She was going away. She would see it no more, but still, because of what it had given her, of what she had got out of it, somehow, she couldn't ever really lose it. And he? In his heart, or wherever it was you kept things like that, could he ever really lose it? Even supposing the storm *had* taken it—even supposing—

The stage was late, but it was there, a large and rattling automobile shrieking like an unwieldy old demon because of the time it had lost. Alone on the back seat, too short to adequately brace his feet against the flooring, like some helpless atom in the rush of fate, he was bounced and twisted and flung from side to side and with a final jerk dropped back into his corner as it stopped before the post office to pick up the mail.

Myra did not, or pretended not, to see him. She was going toward their home, but she passed as seemingly oblivious of his presence near her as if she were a stranger. She trudged along energetically, head up, but under her crammed-down helmet he could now see her face. At the vile unhappiness upon it his heart seemed to miss a beat. He craned his neck about to the window in the rear of the car. He could no longer see her face, but all the memories of her small, unyielding cares for him seemed to trail out and back from her and invade him. If his heart had skipped a beat it made up for it now.

The mail bag was in and the driver. He was jounced back into his corner on. In a moment they would pass Massey's house up the main street. He clutched at the back of the seat in front of him. It seemed to him that nothing mattered now but to keep himself steady. The voice in which he ordered the driver to stop was steady enough, and the leap that he made to the road, before they had quite stopped, was nicely calculated; but at the sight of Massey grinding an ax in the yard steadiness seemed to ooze from him. He looked back. Above the village the tree lifted its branches like a comrade's arms signaling treachery, imploring nothing but life.

The driver turned, impatient. Massey had come to his fence. "What say, Creath? Can't hear you." Massey came out to the road.

"You deaf?" shouted Ben. "I said if you want that tree you got to get at it this morning. You got to get it down before I come home. You hear?" And then he had need of whatever masterful arrangements he could summon to confront the silence of a sky and world grown vacant and hollow, for Massey grinned at him and drawled:

"Well, now, Creath, you needn't have bothered to stop. Your old woman's just been over and give me those i-dentical orders herself."

Sonia, swinging her car leisurely out of the fields and into the road before the Creath place, leaped suddenly out of her mood of pleasant abstraction and her car. To the astonished Massey it was as if a being of flame and wrath had sprung straight out of the earth upon him. His arm, suspended on the upcurve of a blow, flexed and came down.

"You miserable man, you! What you doing to that tree?"

"Well, miss," and his intonation was somewhat sarcastic, "I'm aiming now so as it 'll hit the road and nothing else."

But Sonia was already past him.

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"Oh, Mrs. Creath, see what he's doing! Don't you *see* what he's doing?"

Her implication as to Myra's unawareness of the outrage appeared justified by the intensity of the latter's occupation. She seemed oblivious to all but a very present need of concentrating to herself the potentialities of a wrecking crew. She had stacked the splintered relics of porch and steps for speedy removal; she had whacked off the useless twigs and tassels of the fallen limb and was, as Sonia cried out to her, striding with arms and apron full, to dump them on to the pile in the road for burning. Her face above that burden was distorted as if, without that pressure of haste and frantic activity, she would be lost indeed. She perspired, she panted, her hair was in wisps of wild disorder. She flung out her brush.

"Where's Mr. Creath?" demanded Sonia.

Myra turned on the limb itself now and began tugging and dragging at it.

"You tell me!" Sonia, stamping her foot, looked from Myra to Massey. The latter leaned his ax against the tree and reached for his plug.

"Gone about his business," said Myra, suddenly, without looking around.

"I knew it!" cried Sonia. "I knew he must be away." Color rivaling Myra's flooded her face; her voice rose high and quivering. "I knew he'd never consent. He just couldn't. Why, that tree's the dearest, finest thing in the world to him; it's just like part of him, he loves it so. Of course he hasn't consented—he couldn't. He— You re—" Sonia, battling for the tree, for Ben, for adequate words, glared at Myra through tears of indignation.

"Mr. Massey," shrilled Myra, "if you're going to finish your job to-day I'll thank you to keep at it."

Massey leisurely picked up his ax.

"You don't need to worry, miss," he assured Sonia. "It's all right," and he gave the tree another whack.

Sonia advanced. She flung her arms about it.

"Sure it's all right," he drawled, desisting, perforce. "There's nothing to get so het up about. Creath stopped off this morning and made the deal himself with me, so if you'll jest move yourself, miss—"

A hand shot out from behind them. Massey whirled, or was whirled, about.

"Just repeat that, Massey."

Rather wild himself now, he ran his fingers through his hair.

"He sure did, ma'am, directly you'd left," he reiterated.

Myra's hands fell limply to her side. She seemed to be staring through him and far beyond him.

"You didn't—" she said at last. "You didn't go and tell him I'd been there already, did you?"

"Why, sure!" Massey looked dubiously at the conflicting emotions registered upon her face. Then, as if selecting from hidden resources what seemed to him the most poignant suggestion for inducing a resumption of the practical business at hand, he continued: "You certainly won out, ma'am. I gotta give you credit. I certainly bet on you, ma'am, every time."

"Oh, shut up!" said Myra, and flung up her hands and turned her back upon them.

Before the highway curved out of sight Sonia stopped her car. A solitary figure appeared to be kneeling on the earth before the tree.

"Whatever the quaint old thing's doing now," she reflected, curling gauntleted hands and squinting through them, "it's really tremendously effective."

Whatever the quaint old thing did she did thoroughly. Her vigorous fingers raked about among the chips, selecting the largest, fitting them back into the shallow wound as best she could.

"I bet he won't even notice it," she muttered. "I bet it 'll heal without a pucker. O God," she amended, fervently, "I hope it 'll heal without a pucker!"

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LO, THE RICH INDIAN!

BY WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD

"THE Osage Indians are becoming so rich that something will have to be done about it."

So says Washington, and, acting accordingly, plans are being discussed even now for heading off a torrent of gold which is flowing to the Osage Indian reservation in the state of Oklahoma.

No Osage medicine man, with his incantations and prophecies, nor any Osage kettle woman, with her village jokes and her jesting songs, could ever have imagined the thing that has happened to this tribe of Indians. Even Uncle Sam himself, wiser than Indian village wise men, could not foresee it, which explains the predicament in which he finds himself to-day.

Life for the Osage Indians was neither easy nor pleasant for many years. On their lands in Kansas, until 1907, they grew small crops with difficulty, and now and then the government gave each member of the tribe a small check, aggregating forty dollars a year, from money which had been paid to the government by cattle raisers who leased grazing rights on the Indians' acres.

A change came in 1907. The government decided to send the Osage Indians down into Oklahoma, to permit them to grow up in a new state. The tribe was small, and perhaps the government officials felt that, in a new land, it might be absorbed. An entire county, larger than the state of Delaware, was set aside for the tribe, and named Osage County. A strict census was taken of the tribe. It was discovered that it numbered 2229 men, women, and children; every Osage Indian in existence was counted and that number made up their total force.

Every man, woman, and child was given 657 acres of land; a school was started for the Indian children, and the Osages settled down to a life of farming. The Osages tell you now that the soil was not good; that there were too many hills and too much timber and too much underlying stone, and that farming in Oklahoma was worse than in Kansas.

The government promised the Indians to protect them until 1931; after that they must be considered full-fledged American citizens, able and willing to take care of themselves.

For eight years the Indians went from bad to worse. And then, five years ago, fate, in the shape of an oil man, stepped in. He drilled for oil on the Indian land and found it. Immediately Washington was besieged with demands for oil leases. These leases were sold by auction; some of the prices paid were fabulous. These leases brought in so much money that in 1915, before the oil had begun to flow, every Osage Indian, man or woman, and every child born before 1907, received a check for $170.25 from the fund held by the government, which had decided to pool the oil interests of the Indians, making one man's luck the luck of all. Cash money, in such abundance, astounded the Indians. Some of the wise men said: "There's a trick here. The great White Father is getting ready to make us move again and he's trying to buy our consent." But wealth was to follow that would make these first small checks look like tobacco money.

The next year, 1916, oil began to flow from many wells. The tribe, it was stipulated by the government, should receive one-sixth of all the oil that was

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taken out. By the end of 1916 every man, woman, and child received from the government $826.06, for leases and $1,449.82 as his share of the oil.

In 1917 the 2,229 Indian claimants received $2,608 each; in 1918 each share was $3,940. Last year each Indian received $5,000, and in this year of grace, with new leases being sold at wild prices and with oil flowing from every well, the Indians had received over $5,000 apiece up to July, with prospects that their individual shares for the entire year would be $9,000.

The average Indian family numbers four persons; two or three members of a family will each have one of the 2,229 Osage shares, perhaps. This means a family income of over $25,000, which is real wealth.

Now and then an Indian has inherited several shares. The books in the office of the Indian Agent in Osage County, for instance, show that Mrs. Kate Barker, a comely Indian woman of thirty-two years, has eight shares in all of Osage "stock." Her income this year will approximate President Wilson's salary.

Where will it end? Every time a new well is drilled the Indians are that much richer. There are millions of acres yet to be leased, and every auction day the leasers come in larger numbers and pay higher prices. For all anyone knows, the Indians may get $20,000 apiece next year and $40,000 apiece the year after that, and keep on until they get into six figures.

Pawhuska is the town around which center the activities of the oil men, the government agents, and the Osage Indians themselves; it is the metropolis of the Indian oil country.

Certain worthy copper-hued citizens of this little town of Pawhuska shed their influence on towns as far distant as Tulsa and Oklahoma City, and Washington, D. C. For instance, almost daily some of them roll into Tulsa in their great cars, and delight the merchants with their tremendous purchases. In more distant Oklahoma City, where they are less frequently seen, you will find in the hotel lobbies magnificent oil paintings of prominent Pawhuska citizens, and in the glass cases of the photographers' studios you will see artful semblances of such eminent men as Mr. Bacon Rind, for instance, and others. There was the time, of course, too, when Mr. Blank came to Oklahoma City and, filled with the spirit of—to say the least—rivalry, bought, at great expense, an automobile hearse and, seated in a rocking-chair, viewed therefrom the streets and shop windows, while a high-priced chauffeur sat at the wheel.

As for Washington, D. C., did not Mr. Bacon Rind himself go there, some months ago, and converse with the great men of the land? And are there not books and records in Washington filled with the names of the Pawhuska folks? And do not low-waged clerks, in that town of clerks, spend much of their time making out checks for large sums of money to the Pawhuska people?

Indeed, you hear of the town of Pawhuska and of its eminent citizens long before you see it. You have heard the Pawhuska folks called the "richest Indians in the world"; at Tulsa and Oklahoma City you begin to hear their individual names and to cross their Indian trails, and by the time you get on a little train at Tulsa which, after a few hours, will put you down at Pawhuska, you have a thrill of expectation.

"Sister Jones! In this next revival meeting I'm going to tell the truth about this business. God won't let me lie. I can't keep back the truth without losing my soul."

You turn in your seat and see behind you an earnest-faced young man who is talking to a group of men and women standing in the aisle.

"We've had a great meeting," says the young man, "and in my next place I'm going to preach God's truth about wickedness and greed."

"That's right! Tell 'em the truth,"

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answers the southern-voiced Sister Jones.

The men and women in the aisle say good-by to him and then walk out of the car singing, "We'll Never Say Good-By in Heaven."

The train starts; the young man settles down in his seat to read a paper.

"He must be talking about the folks in the Osage Indian country—probably Pawhuskee," the man sitting next to you is confiding, in Western fashion, to you.

You turn to him. "I'm a stranger in these parts. Are folks so bad at Pawhuska?"

"Bad! Man, they're crazy! Money-crazy! They started about five years ago cheatin' rich Indians, and now they've got to cheatin' themselves and no one knows where it 'll end. They certainly need a revival up Pawhuskee way."

"Do you live at Pawhuska?"

"No, siree. I wouldn't live in Pawhuskee for nothing. Prices too high. I'm only a picture salesman in the Indian country."

"What kind of pictures do you sell?"

"Great business! Any time any of these Indians has a photograph taken that he likes, he wants an oil painting made of it, or a crayon drawing, with a big frame. I've got men out here in the Osage country who go around taking orders, and, oh, man! it's easy money. Almost every time an Indian does anything special he wants a painting made of it. There was a fellow the other day who bought a team of horses for $1,700. He sent his son off to town to get the slickest harnesses he could find. The boy bought the harness, but there wasn't enough celluloid rings spread around on it to suit him, so he went to another store and bought three hundred and fifty dollars worth of red, white, and blue rings and had 'em fastened all over the harness. The storekeeper didn't want to sell him so many, and when the boy's father came to the store a month or so later the storekeeper said to him: 'What did your boy want with all those rings? I almost told him he couldn't have 'em.' And all the father said was: 'What right you got to say what my son buys? This is a store, ain't it, where folks can buy what they want?'

"Well, after they got the harness home and onto the horses they sent for a photographer and he took 'em, and one of my men happened along with his samples. They bought a crayon drawing of the photograph for thirty-nine dollars and a frame for thirty dollars. Any time an Indian wants anything and he has the money for it you bet he'll get it."

The slow train has now passed into Osage County, an area larger than the state of Delaware. The preacher behind you has fallen asleep, with the paper on his lap. The picture salesman continues:

"It's oil that's done it. The Osage Indians own this whole county. There ain't many of 'em, and every time a new well comes in they get more money. The Lord only knows where it 'll end. There are more wells bein' drilled than ever before, and the oil men have only just begun to tap it. Unless some one heads 'em off they'll all be red millionaires, these fellows.

"You didn't tell what business you was in, stranger," says the picture man, after a brief pause; "but, no matter what it is, you take a tip from me and come out here to Pawhuskee where the money is."

The country is rolling and wooded; streaks of stone show through the grass. Now and then on the creek bottom or in a small valley you see a cornfield. Soon, on the sky line, you see the skeletons of oil wells. A little later you pass a tiny farmhouse surrounded by wells; the neglected yard is crossed by three pipe lines. One of these runs out into a cornfield. The corn is choked with weeds.

"They struck oil on that fellow's place only a few months ago, and he took the money and let his corn go to grass," says the picture man.

The train stops, after a time, at a village which is literally peppered with wells. Oil tanks line the roadway.

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There are wells in front yards and back yards and in one churchyard.

The firm-jawed young evangelist leaves the train. Through the car window you see him set his ragged bag down on the station platform, take off his hat, wipe his brow, hitch up the sleeves of his alpaca coat like a man preparing to do a big job, and then, resuming his baggage, start across the dusty road toward the sidewalk of Main Street. He is at his Nineveh. You wonder whether his revival is to be held in that church whose cross is overshadowed by the oil well.

"Oil is so good here," says the picture man, "that they'd drill in the graveyards and in Main Street if they could."

The best town of all you have seen since leaving Tulsa is Pawhuska. Aged trees lining the streets, and old stone buildings of the Civil War time and earlier, remind you that Pawhuska was an Indian center for the American government several generations ago. But the town is busy, in a nervous, excited way. Red brick buildings and concrete and steel buildings are being constructed regardless of high costs. Newly finished buildings are only too apparent. The curbstones are crowded with automobiles; they are large cars of high-priced patterns. You'll walk many a block before you'll see a four-cylinder machine or a flivver in this town.

There are two things for a stranger to do in Pawhuska; pronounce it "Pawhuskee," and stop being a stranger. There are so many new folks coming to Pawhuska all the time that, after you have been in town fifteen minutes, you can go down to the railroad station and act as a reception committee to the next newcomers. It will not be amiss for you to stop any man on the street and shake hands with him. He will not ask you your business, for he will know that it is Indian trading or oil.

If you are engaged in neither of these pursuits—if you tell them, for instance, that you are only a magazine man who has come to Pawhuska to see the Indians and write about them—then you will find everybody your friend. They will tell you all they know about their red neighbors, and they will laugh and expect you to laugh at this joke, this turn of fate that has made these Osage Indians the richest Indians in the world. But walk along the streets first before you talk much to the town folks. A huge car of expensive make comes up to the curb. An unshaven young man, coatless, wearing a greasy golf cap and no collar, is at the wheel. Before long you will see many of his type; he is a well-paid chauffeur for a rich Indian family. He brings the car to a stop with a suggestion of a flourish. He does not descend to open the rear door; instead he begins to roll a cigarette. From the back seat steps a huge Indian woman; she is blanketed, and her glistening hair is parted in the midd'e and brushed back above her ears. She has a bead necklace and a beaded bag, but you catch a flash of a silk stocking and you see that instead of moccasins she is wearing heelless, patent-leather slippers, attached to her feet with an ankle strap. Marie Antoinette, in her empire gowns, was shod like this. Behind her descends a huge red man. His garb is Indian to the last observable stitch, except for his hat. His blue trousers are edged here and there with beads and are of a soft and glistening broadcloth. A gayly colored blanket is about his shoulders. His companion has not waited for him to alight. She strides off through the entrance of a store; he follows, fifteen feet behind her. They both "toe in," she in her empire slippers and he in his soft, beaded moccasins. The chauffeur settles back in his seat to smoke, with one leg crossed high over his knee. In other cities men of his calling, with masters not so rich by far as his, have far more dignity than he. When in distant places you heard of these Indians with their chauffeurs, you expected to see liveried autocrats at the wheels of glistening limousines, but you soon discover, in Pawhuska, that a chauffeur

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does not even keep a car glistening, much less wear a livery. Mud and dust on a car's sides do not affect its speed.

Here on one of the several main streets you see a curio store. In any other town its beaded moccasins and bags, blankets and strings of elks' teeth, its skins and its filigree silver boxes would be lures for tourists seeking souvenirs of this land of Indians. Step inside. Here are three Indian couples, the women richly beaded, and the men wearing garments only too obviously new, purchasing blankets and other objects of Indian art. This is not a tourists' shop. The Indian women do not come here to put on sale rugs and blankets into which they have woven their heart's blood. Little do they seem to care who wove these gay rugs—girls at a machine in New Jersey or a Creek Indian woman in a wigwam. Here are things they want and they have the money with which to purchase them, seemingly at any price.

They stalk along these streets, these rich Indians, solemnly and proudly. Every one of them is a celebrity in the town. Up on the hill, in an old and solid red-stone building, is the office of the Indian agent, and there in books are records of all the money that each of the Indians receives—records for any merchant to see. Some merchants seem to watch them greedily as they pass along the street, and the Indians seem to know that they are being watched with greed.

It will pay you well, after you have seen the picture in the streets, to exercise your right to become acquainted with the white citizens of Pawhuska and tell them that you wish to know something of their red neighbors. They will soon let you in behind the scenes of Pawhuska life. It will be nothing for you to be invited to sit in the offices of at least a dozen business and professional men within the next two days to hear what they know of Indians. Their stories of the disregard of the Indians for high prices make our silk-shirt buying citizens seem miserly.

When the cherries first appeared in market this year, for example, an old Indian drove up to a store in his car, pulled out a tin pail, and went over to the counter where there was a case of cherries in little boxes. He emptied one box after another into his pail, and when he had them all he turned to the storekeeper and said, "How much?"

"Dollar a box," said the storekeeper. "You took eighteen boxes."

"All right. Charge it," said the Indian.

Not all their spending is selfish indulgence; gentler emotions often come into play.

"I want to buy best baby-carriage," said a proud young Indian mother to a storekeeper.

"But your mother bought a carriage for the baby to-day," said the storekeeper. "She said she wanted him to ride in his grandmother's carriage."

"All right. But he's my baby and I want him to ride in his mother's carriage sometimes, too," said the mother, as she selected a carriage, twin of the one her mother had bought.

Planning in advance is not an Indian trait, and "wanting a thing when you want it" is oftentimes the mother of invention, as when an Indian sent word into town that he wanted a garage man to send a big car out to his farm in a hurry. The cost was seven dollars.

When the car arrived the Indian gave the driver a bill and said:

"You go to Pawhuskee, buy me beefsteak."

"How much beefsteak?" asked the driver.

"Much as money you got left from the bill," said the Indian. "Me hungry."

It worked out that the Indian got a $3 steak for a $10 bill, and he was so satisfied with the arrangement that it became a habit with him to have his meat delivered in this fashion.

Much of their money goes for gifts, and the Osage parents often give vent to their pride in the children in this way.

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An Indian boy, graduate of an Eastern university, came home from school with his diploma. His proud old father made him a present of a dozen of the gayest and most expensive blankets he could find and added several pairs of exquisitely beaded moccasins. On top of this he gave his son a huge new car. To the honor of the boy—and to the honor of his university, too—the young man put aside his store clothes and his nifty college shoes, and whenever he rode in that car he wore a blanket and moccasins.

"It's my university outfit from dad," he used to explain.

A spirit of fun is common among these rich Indians, and they will often spend money just to make a joke.

"One of my Indian clients," said a lawyer, "had to go to Washington not long ago. It was his first trip. He left Pawhuska wearing his blankets and moccasins. When he got back here he was wearing a dinner jacket.

"'I got to St. Louis,' he explained, 'and I thought I had better buy some clothes from the store. So I got this suit and some very high collars. The collars were so high that I had to look upward into the sky. But I looked like a count, a rich count. I know how all the tops of all the buildings look in St. Louis and Washington, but my collars were so high I never could see the streets. They respected me in Washington for my clothes and my collars.'

"I found out afterward that he had been making fun of us white folks with our high collars. He had worn his blankets to Washington, but on the way home he had outfitted himself with evening clothes just to have a joke on us."

Vanity, too, shows itself in their spending.

When Galli-Curci was in Tulsa, Oklahoma, some months ago, she saw a celebrated painting of Bacon Rind in the lounge of the Tulsa hotel.

"What a man!" she exclaimed. "Does he really live?"

"He does. He's alive to-day, and I think I can get him to come to see you," said an acquaintance of Bacon Rind's.

When Bacon Rind heard that the great singer wanted to meet him he took Mrs. Bacon Rind to a shop, outfitted her completely, and then did likewise for himself, at an expense of hundreds of dollars.

Together, a day later, they appeared at the hotel in Tulsa, as handsome an Indian couple as America could offer.

Galli-Curci sang a song for them, to which they listened patiently.

Then, taking Bacon Rind's arm, the singer walked back and forth with him in the hotel lounge, asking him questions about Indian life. Mrs. Bacon Rind sat very solemn-faced, meanwhile. It is against the Indian code for one Indian to touch another's person.

Some months later Galli-Curci took her marital difficulties to court.

"No wonder," Mrs. Bacon Rind told a lawyer friend. "Bacon Rind made her discontented, with his fine clothes and with her holding his arm."

You discover that some of these men who talk to you about Indians are guardians, selected by the county court to care for certain red wards. Ugly stories come to you about some of the guardians, but you will hear other and better stories, too. Here is a gray-haired old doctor, who has been in the Indian country for many years. Among his wards are Indian girls who have suffered by unfortunate marriages.

"They don't get a fair shake, some of these Indian girls with money," he tells you. "They marry some white rascal, who wants their cash, and they're often left almost hopelessly diseased. It's a downright shame.

"Right now," he says, looking from his window, "there's a young villain that ought to be sent out of this town." He points to a coatless, collarless youth across the street. "He married a fine Indian girl for her money and I had to take her to the hospital. We got a divorce for her; somebody paid him

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money to keep away from court during the trial. After an Indian girl has married a white man few of her own men will marry her."

Even while you are talking with this doctor—he is telling you of the old days when his only rivals were medicine men—a clerk from a bank enters.

"Your young man has been acting up again," says the clerk.

"Signed a check this time?" asks the doctor.

"Yes. Down in St. Louis. Signed a check for eighty-four dollars."

"That young man will go to the penitentiary some of these days," says the old doctor, sighing, as he draws a huge check book from a pile on a little shelf under his waiting-room table.

He makes out a check for $84, and the clerk, handing him the bad check, departs, smiling.

"This young Indian who makes out bad checks has plenty of money in the bank here; about ten thousand dollars, I think. But I'm his guardian. He hasn't any right to make out checks; his signature isn't any good. I'm supposed to make his checks out for him, but now and then he gets away from town and just tries to sign his bank account away. He's always able to find some one who'll cash a check for him. Women and rum, I guess."

Of the uglier stories about guardians and the system of guardianship you hear more covert mention. The merchants desire to be on friendly terms with guardians. An Indian trades at a shop designated by a guardian; the guardian fixes the sum that an Indian may spend per month for groceries and other things. You will hear a story, now and then, of a guardian splitting profits with a storekeeper. Some of these huge automobiles, from what you hear, might have stories to tell of how an Indian was prevented, by his guardian, in the first place, from buying a cheaper car; of how money was lent to the Indian, at perhaps 12 per cent interest, to complete a payment on a big car, bought from some dealer designated by his guardian, and how he was charged $6,000 for a car that was worth from $3,000 to $5,000.

Around town they have an idea that the guardians go "up on the hill" to the red-stone building to confer with the government Indian agents about Indian purchases. Up on the hill, at the "red house," they tell you that Uncle Sam has nothing to do with guardianships.

"We have government employees who go around among the Indians to see how they are behaving. If one of them finds an Indian girl going wrong or a boy or a man throwing his money away riotously, he reports the case here. Then the county judge appoints a guardian for the Indian and the guardian is responsible to the court. Sometimes, when an Indian won't behave, we hold back his checks, after we have given him a hearing, but that's about all we can do. His guardian is his boss."

The impression you get of the guardianship system is not a pleasant one, on the whole. It is a system chock-full of possibilities for graft and swindling; it is a system that might hold out to guardians, and merchants dealing with these guardians, unlimited temptation for cheating an Indian out of all but enough money to live on. Only too often you hear men say in Pawhuska:

"Oh, all these Indians want is just what they want. They don't want much, but they want it when they want it. Give 'em that, and they don't care what becomes of the rest of their money. They're going to get a lot more next year, anyhow."

When you constantly run across this idea, openly expressed, and then lay it parallel with the guardianship system, you begin to remember the earnest young preacher who was determined to tell the truth about wickedness, and the picture man who had found this county a place flowing with milk and honey.

"Have you got anything better to offer than the guardianship system?" a lawyer or a judge will ask you, if you

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point out the possible evils of that system.

While you hesitate they will tell you stories to make your blood boil of Indians being cheated out of their money before the guardianship days.

"One old lady who was getting about ten thousand dollars a year was living like a dog in a dirty little hut on the outskirts of town," you hear. "She got sick and the authorities investigated. They found that she signed over her checks to a certain man in this town who took all her money and then paid her little bills at the grocery store and the meat shop. We couldn't arrest the man, but we put the affairs of the woman into the hands of a guardian and she's rich and happy to-day."

Some guardians may be bad, but no guardians would be worse, seems to be the theory of the men in Pawhuska who have thoughts on the matter.

Whether these guardians ought to be appointed by the local judge, or whether they should be designated by the Federal government are questions that agitate Pawhuska folks.

"Up on the hill," in the government house, they will tell you that the Federal government ought to appoint guardians. "Take it out of local politics," say the government men.

"Leave guardianships to the local judge," say the town folks. "If a judge by error appoints bad guardians he is on the spot and can change them quickly. Or, if he is a bad judge, he can be kicked out next election."

"Don't have any guardians at all," say the Indians themselves.

Not many of the Osage Indians live in the town of Pawhuska. They have a village of their own two miles from town, with a great circular meetinghouse in the center of the fenced-off community.

By the time you have been in Pawhuska a few days, hearing stories of the various Indians, you find yourself quick to accept invitations to the homes of these celebrities. Several of the lawyers or business men in town can arrange such invitations for you.

You have heard many stories of the Indian village and what you will see there. You have been told that the houses are small, but that each Indian, in addition to his house, has a summer house—a screened-in, but otherwise unwalled, frame structure in which he and his family spend their summer days. You have been told that they have white servants; that the Indian women will not cook on stoves, but prefer camp fires on the ground; that they draw gourds of water instead of tapping the pump-filled mains, and that, surrounded with the comforts of civilization, they instinctively follow their Indian ways of life and abide largely by their tepee customs.

You will be fortunate if you can be presented at the home of Bacon Rind. All the white folks say of him, "He is the smartest and the most popular Indian in the Osage tribe."

It was in the forenoon of an extremely hot day that I was taken by a friend from Pawhuska to call on Bacon Rind. First we went through the village roads, which by courtesy might be called streets. There were no street lamps in the village; for the most part the houses were of one story, but they were all freshly painted in bright colors; yellow seemed predominant. Here and there gasoline engines puffed from smal louthouses, pumping water into back-yard tanks. On the ash heap in every yard tin cans are conspicuous. Canned delicacies find a great sale among the Indians.

"I want to see if Aunt Sophie is in," says your escort. He used to teach in an Indian school forty years ago and he knows every Indian in the Osage tribe. Some of the older Indians remember him from the time he was a baby, for his father was a trader in these parts a good part of a century ago. While our automobile stops in the narrow road and while the guide runs into a neatly fenced yard and steps into an open summer

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house, a slender Indian youth of the college type comes out from the house across the road and leans carelessly against the fence.

"Come around at one o'clock," he says to the driver of our hired car.

"I did come at nine, when you told me, but you weren't up," said the driver, laughing.

"Well, I'm up now," says the youth. "Come back after I've had breakfast."

The youth wears a gorgeous silk shirt. His hair is plastered back and shines in the noon sun, but his eyes look tired. He slouches back to the house, mounts the steps of the little porch, and disappears into the new little yellow house.

"His father's rich and he's rich, too," explains the driver. "He sends into town to get me because he doesn't like to drive his own car. And then, if he changes his mind, he sends me away and tells me to come at some other time. He doesn't care for expense, that young fellow."

"What does he do when he gets to town?"

"Well, he's a pretty good pool player. You'll see him standing around the streets watching people go by, or maybe he'll take in a movie. He likes poker, too."

"Any liquor?" you ask the town-wise driver.

"Oh, they get it somehow when they want it. Hair tonic at ten dollars a bottle, if it's the right kind, is just the same to them as real whisky."

This is a glimpse of a shabby life. Morning headaches in the hot little yellow house! And as the day wears along no brighter lights to invite you than the small electrics of Pawhuska, no gayer place than a pool hall or a movie or a poker game; for your speeding taxi a mud-covered car, driven by an unshaven and unrespecting chauffeur along dark and rough country roads; and, if you would dine out, gayly, with music and companions, the town hotels will do you little service because of their rule against entertaining Indians. Consider how little an Indian "sport" can find for his money, no matter how much money it is, in this man's town.

But across the road at Aunt Sophie's other matters are afoot. A little woman, with brilliant, black eyes and a brown face cracked with wrinkles like a piece of old pottery, comes through the screen door of the summerhouse, chatting with your guide. He beckons you.

"This is Aunt Sophie," he explains. "She is eighty-four years old."

Speak her well, this little old Indian woman. She has a good brain, and you will soon see, after a little talk, why the head men of the tribe often ask her advice. And she has a heart that feels. As she tells you how far back her memory runs—she remembers Mr. McGuire, your guide, when he was "so high"—you catch a glimpse of a neatly dressed girl working at a gasoline stove inside the big summerhouse. She is Aunt Sophie's maid and cook and companion. With the very good money which Aunt Sophie pays her she may go to college next fall.

"But your Osage tribe was very poor once," you say to Aunt Sophie.

"Yes, yes!" she exclaims. "But we were better off then. My heart is crying for our young people, for our girls. Too much money is very bad." And then she adds, "It hurts the old folks, too, even the wise men." Then with a tact, full of pathos, as if she realizes that she is trying to share a burden with a stranger and a guest, she says, "Is your mother alive?"

"Yes. She's seventy now."

"I'm fourteen years older than she," she says, proudly. "Fourteen years is a great deal of time, after you've reached seventy."

Her new wealth has brought old Aunt Sophie nothing but comfort and a chance to be kind and philosophical. What would this wealth have done to her, sixty years ago, when she was a dainty mite of black-eyed, raven-locked Indian maiden? Would the old folks of the

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tribe have been worrying about her? Her hands, surely, would not have been gnarled with toil, as they are now; perhaps she wouldn't have even been here to tell you of the good old days. Gold glistens dangerously when it catches the glint of the fires of youth; it glows dully and comfortingly at the fireside of age, and this perhaps is what Aunt Sophie means when, in the best of English, she says:

"The old and the young are different."

And now to the home of the famous Bacon Rind who has been to Washington to talk to the great White Father about his people; who is the wisest and the most popular Indian of the Osage tribe.

He, too, has a yellow house of two stories, but he is out under the roof of his summerhouse this hot noontime. He is a huge bulk of a man, perhaps fifty-five. His voice is deep and heavy and it would seem he cannot speak low.

"How? How?" he rumbles, as he shakes your hand, after Mr. McGuire's introduction. He wears a big black-felt hat and a brown shirt. As he leads you toward a long wooden seat you see that his leather trousers are not, indeed, real trousers, but are two separate trouser legs, hanging from thongs attached to a belt; you catch astonishing glimpses of his red person as he walks before you; whatever other advertisements may catch his whimlike Indian fancy, those for underwear, in these hot days, leave him cold.

"And this is Mrs. Bacon Rind," says your guide.

On the grass at the end of the board-floored summerhouse you behold what you had half hoped to see; you have come, fortunately, at cooking time. Here is a large, black-haired woman, not old and not young, seated on her right flank, beside a fire. On the fire is a kettle of boiling grease. On a board beside her are strips of rolled dough. Even while she is twisting these strips into a pretzel-like figure, she looks up, unsmiling, and says, "How?" And that's all the talk you'll get from Mrs. Bacon Rind on this visit.

With her hand she drops the figure of dough into the boiling grease. It swells, doughnut-like, until it grows large enough to cover a dinner plate.

"They're not doughnuts," says your guide. "That's Indian bread. They eat it all the time."

As carefully as you may, while you are seated on the wooden bench beside Bacon Rind, you consider your surroundings. Here is a long wooden table, big enough to seat twenty. Here are benches for at least that many guests. Here is one rocking-chair—perhaps Mrs. Bacon Rind's—and here is a gayly painted oil stove.

The stove brings you back to Mrs. Bacon Rind beside her little fire on the green grass. She is dressed in a loose and very clean gown of some thin, white stuff. The one visible ankle is clad in black silk. On her feet are the patent-leather slippers, with the ankle-strap of the empire period, which are the latest fashion in red circles in Pawhuska. Mrs. Bacon Rind's patent leathers are many sizes smaller than some of the huge glistening slippers you have seen in the Pawhuska shop windows. You have heard of such sights as this, but now that you behold it there is nothing very strange about it. If she were at the stove, Mrs. Bacon Rind would be standing on a hard wooden floor; here she is seated on a gay blanket, spread on cool grass. Silk stockings and slippers with very low tops are cooler than hot, high moccasins; and, while you can summon to your mind few white women who could even preside at a chafing-dish in such a posture, Mrs. Bacon Rind looks so utterly comfortable and cool and at her ease that you can find no criticism for either her methods of cooking or for her garb.

A rattle of plates attracts your attention; a healthy-looking, blond-haired white girl has come from the kitchen of the house and is setting the table.

"Come in the house," rumbles Bacon

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Rind, suddenly. He has been conversing in the Osage tongue with your guide.

You follow. He takes you in the front door. You find yourself in the "front room," the typical "company parlor" of other days. The picture man was right. No small part of Bacon Rind's income has gone for pictorial representations, in oils, water colors, crayon, and such other mediums as "picture agents" employ, of many incidents in his life and of many relatives and acquaintances.

What he wants to show you first is a picture of himself at Washington. It was a photograph, originally. Some "picture man" has colored the figures of the government officials who sat or stood in orderly array around Bacon Rind, who is most gaudily colored of all, and has embedded the picture in a deep, gilded frame. While you are considering the depths to which "art" can go, you hear a rumble:

"Come, see this."

On the wall across the room he shows you a glass plaque. On its surface is a painting of the Stars and Stripes and of "Old Abe," the eagle. At the bottom of the plaque, pasted in a square space, is a photograph of as upstanding an American doughboy as you ever saw.

"My son," rumbles Bacon Rind, tapping himself on the chest. "My son George."

"Did he go to Europe?" you ask.

"Hugh!" grunts Bacon Rind, amiably. "Rainbow Division."

And then, while Bacon Rind, who speaks very little English, stands by and looks on, Mr. McGuire tells you of the two feasts that were given by Bacon Rind for George.

The first feast was held when word came to Pawhuska that George and the Rainbow Division had got into the fight. There was no news as to how George had come out, but that he had been in battle was enough for the Indian father. He invited everybody to come who would. He bought cattle and had them killed. There wasn't anything to eat in the stores at Pawhuska that he didn't have served. There were dances in the roundhouse; Osage Indians came from everywhere, and those who had grudges against each other—for there are political parties and many feuds within the tribe—made peace gifts to one another of horses and blankets and pipes, and so forth. The feast raged for two days, in celebration of the fact that George, the champion shot of the reservation, the fleetest runner, the best wrestler, had at least got his chance to kill Germans.

The second feast was given when George came home. He had medals and a paper from Washington saying that he was a fine fighter. So at the second feast more was eaten than at the first; there were more dancing and more chanting, and a livelier exchange of peace presents, and the celebrators endured, physically, much longer.

"I got presents, too," says Bacon Rind. "Look!"

He lifts a leather traveling bag to the sofa and opens it. A magnificent feather headpiece is one gift he draws forth. Three ceremonial fans, made of eagle feathers, are others. The handles of these fans are covered with tiny beads. On each fan there is an American flag, woven in beads! These are Indian fans, made by Indians, for gifts to an Indian; and the American flag—their flag as much as the white man's—is there among all the other ceremonial emblems.

There is one other gift that Bacon Rind wishes to show you. He draws forth a chamois-skin bag, of incredible softness, and empties its contents onto the sofa. You see a heap of what look at first glance like dried apricots, a double-handful. Bacon Rind's great brown fingers toy with the small treasure.

"Mescal," he says, importantly.

The cocaine, the heroin, the alcohol, all rolled into one, of the American Indian!

"Do you drink it?" you ask.

"No, no, no!" says Bacon Rind. 'Eat four, five! Then you come very

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close to God!" He raises his gaze to the ceiling and lifts one huge hand. "You put some in water; they get very large, like apple. Then eat, slowly, like tobacco. Throw water away; never drink mescal; very bad."

Mr. McGuire explains. "Mescal is a drug, but the Indians don't know it. They believe that it is a gift of God to bring them closer to Him. The effect is very quick and very strong; it gives them a dreamy, happy feeling and they think it is religion."

Bacon Rind talks rapidly to your interpreter and then Mr. McGuire tells you:

"Bacon Rind says that he is going to talk about God in the meetinghouse Sunday. It will be a mescal ceremony. Everyone will eat a little mescal and then he will talk about the Great Spirit. It will make everyone there happy, Bacon Rind says."

"Yes, yes!" rumbles Bacon Rind, raising a hand above his head. "Me talk God, Sunday. That very good."

Mescal is a luxury, you learn. Before the Osages became rich they could not afford to send down into Mexico for the dried pods of the mescal plant. The man who sends down there for a bag of mescal like this of Bacon Rind's will spend a good $500 for the venture.

"Me go eat now," says Bacon Rind. "Good-by."

You remember Mrs. Bacon Rind's huge pretzels and the dinner plates and take your dismissal with good grace.

Mr. McGuire explains that ninety of the richest Indians are making up a party to see the battlefields where George fought. They expect to spend $3,000 apiece on the trip, and reservations are already being made on steamships and in European hotels. George will probably go to act as guide in certain districts with which he is intimately familiar.

John Goodskin, a graduate of Lawrence University, walked down to the railroad station with me when I departed. He is sick at heart.

"I have a diploma from Lawrence," he said, "and they've put a guardian over me. I fought in France for this country, and yet I am not allowed even to sign my own checks."

"Why don't you travel?" I asked him. "With your nine thousand dollars a year you could see Europe and the rest of the world and get something out of life."

He looked around at the drab little town.

"God! yes," he said. "But my guardian would want to go with me and hold the money strings. He's a little soul who doesn't know anything of the world. I don't know what chicanery he used to get control of me, but here I am, his ward. I've written to Washington and to Franklin K. Lane, but I never get an answer. I'm a prisoner in this place, and with all my money I can't get any good out of it.

"How can an Indian avoid being placed under a guardian?" I asked the young man.

"In the old days, before we had money, it was easy enough. All you had to do was not get drunk. But now your good behavior has nothing at all to do with it. Your money draws 'em and you're absolutely helpless. They have all the law and all the machinery on their side. Tell everybody, when you write your story, that they're scalping our souls out here.

"Anyhow," he added, "I don't think Congress will let us have all the money that is due us. They're talking about keeping half of it back. They'll have some new law before long. And maybe, then, we'll be free men again."

There are 265,000 Indians in the United States; their race is not dying out. But, of them all, it is not improbable that these Osage Indians, with their wealth, are the unhappiest. You have that impression as you leave Pawhuska; it is not a happy town.

A blight of gold and oil and greed is on it, as heavy a curse as Indians have ever had from their wickedest medicine men.

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THE MOUNTAIN AND MAHOMET

BY RICHARD MATTHEWS HALLET

ON the green beneath the Soldiers' Monument the hose companies of the four towns met, and Hat Fryling, foreman—or forewoman—of the handtub Minnehaha, assisting on the brakes in person, in company with sixty of her sturdy henchmen, did first suck, then forcibly propel and by main strength eject, a stream of water whose farthest flying drops pattered in the velvet dust of the Inlet Road for a total linear distance of two hundred and twenty feet, twelve feet beyond the runner-up.

Who could suppose, even in that flush of victory, that Hat Fryling and Jed Tyler, her leanest brakeman, would ever find themselves beneath the same rooftree, and co-sharers of a common destiny? For Hat was a rough seaman, robust, heavy-handed, devil-may-care; whereas Tyler was a grocer's clerk, pale, apologetic, pindling, a very sensitive, romantic man. Hat wore an electric belt as a cure for muscular rheumatism, a twinge of which had been brought on by undue consumption of meat—for she had a dreadful appetite, and her freckles bore scattering witness to the iron in her blood. Tyler, on the contrary, was taking tablespoonfuls of divers dark extracts to infuse a little iron into his own blood, which was running very thin. He was in a way to start at his own shadow, let alone a substance so formidable as that displayed in the person of the foreman of the handtub.

Yet if it is true, as the electrical analogy exhibits most neatly, that poles reject their like and attract their opposite, there might have seemed an affinity hovering there, even before the fateful night of that day when Ruby Sills accused her lover Tyler of subjecting himself to the orders of a woman, thus producing the emotional crisis which lost Tyler to her forever.

The competition of the handtubs had been followed by a monster hayrack ride and picnic, in honor of the victors. High jinks ensued. Hard cider circulated among the men, and the women were keyed 'way up, too, what with the music and the scent of hay. Hat Fryling, for one, was in high feather, and Tyler, the timid Tyler, fresh from Ruby's taunt, and big with bottle courage, dared her to marry him.

"Hat, you know," Grace Foraker said, as often as the subject came up, "was one that she was so constituted that she wouldn't take a dare. She was rolling round in the hay at the time like a colt, and what does she do but look out through the rounds of that rack, and close with him. 'I'd marry you at the drop of a hat,' Hat said to him. Well, the upshot of that was, Tyler dropped his hat, though he vowed and declared later that it just slipped out of his hand. The J. P. was along—you know, old Hopeless, the toll-bridge tender—he stepped between 'em, and there those two were, nail and flesh, before they could so much as fan up the flame between 'em, seems if."

"Of course there was another wedding," Grace said, when the sinking of the schooner *Perfect* brought the subject of this false start up for reconsideration.

"There was a church wedding, wasn't there?" inquired Jim Bryer's wife. "I can remember her as Hat Fryling, a great morsel of a girl with that peach-bloom complexion. She looked jest as if she was made of pillows any way you took her."

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"I know the men were afraid of coming to grips with her just the same," said Grace. "She threw a professional wrestler on the stage of the Opera House when she wasn't but sixteen, and that kind of kept them at arm's-length. I know some said at the time that she never would have got a man except he was under the influence. They said she hung fire until she was sure of her ground, but that was just hatefulness.

"No, she had just been used all her life to having her own sweet will, that was all. She said she wanted a church wedding to double rivet it, so a church wedding there must be. She was an elegant looking bride, too, if she did carry tiger-lilies to the altar. That was just one of her notions. They said everything against it at the time, but they might just as well have saved their breath as far as Hat was concerned. She was awfully self-willed. I know when they come back to the house, after the ceremony, there was a crowd of us tittering behind that syringa-bush, and Kate Downing sung out, 'Carry her into the house, why don't you, man, if you want to have any luck.'

"Lord! the man wasn't equal to it. There was more strength in her little finger than there was in his whole body. He gripped her round the waist, and laughed one of those forced laughs, and he says:

"'I guess we'll just have to consider it done.'

"'Will we?' says Hat. 'Oh, I don't know. If it's a case of pick you up and carry you for luck—' and she picked him up off the ground and up over those steps with him quicker than scat, and into the house with him. That Mr. Scoville, the inventor—he's a very well educated man, whatever his shortcomings—he said, 'It's a case of the mountain coming to Mahomet, isn't it?' and there were cheers enough to deafen you; but I know I says at the time, 'That don't augur well for Tyler.'"

However that might be, Mr. Scoville's analogy stuck, and Tyler and his wife were dubbed Mahomet and his mountain from that time forth. It was a sore point with Hat. Mahomet and his mountain fared forth across the seas, as mate and master respectively of the schooner *Perfect*. Coal and paving-stones were their staple cargoes.

A sea life benefited Hat physically, for she was next thing to a mermaid, anyhow, and always had been from a little thing. She didn't know the meaning of seasickness, and water rolled off her back like a duck's, she said, only it had farther to roll.

But Tyler was not of Viking stock. So much water went against his grain, and then again he had a closer acquaintance with weather than Hat had, for Hat graciously allowed Tyler to stand all the captain's watches, only crawling out herself in case of trouble.

So Tyler went limping on, at best only a sleeping partner in the concern, getting his way in nothing, although there was nothing to prevent him from doing some tall thinking, which he consequently did. Mahomet had even dared to think, more than one black and wet watch, that it might be well for him to shake his mountain. This thought was uppermost in his mind on a day, something over two years from the date of the hay-rack ride, when Hat put into the harbor to attend town meeting. The *Perfect* shoved her nose into the deserted slip just back of the Huddle. Tyler was up forward with a heaving-line in his hand. Happening to glance up, he caught sight of Ruby Sills-that-was, hanging out clothes on a pulley-line, a sort of endless whip that went kitty-corner from her kitchen window to the second story of the hardware-shop. Here was the second spite marriage—Ruby's to a Mr. Scoville, the very man who had said so pleasantly that it was a case of the mountain coming to Mahomet.

As it had turned out, he was a peculiar man, an inventor, but chiefly skilled in inventing excuses for not bringing home the bacon. His laboratory, which lay to the rear of their apartments, had kept

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SHE PICKED HIM UP OFF THE GROUND AND INTO THE HOUSE WITH HIM

them poor as dirt. Bitterly Ruby Scoville had regretted the taunt that had flung the man she truly loved into the arms of a woman hateful in her sight. Often and often she had been guilty of day-dreaming, the image of Tyler as he once was came round to haunt her—Tyler the grocer, with straw cuffs and linen duster, a yellow order-book, his head cocked on one side, his trim person smelling adorably of ground coffee-beans and Orient spices. Scoville's laboratory was in her eyes what Hat's schooner was in Tyler's.

Now as the *Perfect* ground her forefoot in the ice at the head of the slip, Tyler, though knowing full well that Hat was standing aft, could not forbear a wan smile at Ruby Scoville, who was half in and half out of the window, and near enough to have jumped down Tyler's neck almost. Mrs. Scoville was at once turned to stone, or ice, for it was a cold morning, and she had on only a thin wrapper—by a fit of her usual day-dreaming; this fit came over Tyler like the sleeping sickness; he felt its perilous sweetness in his bones, in his marrow; he mused, he drowsed, he stood rooted to the deck, until suddenly Hat's fearful bellow snatched him bodily out of that warm, aerial abstraction:

"Get a line on the dock, you idiot!"

Tyler, thus recalled to himself, found himself very cloudy as to the practical issues confronting him. He had never developed the instincts of a seaman from first to last.

"Where 'll I hang it, Hat?" he said, timidly.

"Hang it around your own neck, why don't you?" retorted the skipper of the *Perfect*, disgustedly.

"I guess his neck's in a noose as it is, without hanging another one on it," Ruby Scoville sang from her window.

Whether this sagacious insinuation had combined with Tyler's usual ineptitude in putting Hat into an ill temper with him, or whether the time had sim-

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ply rolled round for another of their hot sessions, it is certain that as soon as she could get him below she fell on him, tooth and nail.

"Maybe you think, mister, that you can go on making a laughing-stock out of me by casting sheep's eyes at that woman," she said, grimly, "but if you do there's a terrible awakening coming to you."

"It can't be any worse than the one after that hayrack ride," said Tyler, morosely.

"I suppose *I* was to blame for our being man and wife," sneered Hat.

"It takes two blades to make a pair of scissors," answered Tyler in a low, depressed tone.

Hat settled back into a chair and swung one leg over the other. She had decided that the time had come to put her foot down, if ever she was to put it down, on this item of Tyler's thoughts straying into the neighborhood of that unhappy lady. Hat was no fool; she saw that Tyler was day by day getting more iron in his blood, and that something must be done to put him in his place.

Imagine her surprise then when Tyler in the very heat of argument said, with a confidential leer, that he meant to stay ashore and take his old job at the grocery back again.

Hat could see very well where this was leading.

"The idea," she roared, "of a great man like you loafing ashore and his wife away to sea trying to keep the wolf from the door. I know one thing: if you stop ashore, it will be because this schooner is at the bottom, I can tell you that."

"I've half a mind to pull the plugs and send her to the bottom," said Tyler.

Hat uttered a harsh, miserable laugh. "You pull the plugs and there won't be enough fur left on you to make a humming-bird a pair of leggings," she said, tensely.

But she treated his threat with the contempt that it deserved, as she supposed. She changed into her shore-going clothes and went ashore, shouting down the companionway that she might be back that night, and she might not—it all depended on how she felt when she got ashore—but for him to stick to the schooner like a leech if he knew where he was well off.

Despite her assurance, she had felt something in the little man's deadly quiet which fairly laid her by the heels at last. Hitherto he had never presumed to set himself against her, but the blandishments of the inaccessible Ruby Scoville, and the winsome vision of the grocery with its sawdusted floor, its vermilion-painted coffee-mill, its clusters of new brooms, had conspired to raise up in him a head of rebellion which Hat felt to be there without a word spoken on either side.

"After the professions and vows that man made to me," she said, bitterly, to Lena Kidder, "and then to think that it could come to the point where he could find it in his heart to walk off and leave me in the lurch!"

The two women had gone to the old Fryling home, and made up a bed in the kitchen, as they usually did when they spent the night together. Hat's hair crackled like a bonfire when she dragged a comb through it.

"What's he got to say for himself?" Lena asked, commiseratingly.

"Say for himself! The man won't open his head. Sits there like a brazen image, and sulks. Well, let him. If he goes ashore, he's left my bed and board, that's the long and short of it; and then if he comes to me crawling on his knees and whimpering to be taken back he'll only waste his breath. The way I feel now, if I was alone with the man on a desert island, and he was to make his approaches to me, I'd knock him cold with the first thing that came handy. Here, help me off with this contraption," Hat added in choking misery tones.

She was wearing a red-rubber reducing-shirt—Hat always was a great hand for patents—and Lena lent a hand to

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haul it off. She immediately exclaimed, in a voice of awe:

"Ain't you the mountain, though?"

"Maybe I am," Hat said, grimly, "but we'll see whether the mountain will go to Mahomet again."

"That never entered my head," said Lena, coloring. "I declare, Hat," she added, to soothe her down, "I never knew you to look more girlish than you do to-night. I don't believe Tyler could resist you if he could see you now, dearie."

"Resist me!" whispered Hat, sliding clear to the bottom of the improvised bed with one vast inconsolable motion, "I'd like to see the low-lived thing resist me. I'd like to see him once!"

Bold words, but Lena felt that Hat was more upset than she let on. She talked in her sleep, for one thing; she gave orders, and issued challenges, and put spokes in divers persons' wheels. Just after daybreak, however, she woke Lena up to show her the state of her turquoise—a jewel Tyler had given her the morning after the hayrack ride.

"Something's happened to him," whispered Hat. She sank back as limp as kelp for all her bulk. The turquoise certainly had now a milky, washed-out color. Hat was not a superstitious woman, but she knew very well that when the giver of a turquoise was in danger, either from himself or other parties, the gift itself paled and lost its animation.

"Don't cry before you're hurt," Lena said. "It ain't your style, Hat. Turquoises lose their moisture after a time, anyhow, and kind of film over, and I shouldn't wonder if that wasn't your case."

A smart banging on the back kitchen door interrupted this speculation. A voice yelled, "Hat, wrestle into something, quick!"

This was the voice of Elmer Higgins, who a moment or two later confronted the two women in person. They were swathed in red and yellow comfortables, and glared affrighted at this messenger, who stood there thigh-deep in snow, all caked up, agitated, and red as a beet in the face, with snow swirling in over his shoulder.

"Hat," he shouted, "the schooner's sunk at the dock!"

"What are you saying, man? You're out of your mind. That schooner wasn't leaking a barrel an hour when I came ashore last night."

"I wish I had a dollar for every barrel she's leaked since then," said Elmer, cheerfully. "She's on the bottom jest as flat as a flounder, and nothing but the masts and rails out of water."



"MAYBE YOU THINK YOU CAN GO ON MAKING A LAUGHING-STOCK OF ME"

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"She can't be, I tell you," repeated Hat, huskily—"not without. . . ."

"Not without somebody had pulled the plugs, hey?" supplied Elmer, with a grin. "Well, sure enough somebody has pulled the plugs, Hat. You got three guesses."

"Pulled the plugs, muttered the master of the *Perfect*, with a weird inward light. "Why, where—where was Tyler all this time?"

"That's what some other parties would like to know," said Elmer. "He seems to be conspicuous by his absence, as the feller said."

"Oh, he is, is he?" said Hat, in her fatal voice.

At the thought that it was her own husband who had scuttled the ship, she paled. Against her pallor the freckles which testified so eloquently to iron in the blood stood out conspicuous. She doubled her fist, and brought it down on the kitchen table hard enough to jump the chimney out of the hand-lamp that was sitting amid the ruins of last night's meal.

"I'll manhandle him!" she roared.

The silence was tragic. Lena and Elmer could think of nothing adequate to the occasion, and suddenly, the wind happening to be from the town side, with the snow falling as thick and furious as ever, they all distinctly heard four long, croupy whistles from the sardine-factory

"Fire!" breathed Hat.

"At the Huddle, too," said Mrs. Kidder, timorously. "My glory! Hat, if once it gets a-going, what will be the finish of that schooner?"

An inquiry calculated to give the boldest and most sanguine pause, but Hat was never taken back for long. She shut the door in Elmer's face, hooked into her worn harness like a fire-horse, yanked down her father's old green topcoat from a peg in the back entry, and jerked open the back door again.

"What are you thinking of?" asked Mrs. Kidder.

"I'm still foreman of that handtub as far as I know," Hat answered, grimly. "It's a back number, I know, but I put more faith in it a morning like this than I do in the whole rest of the fire department. Come on, Lena. We can 'tend to Tyler later."

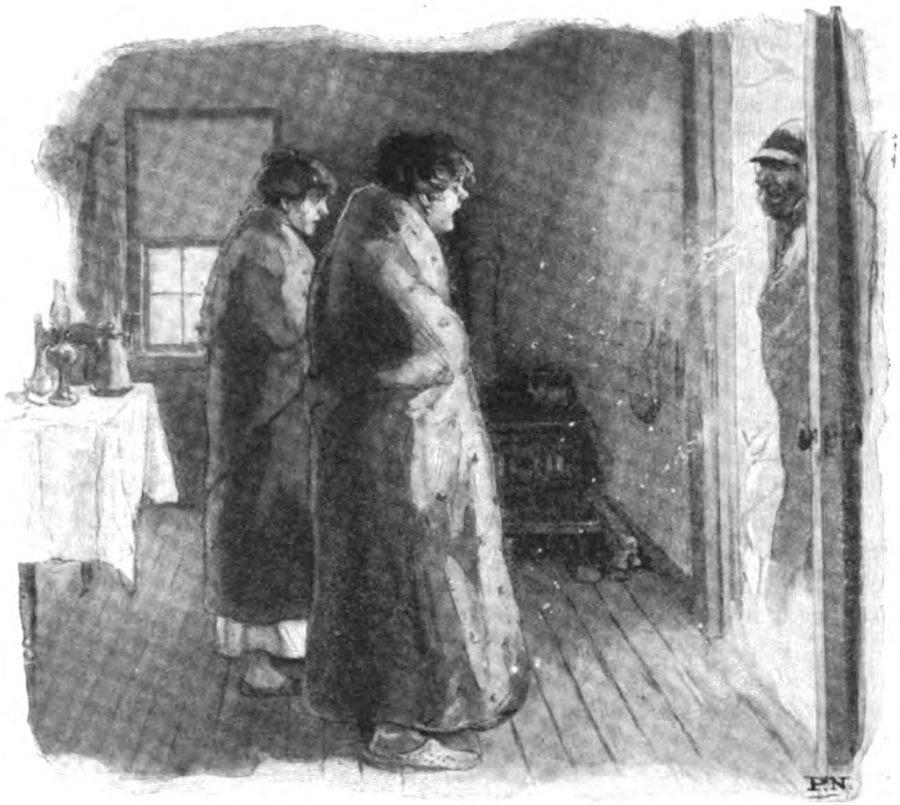
Meantime what shall be said of the mysterious dereliction of Tyler, or worse than dereliction, it might seem, to judge by the present plight of the *Perfect?* Having sunk her, was he now engaged in burning up what there was of her still standing out of water?

In point of fact, Tyler's plan had been far from including anything so grandiose as this in the way of retaliation. As soon as Hat had gone ashore, he had shaved, got the pumps to suck, oiled a winch, and had even started, against orders, to loaf guiltily over toward the bowling-alleys, where delectable crashes could be heard from time to time, when a window in the Scoville's apartment was thrust up, and a fragment of icicle fell on his coat collar. Ruby Scoville's haunted face was framed there indistinctly, she beckoned to him in voiceless fashion. That imploring gesture seemed to tally with the very motion of his heart, and with the perfumed essence of his day-dream. He dashed out of the alley on the run, and entered the building undisguisedly from the front.

Scoville, the inventor, it appears, had been put into a villainous frame of mind that evening. He had been experimenting this time with a kind of looking-glass with a rose infusion in it that made a woman look as if she had more color than she really had. You may know, perhaps, that the ordinary looking-glass fastens on the cheeks like a leech, and sucks blood out of them, and people consequently look a lot more ghastly to themselves than they do to others.

It was certainly the height of irony on Scoville's part, after hard bone-labor had robbed her of her bloom, to hand his wife a piece of glass and try to hoax her into thinking she had the color of a girl again. Mrs. Scoville had thought her-

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"HAT," HE SHOUTED, "THE SCHOONER S SUNK AT THE DOCK!"

self justified in breaking the thing over his head and shattering it into a thousand fragments. A simple impulsive act, yet freighted with strange consesequences, for, naturally, it had gotten under Scoville's hide, to begin with. He was a polite man in company, but he could be the fiend incarnate in the bosom of his family. He always wore a choke collar and a black tie, and when he smiled it provoked odd satirical creases in his lean cheek.

It seems that on this occasion he made at her, hammer and tongs. Mrs. Scoville shut and locked her bedroom door against him, thrust up her window to get a breath of air, and, unluckily for both of them, saw Tyler lurking there.

By the time the rescuer had got into the apartment Scoville had stopped banging on his wife's door, calmed down, and was dusting off his trousers and grinding bits of the glass under his heel.

As soon as he saw Tyler, he first muttered, with cool ferocity, "Aha, our friend Mahomet," then smiled politely, told him to make himself at home, and slipped out past him, shouting back that he had something cooking in the laboratory. A devil's broth, evidently.

"That's how he goes on all the time," said Ruby, in a hot whisper, coming out of the bedroom, "until, honestly, it's got to the point where I fear for my life. In the clouds one minute and down my neck the next. I wish I was dead and out of it all."

She brought a crooked dustpan and began to sweep up the powdered glass, while Tyler, who knew the ice was thin, at first scarcely moved. Then he began to slide the chairs back in their places noiselessly; he stooped and fixed his tie at the mirror on the sideboard, and he was suddenly arrested by Ruby coming up close to him, and saying, faintly:

"Are you happy with that woman?"

"Is a man happy with his jailer?" inquired Tyler, cryptically.

"Exactly what I thought," said Ruby,

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shutting her lips hard. "I knew she made it hard for you. Why don't you stay ashore and let her go her own gait? Why ruin your own life just keeping up pretenses?"

"I told her that not an hour ago," Tyler said. "I told her I meant to stop ashore—and guess what she said. She said that if I did it would be because the schooner was on the bottom."

"What did you say to that?"

"I told her," said Tyler, defiantly—"I told her I had half a mind to pull the plugs myself. She went off hopping."

Ruby nodded, and presently they divagated into other paths. Time passed and the rescuer still tarried. It was nearly midnight when Ruby, who had begun to think it strange how Scoville stayed away—it wasn't like him—started nervously.

"What was that?" she whispered.

"What was what?"

"That noise. It seems just outside the window," answered Ruby, "as if somebody were choking, or—there! it's much louder."

The noise, in fact, became suddenly very loud and menacing, a horrid bubbling or gurgling close under the window. In point of fact it was the *Perfect's* drowning agonies. Tyler whipped out of the room, but in the course of ten minutes he was back, as white as plaster and covered with snow.

"Somebody *has* pulled the plugs!" he cried. "The schooner's on the bottom now!"

"You can't meani t!" said Ruby, blanching. "Why, how strange . . . when it was the very thing you had in mind to do yourself!"

"Did I say I had it in mind?" inquired Tyler, and sank into a chair. A queasy feeling had taken him in the pit of the stomach. He was just about sick over it.

"You'll get the credit for it, anyway," Ruby said, fixing her faded eyes on his. "You might as well make up your mind to that."

Tyler gulped. He put one hand up to his flame-colored mustache. He was as white as a sheet and a very much sobered man.

"What line do you propose to take with her now?" asked Ruby.

"I'm through," said Tyler, in a husky voice. "She'd rip me up and tear me crosswise for this. I'm going to light out—to-night."

"To-night?" breathed Ruby, going to the window. "You're crazy, man. Where could you go in this snow? It's up to your middle already, and still falling."

That was true. It was twelve miles to the nearest railroad, and for that matter nothing moving on the rails. He was trapped. It was going to be a case of the mountain's coming to Mahomet again, but this time with a difference.

"What the devil *am* I to do?" he whispered.

"I'll tell you what to do," said Mrs. Scoville, leaning across the table toward him after a wild look toward the door of the laboratory, "until it blows over, anyhow." She put her lips to his ear and whispered the one word—"Hide."

The handtub Minnehaha had lain idle since the days when Hat was foreman. Hydrants had been installed about town, the four towns had been redivided, and the old fire-house practically abandoned. It was situated not a stone's throw from the old Fryling place, where Hat and Lena had spent the night.

By great good luck they found the Whistler in his stall. The town meeting had voted to sell the horse, a government official had ordered him shot, but he had neither been sold nor shot, nor in any way dismantled, and out of sentiment the town meeting had voted in his hay as usual.

Hat backed him into the fills of the Minnehaha, and he was off like mad, plunging into drifts with a motion all his own. Hat held the reins, with the flaps of a corduroy hunting-cap pulled over her ears. Lena sat aft all iced up and shivering like a dog.

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When they came to the bridge at the Inlet they saw a cloud of smoke pouring up beyond the sardine-factory.

Hat yelled back to Lena, "It's the Huddle all right."

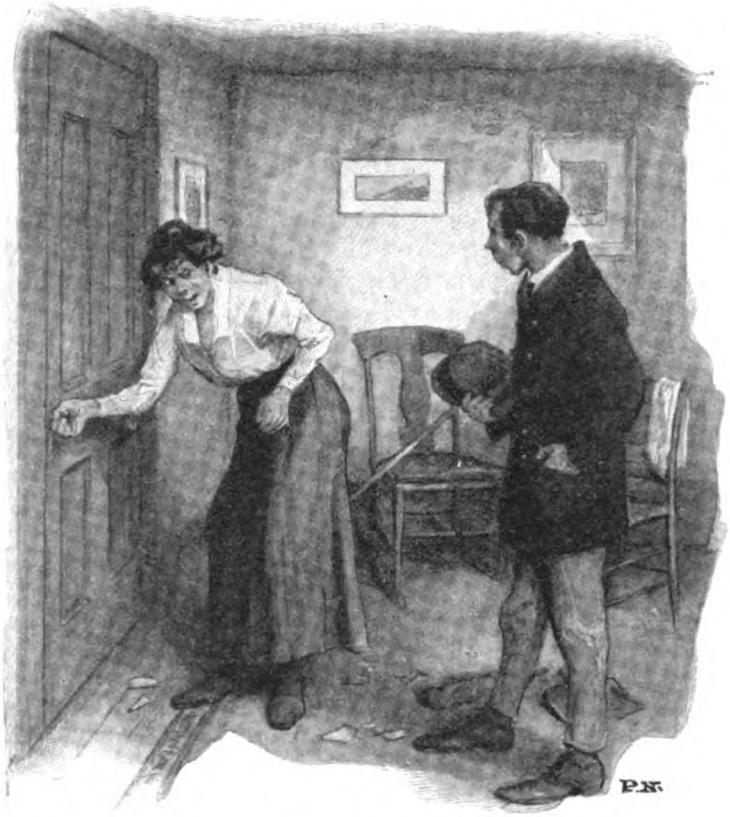
"It's a dreadful morning for a fire," Lena said. "Oh, I'm so deathly afraid of fire, too, and always was, from a little child."

"There's reason to be with that gang they got to fight it," Hat retorted. "They probably can't remember where the hydrants are, for one thing."

"And everything iced up the way it is, too," Lena added, "and with that weight of snow on the roofs, I shouldn't wonder if they wouldn't need much encouragement to collapse. The whole town 'll go."

Insurance agents had more than once said, darkly, that if the Huddle went the whole town would go. The Huddle consisted of a vast stack of wooden waterside houses, perched on piles. This collection seemed to have rifted in there naturally, like sea-wrack, without much regard to the laws either of architecture, hygiene, insurance, or privacy. Outside staircases staggered up and up, with dreamlike insecurity, jagged phantoms of the builder's art. Hay beams, rods, struts, props, poles, and brackets of one kind and another, stuck out at divers angles. No two of these houses were of the same size or complexion. Some were peaked-roofed; some were hip-roofed, or flat-topped, with a coating of tar and gravel. They leaned every which way.

On the port side of the *Perfect* the Huddle put out a blunt tentacle seaward in the shape of a baggy old building that had been used as a sail loft, and later cut up into storage and tenements It was here that the Scovilles lived. To starboard of the schooner was the rotted wharf to which she was tied up.



"THAT'S HOW HE GOES ON ALL THE TIME," SAID RUBY

The wind happened to be northwest, thus blowing the flame and smoke away from the vessel, but her canted mast proclaimed her helplessness, and the dangers with which a shift of wind would threaten her. Hat's eye glistened ominously.

It was certain that if the wind should check in the least little bit the whole Huddle would go up like kindling, like tinder, like a wax wafer. It had been suffering any time this last ten years for somebody to touch a match to it, in the view of certain knowledgeable citizens.

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When Hat with the Minnehaha and the hose-cart banging on behind drove down the alley leading to the *Perfect's* slip, things were pretty much at a standstill. The pressure in the hydrants had died somehow, and a rumor was going around that the pumping-station had gone to pot, owing to a total lack of coal.

Flame and smoke were coming out from under the eaves of the building in which the Scovilles had their domicile, but a trifle forward of their apartment. The chief of the fire department, not seeing any logical way to pitch into it, was rather in a stupor. He was standing out on the end of the wharf in a long overcoat, and the boys, volunteers all of them, were in no hurry about forming a bucket brigade as long as there was any chance of arguing the fire out.

Imagine the cheer that was set up all round when the old Minnehaha came rounding on them like an Etruscan chariot.

"Come on, boys!" she yelled. "Snake that hose out of the box and hook into the cistern under the bowling-alleys first. We got to take this water where we can find it."

The hose, an old-fashioned line made of leather, riveted in the seam with iron rivets, had been a good deal chewed up in former battles, and spurted sizable fountains at a dozen places in its scaly hide. It terminated in a brass nozzle of monster proportions, and this nozzle was equipped with twin handles like a loving-cup. Two lengths of suction hose communicated with the tank of the hand-tub Minnehaha.

This hose having been dropped into the cistern, the brakes were manned, and Hat led the line out of the alley and up an outside staircase on the street side. Some of the boys who had had rubber hats dealt out to them went surging up those crooked stairs to the left of the bakeshop, yelling like mad, everybody giving orders, nobody taking them, out on that roof over the hardware-shop



"NOT UNTIL YOU CHOOSE BETWEEN US, MISTER"

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where all the fish flakes were, in at a door that was there, up some more steps painted blue, and dotted all over with heel marks, and there they stood with the sweat rolling off their chins, and fire in their eye, and pointed a stream of water in the general direction of the eaves of the house.

The force of the water began to tease down some plaster in the north attic, where a room had been partitioned off, and in no great while the water was cascading down those blue stairs again in a deluge, all of it that hadn't gone off in steam, and part of an old baby-carriage came with it.

They couldn't see, for smoke and steam, that the fire had started at the eaves of the house on that side, and followed the rafters up to the peak where nothing stopped it but the saddle-board and what snow there was astride the roof.

"If that flame pokes through the roof once it's all over but the shouting," shouted neighbor Furlong.

There was some baled hay stored up there somewhere, word went round, and that hay had heated up and shed so much steam that a man couldn't see the length of his own nose. But through it all a tuft of scarlet presently appeared just at the top of the valley where the ell joined on. It came spurting up through a mound of melting snow and slush, and neighbor Furlong yelled:

"She's done for now all right, all right."

"So you say," said Hat. "Well, we might have made out to duck it down if we had had men on the job. Come on; beat a retreat before this roof falls in on us, and get that hose out back, lively."

Hat's next stand was on a roof in an angle of the two buildings on the waterside. This roof had a little fence with fancy lathed pickets round it, and a lot of stiff, snowy linen hanging on the line that had been forgotten overnight. There was a flight of three or four steps supported by ornamental wooden brackets, leading up to the back door of one of the tenements over the store, and the back of the house here ran out and all but met the flank of the Scoville establishment at right angles, or nearly at right angles.

People who felt free to put their hands in their pockets and simply use their brains were going around inquiring how it caught, and receiving all sorts of fantastic answers. Some said it was spontaneous combustion of the hay that somebody else had seemed to remember was stored somewhere on the premises. Others averred that somebody had been allowed to sleep up there and knock out pipe ashes on the floor. But the weight of opinion was that the inventor, Scoville, had been up to some more of his monkeyshines.

"There he is," said Zinie Shadd, "up there behind Hat, holding onto the hose as big as life, with his ears pinned back."

"Is anybody in the building?"

"They don't know."

Others were already asking whether there was any insurance, and if the firemen were getting the upper hand. To this it was said by some that the policies had expired on Saturday, and they had neglected to renew them. Furthermore, that the fire was practically out, all but in that one corner, and they were going to get a stream on that right away, and duck it down. Others said that the building as it stood was a mere shell, and was likely to collapse at any moment.

The opinion of this faction was reinforced, during a wild snow flurry, by a renewed vomiting of black smoke, the roar of a collapsing but unseen wall, an eating, crackling sound, and a lurid internal light visible on a multitude of wrinkled small window-panes for one instant as the mass of smoke dragged clear of the body of the building.

Hat for her part had not been idle. Icicles hung from the skirts of the great-coat; she stood in slush up to her knees, and women who knew said she wore the thinnest kind of thin stockings, too, and soft moccasins. But, as if to compensate for that, her face was like a piece of raw

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beef, and she had had her brows and lashes burned away by venturing too near the blaze on the other side. In her left hand she carried the lid of a wash-boiler as a shield against fire and falling objects, and with her right she elevated and depressed the nozzle of the hose as the occasion seemed to demand.

During a lull she appeared at the kitchen door of the up-stairs tenement hereinbefore mentioned, and sang out to the woman there, Mrs. Chadwick, widow of the hardware merchant, to get a pot of coffee on the stove for those men on the hose.

Mrs. Chadwick, complying, moaned that the last time her husband had shingled she had advocated putting slate shingles on, but no, he wouldn't hear to it, and now she must suffer for it after he was dead and gone.

"Shingles!" said Hat, hoarsely. "My God! woman, you could dig a grave on that roof of yours, and not get down to the shingles through that snow. Get me a long pole. Get me a piece of piping out of the loft. That's better. Look at 'em down there gawk. They say it was curiosity killed the cat, but I guess if it had the same effect on people, this town would have been shy on population long ago. . . . That's it."

Hat seized the lengthy piece of piping which Mrs. Chadwick withdrew from the loft of the shop, and went out into the slush again. Elmer Higgins had now taken his place as leading man on the hose, with the inventor, Scoville, at his elbow.

"Now don't go at things headlong, Hat," said Elmer, in his steady tones. "Haste makes waste, you know."

"That may all be, but it saves wear and tear," Hat snapped back. "If I get more action and less talk out of you, all of you, I'll be just as well satisfied. Here, help me get this piping planted up against that chimney. If it comes over on us, you'll never know what hit you."

The chimney she referred to was placed in the roof of the building containing the Scoville domicile, about a dozen feet to the north'ard of the skylight in the storeroom, or it might be twenty feet. It was stiffened and held in an erect posture by a system of long iron struts, or, rather, hooks, which hooked into eyes imbedded in the mortar of the chimney itself. Three several irons of this description were affixed to an iron collar which the chimney wore about half-way down its sunburnt neck.

Now all the hooks on the north side of the chimney had been melted away or burned at their base by the flames, and the chimney was seen by everybody to sway dangerously. Although nobody there was prepared to feel the full force of a thousand of brick falling on him, as the saying is, these volunteers continued standing by the hose, only muttering and casting apprehensive glances, the fear of Hat being heavy on their souls.

"Oh," moaned Mrs. Chadwick, "won't somebody warn that woman away from that chimney. It's only hanging by a hair."

"Now, everybody!" yelled Hat, for with Elmer's aid she had now got the length of piping planted against the chimney's iron collar. They shoved. The chimney held fast, budged, started a hair's-breadth, swayed, toppled, or seemed to topple. A little mortar fell out around its base, then with dizzying slow certitude it leaned, all of a piece, and fell prostrate across the roof with a pulpy crash, through the snow, through the roof, through the rafters, and in a direction away from the firemen. It broke fairly over the skylight, and a generous consignment of lumpy brick fell through that opening.

Hat was groping in the slush for the nozzle of the hose when a cold bony forefinger sank into the back of her neck, and a voice exclaimed:

"I guess the fat is in the fire now.

This was Scoville. Every one but Hat had just observed a human hand grappling with the coaming of the skylight, and then for one fateful second two heads were revealed to the gaping multi-

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tudes below. Hat's eagle eye could not be long in grasping the significance of these apparitions. They were the heads of Tyler and his one-time inamorata, and they disappeared with the same celerity that had attended their materializing.

"Smoked 'em out at last," said Mr. Scoville with interested zeal, the whites of his eyes showing very plain.

In point of fact, Tyler and Scoville's wife were just about coming to that same conclusion.

Ruby had hidden the mate of the *Perfect* in this old loft the night before, meaning him to stay there until the affair blew over, as she put it, and in the morning, as soon as Scoville disappeared into his laboratory, she had taken up breakfast to the refugee.

The four whistles from the sardine-factory found them there together and the turmoil round the environs of the house apprised them that the place was on fire somewhere, and that to rush out, things being as they were, was to jump out of the fire back into that frying-pan.

"My God!" cried Tyler, sweat starting on his brow, "when things get going against a man, it's hard for them to know when to stop, ain't it?"

"This may be all nothing," Ruby whispered, with a hand on her heart. "It may be a false alarm."

"Maybe I can still get away on the water side," said Tyler, shakily.

He had picked a coil of rope out of what Ruby called a heap of "refuge," and he now stumbled toward the back of the loft to see if he could force the locks of a door, long out of use, which swung outwardly, half-way up the seaward wall of the building. The bolts had rusted, and after vain strivings Tyler came back with his eyes starting out of their sockets. The smell of smoke was getting plain.

"Dished," he cried. "All is, we've got to make a dash for it."

This dash revealed to them that they had tarried too long. The only other exit was now blocked for them by a mass of smoke and flame.

"No use getting excited," Tyler said. "We can always get out that skylight."

He went back to his rusted door in a panic. Ruby followed, getting gradually all worked up, and they were here when the brick from Hat's chimney fell into the loft. In this crisis they had appeared together in the skylight.

All eyes were, of course, immediately turned on Hat to see how she would take it. Would she leave him there to burn with Ruby Scoville, or would she, as the saying is, save him from himself?

As people learned later, that brief glimpse had changed all Hat's ideas of where the fire was, and how it should be fought. Lena Kidder said, after it was all over: "Some people would have said, 'Let them burn,' and turned away, and not thought any more about it, but that simply wasn't in Hat's make-up. She just said to herself, 'There are lives to be saved,' don't you see, without going into the morality of it at all."

Hat yelled down for them first to hook a ladder into the eaves right under the skylight, but the eaves were rotten as cheese, and the hooks tore out. There was nothing substantial underneath to plant a ladder on. That old sail loft came out flush with the timbers of the wharf, and the tide had cracked the ice all up into small flakes with its last rising. The very piles were swollen and distorted, and were set under things generally as thick as barrels in a cooperage.

Hat stood there taking it all in, and Lena from below saw that she had wheeled round and was sizing up the *Perfect*. The schooner's foremast was canted over so as to point out the skylight in question like an accusing finger, but a rope dropped from the eyes of the rigging would have failed the side wall of the burning building by some twenty feet. This point was, however, considerably higher in the air than the skylight through which Tyler had put in an appearance.

Just then the firemen at her back be-

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gan to shout out that the cistern, on which they had hitherto depended, was empty. Sure enough, nothing but a little froth and foam was coming out of that nozzle with its beard of ice.

"Ask the chief what comes next," Elmer said, in stentorian tones.

"Chief!" Hat yelled. "Somebody hit that chief over the head for me, will you? He's getting more owlish every minute. Here, jerk that tub down on the flats, some of you, and hook her into a hole in the ice."

A four-foot stone embankment lay between the Minnehaha and the flats, but that was no obstacle to the gang of sixty or seventy fishermen who had come ashore all oiled up to see the fun. They laid hold of the Minnehaha thirty on a side, hove her up, lighted her along, hopped her down over those snowy stones as if she weighed no more than a raised biscuit. At one swoop they brought her down on the flats, glittering brass, fat gooseneck, tank, little red wheels and all, and with a whoop and a yell they strung out on the brakes and hooked into salt water with the suction hose.

The time was when that same hand-tub had pumped through twenty-two hundred feet of line, but that, of course, was into barrels, and instead of a healthy squirt there was only a quiet dribble at the nozzle.

Everybody had been so wrapped up in what was happening to the tub that they hadn't given Hat a thought. But the captain of the *Perfect* never waited for the minds of other men to move, and when they came to look at her again she was half-way up that ice-clad foremast with a coil of new rope around her neck. When the shrouds failed her, she went swarming up a backstay; and although twice, when she could all but put out her hand and touch the eyes of the rigging, she slid down again as smooth and solid as a counter-weight, the third time she fetched it, and got a round turn and a couple of half-hitches, Heaven knows how, around the topmast.

"Oh," moaned Lena Kidder, "if that isn't heaping coals of fire on his miserable head! She's going to swing over there, I know."

In fact, Hat was seen to drop the coil, kink her legs around the swaying rope, slide down twenty feet or more, and, communicating a pendulum-like motion to it, begin to swing over and back, over and back, coming nearer to the skylight every time. The Huddle was black with open-mouthed people, who suddenly began to yell and dance like so many raving maniacs when they saw that she would fetch it if she went on as she was going. Word went round that Tyler had scuttled the schooner, and that there was method in Hat's madness.

"If I know the woman, she will string him up," said Mr. Scoville, pleasantly.

All eyes attended the gyrations of the lady. She had now all but landed in the gutter; with the next swing she was scheduled to go plump through the yawning skylight as neatly as a deep-sea lead; but hold—in the very moment when she was up-ending her foot to fend herself off from bringing up against the glass frame, two hands appeared on the coaming, out came a lean shank, with a foot on the end of it as wide as a shovel, and gave a shove against her instep.

There was a roar out of the crowd loud enough to wake the dead when they saw her coming dangling back, her colors flying, and just mad enough to grit her teeth in her sleep. Tyler used to say afterward that it came over him to do as he did just like the impulse to jump off a high place. But really, credit for that extraordinary maneuver goes to Ruby, who had shrieked in his ear, "Don't you let that woman come near us!" when she had caught sight of her spiraling in mid-heaven the swing just before the last.

Tyler's own feelings were mixed when he found his wife imminent—appallingly so. He was hideously uncertain what her motive was in this attempt at a rescue, for one thing. At all events, he shoved her off, and almost in one and

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the same motion dropped back into the attic.

With Hat's next swing the crowd shrieked out to her to look what she was running into. Sure enough, there protruded from that contested breach in the fortifications five horrid iron prongs six inches long, fixed upon a white-ash handle—a mud-eel spear, which Tyler in his desperate straits had snatched up for want of some more elegant defensive weapon.

Hat went spinning backward into space once more; she lost impulse; she burst out of herself one way, too, for that matter, and there was need upon her to take account of stock, but she was far from being a beaten woman yet.

"Leave it to Hat to find a way to put a fire out," as Lena Kidder said.

After that setback at the skylight, Hat wasted no time in repining. She came down, hand over hand, yelling out long before she hit the schooner's rail for those nincompoops to lend a hand, and get that hose up on the dock side and into the shrouds.

She tucked the nozzle under her arm, sang out to the others who were on the hose to come after her and string themselves out in the shrouds every twenty feet or so, and started swarming up again, with blood in her eye. She cried down from a dizzy height to the men on the handtub to lay out there and let her have it for all they were worth. They spat on their hands, bent their backs, and jumped the Minnehaha clear of the ice at every stroke.

That old leather hose filled out as hard as iron; Hat curled it once around the eyes of the rigging, pointed the nozzle for the skylight, and let them have it fair.

That was certainly the last straw, from Tyler's point of view. His first impulse was to crouch down under a table, with Ruby fainting in his arms, but Hat, who was high enough in the air to see what she was doing, flooded them out of there handily, with one cold enormous jet.

"We'll see if I can't extinguish the pair of you," she yelled, gritting her teeth again.

They took refuge behind the baled hay, but the fire had got into the heart of that, and, besides, another broadside from the pulsating Minnehaha sent them spiraling out into the open again. A lot of old lobster traps in under the eaves began to float out, and Hat shrieked, "Crawl into one of those, why don't you?" but the witticism was lost in the general uproar which followed the appearance of the eel-spear again, this time with a handkerchief impaled on one of the tynes.

"That means surrender," said an excited woman on the wharf.

Mr. Scoville, smiling one of his satirical smiles, took a toothpick, out of the corner of his mouth, and said, blandly:

"Now watch. There are going to be some interesting developments in a minute or two."

He was right. In fact the words were not out of his mouth when all hands were suddenly deafened by an explosion in the house somewhere; the roof adjoining the one under consideration subsided with a snaky motion, a red spit of flame came out with evil brilliance in the heart of a snow flurry, and the whole dilapidated building, first working underfoot like a wicker basket, or yielding like a piece of sleazy goods, began to go down with a majestic motion, joint by joint, forepart and hindpart, like a camel. The fire had reached Scoville's laboratory!

Immediately Hat signaled them to shut the water off. Almost before they could obey the order, there came another turn to the affair. The explosion had jarred the ice flakes loose that were piled up on the port side of the *Perfect*. Besides, the tide had ebbed a good bit, and the schooner, whose forefoot was nicely balanced on a stone abutment there, and whose equilibrium had depended on a feather's weight, suddenly began to sink down on the port side.

"She'll roll over," cried Lena Kidder, despairingly.

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Not quite. The foremast lowered until Hat, stationed at the eyes of the rigging, was actually within reaching distance of her wretched husband, and there it hovered, oscillated, stopped. Tyler, standing there on the ragged edge of nothing, seeing tenon desert mortise, and red-hot window weights fall out and hiss on the ice, and floor beams catapulting through rotten walls, cried out to Hat in panic terror:

"For God's sake, Hattie, lend a hand here, will you?"

Hat hovered immense and grim there, peering over the eyes of the rigging, and clutching the nozzle handles. She thrust out her jaw—that jaw which has been likened to the stone-crusher which the town meeting had voted to sell and nobody could be found to buy—she lowered herself, all that drooping, quaking weight, making use of the eel-spear which still protruded, as a prop, and withholding the haven of those mighty arms from the stricken Tyler, who had turned toward them at last, she cried out:

"*Not until you choose between us, mister.*"

"Well, say," said Mr. Furlong at a later hour to his wife, "warn't it for all the world like Hat to speak out in her own time and in her own way? There wouldn't have been one woman in a thousand would have recollected to dictate terms at a time like that. But it was jest as easy as rolling off a log for Hat. Tyler hadn't no choice in the matter, not what you could call choice, situated as he was then. He see Hat was top dog—she was never anything but top dog, somehow—so he put up his arms to her, and hung round her neck like a long-lost brother, and Ruby hanging to his heels.

"Hat come down with Tyler in her arms—she had passed out Ruby to one of those volunteers in hopes he would drop her, see—and she in with him in under the bowling-alleys where there was a hot-water heater, and got the clothes off him and some dry things onto him, jest as natural as playing house.

"Of course it come out later that she hadn't no call to be offended. It seems that inventor, Scoville, was mad as a dog—actually insane. He had pulled the plugs out of the schooner himself, and set fire to the Huddle, too. It was jest a frolic for him. But it took a woman like Hat to see how to take advantage of it. Whenever she gets an advantage, she says herself, she likes to double-rivet it."

"So they made it up, did they?" was Mrs. Furlong's grim comment.

"I wouldn't want to see a lovinger couple," answered Mr. Furlong. "Tyler see there was something working against him, so he jest put his cards all on the table, and they didn't show ace, face, or deuce. The last I see of them Elmer Higgins was helping her across the street with Tyler, and Elmer says, 'Tell 'em to ring "All out," Hat,' and he grinned like an idiot.

"'I guess a fire is liable to break out in anybody's house,' Hat says, jest like a kitten. 'But who would have thought,' she says, getting a grip on Tyler, 'that I would have been the one to throw cold water on it?'"

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AMERICAN NOTES

SOME INTELLECTUAL ASPECTS OF AMERICANS

BY ERNEST DIMNET

Professor in the Collège Stanislas, Paris

Among French men of letters of to-day, America has no more sincere and admiring friend than the Abbé Dimnet. Always a student of American life and manners, and numbering among his friends hundreds of Americans who have come to know him abroad, he recently revisited this country after an absence of twelve years. He came to raise funds for the Catholic University of Lille. His mission took him to many parts of our country. His notes on American life are the first published result of his travels.

I ONCE heard an intelligent American woman remark that the common peoples are the real representatives of their respective nations. Cultivated people are very much alike in most countries. They show a tendency to generalize; to get rid of the impedimenta of thought, belongs to cultivated minds in every country, but it is nowhere so visible as it is in America, except, possibly, in France. The difference between the best kind of conversation in London and in New York lies in the fact that even brilliant English people prefer facts and preserve the national taste for anecdotes, whereas the American shows a quick way of overhauling his data, obviously tending to seize them under their more general aspects. The German mark which Berlin or Jena sometimes left on the American professors I used to meet twelve years ago seems to have completely worn out.

However—luckily for America—the waste of brilliant thoughts and felicitous speeches, which is the only extravagance of the French, has not found its way into even the most sophisticated *milieus* in the United States. Once or twice I thought I saw it appear in a few drawing-rooms or clubs in Chicago—the clever, culture-cultivating modern Boston, now that Boston has become charmingly simple and mellow—but it was a mistake; the pleasure which Americans take in the play of their minds does not let them forget sober reality. I was constantly conscious of this at a congress of Catholic writers and sociologists to which I was courteously invited. A brilliant Irishman was every now and then asked to play off the facets of his wit, and did so to universal admiration, but as soon as he sat down and the happy smile on the lips of the audience subsided, everybody went back to facts, and an almost British atmosphere set in. I noticed, with positive envy, that the more convincing and illuminating an orator was the less applause he received. In France even a Cato or a Socrates could not escape the destructive homage of applause—I saw the echo of many a valuable speech killed by that barbarous uproar.

Solid common sense of this kind belongs to the entire American population, but the flower of culture which I loved so much in the more refined circles is practically restricted to them; and wealth, good clothes, and good looks being distributed in the United States, as in all lands of opportunity, by a blind goddess, the traveler is sometimes startled by surprising contrasts.

I remember a splendid-looking, elegantly dressed young man in the Montreal to Buffalo train; no duke's son would have looked more distinguished. He started a literary conversation with the passenger opposite me—a McGill

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girl, whom I am only waiting for a chance to report to her dean for imagining that *Vanity Fair* is a dull, old-fashioned book. I became attentive, and I shall not easily forget my surprise at hearing this young god declare his partiality for a love story enlivened by "a kid with lots of deviltry in him." He went on for a long time in perfect innocence.

I do not think that such a contrast would be possible in Europe; the *nouveau riche* may once bring a gloom to the house decorator's brow by asking him whether the books, too, are included in the sum agreed upon for a complete bookcase, but he will hardly repeat the slip; his first chance of learning how to play the comedy of culture will be seized upon, and improved, and in no time he will know how to avoid dangerous revelations by restricting himself to "Good thing!" in speaking of a picture, or "Capital, this!" in speaking of a book. Nay, he may become a master of the jargon of literary or artistic admiration.

I have often wondered at comfortable business men with sound, healthy minds reading the illustrated weeklies from cover to cover, including the advertisements, till their minds grew faint and they yawned pitifully. Books, magazines, and newspapers to such persons are only substitutes for cigarettes.

In fact, passengers with a taste for speculation keep to that incomparable club, the smoking room of the Pullman car—and I learned a vast deal in that narrow space.

Uneducated Americans get bored the moment they are left to themselves; you see them fidget, look round, produce a furtive whistling, fumble for a cigarette, or have recourse to their chewing-gum. The mere cud of contemplation has no charms for them, and thinking seems an insufferable ordeal unless it is immediately to result in action.

To tell the truth, Americans think too quickly. I have seen a business man call his secretary the moment an idea gleamed in his mind, and dictate a document which an hour's consideration would have improved wonderfully.

The power of the American lies in his capacity for beginning over again that which lack of proper preparation has destined for failure. The weakness of the Frenchman is his inveterate propensity to defer action till every possibility has been envisaged, or to amuse himself with complicated romances of enterprise never to be carried out. It takes a war to compel him to lay out his inventiveness in practical ventures.

The press, with a few well-known and universally respected exceptions, does not endeavor to counteract this intellectual laxity American newspapers provide far too much that is merely cinematographic. The reporter in most of them is king, and he is the victim of a formula from which he never seems to escape. He insists on calling whatever he writes "a story" till the word reacts on his methods. It is in vain that you try to give him thoughts, or even that during his conversation with you he shows evident interest in the more intellectual aspect of things. The moment he is released and finds himself in his shirt sleeves at his typewriter, a story comes.

One day in a large city in the Middle West I had special reasons to keep the story out of a certain interview on which I founded very practical hopes. So, when the reporter I expected arrived—a nice man with a pleasant expression and manner—I was prepared with a carefully written statement which I just handed in to my visitor. While he read and I pretended to go on with my letters I could see on his face complete satisfaction, which I put down to the fact that his work was practically done for him. In fact, he left without asking me a single question, and I was delighted at my own stratagem till the next day my eyes fell on the initial words of the interview:

"'No!' exclaimed the Abbé, a sharp-eyed, energetic Frenchman . . . ."

It is a fight in America between the

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cinema or the story on one side and the university on the other. I, who spend my life crying over the deficiencies of the French newspapers, am surprised that no American philanthropist ever thought of the value which a newspaper published with the intention of teaching people how to think would have.

American idealism is now at last a recognized fact. I remember the days when this conception had to displace another, wrongly supposed to be diametrically opposed, the idea of American practicality, but that fight has been won. America may be, some time or another, accused of being exaggeratedly idealistic, but even the most furiously selfish utterances from the champions of the "America and nobody else" idea will not convince the world that idealistic America is not.

Idealism means a taste for ideas, and ideas are intellectual visions. In fact, there is nothing that the American admires more than what he precisely calls vision.

This respect for the capacity certain men possess to see where others see not is not only a noble trait in the American nature, but it has a dynamic virtue, produces talent, and gives a unique chance to people who have something to say.

Like everything else in human nature, it is apt to go astray and occasionally does so. The average American is credulous—I think I like him for it—and imagines greatness where there is only novelty. This tendency is responsible for the quickly changing American fads. When I go back to America in a few months I have little doubt but I shall find theosophy and psychic medicine as flourishing as when I left, but delicate people will have ceased to grow strong by standing on their heads ninety-five seconds every morning and evening; something else of equally unexpected magic virtue will have been found.

Fads are laughable, but they are encouraging, as occasional extravagance in a normally generous man is encouraging to people who need his help. My countrymen have no fads, but they lack responsiveness, and whoever has tried to work for anything primarily requiring enthusiasm must have felt the contrast between France and America painfully. Everybody knows that, while many inventions were born on French soil, hardly any were given a fair chance there. In most cases the inventors died on the eve of seeing at last their visions realized, or they saw them plagiarized and successful elsewhere. The French love ideas, love to play with them, to enchant themselves with their possibilities, but they leave them after that. They feel certain that those attractive things will make their way somehow, and they do not bother about humdrum details of practical realization.

Certain phrases of religion in America possess a real virtue. It is by no means an indifferent matter that the Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish communions should speak of themselves as the Three Sisters. Nor is it insignificant that the adjective Jewish (which in British English refers only to things) should in American English apply mostly to people. The difference revealed, and partly created, by this usage is astonishing. The consequence is that in New York a Jew does not mean quite the same thing as a Jewish person. The word Jewess is hardly heard at all, and nobody is afraid of calling himself Jewish.

There is a tendency in America to present religion as a mere means to happiness, or even as something useful. The Saturday advertisements emphasize this modern point of view with the outspokenness of business. People are coaxed to church as they are to the cinema, and the consequence seems to be that they feel partly condescending, partly taken in, when they go there.

Faith-healing will no doubt be soon given a prominent place, and nobody should complain, as this practice is strongly founded on Scripture, tradition, and reason as represented by

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Psycho-Medicine; but why should Mrs. Eddy have had to think of it first?

The tendency to outrun everybody in utility is day after day more marked. On February 12, 1919, I copied the following from an address given at Pittsburgh by Reverend Doctor Thompson, of Chicago:

> There is every reason why our churches should fit up rooms with cozy corners where there is not too much light, so that city young persons may do their love-making under favorable circumstances.

Sermons are no longer suffered to be dull. Sometimes they are positively amusing. This, of course, used to happen not infrequently in the past, but it was due to the quality, not to the effort, of the preacher. Now the intention is apparent. A non-Catholic friend of mine preaches as Chesterton writes; his sermons leave on one the impression, invigorating yet not quite comfortable, that the world is crazy, but that we had better be prepared with some reserve of sense and seriousness if we want to live in it.

It has occurred to me sometimes that we Catholics think too often of death and what comes after death; that we console ourselves too easily for a man living a life of no particular nobility if he dies what is called "a good death." But in America people, even religiously inclined, seem to think so much of the present life that they are unmindful of the next. Were it not for theosophy or the planchette many would hardly give a thought to the actual existence of the dead, which in Catholic countries is such a prominent feature of the religious life. No Protestant will admit of purgatory (although many give definitions of it under the names of reincarnation or purification), and very few still believe in hell. There is a third proposition which, of course, is highly satisfactory, but even this is seldom and only vaguely mentioned. My conclusion is that America aims too exclusively at being an earthly paradise.

A Frenchman who had no other belief than that which Unitarians teach would probably appear as cold as an atheist and as cynical as a skeptic. But I have met Unitarians in Boston whose religion —not only their souls—was decidedly warm and embracing. The generous American nature is largely responsible for this, as is also the fact that to a Frenchman Unitarianism would mostly be a negation, whereas to Channing it was only a broadening. A Bostonian would shiver over a Paris fire which gives the native an impression of luxurious comfort.

I prefer the monotony of the rosary beads to many a harmonious, but hopelessly colorless, prayer I have heard in America, just as I can get more out of a peal of bells than out of much so-called music.

The examination of conscience which the Episcopalians carried on for months in 1919 and 1920, and which they called, not altogether accurately, their nation-wide campaign, can be proposed for imitation to anybody, whether an individual or a community. French Catholics would do well, too, to copy a gigantic card index which the American Catholics have accumulated in an office at Washington, and which tells them exactly where they stand.

When people make such inventories they not only obtain a clear view of their possibilities, but they almost inevitably discover the best method to turn them to account.

I shall never forget the tender feeling which the Red Riding Hood girls of the Salvation Army gave me, ringing their bells over their Christmas pots at the bleak street corners downtown. They ought to have looked cold and worried; they did neither, and, oh! how eloquently they rang that bell!

I humbly request kind Americans who mean so much that is good to my native North of France to dissuade some people from trying to make Protestants of us. We should only be poor stuff, as

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my own Protestant friends no doubt realize. A Frenchman is better in his native unconverted state.

If I were a rich Protestant and wished to improve religion in France I should adopt a truly American method. I should go straight to headquarters and do my best really to develop Catholicism. I should endow seminaries, found convents, encourage people who fast and go barefooted, send the best Catholic literature to country priests who, with their eight hundred francs a year, are too poor to buy, or even hear of it. Altogether I should act like the Chicago people who had planned building the most modern of new hospitals at Reims, but found on investigation that it would be much wiser to repair a magnificent seventeenth-century *Hôtel Dieu*, which managed to stand the brunt of the higher explosives, and only needs a little modernizing.

In fact, the sum of money which I brought back from America, and which came largely from non-Catholics, was destined for a Catholic, if a philanthropic, institution. Were these contributors wise from the sectarian point of view? This side of the question did not seem to worry them much. Were they wise from the religious point of view? Undoubtedly, for one improvement is worth a dozen changes where religion is the issue.

American women are far and away the prettiest, youthfulest, and smartest (clothes and brains) women on earth. They can also be the sensiblest, kindest, and helpfulest, the hardest-worked—no, I mean the hardest working—and they have no rivals for charitable enterprise. They have a wonderful capacity for being excellent housekeepers, even though they may seem not to keep their houses more than a few minutes in the morning, before flying away, and an hour or two in the evening when they drop exhausted on a sofa. They are good mothers, good daughters, and good sisters, and their husbands, who ought to know, proclaim to the whole world, to the earth and to the stars, to the believing and the unbelieving, that they are incomparable wives. I am ready to testify that they are invaluable friends. But somehow the American Woman has faults from which American women are free, and the latter frequently criticize her, to the disgust of the uncompromising American man.

Everybody in America is agreed that Britishers are to be avoided as husbands—I record what I have often heard. Why is it that the said Britishers used, in past generations, to become—and even now still become—excellent New England husbands the moment they were transplanted in the uxorious American soil? Because there were, and still are, more men than women among emigrants, and economic laws concerning the scarcity or abundance of goods apply in every case. In England and France, and generally in all old countries, there is a providential excess of women, and men choose.

A Frenchman marries when he needs help; an American marries when he can afford it.

American men are unrivaled in their politeness to women, even when they are not American gentlemen; but, apart from the latter, they do not always convince the observer, who sometimes suspects the possibility of an imitation, of a ritualism, or of an investment.

American women expect (very rightly) from their husbands the same attention which French husbands receive from their wives. The American husband expects nothing, and for what he receives the Lord makes him truly thankful.

"We are pampered toys," an American lady told me in a distinctly resentful tone, "but we only know it when our husbands, after keeping every trouble from us, suddenly die."

If the abstraction called The American Woman could be met with, I should ask her whether she really likes to see a

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dozen men in her drawing-room watch her the whole evening and bob up with military precision the moment she half rises to ring the bell; whether she would not prefer her escort to think of what he is saying to her instead of concentrating on where she walks, skipping to the unprotected side of her the whole time; or whether she likes being supported across the road with infinite precautions, as if she were a very ill person or a very brittle object; or, on the contrary, firmly grasped below the shoulder and wafted to the other side with the triumphant ease of long practice.

I have kept a picture representing three exceedingly well-known American men watching a lady go down a deck stairway. She is spoken of as a sportswoman, and would probably think nothing of scrambling down a rope ladder if it amused her. The steps on which she appears are broad and comfortable, but the gentlemen with guiding and supporting gestures smile at her achievement with the same wonder and delight as if she were a baby for the first time off the gocart. Meanwhile the lady herself smiles in her furs like coy Phœbe between two clouds.

I do not mind being pent up with my sullen kind and kept away from the ladies wherever I see the ghost of a reason, but sometimes the reason is difficult to discover. What have we men done?

"One of the managers," said the spokesman for the telephone girls who were quitting work at Norwalk, "placed a large piece of brown paper on the front screen door. This not only prevented fresh air from entering, but it prevented us from getting a peep at the few men who pass through the hallway. I am not beating around the bush. We lead shut-in lives and admit we like to get a look at a man once in a while, even though he be only a married man."

This valuable evidence shows that it is not the women who want the men to herd away from them; it cannot be the men, either; therefore it must be the secret council of Prohibitionists, and the American man is on the eve of being fooled again.

Englishmen are always surprised when a foreigner notices with astonishment the petition in the Litany "that the nobility and gentry may have understanding." They have heard it so often that they notice it no longer. Americans are almost as surprised when they are told that Ibsen in some recent incarnation must have inserted "the pursuit of happiness" in the austere constitution of their country. To many these words are not by any means a familiar quotation, and when they hear it they are emphatic in their denial that it ever had any effect on the national disposition. On the other hand, they are quite as strong in their belief that happiness is the right, or even the duty, of man, and that whoever thinks differently must be an old Puritan or a dyspeptic Calvinist.

French people still cherish the lesson handed down from the simple medicine of past generations, that you stand a good chance of being well if you keep "your head cool, your feet warm, and your heart cheerful." But cheerfulness to the French of those wise epochs was the same thing with content, and content is terribly near resignation. The French girl was (and still is) taught that *il faut souffrir pour être belle*, and neither she nor her brother was very much surprised to read in their religious books that we must suffer in order to be happy. Happiness in its highest meaning was regarded as something sacred, the initial stage of the celestial bliss. The crude modern notion which we express by the word happiness was condemned as an idol or a mirage born of the heat of passion, and was branded as mere pleasure.

To-day, in spite of a powerful effort on the part of many thinkers to show that happiness is only a vision like liberty or equality, the impulse given by the doctrine of perfectibility a hundred and fifty years ago is still felt, and some

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mortals will be unhappy because they do not find themselves quite radiantly happy.

I should advise American mothers to keep the pursuit of happiness out of their daughters' constitution if they cannot keep it out of their country's. A girl who is given to understand every minute that she has a right to a good time is sure to declare before long that she wonders when the good time is coming, even if she has it at every hour. Do not make fastidious artists in happiness. Keep on the safe Puritan side; it does not always mean thin lips and spectacled eyes shooting reproach around at random. I am afraid the idea of happiness is made an obsession by a great deal of apparently moral literature. There is certainly a relation between the mushy advice daily doled out to hair-splitting girl questioners by dozens of Aunt Margarets or Cheery Mabels in the provincial newspapers, and the stuff we read last March in the pitiful diary of that Ruth Somebody who killed herself in Chicago because, she said, happiness was only a word.

I heard a good deal that was unpleasant to me because some American soldiers spread the notion that French women were loose, French churches were empty, and empty were most of the French cradles.

An American writer who lived in Paris many years—Mr. Theodore Stanton—had to refute a statement made by the research secretary of a powerful "dry" organization to the effect that, "owing to the low moral standards of France, the destruction of this country has only been postponed—she will be eaten by her own vices."

These impressions are those of superficial observers, generally predisposed by so-called universal admission (French literature immoral, legal existence of vice) to make inferences in only one direction. I used to counteract these notions by facts. I would ask Catholics, "How do you account for the presence in that corrupt country of mine of many more nuns and monks than America produces?" and non-Catholics, "How could those decadents be the same men who fought at Verdun and patiently endured the trenches during four years?"

The same impressions can also be created by positive falsehoods. The powerful press owned and inspired by such a well-known American that I need not give his name once printed a so-called Parisian invitation to extraordinary dancing parties which I vainly tried to put back into the French language; it kicked at the indecency, thereby proving the impossibility of the charge. There was also circulated an anecdote concerning a French girl who married seven American soldiers. Ask any American who married even once in France, and knows what an enterprise it is, whether polygamy on such a scale is thinkable.

This cant at the expense of France irritates many American young men; it revolts most American women, and it angers every American officer who, better situated than his soldiers, had a chance to see something of a French family. These men and women feel, sometimes confusedly, that indulgence in this virtuous indignation arises from that strange interest in vice often denounced by English and American moralists—not moralizers—which, feeling disinclined to blame itself, only condemns the louder what has attracted it.

Sometimes one finds oneself in the presence of sheer hypocrisy. I find less fault with the readers—I mean the buyers—of a certain illustrated gazette provided with a most unexpected title than with the above-mentioned press magnate who inveighs against French immorality, but helps the sale of his newspapers by daily and daring pictures of bathers in summer, of ballet dancers in winter. Also notice how greedily the same newspapers pounce on every account or legal document that offers the kind of interest which is sometimes described as scandalously French.

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A great deal of the unfavorable comment passed on French morality comes from appearances. I could not help noticing that America is more virtuous in the daytime than by lamplight, and Mr. Stanton concluded the letter I mentioned above with the following remark:

> Anybody who really understands this matter in so far as it regards France—I say really understands it, for not one American in a thousand who runs through Paris grasps at all the true situation—knows that this evil is not one whit more virulent in France than it is in other countries, not excluding the United States. There is often a difference in form, in practice, but in the main the same thing is there, no weaker and no stronger.—*Times, Sept. 13, '19.*

It also comes from the deep diversity in point of view noticeable between America and France, and which is, as usual, the outcome of habit. The French would be shocked if they saw what passes entirely unnoticed in Chicago during the months when this town becomes a very charming summer resort—men and women walking the streets in the same costume which elsewhere is only tolerated between the wave and the bathing machines. Again I find skeptics when I assure my countrymen that the love letters American boys and girls of fifteen exchange have no bad effects whatever. And the divorce question is as much a source of illusions in America as it is in the countries where it is a less frequent practice. Americans used to think that many French girls proved disloyal wives because they had made a *mariage de convenance*, and one still meets with a few who have not ceased to think it is so. But is it not true that many a divorced couple in America started out with an undoubted love match and would have sworn that their lives would be perfectly Edenic? On the other hand, is one very much surprised to hear an experienced American magistrate say that sixty divorces out of a hundred are not caused by any real incompatibility, or, above all, by any cruelty, and would never have taken place had not one of the parties had a more or less sudden vision of greater happiness in a new venture? The fact is that in America, as well as in France, we are confronted with the substitution of the right to happiness for a moral or religious principle. I am ready to admit that there is more sincerity and more morality in American life generally than is found in Europe. But it would be unwise to put this down to the influence of divorce. There are European countries in which divorce has long been practiced and which are not supposed to be exceptionally sincere or moral. This superiority of America, in my opinion, comes from the uncompromising spirit of the American woman.

One third cause for the severity with which some Americans are inclined to judge France is a capacity for illusion which is not at all insincerity, but might easily be mistaken for it. This self-illusionment appears strikingly in the questions one hears in the United States concerning the low birth rate in France. I have heard them whispered by people who had very small families themselves, and knew that I knew it. These people were not insincere; they were only speaking in the name of America, vaguely remembering the large Irish, Canadian, or Italian families which keep up the birth rate in the United States, or possibly feeling hereditary pride in the tradition that their own great-grandmother had seven sisters. A comfortable, uncritical state of mind like this can belong to excellent people, and I have found it in Europe, too. Virtue by proxy is a distortion of patriotism, but how easily it can be regarded as an aspect of patriotism!

The real truth about French morals will be known and testified to by the American students who are flocking to the French universities. They will have a fair chance to see and judge.

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THE ARISTOCRAT

BY GORDON ARTHUR SMITH

AT a table in the rear of an evil-smelling wine shop not far away from the Cathédrale du Sacré-Cœur, and hence in one of Paris's most mysterious and dangerous districts, sat two men. Except for the proprietor, who served them brandy from time to time, they were alone. Except for the uncertain light of an oil lamp that stood on the table between them, they were in darkness.

One of the men was known by his associates as Le Lapin—the Rabbit. He was reputed to be very agile on his feet and was known to be dexterous with a knife. Indeed, only the week before he had proved to be dexterous with a knife. He had black hair, a small black mustache, black eyes, and a blue-black, closely shaven chin. He had been born on the sidewalk and had fallen to the gutter; but he had been in jail only twice and for short sentences both times. That was probably because he was both dexterous and agile.

The other man, although dressed in a similar Apache style, was quite unlike the Rabbit in all other ways. He was called by his fellow thieves and assassins Monsieur Georges—and the title indicates the respectful admiration in which he was held by men who, as a rule, have neither respect nor admiration for anyone. Monsieur Georges was amazingly good looking, in a blond, boyish, pink-and-white way. He might have been thirty years old, but he looked younger, and in his face was none of the sly viciousness that disfigured and aged the face of his friend, the Rabbit. Monsieur Georges, indeed, had a very cheerful, innocent face—almost a cherubic face, with its big blue eyes, its pink cheeks, and its pleasant, disarming smile that revealed perfect teeth. Nevertheless, his mouth was over small and shaped like a woman's. That was the only flaw. He, unlike the Rabbit, had been born in the purple, and, if he had reached the gutter, he at least showed no evidence of its slime on his person.

"Yes, my friend," the Rabbit was saying, dejectedly, "they have me at last, and this time it's—*chck*," and he drew his hand swiftly across his throat in imitation of a knife.

Monsieur Georges nodded moodily.

"As you say," he agreed, "it looks bad. When an accomplice betrays one there is little to be done. You can hide, of course, for a while."

"Bah! A question of a day or two. What's the use? I've about made up my mind to drop quietly into the Seine and stay there. That, at least, would annoy the police. They like to execute their victims themselves."

Monsieur Georges answered nothing for a space. Then he beckoned to the proprietor of the wine shop and, holding up two white fingers, said, "*Encore deux.*"

When the order had been filled, and the two brandies placed in front of them, he leaned across the table, staring fixedly at the Rabbit.

"My friend," he said at length, "I don't desire to urge suicide upon you. I say nothing in favor of it, although I confess that, in your predicament, I can find nothing adequate to say against it. But if you have actually made up your mind to kill yourself, you can render me a great service."

"What do you mean?" asked the

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Rabbit, manifestly surprised. "How can a suicide render anyone a service?"

Monsieur Georges smiled his pleasant smile.

"I admit," he answered, "that it could not often be so; but in your case and mine you could undoubtedly be of great assistance to me. On certain occasions in the past it has been my good fortune to aid you in a small way. If you wish, you can now pay that debt a thousand times over. Meanwhile, I drink to your good health."

The Rabbit, unappreciative of the irony of the toast, drained his glass at a gulp. When that was accomplished he said: "You're a queer sort, Monsieur Georges—always have been. But you've been a good friend and I'm willing to be a friend to you, even if it's the last thing I do. So tell me what you want."

"It is very simple. I want you to commit suicide in my name. I want all Paris to believe that it is I who am dead."

"But you're mad," objected the Rabbit. "The police could never mistake my corpse for yours. No two men ever were more different."

Monsieur Georges shrugged his shoulders.

"You misunderstand me," said he. "I have no interest whatsoever in leading anyone to believe that Monsieur Georges is dead. I only desire that I, myself, the man I was before I was Monsieur Georges, be thought dead. After all, my friend, you must know that before I was Monsieur Georges I was some one else—bore some other name. Well, it's that name I want killed. Now do you understand?"

"Yes," said the Rabbit, "now I understand."

"And you'll do it for me?"

The Rabbit did not answer at once. His mind, perhaps, was not so agile as his limbs.

"*Encore deux*," said Monsieur Georges to the proprietor, and when they were forthcoming he raised his glass and said, cheerfully, "To my death!"

The Rabbit could not repress a shudder.

"And you'll do it for me?" persisted Monsieur Georges.

The Rabbit nodded.

"Yes, I'll do it for you. But how shall I assume your identity—your former identity—whoever you were?"

"Very easily indeed. I had thought of all that before I made the proposition. I have some old visiting cards. I have a ring—this ring here—with my real name engraved on the inside of it. I have—I have—" he stumbled a little and then continued, hurriedly—"I have a photograph of my wife—"

"Ah!" exclaimed the Rabbit.

"Yes, yes. I have all those things. They will be ample. They will be found on you—that will be enough, for I assure you that none of my relatives will come to view the body. They do not care to see me again, either alive or dead. But you will have a remarkable obituary notice in the newspapers, my friend. The headlines will report the suicide of Georges-Christophe-Jean-Marie, Vicomte de Chenavard, alias the Rabbit! How does that suit you? Ah, I see you are a little surprised. You have reason, for it *is* surprising, is it not?"

He got to his feet and drew from out of his breast pocket a small leather holder, marked with a gold crest. From the holder he extracted three visiting cards and tossed them face up on the table. From another pocket he produced a faded photograph of a very beautiful young girl, which he placed beside the cards. Then he took a gold seal ring from his finger and tossed it on top of the rest.

"There," he said—"there are your *pièces d'identité!*"

The Rabbit sat regarding him in silent amazement. He reached out slowly to pick up one of the visiting cards, and he read aloud the name and title of Monsieur Georges.

"Vicomte Georges de Chenavard," he read.

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"Exactly," said the other.

"Well," said the Rabbit, still gaping, "if I'd been you I'd never be here."

"Don't be so sure. One never knows."

"What—what did you do?"

"Ah, my friend, I shall not bore you with that recital. It is a long one and has very little humor in it. . . . Let us, rather, return to business. If it is the same to you, may I suggest that, instead of drowning yourself, you use a revolver? It would be unfortunate, you see, should the cards and the photograph be seriously damaged by the water. And, really, the revolver is no more unpleasant."

"You think of everything," murmured the Rabbit.

"I have to," agreed Monsieur Georges. "For me, this suicide is most important."

"Of course," said the Rabbit. "Anything you suggest. It makes no difference."

"Thank you," said Monsieur Georges, with a sigh. "Then we may consider the matter settled?"

"Yes," said the Rabbit.

Monsieur Georges extended his hand.

"Good-by, Rabbit," he said, earnestly. "You are a good friend. . . . To-night?"

"Yes," answered the Rabbit—"to-night. Here—as soon as you leave." And he put the cards and the photograph in his pocket, and placed the seal ring on his finger.

"Good-by," he said. . . .

Monsieur Georges paid the proprietor on his way out. In the street he paused outside the door to listen; and presently he heard a muffled report of a revolver.

"There," said he, "goes Georges-Christophe-Jean-Marie, Vicomte de Chenavard. May God have mercy on his soul!"

Two years later, at the same table in the same wine shop, Monsieur Georges sat with a companion; but this time his companion was a woman. She was known as Kiki, and she belonged to Monsieur Georges. Kiki was a product of the Montmartre, even as had been the Rabbit—the poor dead Rabbit, no longer agile and dexterous. As one looked at her through the smoke-stained air of the wine shop one saw that her coloring was rudimentary—red, white, and black. Against the black of her hair her skin was paper white, and against the white of her face her wide mouth was scarlet as some "venomous flower." There were no mezzotints about Kiki.

While she talked to Monsieur Georges she leaned forward with her elbows on the table and her chin in her hands. They were talking about the Rabbit, for although the Rabbit had been dead for two years, one still talked about him in the district.

"That he should have been of the nobility," said Kiki—"that still astonishes me."

"It astonishes everyone," said Monsieur Georges, calmly. "He did not resemble much an aristocrat."

"I should have been less surprised had you been the aristocrat, Georges. You might well be, with your clean linen and your white hands."

"Nature is capricious," said Monsieur Georges, sententiously. "Heredity sometimes counts for nothing. One finds pearls in the gutter and pigs in the palaces. I am, of course, the pearl in the gutter."

Kiki frowned at him, her black eyebrows meeting and forming a straight line.

"You puzzle me," she said. "Where did you learn to speak the way you do? You don't talk like the rest of us. I have often wondered."

"Why," replied Monsieur Georges—"why should I talk like the rest of you when I am admittedly more intelligent than the rest of you? I study constantly; I read good literature; I strive always to improve myself. And I do things on a grand scale. You never find me picking a pocket for a louis or a gold watch. No; I only steal when the stakes are high. That, too, is because I am intelligent."

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Kiki still scowled at him.

"You are too intelligent," she said, irritably, "and too conceited. You are contemptuous of everyone—of me, myself. I don't like it."

"You don't like it?" he drawled. "What possible difference does it make to me whether you like it or not? Moreover, I take this occasion to inform you that there are many things about *you* which *I* do not like."

"For example?"

"For example, I do not like your amusing yourself with Jean Lebœuf. If I see you with him again I will kill him and I will leave you. That would annoy both of you, I think. Would it not?"

The last was a purely rhetorical question and demanded no answer, but Kiki, to his surprise, appeared to be giving it some consideration. Finally she said, "It would doubtless annoy Jean to be killed, but it wouldn't annoy me should you leave me."

Monsieur Georges regarded her closely through narrowed eyelids. Then he leaned back in his chair and laughed a little. "You lie," he said, calmly. "You lie, but nevertheless remember what I have said. If I see you again with Jean I will kill him."

"Perhaps," she answered, slowly—"perhaps he would kill you first. You talk big, but you have never killed a man yet. That we all know. And why? Is it, perhaps, because you are afraid?"

"No," he said, grimly, "it is because I am not stupid. I get what I want without assassinating. It is only the clumsy bunglers who are forced to kill. . . . What time is it?" he added, suddenly.

"Midnight," said Kiki. "Why do you ask?"

"I must go," he said. "I am working to-night. An interesting affair—oh, a most interesting affair. To-night I shall amuse myself vastly, and, at the same time, the profits should be great. If all goes well I shall buy you a diamond or two to-morrow. You would like that, Kiki, would you not?"

She remained silent and sullen.

"Come," he said, gently—"come, Kiki, wish me good luck. You are the only person I have in the world to wish me good luck."

She did not answer. She kept her eyes away from his.

"Kiki," he pleaded—"Kiki! We must not quarrel like this. Do we not love each other?"

"How do I know!" she cried, exasperated.

He went over to her and, putting his hand under her chin, threw back her head so he could kiss her. She permitted it passively.

"There!" said he. "Now do you know?"

"Good night," she said, listlessly—"good night, and—oh, well, if you wish it, good luck."

Monsieur Georges proceeded rapidly to the house where he dwelt. It was a squalid house near by, but the two rooms in it that he occupied were not squalid. There were good rugs on the floor and good pictures on the walls, and in one corner stood a piano with a Chopin Nocturne open on the rack. Monsieur Georges was evidently something of an artist. He changed his clothes hastily, tossing his blue-flannel shirt and the baggy corduroys disdainfully to the floor, and getting into a quiet, well-tailored suit of dark gray, such as an eminently respectable citizen might wear. He put a pearl pin into his tie, took stick and gloves, and, since his costume was unsuited to the quarter, he went out more discreetly than he had come in.

It was a night in early May. There was no moon, but a multitude of stars hung, blinking, over the city. Monsieur Georges, however, paid no heed to the heavens, for his thoughts were entirely of the earth—and very earthy. He was about to rob his father's house. To his sardonic humor there was more

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romance in that than in a spring night and a million stars. It was high adventure, truly, and he did not cease to laugh inwardly at the glorious inspiration. He wondered why he had not thought of it sooner—it was such a sweet revenge, such an appropriate way to settle an old score. For two years, now, his father must have believed him dead and, so believing, probably rejoiced. Probably? No, surely. Had he not said that he wished him dead on that terrible day six years ago?

Six years ago? Was it—could it be as few as that? To Monsieur Georges it had seemed a lifetime. But no, it was only six years. He recollected that it was in July, 1907, that he had committed the forgery. And his father, who could easily have made good the amount and smoothed the matter over, had instead tried to hand him to the police. Oh yes, he remembered—he remembered his father's grim, inexorable face as the old aristocrat had turned to one of the frightened servants and said, "Etienne, go tell *Monsieur le Commissaire* that I have a criminal in my house."

Oh yes, he remembered—he remembered Roxane, his young wife, weeping, pleading for him on her knees, her unbound hair lying, gold, across her breast. But she had pleaded to no purpose—her tears had fallen on barren ground from which had sprung no flower of compassion. Ah, Roxane! Surely she had loved him once, and, God knows, he had loved her. They had had one year of happiness, at least, before their world went black. When he had leaped through the window to the balcony and thence to the courtyard he had heard her calling his name—piteously, desperately—but he had not turned back, for he was crazed with the overwhelming desire of a free man to retain his freedom. And he had retained it—he had escaped in spite of his own father.

He emerged from the rue Lafitte into the *grands boulevards*, and joined the crowds that, even at that hour, were elbowing one another, singing, laughing, pleased with life. And Monsieur Georges swung his stick gayly and hummed to himself a little tune. He must not allow himself to become melancholy; he must not think of Roxane. No, rather, he must think of his father and of the excruciatingly humorous joke he was about to play on him.

The house of the Comte de Chenavard was situated in the rue Pierre Charron. It was a large, old-fashioned house, built around three sides of a court. The fourth side of the court bordered the street, and was guarded from it by a huge iron grille in which were two gates—the large gate for the use of carriages and automobiles, the smaller one for pedestrians. To this latter gate Monsieur Georges had the key in his pocket, and he felicitated himself on having preserved it so carefully during all those long six years.

Truly, he reflected, the whole affair was rendered for him ridiculously easy. He had but to insert the key, open the gate, traverse the court silently, climb up to one of the low balconies, pry open a window, and—well, there he was, with a perfect knowledge of the geography of the house and an excellent idea of where its treasures were hidden. He laughed aloud as he swung up the Champs-Élysées under the chestnut trees and the stars. . . .

As he had foreseen, his entry into his father's house was a simple affair, and in five brief minutes he found himself standing in the library, flashing his pocket light on the familiar walls and furniture. Everything was unchanged. Above the carved mantel there still hung Nattier's portrait of the first Comte de Chenavard, who had served Louis XIV so well that the great king had granted him lands and a title. And on the opposite wall Monsieur Georges saw smiling down upon him the exquisite face of his mother, whom he had never known. He reflected, with a touch of sorrow, that there would

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be no more Chenavards to add to the collection—no more, at least, of the direct line. Ah, well, it was unfortunate that his father should have, by a single brutal act, stamped out his posterity. Unfortunate and unforgivable.

But, much as he should have liked to, Monsieur Georges did not remain long in the library. He was seeking loot, and he knew that at the back of the house there was a small room containing a cabinet, and in the cabinet was loot. Loot, moreover, that could easily be slipped into the pocket.

He moved swiftly but quietly across the great hallway, and so well did he know his surroundings he had no need of his light. At the end of the hall he reached out, drew aside a heavy velvet portière, and stepped into the little room of treasures. The cabinet, he remembered, was on the left-hand wall, next to the window. Yes, there it was—locked, of course, but he laughed at the lock. What fools people were who owned valuable things and did not guard them! He made use, now, of his pocket light and of a shining steel instrument. He was busy for perhaps thirty seconds; and then the cabinet door swung open and he commenced filling his pockets with booty. He knew exactly what he wanted to take: the large, unset emerald on the second shelf; the ring with the single sapphire that the Roi Soleil had given to his famous ancestor; the jeweled snuffbox adorned with a fleur-de-lis done in turquoises; several Limoges enamels, the work of Pierre Reymond, and coveted by the Louvre. There was, too, a cup of sardonyx with a handle in the form of a dragon studded with diamonds, emeralds, and opals. This, however, was too bulky to fit in his pocket, so he determined to carry it away under his coat. That was his first mistake.

His work accomplished, he shut the door of the cabinet and prepared to depart. He carried his light in his left hand, and in the hollow of his right arm, pressed closely to his side, lay the sardonyx cup. As he fumbled for the portière the cup slipped from its position and fell with a crash to the floor. He stood aghast, cursing himself. He who prided himself on never bungling had, on this, his easiest job, made the mistake of an overgreedy beginner.

His second mistake lay in not instantly making a dash for the library window at which he had entered. Instead he stopped to listen, hoping against hope that the sound had not been detected, or that, if it had, it would be ascribed to some innocent cause and not be investigated. He was quickly disillusioned. Even as he listened, counting his heartbeats, the hall was flooded with electric light, manipulated, doubtless, by some upstairs switch, and almost simultaneously he heard footsteps on the staircase. Then, presently, the portière behind which he was hiding was thrown back, and he found himself face to face with his father.

For the first few moments Monsieur Georges had all the better of the encounter. The Comte de Chenavard had, for two years, believed his son dead, and one does not view a man returned from the dead with any great equanimity—especially if that man be one's own son. So, at first, the advantage lay with Monsieur Georges, and as soon as he perceived this he recovered some of his habitual cool bravado.

"Good evening, my father," he said. "I regret that I disturbed you at so late an hour. But you should not have sat up for me."

The old man could only tremble and murmur, "Georges!" And again, "Georges!" His face was as white as his white hair.

"Yes," said Monsieur Georges, with a gesture — "behold, the dead has risen."

His father covered his eyes with shaking hands, as if he mistrusted his sight — or perhaps to shut out that which he did not wish to see.

"Have no fear," urged Monsieur

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Georges, "I am flesh and blood. I am tangible enough to be handed over once more to the police. I am solid enough to be restrained by iron bars—granting, of course, that you succeed in getting me behind them."

The Comte de Chenavard lifted his head with an effort, and his hands dropped, limp, to his sides.

"It was a mistake, then," he whispered. "They were deceived?"

"Yes, it was a mistake. I deceived them."

"You didn't . . . ?"

"No, I didn't shoot myself. The police were wrong, as usual. You could have ascertained for yourself had you been willing to look at the corpse. But—bah! I knew well enough you wouldn't condescend to do that."

"No," repeated the old man, slowly—"no, I wouldn't do that. The police informed me that my son had shot himself."

"And then?"

"And then I answered them that I had no son."

Monsieur Georges laughed unpleasantly.

"That," said he, "was in keeping with your attitude. That was consistent of you, and, you see, I relied on your being consistent. I told the poor Rabbit that you would refuse to view me, dead or alive. . . . And—and Roxane? I suppose she shared your feelings?"

"No. Roxane wanted to—to go. I was compelled to restrain her."

"Ah?" said Monsieur Georges, and fell silent.

The old man hesitated awhile. It was clear that he had more to say—torturing things to say—but did not know how to say them.

"Georges—" he began, at length.

"I am known as Monsieur Georges," his son corrected him.

The comte stared, uncomprehending.

"As you will," he said, patiently. . . . "Monsieur Georges, then, it is essential that we—that I explain certain things to you. Before you go it is necessary—it is vital—that you understand the situation."

"Why should I be concerned about the situation? Why should I listen to you? There was a time, six years ago, I think, when you would not listen to me. I have not forgotten, nor shall I forget. Or is it that you propose to detain me in conversation while you call the police?"

Chenavard made a supplicating gesture.

"Please," he said—"I beg of you. It is not for my sake I ask, but for the sake of Roxane.'

"Ah! For the sake of Roxane? You appeal to me in her name—and why?"

The old man sighed.

"Because," he answered, gently—"because you once loved her."

Monsieur Georges stiffened immediately and he and his father stood erect, staring into each other's eyes. Monsieur Georges, however, was the first to look away. Perhaps there lay more in his eyes than he cared to reveal. There was a short silence.

At length Monsieur Georges said, very slowly: "We will consider that your statement is true. . . . What, then, do you wish to tell me?"

His father took him by the arm.

"Come," he said, "we will go to the library; we can talk better there."

"Very well," said Monsieur Georges, and went with him without further protest.

The Comte de Chenavard turned on the light of the reading lamp and they drew up chairs side by side beneath it.

"Well?" suggested Monsieur Georges, "I am listening."

"You hate me bitterly," began his father—"that, of course, I understand. And you will never forgive me. That, too, I understand. It is a strange time to say it, but it can certainly do no harm to tell you that I am sorry for what I did six years ago. I believe I did right, but I have never ceased regretting that I did right. I wish I had done wrong. I am explaining this

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now because—well, because I may never see you again."

"Quite so. I understand you perfectly. Moreover, you wouldn't have seen me to-night had I not dropped the sardonyx cup."

"Then," said the comte, simply, "I am very glad that you dropped the cup. . . . But I will continue. I have told you that it concerns Roxane, what I have to say. As you know, as you remember, she pleaded with me to spare you that night—that night when I summoned the police."

"Yes," whispered Monsieur Georges —"I remember."

"After you escaped she broke down completely. We carried her to her bed. She did not leave the bed for four months. Brain fever, the doctors said. . . . She loved you, Georges. That was the difficulty—that was what we had to contend with."

"I have no doubt that you contended with it successfully."

The old man shook his head gravely.

"We nearly lost her," he said. "It was a long while before we knew she would live. . . . And then, as soon as we could, I took her away. We traveled. I endeavored to divert her. I urged her to mix with people—to amuse herself."

"And, of course, to forget me?"

"Yes, to forget you."

"And she did?"

"Not until we learned of—of your death. Until then she had always hoped."

"My death, then—or, rather, my reported death, completed the cure."

"Yes," agreed Chenavard; "it completed it as far as it was possible to complete it. She ceased to hope when there was no longer any hope. The police, you see, had what seemed conclusive proof that it was you—your ring, your visiting cards, and—and especially the photograph of Roxane."

"Yes, yes," said Monsieur Georges, impatiently, "I understand. I did that deliberately. It was all planned, of course. . . . And," he added, after an interval, "I think I did wisely. It is better that she should believe me dead. Yes, it is far better. . . . It would be better if I *were* dead."

The Comte de Chenavard leaned over and laid his hand on his son's shoulder. The hand was trembling piteously.

"My son—" he began, but could not control his voice to continue. Monsieur Georges sat gazing in silence into the empty fireplace. And as he waited the lines of his face softened and a more kindly light came into his eyes. He reached up and laid his hand over his father's.

"Tell me," he said. "Do not be afraid. She—she is dead?"

"No," answered his father, "she is not dead. She is alive—with her husband and their child."

Monsieur Georges at first did not move, nor did he speak. Then, slowly, his head dropped into his hands. The curtains at the half-open window rustled a little in the draught, and the carved clock on the mantelpiece ticked the slow seconds away. Otherwise there was no sound in the room.

At last Monsieur Georges stood up abruptly. Whatever emotion he had suffered seemed to have gone from him, and he was as calm and debonair as before. Indeed, there was an indifferent smile at his lips—the smile of one who is witnessing a poor comedy.

"I seem to be very much in the way," he said—"a superfluous husband. Tell me, is she happy with—with her husband and her child?"

"My boy," answered the comte, "she is happy. It rests with you whether she remains so."

Monsieur Georges nodded. "We must not allow ourselves to become emotional," he said. "The plot is complicated, but it is my fault that it is. Therefore, it is for me to find the solution. I said awhile ago, you will remember, that it would be better if I were actually dead. I now modify that statement and say that it is *necessary* that I should be actually dead. . . . There

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is no more to the affair. . . . But Roxane must never know. That is imperative. For her, and for everyone else in the world, I have been dead two years. You and I—and only you and I, except perhaps the devil—will know that I died to-night. You can trust me, can you not? Here, I give you my hand on it."

The Comte de Chenavard stood up and held out his hand.

"My son," he said, gravely, "it would appear that the last of the Chenavards is the noblest."

Slowly, with the smile still at his lips, Monsieur Georges took from his pockets the large unset emerald, the ring with the single sapphire that the Roi Soleil had given to his famous ancestor, the jeweled snuffbox adorned with a fleur-de-lis done in turquoises, and the Limoges enamels by Pierre Reymond, coveted by the Louvre.

"Where I am going," said he, "I shall have no use for these," and he placed them side by side on the library table. Then he bade his father a cheerful good night and went out through the window by which he had entered.

When Monsieur Georges reached his rooms that night he found them deserted. The fact that Kiki was not there angered him unduly—angered him more on that night than it would have on any other occasion. He was in search of consolation—of a friendly word, of a soothing voice.

"She is with Jean Lebœuf," he said to himself, and cursed her in a red rage. Kiki had been all that he had and now he no longer had Kiki.

But presently his rage left him and he ceased to curse. Inspiration invariably calmed him, and it was inspiration that gripped him now.

"She is with Jean Lebœuf," he repeated, but this time he put no bitterness into the phrase. Rather there was a touch of a smile deepening the corners of his mouth. He stood for an instant, gazing blankly at the ceiling of his room, pondering, weighing possibilities; then he said, aloud, "It is a solution—and as good as another."

He moved abruptly over to the night table beside his bed and took his revolver from the drawer, but before placing the weapon in his pocket he first opened it and carefully removed all the cartridges.

"It is best to be on the safe side," he reflected. "I might forget myself . . . my unfortunate temper."

Then he went to the wine shop where he had seen Kiki last. He opened the door boldly. There was no one there but the proprietor, who volunteered the information that Kiki had departed an hour ago. No, he did not know where she had gone. Yes, she had gone out alone.

During the ensuing half hour Monsieur Georges visited six different bars, and in the sixth he came upon Kiki and Jean Lebœuf sitting close together, drinking brandy from the same glass. Kiki gave a little frightened scream, and Jean Lebœuf's hand moved quickly toward his pocket.

But Monsieur Georges said, pleasantly: "Good evening. May I join you?"

They stared at him uneasily and neither of them answered. So Monsieur Georges, heedless of their agitation, drew up a chair to the table and ordered one single brandy for himself and a double one for them.

"It is perhaps best," he explained, "that all three of us should not drink from the same glass. It delays the traffic. . . . Kiki, will you be kind enough to raise Lebœuf's glass for him? His drinking hand, I perceive, is engaged in fondling his revolver, which thus far he has decided to retain in his pocket. You will help him, won't you, Kiki, for I am sure that he is thirsty? Also, it is good that a man who is about to die should first be warmed and heartened for the event. Death, I assure you, is almost painless when one is full of brandy."

As he said this, Monsieur Georges

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raised his own glass to his lips and emptied it.

"Drink heartily, Lebœuf," he urged. "It will be your last."

Lebœuf regarded him sullenly. "Put both your hands on the table," he said, at length, "and I will drink. And it won't be my last."

"Certainly," said Monsieur Georges.

He stretched his arms straight out in front of him and laid his hands, palms upward, in the middle of the table.

"No weapons, you perceive, ladies and gentlemen," he observed, cheerfully. "Nevertheless, it will be your last drink, my friend."

At this Kiki spoke for the first time since Monsieur Georges had entered.

"Don't drink, Jean," she urged. "Can't you see that he means what he says? As soon as your hand leaves your revolver he will kill you. You have only to look at his eyes to know."

"Ah!" exclaimed Monsieur Georges—"behold the wonderful intuition of woman! Even Kiki, the rose of the mire, possesses it. Lebœuf, if you knew Kiki as well as I you would be proud to lose your precious life for her. She has all of the vices and none of the virtues—a most unusual woman. . . . Well, Lebœuf, are you afraid to drink?"

"No," answered Lebœuf, "I will drink to your eternal damnation."

"Melodrama," said Monsieur Georges, with a shrug. "Can you not keep in the vein of light comedy?"

Lebœuf's hand quit his revolver pocket and he leaned over and seized the glass. Monsieur Georges watched him closely. Kiki watched Monsieur Georges, and suddenly she cried, "Be careful, Jean!"

But she was a full second too late. Monsieur Georges had Lebœuf covered before he could drop his glass; and in the silence Monsieur Georges's finger pressed the trigger. There came a low, sharp click—then another. And another. And, coincident with a fourth, came the loud report of Lebœuf's revolver, and Monsieur Georges fell forward on his face across the table.

Lebœuf was shaking from both fear and relief; but gradually wonder elbowed these emotions aside, and he stooped down to pick Monsieur Georges's weapon from the floor. He opened it and examined it closely.

"Empty!" he exclaimed, amazed, and then he added, slowly: "The fool! . . . The careless fool!"

Monsieur Georges stirred a little on the table, and as he did so a thin stream of blood trickled from his side and mingled with the spilled brandy. With an effort he turned his head to face Lebœuf.

"You are the fool, Lebœuf," he whispered. "I have never killed a man—not even myself."

With that his body crumpled at the waist, and Kiki caught him in her arms as he fell to the floor.

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STUDIES FROM BURNE-JONES'S SKETCHBOOK

FROM A BURNE-JONES SKETCHBOOK

With Comment by GEORGE S. HELLMAN

WHEN Sir Philip Burne-Jones allowed an American admirer of his father's genius to acquire a sketchbook containing thirty-nine pages of pencil drawings by the great painter, he accompanied the volume with a letter stating that this sketchbook, now in the possession of the Art Institute of Chicago, belonged to the finest period of his father's work. The pages that are here reproduced are sufficient evidence of Sir Philip's accuracy, not alone because some of these drawings are studies for various of the most celebrated paintings of Burne-Jones, but because all of them reveal at its height the mastery of the most consummate draftsman among English artists of the nineteenth century.

The early career of Burne-Jones, who was born in 1833, was attended first by neglect and later by ridicule on the part of both public and critics. In the last weeks of his life Burne-Jones had the ironic satisfaction of seeing one of his works sold at public auction for the then huge sum of 5,450 guineas, a price, indeed, that would now be merely nominal for this masterpiece, "The Mirror of Venus."

Of the group of studies for this painting in the sketchbook, the three here chosen are of incalculable interest. The painting, it will be remembered, shows Venus, with nine of her attendants, grouped around a pool, in whose waters, partially covered by lily-pads, their forms and faces are reflected. Venus, the third from the left, stands upright, all the others being either in a kneeling or in a stooping attitude. Technically the most impressive of these female figures is she who, with hands crossed, kneels at the left of Venus. For here, in the second of our drawings, we see a treatment of drapery astounding in its solution of difficulties. Complexities in folds, in planes, and in texture of material are all solved with comprehension that drapery, be it never so effective in itself, must yet reveal significantly

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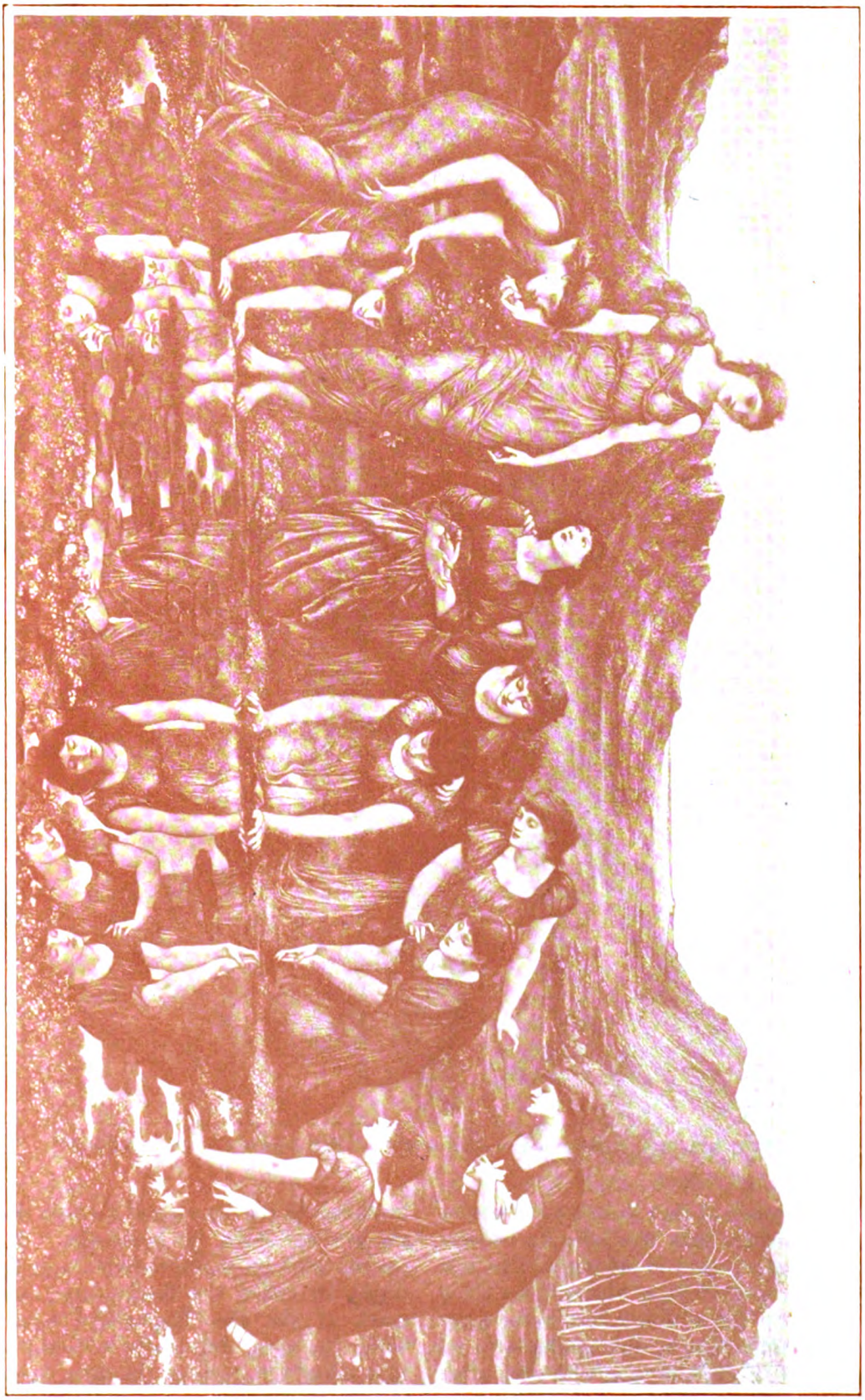
the human form beneath; and it is to be questioned whether any modern artist with the simple medium of pencil has ever in the study of drapery gone beyond this drawing by Burne-Jones. But even more superb success is attained in the fifth drawing, annotated in Sir Philip's autograph as "Studies for arms and feet of Venus." Here we come to a field of drawing that has proved too much for many a famous painter, no other parts of the human body being so difficult to delineate as the hands and feet.

One drawing (at right, page 769) in this series is the study for the head of the fourth figure from the right in the finished painting. Here we have one of those typical and fascinating Pre-Raphaelite faces so closely associated with the paintings of Rossetti and Burne-Jones; in this instance historically all the more interesting in that the model was the daughter of William Morris with whom Burne-Jones had entered Oxford and who had been his roommate in early years at London. To Morris, Burne-Jones owed his introduc-



STUDY FOR ONE OF THE FIGURES IN "THE MIRROR OF VENUS"

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"THE MIRROR OF VENUS," CONSIDERED TO BE BURNE-JONES'S MASTERPIECE

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STUDY FOR THE PILGRIM FROM THE SERIES "THE ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE"

tion to much of that literature of legend and romance that was later to become the painter's field of subjects. The two daughters of William Morris were often drawn by Burne-Jones, but never more successfully than in this study, with its effect of silver point, and with such utter loveliness in the drawing of the hair that we are reminded of Leonardo. The mouth, with its characteristic upper lip, might be called the fascinating trade-mark of the Pre-Raphaelite school; while the eyes, differently revealed on account of the angle of the pose, are as

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consummate in their drawing as the ear, a feature of the human head often thought ugly, but which, as all of the following drawings show, Burne-Jones never went out of his way to hide through the easy solution of locks of hair.

The sketch reproduced on this page is a delightful study of the nude, given with anatomical mastery and with appealing charm. There is solidity in all the richly shaded nude studies of this artist, to such an extent that often, as here, we get the sculptural suggestion of seeing around the body, and say to





AN UNANNOTATED STUDY OF THE NUDE —DETAIL FOR ARMS AND FEET OF VENUS

ourselves, "This could be the picture of a bronze or a marble." Sir Philip has left it unannotated, and so it may be wiser to refrain from the theory that this drawing is an unused study for "The Mirror of Venus," rejected by the painter when he decided that the pool itself should be the only mirror.

To the same period—1873–77—wherein Burne-Jones completed "The Mirror of Venus," belongs "The Romaunt of the Rose" series, and the drawing on page 772 shows the completed figure of the

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SKETCHES OF MEDUSA, AND OTHER HEADS FROM BURNE-JONES'S SKETCHBOOK

Pilgrim, who, under the name of L'Amant, was led by Love over arduous and pain-fraught passages of life. This drawing is preceded in the sketchbook by a nude study of the Pilgrim, and then by a study wherein the outlines of the body show under the long gown. In the third and final study, as here shown, the toilsome feet, the fragile, sorrowful hands, the shadowed face, are as vitally informed as the graceful drapery whose purposely vertical lines have an element of rigidity conforming, as it were, to the spiritual harassment of the way-worn Pilgrim.

Whether the sketch of two faces reproduced on this page (center) is related to the painting, "The Death of Medusa," left unfinished by Burne-Jones, I do not know. They would appear to be Medusa heads, the strangely opened mouths and widely opened eyes giving to these drawings the baffling expression of tragic masks. If we half close our own eyes and study these drawings, we can realize how potent was Burne-Jones in modeling faces by means of his genius for light and shade. This gift was his as truly as that power in outline achievement with just a modicum of shade, as shown in the succeeding profile drawing of a young girl, in whose appealing expression are the unanswered questions of thoughtful youth. It is a lovely drawing, indicating, as do so many drawings of Burne-Jones, his intellectual and esthetic affinity with the Florentine school, whose Fra Filippo, Verrocchio, Botticelli, and Leonardo were his spiritual and artistic forebears.

The other drawings — the head of a sleeping girl, another head with a scarf over the hair (page 769), and a woman's face seen in profile (page 769), with the same arrangement of the hair as shown in female figures in "Le Chant d'Amour" and "Love Disguised as Reason," complete the series of drawings selected from a sketchbook which, if nothing else of Burne-Jones remained extant, would yet establish his title to enduring fame.

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THE GIRL IN THE OMNIBUS

BY RICHARD PRYCE

TWICE in the crowded omnibus Rochester had given up his seat—once to be thanked overmuch and embarrassingly, once to be hardly thanked at all. Somebody got out, and he sank into the empty place with a sigh of relief. He had had a busy day, and for this wretched Boys' Club concert at Islington, at which, in an expansive moment and for his sins, as he now thought, he had consented to play, he had snatched a hasty meal and hurried uncomfortably into his evening clothes. He disliked hasty meals as much as he disliked dressing quickly. Moreover, circumstances, in the shape of a series of unforeseen delays which had caused him to come in late and to find his dinner waiting for him, had forced him to dress after instead of before eating; and that, as a reversal of the right and proper order of things, had its part in upsetting him. Then he could not get a taxi. Then, at the demands of an instinctive and very ready politeness, the bobbings up and down in the congested space of the omnibus. Ordinarily, he would have accepted cheerfully such trifling inconveniences. The manner, however, in which his two responses to the exigencies of the situation had been severally met, irritated him, and as he sat down for the third time he registered a mental vow that he would move no more till he reached the end of his journey. He had done his share. It was the turn of some one else.

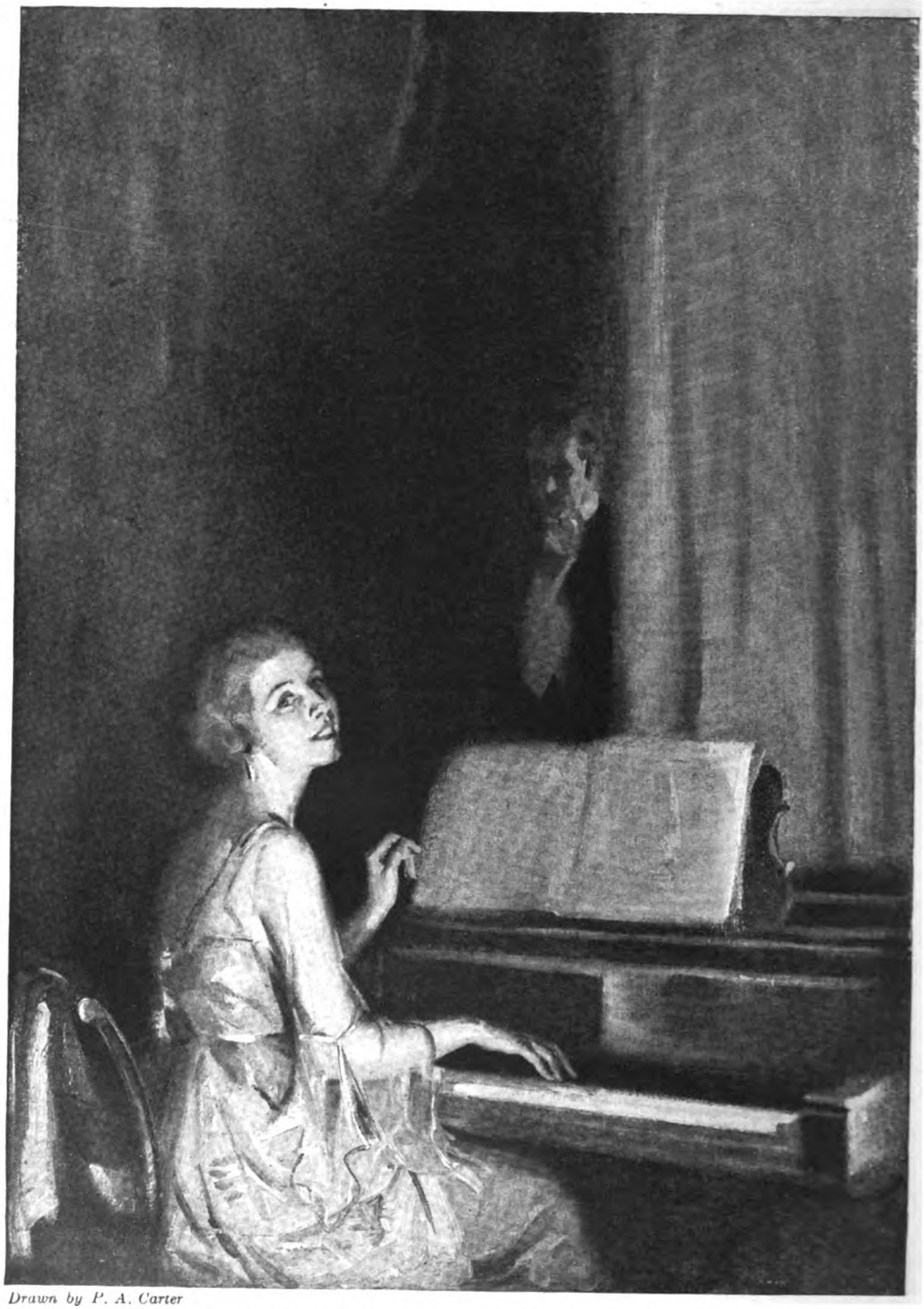
For some time it seemed as if no further demands were to be made upon him. Those who were standing were male like himself. At Bond Street the gushing lady who had thanked him overmuch alighted—pausing, in passing him, as, when he had seen her rise, he had an instinctive apprehension that she would, to smirk her thanks at him again.

"So kind of you. If you knew how guilty I felt! It was really too good of you."

"Not at all," he said. "Not at all," and restrained himself when she said: "Oh, but it *was!* In these days when one hardly even expects . . ." from telling her that she made altogether too much of what was, after all, a matter of course. A man does not sit when a woman is standing. Two other seated men had been nearer to her than he, and he had the uncomfortable feeling that she was using him for their admonishment. He caught the amused and unabashed eyes of one of them. Well, thank goodness, the woman was gone. Her place was taken by another with a little boy whom she jerked up on her lap.

At Piccadilly Circus the young lady who had accepted his seat as a sort of right alighted also. Several others got out. Several others got in. Such of them as were women and one of the standing men found places. The discomfort was relieved, or at least relaxed. But he was out of sorts. He belonged sufficiently, by reason of his thirty-five years, to the spacious, easy days before the war, to appreciate, as a younger generation did not, the drastically changed conditions of everything. Nothing was as it had been. The war which was to end war, and in which he had played his own little part at first with a very real zeal—though fighting for its own sake was the last thing that appealed

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Drawn by P. A. Carter

THE WORDS DID NOT MATTER—SHE VOICED THE JOY OF LIFE

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to him—later with perhaps a zeal somewhat chastened but none the less determined and hopeful—had ushered in anything but the prophesied millennium. He did not underrate his own good fortune. He had come through with no more than a scratch or two and a month in hospital, and demobilization, when it came, had not seen him, as it had seen so many others, the prey to anxiety for the hazards of a precarious future. He had what are known as private means. The lot had always fallen to him in pleasant places.

He recovered his good humor, but did not withdraw from his determination to put himself out no further. After all—and he *had* earned his seat!

Yet, in spite of himself, he could not help watching the coming and going of the passengers with something not unlike anxiety. He was doubtful, perhaps, of himself. Would he be able to resist the impulse to get to his feet if the situation which would put his staying power to the test should present itself? He was conscious of the defects of his virtues—not, to do him justice, that he would have called them virtues. He found himself, however, envying the indifference of the man whose eye he had caught and who frankly, even boastingly, had none.

Presently he began to be aware that this man, without actually looking at him, was watching him. There was nothing in the man's aspect or his demeanor that he could definitely take hold of. Only when a change of passengers took place, when the omnibus slowed down to pick up a fare, or at the alighting of some one there was a readjustment of positions, he saw, or fancied he saw, an amused flicker of eyelids in his direction. The man in some way knew. How did he know? What did he know? Knew that he, Rochester, was anxious! Knew that he, Rochester, meant not to relinquish his seat again, but—the sting lay here!—was doubtful of his ability (in circumstances only too likely to arise) to hold to his intention.

For a moment or two he was taken aback. The idea that he was transparent was intolerable. That he could be transparent was also a new idea to him. It made him feel a fool, and he was unaccustomed to feeling a fool. But a fool was precisely what the detestable person was thinking him—that was the point, wasn't it?—a fool for his pains. He felt—though he may have known that he did not show that he felt—like one upon whom a sudden searchlight has been turned, and who sees himself exposed.

Well, it was that, was it? They would see. Not for anyone now would he move—not for anyone or for anything. Nor would he shirk the issue by leaving the omnibus. For, to his shame, this, as the obvious way out of a situation the grotesqueness of which was exasperating, he had a spasmodic impulse to do. He would see the thing through, sitting tight.

But though he rejected the thought, he played with it. He saw empty taxis now which offered a tempting way of escape. Why not? He had only to get up and get out. Flight? Own himself beaten? Never. He pushed the thought from him.

At New Oxford Street three or four people got out. Not his enemy. No such luck. This person sat on, smiling vaguely—no, not smiling; chewing as it were, the cud of a smile; ruminating (one might have thought) on something which had amused him and which might amuse him again. Rochester, scorning to steal a glance at him, looked over at him squarely. He was not ill looking—so much Rochester conceded. He was reading the advertisements: "Agonizing Eczema!" "Get it at Herod's." "Mothers, nurse your babies. If you can't, get Nestling's." His eyes, raised to their level, were blue, clear, rather attractive. He was clean shaven, like Rochester himself, and had a good mouth. But the reminiscent smile, the

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ghost of a smile, lingered about the corners of the firm, humorous lips. Rochester, hating him, liked him and looked away.

Everyone was seated now. The danger was passing. There were more men than women in the omnibus. That made for safety. A lady on Rochester's right—he wss in the end seat but one on the right as the omnibus traveled—rose, pulled the cord, and got out. He moved into her place. Another got in, taking the seat which he had thus vacated. Things went on as before. At the corner of Southampton Row and Theobalds Road there was a fresh change. Three men getting out were replaced by three women. All was well. No one was standing, but there were only two men left in the facing rows—himself and his friend the enemy. The enemy's smile now spread to his eyes.

It wasn't fancy. There was a challenge. What are you going to do now? . . . the unspoken question of the averted, softly twinkling eyes. What will you do if . . . ? You'll have to do something, won't you? Two of us! No. Only one—you. You see, I just don't. I'm out of this. I feel no compunction. You do. You're bound. I'm free. So what *will* you do?

Insufferable! Insufferable, yes, but, nevertheless—to be suffered.

At least for the preservation of his self-respect Rochester knew that he did not turn a hair. If, under his outward serenity, he had not been so nettled he could have laughed. With part of his mind he was able to be amused; the rest of it chafed. What had come to him that he should be affected at all? What was this stranger to him? What he was to this stranger was another thing altogether, and that, like the thought of flight, he put from him with resolute impatience. He was angry, really angry. And it was ridiculous to be angry. Nothing like this had ever happened to him before.

The omnibus rumbled on. Quite a long time now since it had stopped to put down or to take up a passenger. Perhaps the test to which his resolution might be subjected, and for which the stranger was abominably hoping, would be spared him. The case need not necessarily arise. Why should it? The chances were fairly even. Some one must get out in a moment or two. There were sixteen persons making for various points. He glanced casually round. The little boy perched on his mother's lap was holding something, putting it into his mouth, taking it out, looking at it. Tickets. An indication! Pink. A threepenny ticket. Not these, then. The woman next to the boy's mother held a blue one, a twopenny fare, and she had got in at the last stop. Not she, then. His survey gave him but one other—white, a penny fare. He did not look at the enemy. Not to be expected that he would show a color to help him. But, goodness! Help! He wanted no help! As if he wanted. . . . That showed him. It was himself he was angry with—himself for being ridiculous. For ridiculous was exactly what he was. At that he retreated into himself, the self that he had suddenly become ashamed of. He sat still, inwardly raging.

Ting!

Some one had risen and pulled the cord—the woman whose white ticket he had seen. The omnibus slowed down. She waited, justifiably, perhaps, until it had quite stopped before she got out. Why this meticulous caution? Why couldn't she be quicker? Some one else would get in. Some one else did get in—a man, but a very old man who had to be assisted by the conductor's arm. That left things practically unchanged, for nobody could expect one of his years and decrepitude to get up; nobody would accept his seat if he did. The lot, if it should come to lots, lay, or would lie as before, between himself, Rochester, and the man whom he hated . . . and liked.

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Ting!

Heaven knew there was noise enough —the rumbling of the omnibus, the rattle of the traffic, all the noises of the crowded street—but the sound was sharp as a sudden pistol shot in a reigning silence. The conductor had pulled the cord. Nothing tentative or fumbling about his pull. It was businesslike, peremptory, a command. The driver, looking round through the glass, applied his brakes. It was now. The moment had come.

Rochester "sensed" rather than saw a lady get in. He did not look up. His eyes were on his hands, which were folded on his lap. She, the newcomer, glanced about her automatically, saw, as she had probably anticipated, that there was no seat, and moved quickly and unconcernedly up to the top of the omnibus. She passed the unabashed man, who was now reading a newspaper, and took up her position against the fare board at the end. Here she stood, the edge of her coat touching Rochester's knees.

He felt—he did not see—a questioning look turned on him from the middle of the seat opposite. He knew exactly when it was directed upon him, and when, after a considerable pause, it was withdrawn. The question by then had been answered. He had not moved. He was even not going to move. But he had a sudden flash-lit understanding of the very real difficulties with which the royal stepfather of Salome, in a like invidious position, had seen himself confronted. For his oath's sake—and the sake of those who sat at meat with him. . . .

The rest of the journey was purgatory.

"Fares, please. Any more fares?"

The newcomer tendered hers. The enemy (he could be as detached as this!) passed it down for her politely to the conductor, and then handed her ticket up to her, receiving her smile of thanks. That somehow added to Rochester's sense of shame. He closed his eyes.

Behind his closed lids his pupils throbbed. Never in his life had he felt so shamed. And he could do nothing. Too late now to move. Worse to move now than not to have moved in the first instance. He was abased to the dust.

She, upon her part, stood very still. Only sometimes, when she changed her position a little, did he feel the edge of her coat brush his stricken knees. But he did not for a single one of the moments, which were as long as minutes, lose consciousness of the uncomplaining, unquestioning touch of her coat. It was humiliating even that she should accept the situation without surprise. Æons passed. He must be getting near the end of his journey. He felt a hundred years older than when, in the dim and distant past, he had boarded the omnibus. He remembered the overgracious and the wholly ungracious ladies who, between them, had landed him in his present atrocious predicament, as persons whom he might have encountered in his childhood or in some previous existence. As factors in it, responsible, as in a sense they were for it, they seemed to have become negligible. He was naked, shelterless; his inaction shorn of all vestige of justification, palliation, or even excuse.

So in dust and ashes he sat.

A stir in the omnibus caused him to open his eyes. Some one was getting out! The unabashed, the inhuman. . . . He was free!

But was he?

Not, it seemed, till there had been one more turn of the screw; not till his mortification was final and complete. For he caught, as his enemy rose, a whimsical glance from the tail of an eye . . . with what in it—of approval (was it?) —respect? He had reached the lowest depth; friendship with the mammon of unrighteousness—nay, with the Abomination of Desolation spoken of by Daniel the Prophet sitting—just so, sitting—where it ought not!

Dust and ashes indeed . . . and the

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edge of the coat moving against his knee as its patient wearer took the vacated seat.

"'Ighbury Barn."

He rose to his feet. Others rose also.

"Is this Highbury Barn?"

The soft voice was addressing him.

He paused.

"I beg your pardon?"

The question was repeated.

He saw gray eyes in a pale face—the trusting, friendly eyes of a child. She was quite young, but older, somehow, than her eyes. She was slender, fragile, paler, surely, than one of her age should be.

"Yes," he said, "Highbury Barn."

His own voice sounded husky.

She thanked him and rose, too, when he had passed her.

He was in the street—drawing deep breaths of the not untainted Islington air. The crowd swallowed her up. He did not look behind him. He wanted to get away and to forget.

The concert had begun, he found, when he reached the hall. He made his way to the room reserved for the performers.

"Oh, here you are! Here's Mr. Rochester. Splendid! This is good of you." His parson friend, the secretary and organizer of the club, was welcoming him. "Two or three people who promised to help haven't turned up. No doubt they will, but if they don't I'm afraid we shall keep you busy. We'll turn you on next, if you don't mind."

He had not been in the hall more than a few minutes before he became conscious that things were not going well. His friend looked a little anxious as the turn in progress—a recitation, audible from the artists' room—was heard to finish to lukewarm applause. The reciter came in, looking rather crestfallen. He heard her murmur something about being able to do nothing with them. "They," he gathered, were in a difficult mood.

"Something a little brighter next time," the secretary said, cheerfully. "'Lest we forget' was perhaps a little bit serious for them. They like to laugh. But excellent. Excellent. (Has that lady come—Miss—let me see, what was the name? Miss Peters. That's it. Well, she'll be here presently, no doubt). Now, Mr. Rochester, if we might trouble you."

He hurried out. Rochester heard his turn announced.

Chopin. And "they"—he knew it—were out for ragtime. He went on to the platform and took his place at the piano. He had never felt less inspired. He glanced round the hall. Well, they were disposed to like him, so much he saw at once; ready, anyway, to give him a hearing. But would they like what he was there to give them? They quieted down to listen. Here and there he saw an expectant face. The rows of chairs were full. There was a background of standing youths, shelving, piled up, as it looked from the platform. He played a few chords and began.

To his surprise he found that he was at least in his own form. He had no exaggerated ideas of his powers. These things are relative. He was an amateur, but an artist. Despite the uncomfortable experience of his recent journey he was playing well. As he played, moreover, his jarred nerves steadied. He began to lose sense of his audience and gave himself up to the influences of the music. Sanctuary. The City of Refuge. You could get away, inclose yourself, build yourself in. The spell never failed to work when the conditions were favorable. The conditions were not really favorable to-night, but the spell seemed to be working. . . .

The spell was not working! Like one who comes to before his time from under an anæsthetic insufficiently administered, he came back to consciousness of his surroundings. Gradually he came back as from a distance. Suddenly—with a jerk, as it were—he was back. He had been holding himself.

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holding many, perhaps, in the crowded room, but he was not holding all. There was a vague restlessness, politely controlled but perceptible; a faint sound of the shuffling of feet, a fainter sound of detached whispering, punctuated now and then by a cough or the clearing of a throat; the occasional scraping of a chair. He knew the sounds and could interpret them. The feeling in the hall was yet not unfriendly. The vague restlessness was no more, he knew, than the expression of a desire for a different sort of fare from that which he was providing. It was also in some sort a legacy from what had gone before—the aftermath of chafings at the seriousness of a note struck earlier in the evening and felt to be persisting as the turns followed each other. "They" wanted amusement (it all resolved itself into that), and scented, and resented, what may have seemed a conspiracy on the part of the performers to improve an occasion. Rochester saw that his efforts would finish to the same lukewarm applause which had greeted the conclusion of those of the reciter who had preceded him on the platform.

Well, there were those whom he was holding. He had sense of a rapt face or two in the front rows. One boy in the third row was leaning forward in his chair, lost in the dream that had been Rochester's own dream to the moment when he had awakened abruptly from it. There was this young soul to which he could address his message, if he had one. There were others. You knew without seeing. He became conscious also of something intangible, but somehow active, which came to him from the side of the platform where the door was that led to the artists' room. A group of three persons stood there listening. Whatever it was (of understanding, of response?) that came to him, strengthening him, came from one of these. But there were always the others—those who formed the bulk of the audience. The acclamations of the answering few could not infuse heart into the polite but colorless applause of the unanswering many.

Rochester bowed, smiling, indifferently, and left the piano. As he did so he saw that one of the three who had stood by the door of the artists' room, toward which he was advancing and into which the other two were disappearing, was a girl. She had lingered for a moment to clap. She backed now through the door behind her, still expressing appreciation with her hands, and, as he saw them for one moment before the door received her, with gentle, grateful eyes. His fellow traveler in the omnibus.

In the artists' room, his friend the parson, list in hand, came forward to congratulate him: "Splendid, my dear fellow, splendid!" and turned back to the immediate business of the moment.

"Yes, I think I know," he heard the girl of the omnibus say.

She slipped off her coat and followed the parson-secretary to the platform.

Rochester, taking out his cigarette case and subsiding into a chair, heard her turn announced.

Silence. Then—the miracle. From the moment when the chords broke into syncopated melody, cheap, if you like, but haunting, lilting, rhythmic, with an odd stumble at each third bar, as if the dancing fingers, like dancing feet, had tripped and recovered themselves, the heavy air of the hall cleared and the success of an evening which had promised failure was assured. Rochester, leaning forward in his chair, could feel what was happening and what had happened. The singer's voice now caught up the running melody, like a circus rider, afoot in the ring, who, overtaking the cantering horse at a point, swings himself lightly up into the saddle, and, adjusting his rhythm automatically to that of his mount, makes the two rhythms one. Or, another simile suggesting itself, Rochester saw the turning of a skipping rope, and the singer, like a skipping

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girl, watch for and take her chance to slip in.

He left his chair and went to the side of the platform where the group had stood when he played.

The change was wonderful—every face was alert, smiling, lighted. Feet were tapping to the insidious lilt of the jigging, gliding, abruptly jerking, and then again as smoothly gliding, tune; shoulders swaying to odd infectious cadence of tune and time.

Can't you hear dem? Say, dat's Sambo!
Can't you feel dem? Keep dat foot still!
Darkies movin' in de shadows,
Comin' out to rag deir shadows,
Dancin' out to rag de moon.

The words did not matter. Nonsense! The words did matter. She made them matter. She made herself one with them, she made herself one with them and the melody as the circus rider, loosing the girth, throwing the saddle into the ring, leaping from his knees to his feet, makes himself, by perfect balance, one with his horse. The words did not matter, or mattered; she voiced the joy of life.

She sang another song, and another. She could do what she would with her audience. "They"—the implacable "They"—could not have enough of her. Her turn ended to a hurricane of applause.

She had worked the miracle indeed, for it was not her own performance only that was acclaimed; thenceforward each of the other performers came into his own. Contented now, its demand for amusement satisfied, the audience was ready for other fare. Rochester on his second appearance at the piano was greeted like an old friend. If for Chopin and Schumann he had chosen to give Beethoven or Bach, or even the ordered discords of the ultramoderns, his listeners would not have been less content. They were happy now. Only when the girl of the omnibus appeared they were insatiable; asked, and were given, encore after encore.

The last turn had come.

"I don't like to ask you," the secretary said, "but it's you they want."

"Of course I will," Rochester heard her say.

She must be dead tired. She had borne the burden of the evening on her slender shoulders. And she had been tired when she arrived. And he had allowed her to stand in the omnibus.

He slipped from the hall and hurried out into the road. By unexpected good luck he managed to secure a taxi.

He could make amends. At least, he could make amends. The gods owed him something. They were going to let him make amends.

"I've got a taxi," he said to her, rather breathlessly. "Will you let me drop you wherever you want to go?'

She shook her head, smiling her thanks.

"It's very kind of you," she said, "but I have no distance to go."

He misunderstood her.

"There will be others going the same way. I'll drop them, too . . ." he floundered a little—"the 'cellist—the lady who recited."

"Oh," she said, "I didn't mean that."

"The taxi is here," he pleaded. "They're almost impossible to get. At least you'll let me put it at your disposal."

Surely, surely she would allow this. He felt desperate. Was he to be cheated of even the tiny chance of making reparation which the grudging gods had seemed disposed to grant him? She looked dreadfully tired. The paleness of her face, now that the flush of excitement had left it, cut him to the quick.

"I'm only going on a few yards," she said.

Perhaps he looked surprised. She answered his unspoken question.

"No. I don't live here—Bloomsbury. It's very good of you. But you see I haven't done yet.

"Not done yet?"

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"I worked this in with the Islington Foresters. I'm due there at ten. It's in this street. A smoking concert. That's a professional engagement."

It was the last straw. He had felt crushed before. Now he was shattered. If she would have walked upon him he would have lain down gratefully.

"And I let you stand," he said, "in the omnibus."

A look of enlightenment came into her face.

"*That's* what it is!" she seemed to say. Aloud she said. "But of course I stood. I thought nothing of standing. The omnibus was full when I got in."

His desperation turned to something else.

"All the same," he said, "I can't let you go without explaining. I can't. The taxi will be waiting when you come out. If you don't mind—please—I shall be in it. Will you grant me this kindness?"

She looked at him long and—though she smiled—she looked at him very earnestly.

"An hour and a half. The taxi will tick its head off."

"It will be ticking off the minutes till you come."

Two people saw each other. The moment was big with potential issues. He had seen her from the first. She now saw him. He had a sudden conviction that all the rest of his life he was to be grateful to three strangers—the woman who had thanked him overmuch; the woman who had not thanked him at all; his friend the enemy. These were not persons—pawns in the unending game; blind agents in the inscrutable hands of Nature working out her age-long schemes.

"You will," he said, "hear me?"

She nodded and laughed—the happy laugh of a child. She looked tired no longer.

PURCHASE

(Certain letters written by Lorenzo de' Medici are sold at auction)

BY HORTENSE FLEXNER

THEY shall come in and chat, their purses hid,
The men who hold rare things and gently smile,
They shall disturb frail, musty sheets and bid
A fortune for this letter or gray file
Of parchment, nobly written by the hand
That loved to gleam in gems and curious rings,
Point out a man for death—give castles, land,
Or rest on ermined shoulders of tall kings
And through the room, as from an unsealed urn,
Shadows will drift, faint shapes of Florence—dead.
Born of these records men shall lift and turn,
Knowing as he, who gave the artists bread
For white madonnas, saints, God's cloudy throne,
A man may buy what he can never own!

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THE MIND IN THE MAKING

BY JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON

Formerly Professor of History, Columbia University

PART III

THE human intelligence as we now know it is the result of a long historical accumulation. Each epoch of human experience has contributed its part to the making of the modern mind. Our intellectual life has at its base our animal body and our animal ancestry. The hundreds of thousands of years when man, as a savage, was making his first forward steps in civilization have left ineffaceable preconceptions and habits of thought. From the Greeks and Romans, from the Middle Ages, we have received many of our ideas and trends of thought. It is only as we understand something of their origin and history that we can judge fairly the soundness of our current beliefs and can hope to promote the same kind of clear and profitable thinking about man and his present troubles that has worked such astonishing progress in the natural sciences and in the realm of material things.

In the previous articles of this series we have discussed the animal impulses, the primitive and childish modes of thinking with which we must always reckon. In the formation of what we may call our historical mind—namely, that modification of our animal and primitive outlook which has been produced by men of exceptional intellectual venturesomeness—the Greeks played a great part. We have seen how the Greek thinkers introduced for the first time highly subtle and critical ways of scrutinizing old beliefs, and how they disabused their minds of many an ancient and naïve mistake. But our current ways of thinking are not derived directly from the Greeks; we are separated from them by the Roman Empire and the Middle Ages. When we think of Athens we think of the Parthenon and its frieze, of Sophocles and Euripides, of Socrates and Plato and Aristotle, of urbanity and clarity and moderation in all things. When we think of the Middle Ages we find ourselves in a world of monks, martyrs, and miracles, of popes and emperors, of knights and ladies; we remember Gregory the Great, Abélard, and Thomas Aquinas—and very little do these reminiscences have in common with those of Hellas.

It was indeed a different world with quite different fundamental presuppositions. Marvelous as were the achievements of the Greeks in art and literature, and ingenious as they were in new and varied combinations of ideas, they paid too little attention to the common things of the world to devise the necessary means of penetrating its mysteries. They failed to come upon the lynx-eyed lens, or other instruments of modern investigation, and thus never gained a godlike vision of the remote and minute, from the great nebula of Andromeda to the tiny atom of hydrogen. Their critical thought was consequently not grounded in experimental or applied science, and without that the western world was unable to advance or even long maintain their high standards of criticism.

After the Hellenes were absorbed into the vast Roman Empire critical thought and creative intelligence—rare and precarious things at best—began to decline,

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at first slowly and then with fatal rapidity and completeness. Moreover, new and highly uncritical beliefs and modes of thought became popular. They came from the Near East — Mesopotamia, Syria, Egypt, and Asia Minor—and largely supplanted the critical traditions of the great schools of Greek philosophy. The Stoic and Epicurean dogmas had lost their freshness. The Greek thinkers had all agreed in looking for salvation through intelligence and knowledge. But eloquent leaders arose to reveal a new salvation, and over the portal of truth they erased the word "Reason" and wrote "Faith"; and the people listened gladly to the new prophets, for it was necessary only to believe to be saved, and believing is far easier than thinking.

It was religious and mystical thought which, in contrast to the secular philosophy of the Greeks and the scientific thought of our own day, dominated the intellectual life of the Middle Ages.

Before considering this new phase through which the human mind was to pass it is necessary to guard against a common misapprehension in the use of the term "Middle Ages." Our historical text-books usually include in that period the happenings between the dissolution of the Roman Empire and the voyages of Columbus or the opening of the Protestant revolt. To the student of intellectual history this is unfortunate, for the simple reason that almost all the ideas and even institutions of the Middle Ages, such as the church and monasticism and organized religious intolerance, really originated in the late Roman Empire. Moreover, the intellectual revolution which has ushered in the thought of our day did not get well under way until the seventeenth century. So one may say that mediæval thought began long before the Middle Ages and persisted a century or so after they are ordinarily esteemed to have come to an end. We have to continue to employ the old expression for convenience' sake, but from the standpoint of the history of the European mind three periods should be distinguished, lying between ancient Greek thought as it was flourishing in Athens, Alexandria, Rhodes, Rome, and elsewhere at the opening of the Christian era, and the birth of modern science some sixteen hundred years later.

The first of these is the period of the Christian Fathers, culminating in the authoritative writings of Augustine, who died in 430. By this time a great part of the critical Greek books had disappeared in western Europe. As for pagan writers, one has difficulty in thinking of a single name (except that of Lucian) later than Juvenal, who had died nearly three hundred years before Augustine. Worldly knowledge was reduced to pitiful compendiums on which the mediæval students were to place great reliance. Scientific, literary, and historical information was scarcely to be had. The western world, so far as it thought at all, devoted its attention to religion and all manner of mystical ideas, old and new. As Harnack has so well said, the world was already intellectually bankrupt before the German invasions, and their accompanying disorders plunged it only into still deeper ignorance and mental obscurity.

The second, or "Dark Age," lasted with slight improvement from Augustine to Abélard, about seven hundred years. The prosperous villas disappeared; towns vanished or shriveled up; libraries were burned or rotted away from neglect; schools were closed, to be reopened later here and there, after Charlemagne's educational edict, in an especially enterprising monastery or by some exceptional bishop who did not spend his whole time in fighting.

From about the year 1100 conditions began to be more and more favorable to the revival of intellectual ambition, a recovery of forgotten knowledge, and a gradual accumulation of new information and inventions unknown to the Greeks, or indeed to any previous civilization. The main presuppositions of this third period of the later Middle

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Ages go back to the Roman Empire. They had been formulated by the great Church Fathers, transmitted through the Dark Age, and were now elaborated by the professors in the newly established universities under the influence of Aristotle's recovered works, and built up into a majestic intellectual structure known as Scholasticism. On these mediæval university professors — the schoolmen—Lord Bacon long ago pronounced a judgment that may well stand to-day. They, "having sharp and strong wits, and abundance of leisure, and small variety of reading, but their wits being shut up in the cells of a few authors (chiefly Aristotle their dictator), as their persons were shut up in the cells of monasteries and colleges, and knowing little history, either of nature or time, did out of no great quantity of matter and infinite agitation of wit spin out to us those laborious webs of learning which are extant in their books."

Our civilization and the human mind, critical and uncritical, as we now find them in our western world, are a direct and uninterrupted outgrowth of the civilization and thought of the later Middle Ages. Very gradually only did peculiarly free and audacious individual thinkers escape from this or that mediæval belief, until in our own day some few have come to reject practically all the presuppositions on which the Scholastic system was reared. But the great mass of Christian believers, whether Catholic or Protestant, still professedly or unconsciously adhere to the assumptions of the Middle Ages, at least in all matters in which religious or moral sanctions are concerned. It is true that outside the Catholic clergy the term "mediæval" is often used in a sense of disparagement, but that should not blind us to the fact that mediæval presumptions, whether for better or worse, are still common. Only a few of the most fundamental of these presuppositions which are especially germane to our theme can be pointed out here.

The Greeks and Romans had various theories of the origin of things, all vague and admittedly conjectural. But the Christians, relying upon the inspired account in the Bible, built their theories on information which they believed vouchsafed to them by God himself. Their whole conception of human history was based upon a far more fundamental and thorough supernaturalism than we find among the Greeks and Romans. The pagan philosophers reckoned with the gods, to be sure, but they never assumed that their earthly life should turn entirely on what was to happen after death. This was in theory the sole preoccupation of the mediæval Christian. Life here below was but a brief, if decisive, preliminary to the real life to come. The mediæval Christian was essentially more polytheistic than his pagan predecessors, for he pictured hierarchies of good and evil spirits who were ever aiding him to reach heaven, or seducing him into the paths of sin and error. Miracles were of common occurrence and might be attributed either to God or the devil; the direct intervention of good and evil spirits played a conspicuous part in the explanation of daily acts and motives. As a distinguished church historian has said, the God of the Middle Ages was a god of arbitrariness—the more arbitrary the more godlike. By frequent interferences with the regular course of events he made his existence clear, reassured his children of his continued solicitude, and frustrated the plots of the Evil One. Not until the eighteenth century did any considerable number of thinkers revolt against this conception of the Deity and come to worship a God of orderliness who abode by his own laws.

The mediæval thinkers all accepted without question what Santayana has strikingly described as the "Christian Epic." This included the general historical conceptions of how man came about, and how in view of his origin and past he should conduct his life. Man had originally been created in a

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state of perfection along with all other things, sun, moon, and stars, plants and animals; and the universe had come into being in less than a week. After a time the first pair had yielded to temptation, transgressed God's commands, and been driven from the lovely garden in which he had placed them. So sin came into the world, and the offspring of the guilty pair were contaminated and defiled from the womb. In time the wickedness became such on the newly created earth that God resolved to blot out mankind, excepting only Noah's family. This was spared, and repeopled the earth after the flood, but that unity of language man had formerly possessed was lost. At the appointed time, preceded by many prophetic visions among the chosen people, God sent his son to live the life of men on earth, and become their Saviour by submitting to death. Thereafter, with the spread of the gospel, the struggle between the kingdom of God and that of the devil became the supreme conflict of history. It was to culminate in the Last Judgment, when the final separation of good and evil should take place and the blessed should ascend into the heavens to dwell with God forever, while the wicked sank to hell to writhe in endless torment.

This general account of man, his origin and fate, embraced in the Christian Epic, was notable for its precision, its divine authenticity, and the obstacles which its authority consequently presented to any readjustment in the light of increasing knowledge. The fundamental truths in regard to man were thus assumed to be established once and for all. The Greek thinkers had little in the way of authority on which to build, and no inconsiderable number of them frankly confessed that they did not believe that such a thing could exist for the thoroughly sophisticated intelligence. But mediæval philosophy and science were grounded wholly in authority. The mediæval schoolmen turned aside from the hard path of scepticism, long searchings and investigation of actual phenomena, and confidently believed that they could find truth by the easy way of revelation, and the elaboration of unquestioned dogmas.

This reliance on authority is a fundamental primitive trait. We have inherited it not only from our mediæval forefathers, but, like them, from long generations of prehistoric men. We all have a natural tendency to rely upon established beliefs and fixed institutions. This is an expression of our spontaneous confidence in everything that comes to us in an unquestioned form. As children, we are subject to authority and cannot escape the control of existing opinion. We unconsciously absorb our ideas and views from the group in which we happen to live. What we see about us, what we are told, and what we read has to be received at its face value so long as there are no conflicts to arouse skepticism. We are tremendously suggestible. Our mechanism is much better adapted to credulity than to questioning. All of us believe nearly all the time. Few doubt, and only now and then. The past exercises an almost irresistible fascination over us. As children, we learn to look up to the old, and when we grow up we do not permit our poignant realization of elderly incapacity among our contemporaries to rouse suspicions of Moses, Isaiah, Confucius, or Aristotle. Their sayings come to us unquestioned; their remoteness makes inquiry into their competence impossible. We readily assume that they had sources of information and wisdom superior to the prophets of our own day.

During the Middle Ages reverence for authority, and for that particular form of authority which we may call the tyranny of the past, was dominant, but probably not more so than it had been in other societies and ages—in ancient Egypt, in China and India. Of the great sources of mediæval authority, the Bible and the Church Fathers, the Roman and Church law, and the encyclopædic writings of Aris-

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totle, none continues to hold us in its old grip. Even the Bible, although nominally unquestioned among Roman Catholics and all the more orthodox Protestant sects, is rarely appealed to, as of old, in parliamentary debate or in discussions of social and economic questions. It is still a religious authority, but it no longer forms the basis of secular decisions.

The findings of modern science have shaken the hold of the sources of mediæval authority, but they have done little as yet to loosen our inveterate habit of relying on the more insidious authority of current practice and belief. We still assume that received dogmas represent the secure conclusions of mankind, and that current institutions represent the approved results of much experiment in the past which it would be worse than futile to repeat. One solemn remembrancer will cite as a warning the discreditable experience of the Greek cities in democracy; another, how the decline of "morality" and the disintegration of the family heralded the fall of Rome; another, the constant menace of mob rule as exemplified in the Reign of Terror. But to the student of history these alleged illustrations have little bearing on present conditions. He is struck, moreover, with the ease with which ancient misapprehensions are transmitted from generation to generation and the difficulty of launching a newer and clearer and truer idea of anything. Bacon warns us that the multitude, "or the wisest for the multitude's sake," is in reality "ready to give passage rather to that which is popular and superficial than to that which is substantial and profound; for the truth is that time seemeth to be of the nature of a river or stream, which carrieth down to us that which is light and blown up, and sinketh and drowneth that which is weighty and solid."

It is very painful to most minds to admit that the past does not furnish us with reliable, permanent standards of conduct and of public policy. We resent the imputation that things are not going, on the whole, pretty well, and find excuses for turning our backs on disconcerting and puzzling facts. We are full of sanctified fears and a general timidity in the face of conditions which we vaguely feel are escaping control in spite of our best efforts to prevent any thoroughgoing readjustment. We instinctively try to show that Mr. Keynes must surely be wrong about the Treaty of Versailles; that Mr. Gibbs must be perversely exaggerating the horrors of modern war; that Mr. Hobson certainly views the industrial crisis with unjustifiable pessimism; that "business as usual" cannot be that socially perverse and incredibly inexpedient thing Mr. Veblen shows it to be; that Mr. Robins's picture of Lenin can only be explained by a disguised sympathy for Bolshevism.

Yet, even if we could assume that traditional opinion is a fairly clear and reliable reflection of hard-earned experience, surely it should have less weight in our day and generation than in the past. For changes have overtaken mankind which have fundamentally altered the conditions in which we live, and which are revolutionizing the relations between individuals, and classes, and nations. Moreover, knowledge has widened and deepened, so that could any of us really catch up with the information of our own time he would have little temptation to indulge the mediæval habit of appealing to the authority of the past.

The Christian Epic did not have to rely for its perpetuation either on its intellectual plausibility or its traditional authority. During the Middle Ages there developed a vast and powerful religious state, the mediæval Church, the real successor, as Hobbes pointed out, to the Roman Empire; and the Church with all its resources, including its control over "the secular arm" of kings and princes, was ready to defend the Christian beliefs against question

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and revision. To doubt the teachings of the Church was the supreme crime; it was treason against God himself, in comparison with which—to judge from mediæval experts on heresy—murder was a minor offense.

We do not, however, inherit our present disposition to intolerance solely from the Middle Ages. As animals and children and savages, we are naïvely and unquestioningly intolerant. All divergence from the customary is suspicious and repugnant. It seems perverse, and readily suggests evil intentions. Indeed so natural and spontaneous is intolerance that the defense of freedom of speech and writing scarcely became a real issue before the seventeenth century. We have seen that some of the Greek thinkers were banished, or even executed, for their new ideas. The Roman officials, as well as the populace, pestered the early Christians, not so much for the substance of their views as because they were puritanical, refused the routine reverence to the gods, and prophesied the downfall of the state. But, with the firm establishment of Christianity, edicts began to be issued by the Roman emperors making orthodox Christian belief the test of good citizenship. One who disagreed with the emperor and his religious advisers in regard to the relation of the three members of the Trinity was subject to prosecution. Heretical books were burned, the houses of heretics destroyed. So organized mediæval religious intolerance was, like so many other things, a heritage of the later Roman Empire, and was duly sanctioned in both the Theodosian and Justinian Codes. It was, however, with the Inquisition, beginning in the thirteenth century, that the intolerance of the Middle Ages reached its most perfect organization.

Heresy was looked upon as a contagious disease that must be checked at all costs. It did not matter that the heretic usually led a conspicuously blameless life, that he was arduous, did not swear, was emaciated with fasting and refused to participate in the vain recreations of his fellows. He was, indeed, overserious and took his religion too hard. This offensive parading as an angel of light was explained as the devil's camouflage. No one really tried to find out what the heretic thought or what were the merits of his divergent beliefs. Because he insisted on expressing his conception of God in slightly unfamiliar terms, the heretic was often branded as an atheist, just as to-day the Socialist is so often accused of being opposed to all government, when the real objection to him is that he believes in too much government. It was sufficient to classify a suspected heretic as an Albigensian, or Waldensian, or a member of some other heretical sect. There was no use in his trying to explain or justify; it was enough that he diverged.

There have been various explanations of mediæval religious intolerance. Lecky, for example, thought that it was due to the theory of exclusive salvation; that, since there was only one way of getting to heaven, all should obviously be compelled to adopt it, for the saving of their souls from eternal torment. But one finds little solicitude for the damned in mediæval writings. The inquisitor as well as the public at large thought hell none too bad for one who revolted against God and Holy Church. No, the heretics were persecuted because heresy was, according to the notions of the time, a monstrous and unutterably wicked thing, and because their beliefs threatened the vested interests of that day.

We now realize more clearly than did Lecky that the church was really a state in the Middle Ages, with its own laws and courts and prisons and regular taxation to which all were subject. It had all the interests and all the touchiness of a state, and more, too. The heretic was a traitor and a rebel. He thought that he could get along without the pope and bishops, and that he could well spare the ministrations of the orthodox priests and escape their exactions.

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He was the "anarchist," the "Red" of his time, who was undermining established authority, and, with the approval of all right-minded citizens, he was treated accordingly. For the mediæval citizen no more conceived of a state in which the church was not the dominating authority than we can conceive of a society in which the present political state may have been superseded by some more vital form of organization.

Yet the inconceivable has come to pass. Secular authority has superseded in nearly all matters the old ecclesiastical regime. What was the supreme issue of the Middle Ages, the distinction between the heretic and the orthodox, is the least of public questions now. What, then, we may ask, has been the outcome of the old religious persecutions, of the trials, tortures, imprisonings, burnings, and massacres culminating with the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes? What did the Inquisition and the censorship, both so long unquestioned, accomplish? Did they succeed in defending the truth or "safeguarding" society? At any rate, conformity was not established. Nor did the Holy Roman Church maintain its monopoly, although it has survived, purified and freed from many an ancient abuse. In most countries of western Europe and in our own land one may now believe as he wishes, teach such religious views as appeal to him, and join with others who share his sympathies. "Atheism" is still a shocking charge in many ears, but the atheist is no longer an outlaw. It has been demonstrated, in short, that religious dogma can be neglected in matters of public concern and reduced to a question of private taste and preference. This is an incredible revolution. But we have many reasons for suspecting that in a much shorter time than that which has elapsed since the Inquisition was founded the present attempt to eliminate by force those who contemplate a fundamental reordering of social and economic relations will seem quite as inexpedient and hopeless as the Inquisition's effort to defend the monopoly of the mediæval Church.

We can learn much from the past in regard to wrong ways of dealing with new ideas. As yet we have only old-fashioned and highly expensive modes of meeting the inevitable changes which are to take place. Repression has now and then enjoyed some temporary success, it is true, but in the main it has failed lamentably and produced only suffering and confusion. Much will depend on whether our purpose is to keep things as they are or to bring about readjustments designed to correct abuses and injustice in the present order. Do we believe, in other words, that truth is established and that we have only to defend it, or that it is still in the making? Do we believe in what is commonly called progress, or do we think of that as belonging only to the past? Have we, on the whole, arrived, or are we only on the way, or mayhap just starting?

In the Middle Ages, even in the times of the Greeks and Romans, there was little or no conception of progress as the word is now used. There could doubtless be improvement in detail. Men could be wiser and better or more ignorant and perverse. But the assumption was that in general the social, economic, and religious order was fairly standardized. This was especially true in the Middle Ages. During these centuries men's single objective was the assurance of heaven and escape from hell. Life was an angry river into which men were cast. Demons were on every hand to drag them down. The only aim could be with God's help to reach the celestial shore. There was no time to consider whether the river might be made less dangerous by concerted effort, through the deflection of its torrents and the removal of its sharpest rocks. No one thought that human effort should be directed to making the lot of humanity progressively better by intelligent readjustments in the light of ever-increasing knowledge and insight

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The world was a place to escape from on the best terms possible. In our own day this mediæval idea of a static society yields only grudgingly, and the notion of inevitable vital change is as yet far from assimilated. We confess it with our lips, but resist it in our hearts. We have learned as yet to respect only one class of fundamental innovators, those dedicated to natural science and its applications. The social innovator is still generally suspect.

To the mediæval theologian, man was by nature vile. We have seen that, according to the Christian Epic, he was assoiled from birth with the primeval sin of his first parents and began to darken his score with fresh offenses of his own as soon as he became intelligent enough to do so. An elaborate mechanism was supplied by the Church for washing away the original pollution and securing forgiveness for later sins. Indeed, this was ostensibly its main business.

We still have to ask, Is man by nature bad? And accordingly as we answer the question we either frame appropriate means for frustrating his evil tendencies or, if we see some promise in him, work for his freedom and bid him take advantage of it to make himself and others happy. So far as I know, Charron, a friend of Montaigne, was one of the first to say a good word for man's animal nature, and a hundred years later the amiable Shaftesbury pointed out some honestly gentlemanly traits in the species. As a gregarious animal man has always made terms with his fellows, and indeed would never have pulled through had he not done so. To the modern student of biology and anthropology he is neither good nor bad. There is no longer any "mystery of evil." But the mediæval notion of sin—a term heavy with mysticism and deserving of careful scrutiny by every thoughtful person—still confuses us.

Of man's impulses, the one which played the greatest part in mediæval thoughts of sin and in the monastic ordering of life was the sexual. The presuppositions of the Middle Ages in the matter of the relations of men and women have been carried over to our own day. As compared with many of the ideas which we have inherited from the past, they are of comparatively recent origin. The Greeks and Romans were, on the whole, primitive and uncritical in their view of sex. The philosophers do not seem to have speculated on sex, although there was evidently some talk in Athens of women's rights. The movement is satirized by Aristophanes, and later Plato showed a willingness in *The Republic* to impeach the current notions of the family and women's position in general. But there are few traces of our ideas of sexual "purity" in the classical writers. To the Stoic philosopher, and to other thoughtful elderly people, sexual indulgence was deemed a low order of pleasure and one best carefully controlled in the interests of peace of mind. But with the incoming of Christianity an essentially new attitude developed, which is still, consciously or unconsciously, that of most people today.

St. Augustine, who had led a free life as a teacher of rhetoric in Carthage and Rome, came in his later years to believe, as he struggled to overcome his youthful temptations, that sexual desire was the most devilish of man's enemies and the chief sign of his degradation. He could imagine no such unruly urgence in man's perfect estate, when Adam and Eve still dwelt in Paradise. But with man's fall sexual desire appeared as the sign and seal of human debasement. This theory is poignantly set forth in Augustine's *City of God*. He furnished a philosophy for the monks, and doubtless his fourteenth book was well thumbed by those who were wont to ponder on one of the sins they had fled the world to escape.

Christian monasticism was spreading in Western Europe in Augustine's time, and the monkish vows included "chas-

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tity." There followed a long struggle to force the whole priesthood to adopt a celebate life, and this finally succeeded so far as repeated decrees of the Church could effect it. Marriage was proper for the laity, but both the monastic and secular clergy aspired to a superior holiness which should banish all thoughts of fervent earthly love. Thus a highly unnatural life was forced on men and women of the most varied temperaments, and often with slight success.

The result of Augustine's theories and of the efforts to frustrate one of man's most vehement impulses was to give sex a conscious importance it had never possessed before. The devil was thrust out of the door only to come in at all the windows. In due time the Protestant sects abolished monasteries, and the Catholic countries later followed their example. The Protestant clergy were permitted to marry, and the old asceticism has visibly declined. But it has done much to determine our whole attitude toward sex, and there is no class of questions still so difficult to discuss with full honesty or to deal with critically and with an open mind as those relating to the intimate relations of men and women.

No one familiar with mediæval literature will, however, be inclined to accuse its authors of prudishness. Nevertheless, modern prudishness, as it prevails especially in England and the United States —our squeamish and shamefaced reluctance to recognize and deal frankly with the facts and problems of sex—is clearly an outgrowth of the mediæval attitude which looked on sexual impulse as of evil origin and a sign of man's degradation. Modern psychologists have shown that prudishness is not always an indication of exceptional purity, but rather the reverse. It is often a disguise thrown over repressed sexual interest and sexual preoccupations. It appears to be decreasing among the better educated of the younger generation. The study of biology, and especially of embryology, is an easy and simple way of disintegrating the "impurity complex." "Purity" in the sense of ignorance and suppressed curiosity is a highly dangerous state of mind. And such purity in alliance with prudery and defensive hypocrisy makes any honest discussion or essential readjustment of our institutions and habits extremely difficult.

One of the greatest contrasts between mediæval thinking and the more critical thought of to-day lies in the general conception of man's relation to the cosmos. To the mediæval philosopher, as to the stupidest serf of the time, the world was made for man. All the heavenly bodies revolved about man's abode as their center. All creatures were made to assist or to try man. God and the devil were pre-occupied with his fate, for had not God made him in his own image for his glory, and was not the devil intent on populating his own infernal kingdom? It was easy for those who had a poetic turn of mind to think of nature's workings as symbols for man's edification. The habits of the lion or the eagle yielded moral lessons or illustrated the divine scheme of salvation. Even the written word was to be valued, not for what it seemed to say, but for hidden allegories depicting man's struggles against evil and cheering him on his way.

This is a perennially appealing conception of things. It corresponds to primitive and inveterate tendencies in humanity and gratifies under the guise of humility our hungering for self-importance. The mediæval thinker, however freely he might exercise his powers of logical analysis in rationalizing the Christian Epic, never permitted himself to question its general anthropocentric and mystical view of the world. The philosophic mystic assumes the role of a docile child. He feels that all vital truth transcends his powers of discovery. He looks to the Infinite and Eternal Mind to reveal it to him through the prophets of old, or in moments of ecstatic

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communion with the Divine Intelligence. To the mystic all that concerns our deeper needs transcends logic and defies analysis. In his estimate the human reason is a feeble rushlight which can at best cast a flickering and uncertain ray on the grosser concerns of life, but which only serves to intensify the darkness which surrounds the hidden truth of God.

In order that modern science might develop it is clear that a wholly new and opposed set of fundamental convictions had to be substituted for those of the Middle Ages. Man had to cultivate another kind of self-importance and a new and more profound humility. He had come to believe in his capacity to discover important truth through thoughtful examination of things about him, and he had to recognize, on the other hand, that the world did not seem to be made for him, but that humanity was apparently a curious incident in the universe and its career a recent episode in cosmic history. He had to acquire a taste for the simplest possible and most thoroughgoing explanation of things. His aspirations must drive him to reduce everything so far as possible to the commonplace. This new view was inevitably hotly attacked by the mystically disposed. They misunderstood and berated him and accused him of robbing man of all that was most precious in life. He was thus goaded into bitterness and denounced his opponents as pig-headed obscurantists.

But we must, after all, come to terms with the emotions underlying mysticism. They are very precious to us, and scientific knowledge will never form an adequate substitute for them. No one need fear that the supply of mystery will ever give out; but a great deal depends on our taste in mystery; that certainly needs refining. What disturbs the so-called rationalist in the mystic's attitude is his propensity to see mysteries where there are none and to fail to see those that we cannot possibly escape. When one declares, like myself, that he is not a mystic, he makes no claim to be able to explain everything, nor does he maintain that all things are explicable in scientific terms. Indeed, no thoughtful person will be likely to boast that he can fully explain anything. We have only to scrape the surface of our experiences to find fundamental mystery. And how indeed, as descendants of an extinct race of primates, with a mind still in the early stages of accumulation, should we be in the way of reaching ultimate truth at any point? One may urge, however, that as sharp a distinction as possible be made between fictitious mysteries and the unavoidable ones which surround us on every side. How milk turned sour used to be a real mystery, now partially solved since the discovery of bacteria; how the witch flew up the chimney was a gratuitous mystery with which we need no longer trouble ourselves. A "live" wire would once have suggested magic; now it is partially explained by the doctrine of electrons.

It is the avowed purpose of scientific thought to reduce mysteries, and its success has been marvelous, but it has by no means done its perfect work as yet. We have carried over far too much of mediæval mysticism in our views of man and his duty toward himself and others. In the following article it will be shown how students of the natural sciences broke from the standards and limitations of the mediæval philosophers and established new standards of their own. They thus prepared the way for a revolution in human affairs in the midst of which we now find ourselves. As yet their type of thinking has not been applied on any considerable scale to the solution of social problems. By learning to understand and appreciate the scientific frame of mind as a historical victory won against extraordinary odds, we may be encouraged to cultivate and popularize a similar attitude toward the study of man himself.

(*To be concluded.*)

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MAGIC

BY BEN RAY REDMAN

THIS volume that I hold between my hands,
Contains the life-breath of a man;
Between these plain black covers lie compressed
The crowding dreams, the visions half expressed,
Of one who lived with thoughtful, searching eyes,
Looked lovingly on things and men,
And found a constant sweet surprise
In all he met, and with a pen,
Touched with the loveliness of his own soul,
Wrote down the beauty that he saw,
And found in mar and flaw
A soft significance,
And in the broken part
The image of the whole.

A child at play with restless hands,
Soft music floating on a river breeze,
The touch of silk, the interwoven strands
Of storied fabrics out of Eastern lands,
Wet grass and flowers—such things as these
Awoke his fancy, stirred to song
The latent music richly stored
Within himself—to hidden harmony
Awoke some vibrant chord.

Sweet singer of the winding lanes,
Of low-thatched roof and curling smoke,
Of peasants, laughing at their humble toil,
Of well-cut lawns, of gay and lordly folk
Lolling at ease amidst a full content,
Of jade and ivory from the Orient;
Singer of grape-vines in the sun,
Of books, of hedge, of flirted fan,
Of towering spires and Babel's up-piled mass,
Singer of Life, the treasure-house of man—
On these few pages you have wrought
A wizard magic for the future years.
Imprisoned here we find forever caught
Bejeweled laughter and the gold of tears.

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THE HIDDEN LAND

A STORY IN TWO PARTS—PART II

BY TEMPLE BAILEY

SYNOPSIS OF PART I.—*Nancy Greer is spending the summer in Nantucket with her elderly cousin who tells the story. She is engaged to Anthony Peak, but their attachment is rather the result of habit than of romantic love. There puts into the harbor The Viking, a yacht owned by Olaf Thoresen, whose father and grandfather made their fortune in the wheat fields of the West. Olaf reverts in looks and passion for the sea to his Norse ancestors. It is Nancy's likeness to the heroines of Northern sagas which first strikes him when he sees her ready for the bathing beach. Both are subtly conscious that their love of the sea makes a bond between them. Olaf, with characteristic impetuosity, invites Nancy and her cousin to dinner on the yacht, and then is overwhelmed when he learns of her engagement to Anthony.*

WHEN I told Nancy that Anthony had been invited, she demanded, "How did Olaf Thoresen know about him?"

"I told him you were engaged."

"But why, Elizabeth? Why shout it from the housetops?"

"Well, I didn't want him to be hurt."

"You are taking a lot for granted."

I shrugged my shoulders. "We won't quarrel, and a party of four is much nicer than three."

As it turned out, however, Anthony could not go. He was called back to Boston on business. That was where Fate again stepped in. It was, I am sure, those three days of Anthony's absence which turned the scale of Nancy's destiny. If he had been with us that first morning on the boat Olaf would not have dared. . . .

Nancy wore her white linen and her gray-velvet coat, and a hat with a gull's wing. She carried her bathing suit. "He intends, evidently, to entertain us in his own way."

Olaf's yacht was modern, but there was a hint of the barbaric in its furnishings. The cabin into which we were shown and in which Nancy was to change was in strangely carved wood, and there was a wolfskin on the floor in front of the low bed. The coverlet was of a fine-woven red-silk cloth, weighed down by a border of gold and silver threads. On the wall hung a square of tapestry which showed a strange old ship with sails of blue and red and green, and with golden dragon-heads at stem and stern.

Nancy, crossing the threshold, said to Olaf, who had opened the door for us, "It is like coming into another world; as if you had set the stage, run up the curtain, and the play had begun."

"You like it? It was a fancy of mine to copy a description I found in an old book. King Olaf, the Thick-set, furnished a room like this for his bride."

Olaf, the Thick-set! The phrase fitted perfectly this strong, stocky, blue-eyed man, who smiled radiantly upon us as he shut the door and left us alone.

Nancy stood in the middle of the room looking about her. "I like it," she said, with a queer shake in her voice. "Don't you, Elizabeth?"

I liked it so much that I felt it wise to hide my pleasure in a pretense of indifference. "Well, it is original to say the least."

But it was more than original, it was poetic. It was—Melisande in the wood—one of Sinding's haunting melodies, an old Saga caught and fixed in color and carving.

In this glowing room Nancy in her white and gray was a cold and incon-

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gruous figure, and when at last she donned her dull cap, and the dull cloak that she wore over her swimming costume, she seemed a ghostly shadow of the bright bride whom that other Olaf had brought—a thousand years before—to his strange old ship.

I realize that what comes hereafter in this record must seem to the unimaginative overdrawn. Even now, as I look back upon it, it has a dream quality, as if it might never have happened, or as if, as Nancy had said, it was part of a play, which would be over when the curtain was rung down and the actors had returned to the commonplace.

But the actors in this drama have never returned to the commonplace. Or have they? Shall I ever know? I hope I may never know, if Nancy and Olaf have lost the glamour of their dreams.

Well, we found Olaf on deck waiting for us. In a sea-blue tunic, with strong white arms, and the dazzling fairness of his strong neck, he was more than ever like the figurehead on the old ship that I had seen in my childhood. He carried over his arm a cloak of the same sea-blue. It was this cloak which afterward played an important part in the mystery of Nancy's disappearance.

His quick glance swept Nancy—the ghostly Nancy in gray, with only the blue of her eyes, and that touch of artificial pink in her cheeks to redeem her from somberness. He shook his head with a gesture of impatience.

"I don't like it," he said, abruptly. "Why do you deaden your beauty with dull colors?"

Nancy's eyes challenged him. "If it is deadened, how do you know it is beauty?"

"May I show you?" Again there was that tense excitement which I had noticed in the garden.

"I don't know what you mean," yet in that moment the color ran up from her neck to her chin, the fixed pink spots were lost in a rush of lovely flaming blushes.

For with a sudden movement he had snatched off her cap, and had thrown the cloak around her. The transformation was complete. It was as if he had waved a wand. There she stood, the two long, thick braids, which she had worn pinned close under her cap, falling heavily like molten metal to her knees, the blue cloak covering her—heavenly in color, matching her eyes, matching the sea, matching the sky, matching the eyes of Olaf.

I think I must have uttered some sharp exclamation, for Olaf turned to me. "You see," he said, triumphantly, "I have known it all the time. I knew it the first time that I saw her in the garden."

Nancy had recovered herself. "But I can't stalk around the streets in a blue cloak with my hair down."

He laughed with her. "Oh no, no. But the color is only a symbol. Modern life has robbed you of vivid things. Even your emotions. You are—afraid—" He caught himself up. "We can talk of that after our swim. I think we shall have a thousand things to talk about."

Nancy held out her hand for her cap, but he would not give it to her. "Why should you care if your hair gets wet? The wind and the sun will dry it—"

I was amazed when I saw that she was letting him have his way. Never for a moment had Anthony mastered her. For the first time in her life Nancy was dominated by a will that was stronger than her own.

I sat on deck and watched them as they swam like two young sea gods, Nancy's bronze hair bright under the sun. Olaf's red-gold crest. . . .

The blue cloak lay across my knee. Nancy had cast it off as she had descended into the launch. I had examined it and had found it of soft, thick wool, with embroidery of a strange and primitive sort in faded colors. Yet the material of the cloak had not faded, or, if it had, there remained that clear azure, like the Virgin's cloak in old pictures.

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I knew now why Olaf had wanted Nancy on board, why he had wanted to swim with her in the sea which was as blue as her eyes and his own. It was to reveal her to himself as the match of the women of the Sagas. I found this description later in one of the old books in the ship's library:

> Then Hallgerd was sent for, and came with two women. She wore a blue woven mantle . . . her hair reached down to her waist on both sides, and she tucked it under her belt.

And there was, too, this account of a housewife in her "kyrtil":

> The dress-train was trailing,
> The skirt had a blue tint;
> Her brow was brighter,
> Her neck was whiter
> Than pure new fallen snow.

In other words, that one glance at Nancy in the garden, when he had risen at her entrance, had disclosed to Olaf the fundamental in her. He had known her as a sea-maiden. And she had not known it, nor I, nor Anthony.

Luncheon was served on deck. We were waited on by fair-haired, but very modern Norsemen. The crew on the *Viking* were all Scandinavians. Most of them spoke English, and there seemed nothing uncommon about any of them. Yet, in the mood of the moment, I should have felt no surprise had they served us in the skins of wild animals, or had set sail like pirates with the two of us captive on board.

I will confess, also, to a feeling of exaltation which clouded my judgment. I knew that Olaf was falling in love with Nancy, and I half guessed that Nancy might be falling in love with Olaf, yet I sat there and let them do it. If Anthony should ever know! Yet how can he know? As I weigh it now, I am not sure that I have anything with which to reproach myself, for the end, at times, justifies the means, and the Jesuitical theory had its origin, perhaps, in the profound knowledge that Fate does not always use fair methods in gaining her ends.

I can't begin to tell you what we talked about. Nancy had dried her hair, and it was wound loosely, high on her head. The blue cloak was over her shoulders, and she was the loveliest thing that I ever hope to see. By the flame in her cheeks and the light in her eyes, I was made aware of an exaltation which matched my own. She, too, was caught up into the atmosphere of excitement which Olaf created. He could not take his eyes from her. I wondered what Anthony would have said could he have visioned for the moment this blue-and-gold enchantress.

When coffee was served there were no cigarettes or cigars. Nancy had her own silver case hanging at her belt. I knew that she would smoke, and I did not try to stop her. She always smoked after her meals and she was restless without it.

It was Olaf who stopped her. "You will hate my bad manners," he said, with his gaze holding hers, "but I wish you wouldn't."

She was lighting her own little wax taper and she looked her surprise.

"My cigarette?"

He nodded. "You are too lovely."

"But surely you are not so—old-fashioned."

"No. I am perhaps so—new-fashioned that my reason might take your breath away." He laughed but did not explain.

Nancy sat undecided while the taper burned out futilely. Then she said, "Of course you are my host—"

"Don't do it for that reason. Do it because"—he stopped, laughed again, and went on—"because you are a goddess—a woman of a new race—"

With parted lips she looked at him, then tried to wrench herself back to her attitude of light indifference.

"Oh, we've grown beyond all that."

"All what?"

"Goddess-women. We are just nice and human together."

"You are nice and human. But you are more than that."

Nancy put her unlighted cigarette

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back in its case. "I'll keep it for next time," she said, with a touch of defiance.

"There will be no next time," was his secure response, and his eyes held hers until, with an effort, she withdrew her gaze.

Then he rose, and his men placed deep chairs for us in a sheltered corner, where we could look out across the blue to the low hills of the moor. There was a fur rug over my chair, and I sank gratefully into the warmth of it.

"With a wind like this in the old days," Olaf said, as he stood beside me looking out over the sparkling water, "how the sails would have been spread, and now there is nothing but steam and gasoline and electricity."

"Why don't you have sails then," Nancy challenged him, "instead of steam?"

"I have a ship. Shall I show you the picture of it?"

He left to get it, and Nancy said to me, "Ducky, will you pinch me?"

"You mean that it doesn't seem real?"

She nodded.

"Well, maybe it isn't. He said he was a sort of Flying Dutchman."

"I should hate to think that he wasn't real, Elizabeth. He is as alive as a—burning coal."

Olaf came back with the pictures of his ship, a clean-cut, beautiful craft, very up-to-date, except for the dragon-heads at prow and stem.

"If I could have had my way," he told us, "I should have built it like the ship on the tapestry in there—but it wasn't practical—we haven't man-power for the oars in these days."

He had other pictures—of a strange house, or, rather, of a collection of buildings set in the form of a quadrangle, and inclosed by low walls. There were great gateways of carved wood with ironwork and views of the interior—a wide hall with fireplaces—a raised platform, with carved seats that gave a thronelike effect. The house stood on a sort of high peninsula with a forest back of it, and the sea spreading out beyond.

"The house looks old," Olaf said, "but I planned it."

He had, he explained, during one of his voyages, come upon a hidden harbor. "There is only a fishing village and a few small boats at the landing place, but the people claim to be descendants of the vikings. They are utterly isolated, but a God-fearing, hardy folk."

"It is strangely cut off from the rest of the world. I call it 'The Hidden Land.' It is not on any map. I have looked and have not found it."

"But why," was Nancy's demand, "did you build there?"

It was a question, I think, for which he had waited. "Some day I may tell you, but not now, except this—that I love the sea, and I shall end my days where, when I open my gates, my eyes may rest upon it . . . where its storms may beat upon my roof, and where the men about me shall sail it, and get their, living from it."

"I have told your cousin," he went on, "something of the life of my grandfather and of my father. With all of their sea-blood, they were shut away for two generations from the sea. Can you grasp the meaning of that to me?—the heritage of suppressed longings? I think my father must have felt it as I did, for he drank heavily before he died. My grandfather sought an outlet in founding the family fortunes. But when I came, there was not the compelling force of poverty to make me work, and I had before me the warning of my father's excesses. But this sea-madness! It has driven me on and on, and at last it has driven me here." He stopped, then took up the theme again in his tense, excited fashion, "It will drive me on again."

"Why should it drive you on?"

When Nancy asked that question, I knew what had happened. The thrill of her voice was the answer of a bird to its mate. When I think of her, I see her always as she was then, the blue cloak falling about her, her hair blowing, her cheeks flaming with lovely color.

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I saw his fingers clench the arm of his chair as if in an effort of self-control. Then he said: "Perhaps I shall tell you that, too. But not now." He rose abruptly. "It is warmer inside, and we can have some music. I am sure you must be tired of hearing me talk about myself."

He played for us, in masterly fashion, the Peer Gynt suite, and after that a composition of his own. At last he sang, with all the swing of the sea in voice and accompaniment, and the song drew our hearts out of us.

Nancy was very quiet as we drove from the pier, and it was while I was dressing for dinner that she came into my room.

"Elizabeth," she said, "I am not sure whether we have been to a Methodist revival or to a Wagner music-drama—"

"Neither," I told her. "There's nothing artificial about him. You asked me back there if he was real. I believe that he is utterly real, Nancy. It is not a pose. I am convinced that it is not a pose."

"Yes," she said, "that's the queer thing. He's not—putting it on—and he makes everybody else seem—stale and shallow — like ghosts — or — shadow-shapes—"

I read *Vanity Fair* late into the night, and the morning was coming on before I tried to sleep. I waked to find Nancy standing by my bed.

"His boat is gone."

"Gone?"

"Yes. It went an hour ago. I saw it from the roof."

"From the roof?"

'Yes. I got up—early. I—I could not sleep. And when I looked—it was gone—your glasses showed it almost out of sight."

She was wrapped in the blue cloak. Olaf had made her bring it with her. She had protested. But he had been insistent.

"I found this in the pocket," Nancy said, and held out a card on which Olaf had written, "When she lifted her arms, opening the door, a light shone on them from the sea, and the air and all the world were brightened for her."

"What does it mean, Elizabeth?"

"I think you know, my dear."

"That he cares?"

"What do you think?"

Her eyes were like stars. "But how can he? He has seen me—twice—"

"Some men are like that."

"If you only hadn't told him about Anthony."

"I am glad that I told him."

"Oh, but he might have stayed."

"Well?"

"And I might have loved him." She was still glowing with the fires that Olaf had lighted in her.

"But you are going to marry Anthony."

"Yes," she said, "I am going to marry Anthony. I am going to flirt and smoke cigarettes and let him—flirt—when I might have been a—goddess."

It was after breakfast on the same day that a letter came to me, delivered into my own hands by messenger. It was from Olaf, and he left it to me whether Nancy should see it. It covered many pages and it shook my soul, but I did not show it to Nancy.

There were nights after that when I found it hard to sleep, nights in which I thought of Olaf sailing toward the hidden land, holding in his heart a hope which it was in my power to crown with realization or dash to the ground. Yet I had Nancy's happiness to think of, and, in a sense, Anthony's. It seemed almost incredible that I must carry, too, on my heart, the burden of the happiness of Olaf Thoresen.

When Anthony came back, he and Nancy were caught in a net of engagements, and I saw very little of them. Of course they romped in now and then with their own particular crowd, and treated me, as it were, to a cross-section of modern life. Except for two things, I should have judged that Nancy had put away all thoughts of Olaf, but these two things were significant. She had

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stopped smoking, and she no longer touched her cheeks with artificial bloom.

Anthony's amazement, when he offered her a cigarette and she refused, had in it a touch of irritation. "But, my dear girl, why not?"

"Well, I have to think of my complexion, Tony."

I think he knew it was not that and was puzzled. "I never saw you looking better in my life."

She was wearing a girdle of blue with her clear, crisp white, and her fairness was charming. She had, indeed, the look which belongs to young Catholic girls dedicated to the Virgin who wear her colors.

It was not, however, until Anthony had been home for a week that he saw the blue cloak. We were all on the beach—Mimi Sears and Bob Needham and the Drakes, myself and Anthony. Nancy was late, having a foursome to finish on the golf grounds. She came at last, threading her way gayly through the crowd of bathers. She was without her cap, and her hair was wound in a thick braid about her head. I saw people turning to look at her as they had never turned to look when she had worn her shadowy gray.

"Great guns!" said a man back of me. "What a beauty!"

A deep flush stained Anthony's face, and I knew at once that he did not like it. It was as if, having attuned his taste to the refinement of a Japanese print, he had been called upon to admire a Fra Angelico. He hated the obvious, and Nancy's loveliness at this moment was as definite as the loveliness of the sky, the sea, the moon, the stars. Later I was to learn that Anthony's taste was for a sophisticated Nancy, a mocking Nancy, a slim, mysterious creature, with charms which were caviar to the mob.

But Bob Needham spoke from the depths of his honest and undiscriminating soul. "Heavens! Nancy. Where did you get it?"

"Get what?"

"That cloak."

"Do you like it?"

"Like it—! I wish Tony would run away while I tell you."

Anthony, forcing a smile, asked, "Where did you get it, Nan?"

"It was given to me." She sat down on the sand and smiled at him.

Mrs. Drake, feeling the thickness and softness, exclaiming over the embroidery, said finally: "It is a splendid thing. Like a queen's robe."

"You haven't told us yet," Anthony persisted, "where you got it."

"No? Well, Elizabeth will tell you. It's rather a long story. I am going into the water. Come on, Bob."

She left the cloak with me. Anthony followed her and the others. I sat alone under a great orange umbrella and wondered if Anthony would ask me about the cloak.

He did not, and when Nancy came back finally with her hair down and blowing in the wind to dry, Anthony was with her. The cloud was gone from his face, in the battle with the waves he had forgotten his vexation.

But he remembered when he saw the cloak. "Tell me about it, Nancy."

"I got it from Elizabeth's viking."

That was the calm way in which she put it.

"He isn't my viking," I told her.

"Well, you were responsible for him."

"Do you mean to say," Anthony demanded, "that you accepted a gift like that from a man you didn't know?"

Nancy, hugging herself in the cloak, said, "I felt that I knew him very well."

"How long was he here?"

"Three days. I saw him twice."

"I don't think I quite like the—idea—" Anthony began, then broke off, 'Of course you have a right to do as you please."

"Of course," said Nancy, with a flame in her cheek.

"But it would please me very much if you would send it back to him."

"If I wanted to," she told him, "I couldn't."

"Why not?"

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"Can you mail parcel post packages to the—Flying Dutchman? Or express things to—to Odin?"

"I don't in the least know what you are talking about, Nancy?"

"Well, he sailed in and he sailed out. He didn't leave any address. He left the cloak—and a rather intriguing memory, Anthony."

That was all the satisfaction she would give him. And I am not sure that he deserved more at her hands. The agreement between them had been—absolute freedom.

I am convinced that if it had not been for the garden party I should never have shown Olaf's letter to Nancy. The garden party is an annual event. We always hold it in August, when the "off-islanders" crowd the hotels, and when money is more plentiful than at any other time during the year.

Nancy had charge of the fish pond. I had helped her to make the fish, which were gay objects of painted paper, numbered to indicate a corresponding prize package, and to be caught with a dangling line from a lily-wreathed artificial pool.

The day of the garden party was a glorious one—with the air so clear that the flying pennants of the decorated booths, and the gowns of the women, gained brilliancy and beauty from the shining atmosphere.

Nancy wore a broad blue hat which matched her eyes, one of her clear white dresses, and a silken scarf of the same blue as her hat. She loved children, and as she stood in a circle of them all the afternoon, untiring, eager — bending down to them, hooking the fish on the dangling line—handing out the prizes, smiling into the flushed eager faces, helping the very littlest ones to achieve a catch, I sat in a chair not far away from her and watched. I saw Anthony come and go, urging her to let some one else take her place, pressing a dozen reasons upon her for desertion of her task, and coming back, when she refused, to complain to me:

"Such things are a deadly bore."

"Not to Nancy."

"But they used to be. She's changed, Elizabeth."

"Beautifully changed."

"I am not sure. She was always such a good sport."

"And isn't she now?"

"She is different," he caught himself up, "but of course—adorable."

Mimi Sears joined us, and she and Anthony went off together. Bob Needham hung around Nancy until she sent him away. At last the hour arrived for the open-air play which was a special attraction, and the crowds surged toward the inclosure. The booths were deserted, and only one rapturous child remained by the fish pond.

Nancy sat down and lifted the baby to her lap. She had taken off her hat, and her blue scarf fell about her. Something tugged at my heart as I looked at her. With that little head in the hollow of her arm she was the eternal mother.

I saw Anthony approaching. He stopped, and I caught his words. "You must come now, Nancy. I am saving a seat for you."

She shook her head, and looked down at the child. "I told his nurse to go and he is almost asleep."

He flung himself away from her and came over to me. "I have good seats for both of you in the inclosure. But Nancy won't go."

I rose and went with him, although I should have been content to sit there by the fish pond and feast my eyes on Nancy.

"It is perfectly silly of her to stay," Anthony fumed as we walked on together.

"But she loves the children."

"I hate children."

I am sure that he did not mean it. What he hated was the fact that the child had for the moment held Nancy from him. It was as if, looking forward into the future, he could see like moments, and set himself against the thought of any interruption of what

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might be otherwise an untrammeled and independent partnership. He had, I think, little jealousy where men were concerned. He was willing to give Nancy the reins and let her go, believing that she would inevitably come back to him. He was not, perhaps, so willing to trust her with ties which might prove more absorbing than himself.

If I had not had Olaf's letter, I might not have weighed Anthony's attitude so carefully, but against those burning words and their comprehension of the divinity and beauty of my Nancy's nature, Anthony's querulous complaint struck cold.

I think it was then, as we walked toward the inclosure, that I made up my mind to let Nancy hear what Olaf had to say to her.

She stayed out late that night—there was a dinner and a dance—and Anthony brought her home. I confess that I felt like a traitor as I heard the murmur of his voice in the hall.

But when he had gone, and Nancy passed my door on her way to her room, I called her, and she came in.

I was in bed, and I had the letter in my hand. "I want you to read it," I said. "It is from Olaf Thoresen."

She looked at it, and asked, "When did it come?"

"Two months ago. The day that he left."

"Why haven't you shown it to me?"

"I couldn't make up my mind. I do not know even now that I am right in letting you see it. But I feel that you have a right to see it. It is you who must answer it. Not I."

When she had gone, I turned to the chapter in my book where Becky weeps crocodile tears over poor Rawdon Crawley on the night before Waterloo. There is no scene in modern literature to match it. But I couldn't get my mind on it. Nancy was reading Olaf's letter!

I kept a copy of it, and here it is:

I knew when I first saw her in the garden that she was the One Woman. I had wanted sea-blood, and when she came, ready for a dip in the sea, it seemed a sign. One knows these things somehow, and I knew. I sha'n't attempt to explain it.

When you told me of her lover, I felt that Fate had played a trick on me. I could not now with honor pursue the woman who was promised to another. Yet I permitted myself that one day—the day on my boat.

I learned in those hours that I spent with her that she had been molded by the man she is to marry and that in the years to come she will shrink to the measure of his demands upon her. She is feminine enough to be swayed by masculine will. That is at once her strength and her weakness. Loving a man who will love her for the wonder of her womanhood, she will fulfill her greatest destiny. Loving, on the other hand, one who aspires only to fit her into some attenuated social scheme, she will wither and fade. I think you know that this is true, that you will not accuse me of being unfair to anyone.

And now may I tell you what my dreams have been for her?

I am not young. I mean I am past those hot and early years when men play—Romeo. The dream that is mine is one which has come to a man of thirty, who, having seen the world, has weighed it and wants—something more.

I have told you of my house in that hidden land which is washed by the sea. I want to spend the rest of my days there, and I had hoped that some woman might be found whose love of life, whose love of adventure, whose love of me, might be so strong that she would see nothing strange in my demand that she forsake all others and cleave only to me.

By forsaking all others, I mean, literally, what I say. I should want to cut her off entirely from all former ties. To let anyone into our secret, to reveal that hidden land to a gaping world, would be to destroy it. We should be followed, tracked by the newspapers, written up, judged eccentric—mad. And I do not wish to be judged at all. My separation from my kind would have in it more than a selfish whim, an obsession for solitude. I want to get back to primitive civilization. I want my children to face a simpler world than the one I faced. Do you know what it means for a man to inherit money, with nothing back of it for two generations but hard work, although back of that there were, perhaps, kings? It means that I had, unaided, to fit myself into a social

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scheme so complex that I have not yet mastered its intricacies. I do not want to master them. I do not want my sons to master them. I want them to find life a thing of the day's work, the day's worship, the day's out-of-door delights. I want them to have time to think and to dream. And then some day they shall come back if they wish to challenge civilization—young prophets, perhaps, out of the wilderness—seeing a new vision of God and man because of their detachment from all that might have blinded them.

I have a feeling that your Nancy might, if she knew this, dream with me of a new race, rising to the level of the needs of a new world. She might see herself as the mother of such a race—sheltered in my hidden land, sailing the seas with me, held close to my heart. I think I am a masterful man, but I should be masterful only to keep her to her best. If she faltered I should strengthen her. And I should make her happy. I know that I could make her happy. And for me there will never be another.

I am leaving it to you to decide whether you will show her this. I want her to see it, because it seems to me that she has a right to decide between the life that I can offer her and the life she must live if she marries Anthony Peak. But it all involves a point of honor which I feel that I am not unprejudiced enough to decide. So to-morrow I shall go away. I shall sail far in the two months that I shall give myself before I come back. And when I come, you will let me know whether I am to turn once more to the trackless seas, or stay to find my happiness.

This letter when I had first read it had stirred me profoundly, as I think it must have stirred any man or woman who has yearned amid the complexities of modern existence to find some land of dreams. Even to my island, comparatively untouched by the problems of existence in crowded centers, come the echoes of discord, of social unrest, of political upheavals, of commercial greed. In this hidden land of Olaf's would be life stripped of its sordidness, love free from the blight of cynicism and disillusion—faith, firm in its nearness to God and the wonder of his works. I envied Olaf his hidden land as I envied Nancy her opportunity. My blood is the same as Nancy's, and I love the sea. And as we grow older our souls adventure!

When Nancy came in to me, she had put on her white *peignoir*, and she had Olaf's letter in her hand.

"Ducky," she said, and her voice shook, "I have read it twice—and—I shouldn't dare to think he was in earnest."

"Why not?"

"I should want to go, Elizabeth."

"And leave the world behind you?"

"Oh, I haven't any world. It might be different if mother were alive, or daddy. There'd be only you, Ducky, my dear, dear Ducky." She caught my hand and held it.

"And Anthony—"

"Anthony would get over it"—sharply. "Wouldn't he, Elizabeth? You know he would."

"My dear, I don't know."

"But I know. If I hadn't been in his life, Mimi Sears would have been, just as Bob Needham would have been in my life if it hadn't been for Anthony. There isn't any question between Anthony and me of—one woman for one man. You know that, Elizabeth. But with Olaf—if he doesn't have me, there will be no one else—ever. He—he will go sailing on—alone—"

"My dear, how do you know?"

She flung herself down beside me, a white rose, all fragrance. "I don't know"—she began to cry. "How silly I am," she sobbed against my shoulder. "I—I don't know anything about him, do I, Elizabeth—? But it would be wonderful to be loved—like that."

All through the night she slept on my arm, with her hand curled in the hollow of my neck as she had slept as a child. But I did not sleep. My mind leaped forward into the future, and I saw my world without her.

Nancy stayed with me through September. Anthony's holiday was up the day after the garden party, and he went back to Boston, keeping touch with

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Nancy in the modern way by wire, special delivery, and long-distance telephone.

It was on a stormy night with wind and beating rain that Nancy told me Anthony was insisting that she marry him in December.

"But I can't, Elizabeth. I am going to write to him to-night."

"When will it be?"

"Who knows? I—I'm not ready. If he can't wait—he can let me go."

She did not stay to listen to my comment on her mutiny—she swept out of the library and sat down at the piano in the other room, making a picture of herself between the tall white candles which illumined the dark mahogany and the mulberry brocades.

I leaned back in my chair and watched her, her white fingers straying over the keys, her thin blue sleeves flowing back from her white arms. Now and then I caught a familiar melody among the chords, and once I was aware of the beat and the swing of the waves in the song which Olaf had once sung.

She did not finish it. She rose and wandered to the window, parting the curtain and looking out into the streaming night.

"It's an awful storm, Ducky."

"Yes, my dear. On nights like this I always think of the old days when the men were on the sea, and the women waited."

"I'd rather think of my man on the sea, even if I had to wait for him, Ducky, than shut up in office, stagnating."

The doorbell rang suddenly. It was a dreadful night for anyone to be out, but Anita, undisturbed and crisp in her white apron and cap, came through the hall. A voice asked a question, and the blood began to pound in my body. Things were blurred for a bit, and when my vision cleared—I saw Olaf in the shine of the candles in the room beyond, with Nancy crushed to him, his bright head bent, the sheer blue of her frock infolding him—the archway of the door framing them like the figures of saints in the stained glass of a church window!

I knew then that I had lost her. But she did not yield at once.

"I love him, of course. But a woman couldn't do a thing like that," was the way she put it to me the next morning.

I felt, however, that Olaf would master her. Will was set against will, mind against mind. And at last she showed him the way. "A thousand years ago you would have carried me off."

I can see him now as he caught the idea and laughed at her. "Whether you go of your own accord or I carry you, you will be happy." He lifted her in his strong hands as if she were a feather, held her, kissed her, and flashed a glance at me. "You see how easy it would be, and there's a chaplain on board."

There is not much more to tell. Nancy went down one morning to the beach for her bath—and the fog swallowed her up. I have often wondered whether she planned it, or whether, knowing that she would be there, he had come in his launch and had borne her away struggling, but not, I am sure, unwilling. However it happened, the cloak went with her, and I like to think that she was held in his arms, wrapped in it, when they reached the ship.

I like to think, too, of my Nancy in the glowing room with the wolf skins and the strange old tapestry—and the storms beating helpless against her happiness.

I like to think of her as safe in that hidden land, where most of us fain would follow her—the mistress of that guarded mansion, the wife of a young sea god, the mother of a new race.

But, most of all, I like to think of the children. And I have but one wish for a long life, which might otherwise weigh upon me, that the years may bring back to the world those prophets from a hidden land, those young voices crying from the wilderness—the children of Olaf and of Nancy Greer.

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THE LION'S MOUTH

LEGS *VS.* ARCHITECTS

BY CLARENCE DAY, JR.

I DON'T know how many persons who hate climbing there are in the world; there must be, by and large, a great number. I'm one, I know that. But whenever a building is erected for the use of the public the convenience and rights of such persons are wholly ignored.

I refer, of course, to the debonair habit which architects have of never designing an entrance that is easy to enter. Instead of leaving the entrance on the street level so that a man can walk in, they perch it on a flight of steps, so no one can get in without climbing.

The architect's defense is, it looks better. Looks better to whom? To architects, and possibly to tourists who never go into the building. It doesn't look better to the old or the lame, I can tell you; nor to people who are tired and have enough to do without climbing steps.

I admit there is a dignity and beauty in a long flight of steps. Let them be used, then, around statues and monuments, where we don't have to mount them. But they become a highly unwelcome form of beauty when they add, each day, to the exertions of everyone, and shut out some of the public completely.

Suppose that, in the eye of an architect, it made buildings more beautiful to erect them on poles, as the lake dwellers did, ages back. (It would be only a little more obsolete than putting them on top of high steps.) Would the public meekly submit to this standard and shinny up poles all their lives?

Let us take the situation of a citizen who is not a mountaineering enthusiast. He can command every modern convenience in most of his ways. But if he happens to need a book in the Public Library what does he find? He finds that some architect has built the thing like a Greek temple. It is mounted on a long flight of steps, because the Greeks were all athletes. He tries the nearest university library. It has a flight that's still longer. He says to himself (at least I do), "Very well, then, I'll buy the damn book." He goes to the bookstores. They haven't it. It is out of stock, out of print. The only available copies are those in the libraries, where they are supposed to be ready for everyone's use; and would be, too, but for the architects and their effete barricades.

This very thing happened to me last winter. I needed a book. As I was too lame to get in the Library myself, I asked one of my friends to go. He was a young man whose legs had not yet been worn out and ruined by architects. He reported that the book I wanted, being on the reference shelves, could not be taken out. I could go in there and read it, all I wished, but not take it away with me.

"Yes, but how am I going to get in?" I said. "My legs can't mount that rampart."

He said there was a side entrance. We went there, but there, too, we found steps.

"After you once get inside, there is an elevator," the doorkeeper said.

Isn't that just like an architect! To make everything inside as perfect as possible, and then keep you out!

I afterward thought of going in the back way, at the delivery entrance for trucks. My plan was to go in a packing-

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case, disguised as the *Memoirs of Josephine*, and let them haul me upstairs before I revealed I was not. But they turn those cases upside down and every which way—it would be as bad as going over Niagara.

If there must be a test imposed on everyone who enters a library, make it a brain test that will keep out all readers who are weak in the head. No matter how good their legs are, if they haven't enough brains, keep 'em out. But, instead, we impose a leg test, every day of the year, on all comers, which lets in the brainless without any examination at all, and shuts out the most scholarly persons unless they have legs like an antelope's.

It is the same at the Metropolitan Museum, and at most of our clubs. Why, they are even beginning to build steps in front of our great railway stations, in order to make it that much more difficult for people to travel, and to discourage them and turn them back if possible at the start of their journey. And all this is done in the name of art. Why can't art be more practical?

The remedy is simple. No architect who had trouble with his own legs would be so inconsiderate. His trouble is, unfortunately, at the other end. Very well, break his legs. Whenever we citizens engage a new architect to put up a building, let it be stipulated in the contract that the Board of Aldermen shall break his legs first. The only objection I can think of is that his legs would soon get well. In that case, elect some more aldermen and break them again.

PUBLISHERS AND THE DISAPPOINTED AUTHOR

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

IN a day when every other person one meets is a poet—or says he is—when everything and everybody seems to get published, and when not to have published a book of some sort is an agreeable distinction, one might reasonably expect that our old acquaintance, the disappointed author, had become an extinct animal. But this is far from being the case. He is still with us, sour and supercilious as of old, and he is still of the opinion that the whole publishing business is an organized conspiracy against the recognition of his genius. For those "best sellers" which, confessedly, he has never condescended to examine, he has the same old high-souled contempt, and every kind of literary success, whether it take the form of royalties or merely favorable reviews, he regards as a personal insult. It is all a matter of collusion between critics and publishers, "pull" with newspapers, or the log-rolling of mutually admiring coteries. That this is literally true, his own unpublished masterpieces are sufficient evidence. They have been offered to twenty publishers, and the honor of introducing them to the world has been declined by all. Singularly enough, the author's conclusion from this experience is that they are too good—not too bad—for the present conditions of the literary market. The taste of publishers and public alike is too low to appreciate their merits. He has, therefore, come to the decision—which can scarcely be regarded as a choice—to keep them to himself, in their virginal seclusion, or to print them in a private, strictly limited edition, the cost of which he will, if possible, defray by energetically boring his unfortunate acquaintances into taking subscriptions. In most cases, his acquaintances prefer doing this to the dread alternative of hearing him read them aloud, and, should this resource even fail him, and the audience, fit though few, flee at his approach, he finally intrenches himself behind a sullen and atrabilious egoism which grows in proportion as it finds nothing to feed on but itself. He hugs the "neglect of his genius" as its surest testimonial. It has been so, he says, with all greatness—of course it hasn't—and, after all, to have won the publishers and the public would actually have been the most disgraceful form of failure. So he bitterly "bides

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his time," abuses the publishing "trust," and sneers, with the aloof superiority of the esoteric "artist," at every new writer who is vulgar enough to catch the attention of the reading world. Has not his own experience taught him that nothing good can get published? Therefore nothing that gets published can be good.

Of course all the facts of literary history are against him. Doubtless certain difficult or delicate masterpieces have encountered slowness of recognition, as was to be expected, and their authors have been occasionally subject to the stupidity alike of publishers and public. But this has not been the rule. The good thing has seldom waited long for its discovery, and it has usually found its reward. It is highly improbable that any literature of importance has ever been lost to the world. Publishers may have dealt unfairly by its authors—that is another story—but, however good writers have fared, good books have seldom gone a-begging. If this is true of the past, as I believe it to be, how much more true is it of the present time. For a good book to escape publication nowadays it would have to be kept a profound secret, kept as no secret has ever yet been kept, hidden with as much precaution as contraband alcohol, or immured in some desert island like buried treasure.

Never was there so singular a superstition as this of the publisher's supposed indifference to literature. It is like saying that a man has gone into a business for the purpose of doing no business. A publisher is primarily a business man, whose business is to publish and sell books. Unless he sells them they can hardly be said to be published. Nor can he continue publishing them, even technically, unless he can sell them as well. Therefore he is obliged, in dealing with a manuscript, to take into consideration not merely its literary quality, but the chances of its attracting his customer, the public. All the books he publishes cannot be "literature," for, apart from the fact that "literature" is not produced every five minutes, even those who love it are not always in the mood for the highest. All kinds of books are needed to make a world, and the majority of them must, quite properly, be ephemeral in their nature and appeal. It is the publisher's business to provide the best he can find of all kinds, in accordance with the demands of the hour, and the tastes of the various publics that patronize the bookshops. For, more and more, that vague entity, the reading public, is becoming differentiated into classes, with special needs, and, while some publishers attempt to supply them all, there has recently been an interesting evolution of the specialized publisher, devoting himself to the particular tastes of one sort of reader. But of publishers in general, whether they take all forms of literature for their province or confine themselves to special fields, it must be remembered that, their business being with books, they are something more than mere tradesmen in the usual sense of the word, and, as one would expect, and has a right even to demand, they are not so indifferent to the ideal responsibilities of their calling as their detractors assume. They must be "business men" to carry on their business, but, in most cases, they remember that the nature of their business implies a certain *noblesse oblige*.

So, whatever the disappointed author may think to the contrary, they do really prefer to publish good books when they can get them, and are constantly—even wistfully—on the lookout for them in every direction. Too many good books would, it is to be feared, spoil a business; and publishers, indeed, are so far from being indifferent to "literature" that an honorable list could be made of publishers who during the last twenty years have come to grief by too much love of loving good literature, and publishing it, in idealistic disregard of the economic law of supply and demand. For the success of his business it behooves a pub-

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lisher to love literature wisely, but not too well. Without a certain percentage of idealism a publishing business loses touch with the times, loses, too, the necessary tone of distinction, and, however superficially prosperous, is in danger of dry rot; but that percentage of idealism is not to be overstepped without peril. It is a matter of instinct, too, rather than calculation, and the possession of that instinct marks the publisher who is at once successful and distinguished. No man is more barometrically sensitive to the spiritual and intellectual atmosphere of the times than such a publisher. There are notable examples of such men emerging in the publishing world during the last decade or two, and, when one considers, too, the rejuvenescence of certain "classical" publishing houses, their skilful purging themselves of conservatism, and their accessibility to new tendencies, it is apparent that the chances of any kind of good book being overlooked have been reduced to a minimum. In every direction every kind of publisher has his dragnets out in the oceanic tides of manuscripts, and any form of literary life that gets thrown back into those seething prolific waters must be the very refuse or infusoria of the waste-paper basket. It may well be thought that, in their anxiety to miss nothing good, publishers are all too hospitable to the near-good, judging by the multitude of books of all kinds that are published, which have something, but scarcely enough, in them—gleams and snatches of talent and no more, books too hastily produced, too little meditated, and plainly in need of longer incubation. However, this may be regarded as a fault that leans to virtue's side, and, at all events, points to the fact that the alleged neglect of "struggling genius" by the modern publisher is entirely unfounded and unjust.

Take the matter of poetry. Heretofore it has, doubtless, been true that publishers have fought shy of investing their capital in volumes of poems. And what sensible person can blame them? Unless poetry bears some great acknowledged name, or unless it should be new work of manifest power or beauty, the publisher is not so much taking a risk in publishing it, as indulging in the certainty of throwing away his money. "Minor poetry"—as we seem to have stopped calling it, every new poet apparently belonging to the "*dii majores*"—good as it may have been, has usually commanded but a minor audience. So it has been, at all events, up till lately. Perhaps this sad fact is no longer so much of a fact as it was. Certainly it would seem so from the number of volumes of verse that have of late literally poured from the press. That these volumes attain a remarkably high average of excellence cannot be denied, and it may be that there is a larger public for poetry, even of the "minor" variety, than there used to be. So it would appear, for otherwise a vast amount of good money must have been wasted during the last ten years. But, be that as it may, it is idle for any modern poet of even moderate talent to complain that he finds any difficulty in bringing his wares before the world. For him to fail in finding a publisher is next to an impossibility, and, once published, there is a chorus of critics awaiting him, ready not merely to discover the good in him, but, too often, ridiculously to overpraise it. In the present inflation of literary values he is far more in danger from too much appreciation than too little, and, while one may be glad that he should thus be born into this "golden clime" of encouragement, one regrets for his own sake, for the future development of his talent, that he is no longer subjected to the salutary discipline of a sterner criticism—frequently good for him, even when unfair.

Generally speaking, the writer who cannot find a publisher to-day either does not know how to write or has nothing to say that anyone cares to hear. The day of the disappointed author is gone forever. To-day is too often the day of the disappointed publisher.

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THE SPIRIT OF OUR AGE

BY S. E. KISER

WE frequently hear it said that the generation now inhabiting the earth is living in the most eventful period, the most important era, which history is ever likely to record; but are we justified in accepting such statements without question, without wondering whether they may not be misleading?

It is to be hoped that no future age may be darkened by as great a war as our war was, and it is not improbable that some of the ages to come will fail to surpass this age in the importance of their scientific achievements. We live in the age which has produced the bird-man, the wireless telegraph, and the self-starting cigarette torch. These triumphs, it is fair to assume, will be duly noted and properly estimated by the historians who shall speak with authority in the centuries to come. There are many reasons, however, for believing that they may dwindle into comparative insignificance when Posterity begins to question itself concerning the name by which the present age shall be designated.

We speak of the Homeric Age, the Days of the Cæsars, the Dark Ages, the Age of Chivalry, the Reformation, the Elizabethan Age, the Napoleonic Era, and the Victorian Age. In the history of our own country we find the Colonial Period, the Revolutionary Era, the Days of the Free-Soil Movement, the Time of the Rebellion, and the Period of Reconstruction. Is it probable that the age in which we are living will be known as the Electric Age, the Flying Age, the Gasolene Age, or the Wireless Age? One may doubt that any such flattering title will be bestowed upon it. Does it not seem more likely that Posterity will decide, after making a careful study of the conditions most characteristic of our time, to refer to this as the Muttenjeff Age?

Occasionally some man attracts momentary attention by investing his fortune in manuscripts left behind by a poet who starved to death, but such pursuits of literature are not typical of the age in which we continue the pursuit of happiness; they will not cause people who become fretful over living conditions in the year 2500 A.D. to speak of this as the Age of Poesy. Nor is it reasonable to hope that, because of certain recent noble efforts to ameliorate and simplify the struggle for existence, the cycle which we enliven may be known as the Age of Overalls. The overall movement is, indeed, merely a manifestation of the muttenjeff *motif*.

This *motif* is disclosed wherever we turn with discriminating attention. We see it in the "outlaw" strike; we find it in the flamboyant announcements of the surgeon who gives youthful vigor to an octogenarian by equipping him with a set of glands which formerly contributed to the self-esteem of a goat; we may discover it in the methods pursued by those who have assumed the task of enforcing the provisions of the Eighteenth Amendment to our Constitution.

There is no escape from the conviction that the muttenjeff idea connotes the present level of public intelligence and taste. It manifests itself in business, in politics, in art, in our amusements, and in the homes of the people.

Gentlemen who possess "master minds" organize syndicates for the purpose of acquiring bonds in million-dollar bundles, and then engage in extensive negotiations with the police, the transactions generally being looked upon as delectable jokes.

Capital and Labor meet in conventions and endeavor to establish amity by hissing and cat-calling.

Men who represent the people in the various legislative halls arise with propositions to make it unlawful to be red-headed, to exhibit or read books with red covers, or to plant trees which may bring forth red blossoms.

In the jazz and the shimmy the public finds surcease from sorrow and discovers

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the means by which it is enabled to give expression to its emotions.

The poet who desires to engage attention and to be accepted as a genius wins applause and starts a controversy among the learned critics by dashing off some such edifying little thing as this:

> Two scraps of rubbish in a sewer;
> A cloud with purple edges;
> In a bog
> The nose of a turtle
> Protruding through the scum.

In the constantly increasing fleet of flivvers we may observe another manifestation of the muttenjeff *motif*, as representing public taste and public ambition. Daily it becomes more and more evident that all the world's a-fliv. To be flivverless is to be eccentric, and lonely. We may live without gallstones or tonsils, but it's useless to try to get on without flivvers. To witness the collision of two flivvers is considered a privilege; to see a flivver ascending a telephone-pole is to be treated to a rare bit of fun. If a woman who lacks sylphlike proportions is injured—not too seriously—when the accident occurs, the humor of it becomes irresistible.

Efforts are made now and then to get the people of the present era to take matrimony seriously, but the only result of such endeavors is to add a little to the gaiety of the nation. A man may marry a woman, divorce her, marry another, divorce her, marry the first one again, divorce her a second time, marry some one else, divorce her, look up the original darling of his heart, who, in the meantime, has perhaps been married to, and divorced from, three or four other men, induce her to join him once more in the connubial adventure, and the public views the proceedings with delight. So diverting are such affairs that it has become almost impossible for "professional" people to maintain themselves in good standing unless they, too, conform to the custom of exchanging husbands and wives.

All this is in consonance with the muttenjeff code of ethics, the muttenjeff standard of mirthful entertainment; but it is, after all, merely incidental. When we wish to forget our responsibilities, or start out deliberately to find relief from the exactions of Duty, we follow the crowds to the places where Comedy disports itself with a dog which has been taught to cling tenaciously to the most important part of a pair of trousers.

Men and women whose fathers and mothers were so simple-minded, so lacking in analytical discrimination, as to be able to enjoy "As You Like It" and "The Rivals," discover the essence of humor in the efforts of the talented performer who splashes a pie over somebody's face or dives into a barrel of flour. For color and verisimilitude, we have the offer of the flooded bathroom, the wrecked kitchen, the thwarted constable, and the insouciant leap from the twelfth-story window.

These are but a few of the essentials of present-day comedy, but they will serve to indicate the dominance of the muttenjeff spirit, the demand for the muttenjeff *motif* in amusement, as well as in art, in business, in politics, and in most of the other things which engage public interest. Can it be supposed that this manifestation will be ignored by the people who are to decide, a hundred or two hundred years from now, how this age of ours is to be styled? When they compare the pecuniary rewards of the protagonists of the muttenjeff idea with the payment that we grant reluctantly to our preachers and teachers and others who are engaged in the pitiful business of spreading enlightenment, fostering the desire for refinement, and keeping alive a belief in the importance of morality, can they conceivably be plagued by doubt in agreeing upon a name to fit and to characterize our particular era in the annals of mankind?

It has been decided that in order to be admitted to the Hall of Fame one must be safely dead, but it is not necessary to wait for the passing of a principle or the demolition of an ideal if we desire to

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embody it in the form of a statue or otherwise to give it permanent and visible shape. We have statues of Liberty; we set up figures which represent Justice, Virtue, Industry, and other things that may or may not be tangible. Why not, therefore, relieve posterity of a responsibility and prove that we possess a lively sense of the fitness of things by erecting in some proper and conspicuous place and dedicating with becoming ceremonies a gigantic statue of Muttenjeff symbolizing the Spirit of the Age in which we live?

THE LAST DRIVE TOGETHER

BY BEATRICE RAVENEL

THERE are people whose happiness provokes inevitably the reaction of apprehension in others. When this morning I met my neighbor Miss Felina, face to face through a hole in the garden wall, according to our Pyramus and Thisbe habit, and saw the smile on the face of the tiger, my heart sank. Let me parenthesize before my unguarded confidence needs living down, that we do not carry the habit too far, or rather, too close. The hole is furnished with a neat iron gate, and the chaperonage of the thorn bush and the dog are not lacking.

My heart sank. I knew from her expression of unholy joy that another drive was on. And Miss Felina driveth like Jehu, the son of Nimshi, who drove furiously.

"No thank you, no orphans this morning," said I. "My last one is still quite fresh."

"Oh, but you will love this!" she urged. "It's these." She included in one prehensile sweep her herbaceous borders and my dwarf pears, now cockily in bloom.

"A flower mission?"

"Exactly," she answered. "*For* the flowers. I shall write to dear Sir Jagadis to let him know that his seed has not fallen upon stony ground, and that one little group is really about to consider the lilies—*be* considerate of them, you know. Of course that must be the correct reading. It makes me so glad, after all the uplift my little peas and onions have given me—one keeps young by living with springing little things like those (one plants a kitchen garden more for one's soul than anything else, don't you think?)—it makes me so glad to be able to do a bit for them. For one *can* help them."

"Who? What?" I demanded, wildly.

"The dear little plants. . . . Haven't you heard of Sir Jagadis Chundra Bose's investigations? He makes them seem so human. If I ate a peach now I should feel like a cannibal."

"Oh, not so bad as that," I ejaculated, absentmindedly.

"First he found out that their temperatures rose and they became feverish when they were disturbed. Isn't that pathetic? Think of a crimson rambler running a temperature! And he doesn't seem to be at all sure that they don't *feel*. They show all the symptoms of suffering; they droop and lose their color, just as we do. And then"—her voice quivered—"then—they pass on."

"But, good God!" said I, much disturbed. "This is too horrible. Do you mean to imply that a dentated leaf can contract the toothache? That the cut flowers with which we cheer our rooms begin to sicken with a vague disease and loose their perfumed spirits over us in maledictions? This is the worst yet."

Her faced stopped me. "It may not be so bad," I urged, comfortingly. "Look at them. The little beggars look jolly enough. Their nervous systems cannot possibly be developed so nervously as ours, so that a sensation which would cause us unmitigated agony may give them merely a mildly stimulating titillation, a one-half-of-one-per-cent thrill. Try to believe that. I have always felt that a lobster enjoyed being vivisected. It takes an experience like

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that to make him realize that he has lived before he dies, as Gautier says."

"About lobsters? Did he?" asked she, earnestly.

"Well, no, in his case it was a young girl, a rose who had lived but a morning —which makes the application even more—applicable. And as for oysters, they must slide down with a soul's great moment of absolute fulfillment, of achieving what they were born for. Why should not fading flowers actually *enjoy* poor health?"

"Do you believe that?" she said, sternly. "Ask your conscience."

"But after all," I palliated. "We do have stock farms. Then why not pot gardens?"

"Yes," she countered; "but we also have laws for the humane slaughter of animals. Think of salads!"

I shuddered. "In time," I soothed, "every housewife will be compelled to use a domestic anæsthetic apparatus, so that the cutting off—or up—will become not a ghastly cruelty but perhaps a delectable euthanasia."

She kindled. "How wonderful of you! That is exactly what Sir Jagadis advocates when we have to transplant or otherwise worry them. I have it! We shall start the drive at once, the proceeds to be used for the purchase of anæsthetics for suffering plants. Some leaflets, with flowers on the cover."

"Violet-eyed violets or infant daisies," I cried, swept along. "With the motto, 'Are these not worth helping, too?'" . . .

We are now driving. I wish that Sir Jagadis had not unsettled us by his discovery. Walking in the garden in the cool of the evening is not what it used to be, although we have the best possible authority for listing it among our pleasures. It is like walking through a hospital ward. The apple swelling on the bough no longer suggests Sappho; it suggests the mumps. When I see the baby melons drowsing on the parent vine I hope anxiously that both are getting on as well as can be expected. The grass cutter sweeps over my nerves like the scythes of a chariot of Trinobant.

I devoutly trust that this is the last drive in which Miss Felina will enter me. Drives, of course, will go on just as long as the superfluous woman can blaze a new trail, but I hardly think that she can, unless—

Yesterday afternoon I saw her look up from her motherly task of spraying the throat of an Arum lily, to where a sickly and possessed little crescent was balancing itself in the most precarious and terrifying way on the top of the apple tree. "'The comfort thou hast given mankind, God's moon!'" she quoted softly. She always does. Then "Wouldn't you love to do something for the moon?"

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EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THIS number of the Magazine will see the settlement of a discussion that proceeds at this writing as to which of two citizens will be President of the United States. It has been an unusual discussion, unlike any that has preceded it. It has had to do mainly with our relations with other nations. For the moment we are not popular among the members of the great family of Europe. They suffered extremely from the war and looked to us to do very much more to bring them back to peace, shelter, and regular meals than we have so far been able to do. It would be funny to observe how ill they think of us and what curious faults they find in us, if only we were better satisfied that we were really blameless. But in truth we are not ourselves entirely pleased with our own performance since the war ended, and the main discussion in the late campaign was about whose fault it was and what could be done about it. Into that one cannot go in an Easy Chair. It is much too strenuous a subject, and, besides that, everybody must have had enough of it. But it may not be unsuitable to notice that, whereas most of Europe has been speaking cross words about us for about a year, and we have been busy blaming and reproaching one another for the last nine months, there are still left in England witnesses who still think of us with affection and write hopefully of our qualities.

Professor Gilbert Murray, writing recently in the *Manchester Guardian* about the Pilgrim fathers and their great adventure, fell into a discussion of the English and the Americans—meaning us of the United States—and what they think of one another. He said some really remarkable things about the feeling of the English Liberals toward their brethen here. "An immense mass of liberal-minded Englishmen," he says, "insist on regarding the Americans as something a little more than human, abnormally cool and generous and efficient, like the hero of a cinema play. We expect them," he said, "to be better than they are, and it is wonderful how angry it makes them."

"An immense mass of liberal-minded Englishmen!" That means a good many. Then Doctor Murray thinks a great many Englishmen have this feeling he speaks of toward America! That is consoling just now, even though our good friends may be too indulgent. He went on in that article, talking about the war, and how, just as soon as the British had read their own White Paper and convinced themselves that their cause was good, they "expected America, like a knight-errant, to ride romantically into the ring and strike down the oppressor." "Is there any other nation in the world," says Doctor Murray, "of which we should have formed such an absurd hope? We are always expecting of America more than ought to be expected of any normal agglomeration of human beings."

Now that's extraordinary, isn't it? How many of us have ever had an idea that anybody had such sentiments about us as Doctor Murray expresses? Distance, of course, lends its enchantment to transatlantic visions, but Doctor Murray has actually been here, and, in spite of knowing better, he shares these feelings that he speaks of. What faith they must have in us, these English Liberals! One may say that it is a faith

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in faith; a faith in what is in us somewhere, somehow, of which we are barely conscious. Some of it may have come from the Pilgrims whom Doctor Murray talks about, and that would mean that it was part of a leaven which leavened England as well as these States. Not the whole supply of Puritan yeast was shipped out of the country to the coast of Massachusetts. There was plenty left at home, and we may think, if we like, that it is a spiritual sympathy between the Puritan in England and the Puritan in the United States that is at the bottom of the feelings which Doctor Murray speaks of.

For some reason we are very close to the Scotch. We seem to understand them better, and they us, than the English. They are more Celtic and that makes a difference and makes for spir itual sympathies; and the Welsh are more Celtic, and the Irish, of course, and the Celt in us is brother to both of them. He is quite a person in the world to-day, that Celt. He is Lloyd George and part of Mr. Wilson. Probably he is a tie between the nations, and some day we shall know it, though with the American-Irish so active in assisting the British-Irish to fight their government, it has not looked so lately.

We are apt to think of the English as a whole. They are apt to think of the people of the United States as a whole. Of course the British Empire is a whole, and the American nation is another, but neither is a whole in the sense that all the people in it are of the same mind. The same line of division runs through both of them. In most matters there is not really a division of sentiment between the British and the Americans. The division is between people of different aims and understandings, and runs through both countries. Like elements in England and here fight elements opposed to them, but they are not clearly defined. The leadership is a good deal in sight; the followers not. Average Americans don't know much about English Liberals. They don't know English politics. They don't know now what party is in power in England, or just what combination of parties. Doctor Murray speaks with the vehemence of disappointment, of the "hideous outbreak of international blackguardism which dominated the general election of 1918," with results to the Treaty of Versailles that English Liberals lamented. That "queered the pitch," he says, "for any wise or generous reconstruction of Europe. It determined the downward road of European civilization and, in spite of occasional convulsive struggles from the British Prime Minister, handed over the main direction of policy in France and England to the worst elements in public life." We are used to having Mr. Wilson blamed for everything untoward that happened at the Peace Conference, but here is Doctor Murray, an English Liberal, offering Europe, England included, to share guilt with him!

What sort of an Englishman was it, what type of Englishman, that represented England in that "queering of the pitch," for any generous reconstruction of Europe? One may imagine it was the type of Englishman that goes through the world on the lookout for property and power for the British Empire; who wants anything that is good, who takes anything he can get, and hangs on like grim death to anything he takes. He is a valuable man, much respected in this world for the work he has done in it, but he excites apprehensions. A good example of him is described in two letters by John Hay. They were written from Washington, where a commission of Englishmen, Canadians, and Americans had been sitting to try to settle questions in dispute about the boundary line between Canada and Alaska. Lord Herschell was the leading representative of Great Britain, and Mr. Fairbanks, afterward Vice-President, was the leading man for us. Mr. Hay wrote to Henry White, Secretary of the Embassy in London, on December 3, 1898:

I hear from no less than three members of

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our Canadian commission that by far the worst member of the commission to deal with is Lord Herschell, who is more cantankerous than any of the Canadians, raises more petty points, and is harder than any of the Canadians to get along with. In fact, he is the principal obstacle to a favorable arrangement.

He wrote again to Mr. White a month later:

Lord Herschell, with great dexterity and ability, represents his own side as granting everything and getting nothing, and yet I think the letter of Fairbanks shows with perfect clearness and candor that we are making great concessions and getting no credit for them.

In the case of Alaska, it is hard to treat with patience the claim set up by Lord Herschell that virtually the whole coast belongs to England, leaving us only a few jutting promontories without communication with each other. Without going into the historical or legal argument, as a mere matter of common sense it is impossible that any nation should ever have conceded, or any other nation have accepted, the cession of such a ridiculous and preposterous boundary line. We are absolutely driven to the conclusion that Lord Herschell put forward a claim that he had no belief or confidence in, for the mere purpose of trading it off for something substantial. And yet, the slightest suggestion that his claim is unfounded throws him into a fury.

Lord Herschell was a very eminent and able lawyer, doing his best according to his lights for his client, and apparently not so appreciative as he might have been that a just settlement of a difficult controversy between the United States and Great Britain was more important than even the acquisition of harbors in Alaska. The upshot of it was that so long as Lord Herschell had charge of that matter no settlement could be reached, and the commission gave it up. It was settled afterward in London by men of a more accommodating disposition—Mr. Hay, Mr. Choate, Lord Salisbury, Lord Lansdowne, and a whole new commission—who were able to agree.

To understand Lord Herschell as Mr. Hay described him helps to understanding of the kind of man that in international discussions makes trouble for the world. It helps to an understanding of the difficulties of the Peace Conference, for the spirit of Lord Herschell is not confined to English Tories, but it is to be found in all countries—here, in France, in Italy, everywhere—working unreasonably for material advantage, and bent on getting at any cost the most possible for its own. It is that blind spirit of national selfishness beyond the warrantable obligation to care for one's own that is the cause of wars and the great peril to the peace of nations. Happily it is no more characteristic of the mass of the British than of the mass of other peoples, but it is strong, and when it gets the direction of a country's affairs it is infinitely troublesome and dangerous. It is often in power in Great Britain, and, having the greatest machine in the world behind it, it has often made trouble. The Irish difficulties, centuries old, are largely due to England's Herschell-like reluctance to concede enough at any one time to correct injustice and appease irritations. It is a spirit that understands force, but not much else, and that yields to prospect of force when nothing else can move it.

But there is another spirit in England—a great spirit, none nobler and saner, more just and wise, in all the world, that fights the English greed, and it is that spirit that ever reaches out toward its fellow in these states. After the Peace Conference had gone a good deal wrong, as English Liberals saw it, "we only trusted more and more blindly," Doctor Murray says, "that America would come to the rescue of Liberal principles and international decency. We felt as if, obviously, so that every American could see, the people temporarily governing us were not England. The real England which hated militarism, which only wanted to help Central Europe, to appease Ireland, to rebuild Armenia, which never thought at all about oil wells and

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imperial tariffs, was more desperately in need of help than ever before in history, and it seemed obvious that America should see the need and bring the help."

He still thinks, this English Liberal, that the United States will somehow, somewhen, join the League of Nations and help to make it a real league and turn the tide of the world's fortune. Is it not extraordinary that such sentiments about us should exist in the mind of a well-informed person in any part of this world? And yet, when you come to think of it, corresponding sentiments do exist in the minds of well-informed people here. They would do all that Doctor Murray would have them do, not because they love England immoderately, not because they are infatuated with France, or with Italy, or with Ireland, or with China, or any other country; but because it looks right to them, and it is in them to do it if they can. They have sense enough to know that if they don't do, or try to do, what looks right to them, they will never get anywhere much, either in this world or the next.

People cannot live on other people's characters; at least they cannot live a developing life so. Character may keep the world going, and characterless people may go on existing in it who would crumble and squash out if the organization was not kept up; but for purposes of development one must have some character himself and live on it and work it out.

We rejoiced to get into the war, not primarily to save our necks and our money, not to meet the peril to ourselves while we still had help, not altogether to save France or to save England, though those considerations touched our affections with a tremendous appeal, but, most of all, to save our own souls. The great determining motive for American action was spiritual. Many, even of the most ardent sympathizers with the Allies, doubted for a long time whether the quarrel was really ours. They knew where their hearts were, but they knew that the implication of a hundred million Americans in a European war, with all the sacrifices involved, should be based on nothing less than an irresistible summons of duty. We whose hearts said to us: "Get in! Get in!" despaired for long of getting a warrant sufficiently compelling to justify national action in a country which, after all, was divided in sympathies. Action could not come until by the course of events it became a clear case accepted by the mass of our people of, "You'll be damned if you don't." We got into the war to save our own souls, to save ourselves from the appalling spiritual consequences of a vast duty put aside in a tremendous world crisis. We went in to save our own national existence, not because we feared the Germans would ever destroy us—for that fear was never prevalent in this country—but because we knew that a selfish country, deaf to its obligations to mankind, could never amount to anything worth being. We went in because we knew that our default in that crisis, if we did default, would have to be atoned for eventually by sorrow and disgrace, and belated repentances immeasurably more costly than prompt and timely action.

And so, in time, we shall get into the peace and into the League in whatever form it finally takes, when the wit of man, and further experience, have done their best for it. What the world must learn before there can be lasting peace is that it is no gain to a country to take what does not belong to it. The division of territory has reached a point where that understanding is necessary. And yet there must go with it the further knowledge that civilization cannot be permanently held back by control of important territory by people incompetent to keep up with civilization. The parable of the talents is true of nations. Progress is a law of life, and the nation that cannot, in time, develop what it has, cannot hold its own.

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EDITOR'S DRAWER

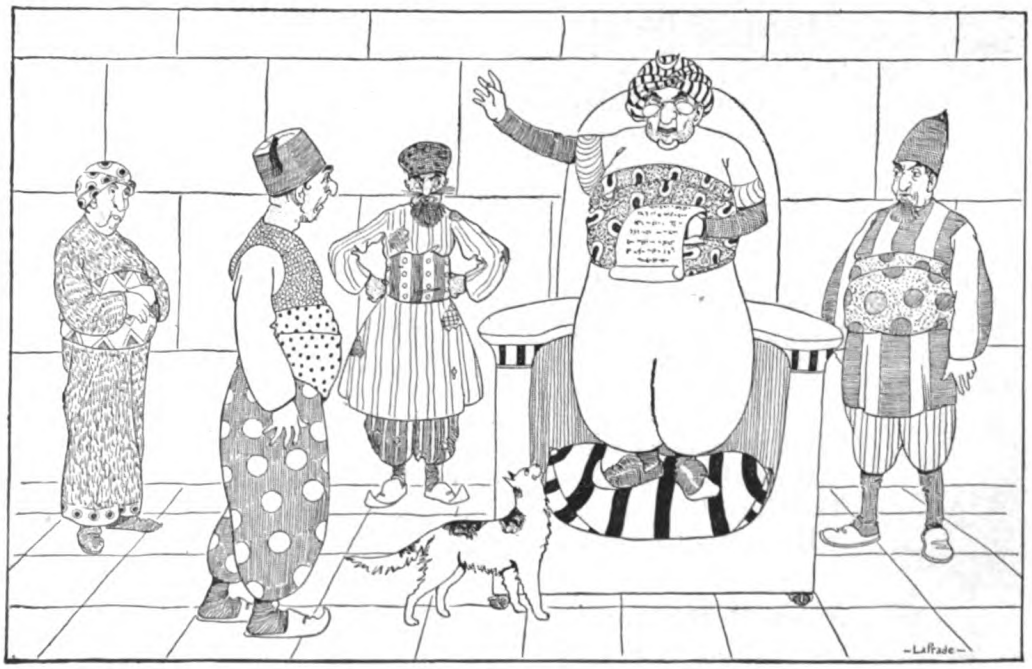
THE CALIPH AND THE REFORMERS

BY MALCOLM LA PRADE

THE Caliph of Bussorah issued an order
And sent it abroad through the state
To summon Reformers, from border to border,
To join in an open debate.

And when they were gathered together to hear him
And learn what his pleasure might be,
He affably bade them to rise and draw near him
And list to his royal decree.

The Caliph adjusted his glasses with unction
And solemnly nodded his head,
Then, striking a pose which befitted the function,
He opened a parchment and read:



HE OPENED A PARCHMENT AND READ

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"'Tis known to you all that a state of perfection
Is rarely attained by a state,
Yet most of its evils admit of correction
Be they not admitted too late.

"So now I desire you, without reservation,
To offer suggestions to me
Of methods and means of reforming my nation
And making it what it should be."

And then, all together, they voiced their opinions
As though they would never have done;
The Caliph, at length, had to call in his minions
And force them to speak one by one.

Then up spake a man of lugubrious features:
"My lord, if you'd hear what I think,
The curse and affliction of all human creatures
Is said in the single word, DRINK!

"If I were the Caliph, I'd strangle all brewers,
And those who did traffic in rum
I'd drag from their shops and impale upon skewers
Till they should completely succumb."

"No, no!" said a second. "The private possession
Of wealth is the curse of our times;
Reducing the poor to a state of oppression
Increasing the quota of crimes.

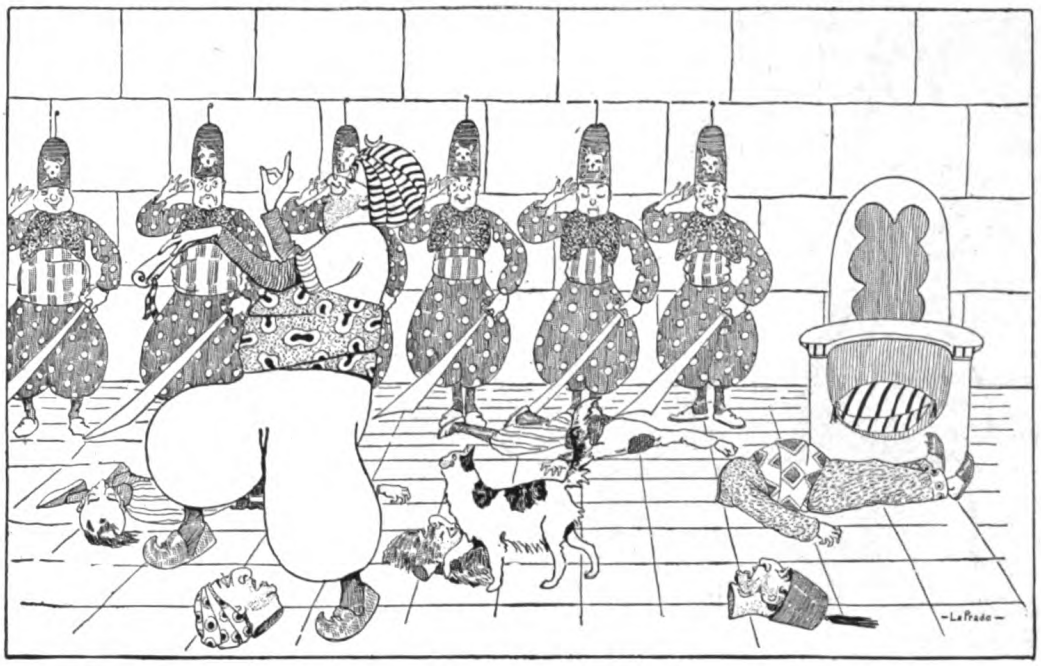
"If I were the Caliph I'd drown or I'd smother
All those who owned private estates,
And those who grew rich by the work of another
I'd furnish with similar fates."

"My lord," cried another, "the Governing Classes
Are those I desire to impeach;
Ignoring the rights of the downtrodden masses,
They rob them of freedom of speech.

"If I were the Caliph, I'd place high explosive
Beneath all the courts in the land,
Their obsolete rulings and statutes corrosive
Reverse by a royal command."

At length there arose from that throng of professors
A person rotund and urbane
Who said: "The neglect of its Father Confessors
Has ruined this land, I maintain.

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WHICH ENDED THE MORNING'S DEBATE

"If I were the Caliph I'd build tabernacles,
And those of a wicked intent
I'd drag to my temples and load them with shackles
Until they began to repent."

The Caliph, arising, addressed them with vigor,
And said, as he gazed on the throng:
"Methought that reforms should be wrought with less rigor,
But now I perceive I was wrong.

"Though each of you speaks for a different faction,
In substance you all have agreed
Inflexible judgment and violent action
Are quite the most exigent need.

"And though, I repeat, I have no predilection
For putting such methods to test,
In fairness to you I will waive my objection;
However, I beg to suggest,

"Reform, like sweet charity, has its beginning
At home, so you'll quite understand
Convention requires me at first," said he, grinning,
"To cut off the evils at hand."

The Caliph then called in his Headsmen, who waited,
Most eager to participate,
And all the Reformers were decapitated—
Which ended the morning's debate.

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"The Jury in the trial for violation of the Eighteenth Amendment tests exhibit A"

Occupied

WHEN the stranger in the crowded automobile manufacturing city had finally found a bedroom, a closetlike inclosure on the fourth floor of a structure that formerly had been used as a tenement, he turned to the landlady and asked if the house contained a bathtub.

"Yes," the woman snapped, "but it's rented, and won't be vacant for three weeks or longer. A night watchman sleeps in it daytimes, an' a floorwalker sleeps in it nights."

The Dignity of Age

JIMMIE had celebrated his eighth birthday just a day or two before an agent called at the house. When the bell rang, Jimmie opened the door.

"Is Mr. Smythe in?" inquired the man.

"I'm Mr. Smythe. What can I do for you?" replied Jimmie.

Desperate Measures

THE artist in the studio on the ninth floor had just finished a landscape. On looking up he beheld the Irish janitor gazing at the canvas.

"Well, Malachi," said the artist, "do you suppose you could make a picture like that?"

The janitor squinted in a quaint fashion, and then replied in the gravest of tones:

"Shure; a man can do annything if he's druv to it."

How Mary Managed

THERE arose such a din in the nursery that the mother hastened thither to ascertain the trouble. She found the baby crying lustily, while the new nursemaid sat calmly by.

"What a terrible racket, Mary!" exclaimed the mother. "What on earth is the matter? Is there no way you can keep the baby quiet?"

"Shure an' there is, mum," said Mary, "an' I'm doin' it. I can't kape that baby quiet unless I let him make a noise, mum."

Modesty

A VERY little girl was about to be bathed by her mother. The window of the bathroom looked out on a court in which was a flock of chickens.

"Mamma," said the little one, "I don't want to take my bath here where all the chickens can look in!"

"Oh, foolishness!" replied mamma. "You needn't worry about the chickens."

"Well, mamma, won't you go and drive the old rooster away, at least?"

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True Caution

"WHAT is William crying about?" asked Mrs. Smith of the new nurse.

"Well, ma'am, he wanted to go over to Tommy Brown's."

"Why didn't you let him go?"

"They were having charades, he said, ma'm, and I wasn't sure as he'd had 'em yet!"

In Terms He Understood

AN ex-sea captain, expostulating with his pretty daughter, exclaimed, "This is a fine time to be coming home after automobiling with that lubber!"

"But, daddy," explained his daughter, "we were becalmed. The wind died down in one of the tires and we had to wait for it to spring up again."

The New Era

"IT looks as though the world were completely reversing itself," observed the town-square philosopher. "It used to be that candidates provided us with drinks on promises to vote for them. Now we must vote for them on their promises to provide us with something to drink."

A Color Test

IN some parts of the South the colored brethren constitute a very large percentage of the G. O. P.

A traveling drummer at a railroad station, on seeing a line of white men, made a bet he could tell who were Democrats and who Republicans. He went down the line, chalking off this one as a Democrat and that one as a Republican. At last he approached a sallow-faced individual whom he declared a Republican.

"No, I am not," said the fellow. "I ain't no Republican. I may look so because I have just had the yellow jaundice."

He Who Fights, Etc.

AT a meeting held in the North to erect a monument to a certain regiment a man made a motion to have the names of all the battles in which that regiment had engaged carved on the monument. An Irishman arose and asked

"You ain't going to put Bull Run on this monument, is you?"

"Yes. Why not?" answered the chairman.

"'Cause I don't want it put on," replied the Irishman.

"Were you at Bull Run," the chairman asked, "and did you run?"

"Yes," replied Pat—"yes, I was thar, an' I did run, an' all them that didn't run are thar now."

A Young Theologian

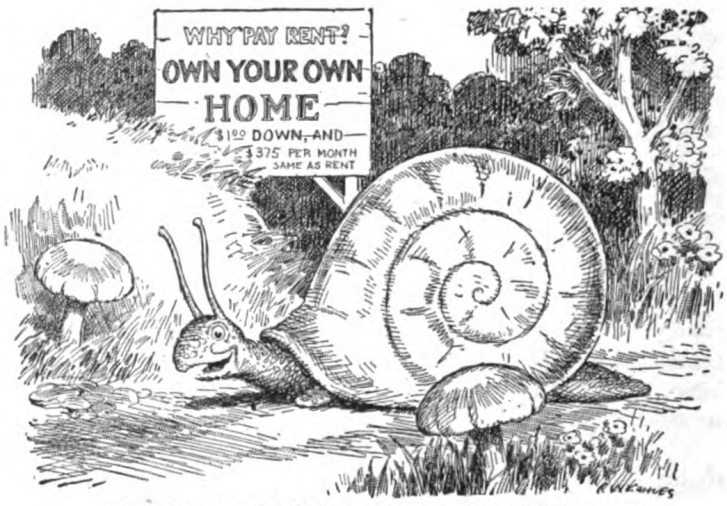
WHEN a shower overtook the picnic party in an uncovered buckboard, little Johnny seized father's cane and held it upright over his head.

"Look, mummy," he said, "I am a Christian Scientist."



SERGEANT: *"So he grabbed ye by the throat an' tried to choke ye?"*
"That's what, Serg., an' I wish ye'd photograph the finger prints as soon as ye can, I might want to wash me neck"

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MR. SNAIL: *"Well, I may be slow but they are all following my example now"*

Why, Indeed?

LITTLE John was always eager for knowledge. One day while out walking with his father he passed a tree he had not seen before.

"What is that tree?" he asked.

"That is an elm tree?" said his father.

"Why do they call it an elm tree?'

"Why do they call you John?" asked the parent, impatient at so many questions.

"I don't know"—thoughtfully. "Why *do* they call me John, father?"

Worse to Come

THE regular horn player of a Southern orchestra was ill and the conductor reluctantly accepted the services of a darky who played in an amateur brass band. He was naturally a little doubtful, however, of the technical ability of the amateur.

After the first performance, the new player asked the conductor how he had done. The conductor replied that he had done fairly well, but would do better, doubtless, with practice. Whereupon the newcomer exclaimed, gratefully:

"Boss, the music was strange to me to-night, an' I ain't jest sho'e of it yet; but jest you wait till to-morrow night and yo' ain't gwine to hear any of them fiddles at all!"

A Late Departure

A YOUNG man who had prolonged his call on his sweetheart was surprised, when an upstairs window opened as he was leaving the house, to hear a voice exclaiming:

"Leave an extra quart this morning, please."

Hurting Trade

MR. HARKINS had taken his boy, aged ten, to have an offending molar tooth drawn. When the job had been accomplished, the dentist said:

"I am sorry, sir, but I shall have to charge you five dollars for pulling that tooth."

"Five dollars!" exclaimed Mr. Harkins, in dismay. "Why, I understood you to say that you charged only one dollar for such work!"

"Yes," replied the dentist, "but this youngster yelled so terribly that he scared four other patients out of the office."

Helping the Teacher Out

WHEN Johnny returned home after spending his first day at the new school, he was asked what he had learned.

"Nothin'," he replied.

"Nothing? Well, what did you do there, anyway?"

"Nothin'. The teacher wanted to know how to spell 'cat' and I told her."



Golf Term

"A hard day on the links"

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Rara Avis

DURING the course of a conversation touching things Irish between Messrs. Casey and Clancy, the former observed:

"Ye must admit that the crops in Ireland are so poor that the people can't even afford to keep scarecrows."

"Ye an Irishman!" exclaimed Mr. Clancy. "The truth is not in ye!"

"Anyhow, you know perfectly well that in Ireland there are no scarecrows."

"Ain't there, though? Shure, manny's the time I've gathered the eggs of thim!"

Professional Jealousy

MISCHA ELMAN, the violinist, after a recent concert in a small Wisconsin theater, was asked by the manager of the theater to recommend another violinist to play later in the season.

After he had recommended a fine woman violinist, Mr. Elman received the following letter from the manager:

The committee in charge of arranging the concerts has decided not to engage the artist you suggested, for they say that if one artist recommends another, then there must be something wrong with the artist recommended.

Making the Second Try First

FOR some time past now the country has been full of complaint about the telephone service. However, one busy man, by employing a subtle strategy, has managed to rid himself of the annoyance of false connections. For example, taking the receiver from the hook, he politely informs Central, "Operator, you just gave me the wrong number; I want three seven eight six Bryant." And it works!

His Method

TWO colored men were discussing the eloquence of a certain member of the faculty of an educational institution for negroes in a Southern state.

"That Professor Biggs sure does like to use high-soundin' words, don't he?" asked one of them.

"Maybe dat's jest an affection on his part," said the other darky. "Some folks do like to put on airs in talkin'."

"No, I don't figure it out dat way," said the other. "I kinder thinks he uses them big words because he's afraid dat if people knew what he was talkin' about they'd know he didn't know what he was talkin' about."



MOTHER: "*What are you crying about?*"
DAUGHTER: "*Who's going to bring babies to our house now if they keep him in the cage?*"

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"Which Road, Ouija?"

The Browns refuse absolutely to make any decisions without first consulting Ouija

A Fertile Cross-Examination

IN a case recently tried there did not seem to be much to be gained from the principal witness, who evinced a wonderful facility for holding his tongue. But the lawyer who was cross-examining him persisted.

"You say your boat picked up the accused at nine o'clock or thereabouts," he said. "It has been stated that he jumped overboard nearly an hour before that time. Tell me, how did he appear to you when you picked him up. If you had been required to give an opinion of him then, what would you have said?"

"Well, I'll tell you, honest," replied the witness. "I should have said that he was one of the wettest men, if not the wettest man, that ever I see!"

By Their Fruits Ye Shall Know Them

AN English professor remarked to his class, "If you take note you can always discover a man's occupation by the figures of speech that he uses."

"What, then, would you imagine, sir," inquired a mild-looking student, "to be the occupation of the man that is always talking of peaches and prunes and pippins and dates?"

A Queer Title

ONE rainy afternoon Aunt Lillian was explaining the meaning of various words to her young nephew.

"Now, an heirloom, my dear, means something that has been handed down from father to son," she said.

"Well," replied the boy, thoughtfully, "that's a queer name for my pants."

A Discovery

IN a large candy factory, where chocolates are turned out daily by tons, the efficiency expert, walking through the packing room one afternoon, noticed a young girl pulling the window curtain lower to prevent the sun from shining on the chocolates.

"Excellent idea," murmured that official, and promptly sent the following communication to the superintendent of the chocolate department:

I would recommend that the window curtains be drawn in the packing rooms every afternoon, to prevent the sun from shining on the chocolates.

The reply came back:

SIR,—That's what the curtains are there for. We've been drawing them for the last twenty years.

Respectfully,
R. JONES (*Superintendent.*)

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The Christmas

HARPER'S

HAIL, COLUMBIA!

That is the title that W. L. GEORGE has given to his series of articles beginning in the Christmas Harper's. He is not writing a treatise on American life,—he is setting down in his extraordinarily brilliant, incisive way his impressions of us and our institutions. He isn't interested in the obvious. He has traveled over the entire country before writing a line. He is a student of life, a trained observer. Critics everywhere have exclaimed, "How does he know so much about women?" You will wonder how he has found out so much that is true about you and the town you live in.

IN PRAISE OF AMERICAN DRAMA

William Archer, the distinguished British scholar and dramatic critic, denies the decay of the American drama, and comes gallantly to the defense of our stage to-day. He commends the recent work of various popular playwrights as a real contribution to dramatic literature.

WHEN BRITONS AND HUNS KEPT CHRISTMAS TOGETHER

Capt. Wilfrid Ewart, of the British Army, relates two astonishing incidents —hitherto suppressed by the War Office—of how British and German front-line troops fraternized on two successive Christmas Days.

ROBERT FROST'S LATEST POEMS

A notable contribution to the poetry of the year will be a group of Robert Frost's latest poems to be published in the Christmas number.

ARE WE AFRAID TO THINK?

In only one direction—natural science—has the human mind dared to exert itself to its full capacity. Prof. James Harvey Robinson points out how our thinking in regard to war, politics, morals, property, and the like, is still warped by the Middle Ages.

TWO ADVENTURERS IN THE SOUTH SEAS

James Norman Hall and Charles Nordhoff record another chapter of their impressions of the beauty and exotic charm of the South Sea Islands—the lure and loneliness of remote atolls and the childlike races unspoiled by civilization.

UNUSUAL SHORT STORIES

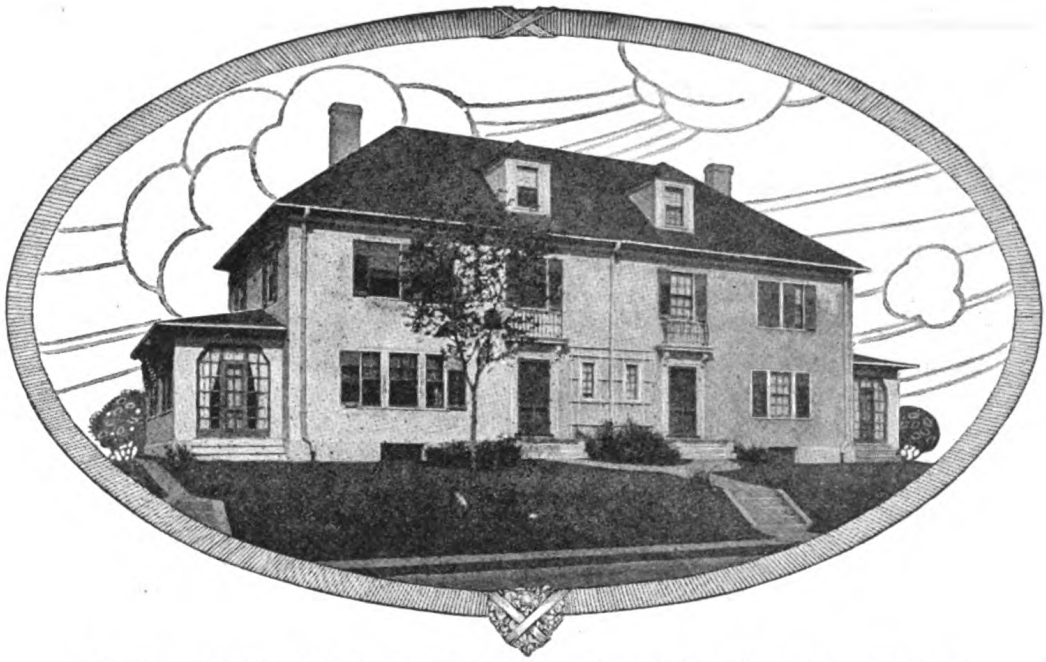
by Mary Austin, Wilbur Daniel Steele, Clarence Day, Jr., Philip Curtiss, and Grace H. Flandrau.

Many Pictures in Color and Tint

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THE BOOKSHELF

THERE are many definitions of originality, but the one I prefer above all others is, "Originality consists in discovering something more obvious than anyone else has ever discovered before."

That is the kind of originality that inspires a man to feel his nose for his spectacles before looking under the dresser for them, that sends him to his own back yard for the four-leaf clover before he starts on a round-the-world quest. It is the kind of originality that sees romance in driving a furniture truck in Hoboken as truly as in riding behind a Tibetan yak. That it is a thing of genuine human appeal is evidenced by the extraordinary success of Rupert Hughes as a story-teller.



RUPERT HUGHES
Author of *Momma: and Other Important People*

It is hard to believe that Mr. Hughes was following a theory in writing the series of short stories issued under the title of *Momma: and Other Important People*—there is too much of a naïve joy of the job in the unfolding of each of the tales for that. But what Mr. Hughes has done in effect is to dramatize the marginal realms of everyday life—the submerged dreams and half-expressed overtones of a manhood that insists on foolish aspirations, though half crushed by the newspaper, the eight-hours-a-day job, and the derby hat.

A twilight on the smooth-flowing stream at Stratford, and a train of boyhood memories; an idea—the first one in many years—germinating in the head of poor, frumpy old Momma; the glimpse of a startlingly innocent girlish face among a group of reformatory women—these are the simple conceptions that set the story-telling machinery revolving. The story of Momma, who, after passing tranquilly into middle life and marrying off her daughter, began having mysterious aches and pains and thereafter began to discover the world, is something of a *tour de force*. It is as though Rupert Hughes had defied his reader to point out any human being so dull that he or she did not have an appealing story to tell, and, having had the challenge flung back at him in the person of this dull, half-alive small-town woman, had promptly made her a heroine of true romance. How Momma came to New York to be killed or cured, and how, instead, she was dazzlingly remade, makes the story of a rare spiritual adventure.

When a story or poem assumes a particularly clean-cut outline, it generally leaves an impression of symbolism, whether intentionally or not. One gets this feeling in a number of Mr. Hughes's stories—in "The Stick-in-the-Muds," for instance, with its tale of the businesslike boy and the young poet who grew up together, and what happened to the poet. In "Father of Waters," the story of a girl who grew up on the bank of the Mississippi and paid heavy tribute to the turbid river, some of this

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symbolism shows through the mixture of irony and insuppressible hope. There is goodly measure of dream stuff and story stuff in the pages of *Momma: and Other Important People.*

AN ARTIST ADVENTURER

Beginning with the terrible days of the commune in Paris, through fifty years of the world's battles for many causes and on many frontiers, whenever the first whispers of momentous doings drifted London way, Frederic Villiers packed the few belongings with which he was wont to travel, put his sketch-book and pencil where he could get at them easily, and started for the red spot on the map. Now, bringing the tense excitement, the disappointments and exultations, all the crowded adventures and hopes and fears of half a hundred years of campaigning in the pages of *Frederic Villiers: His Five Decades of Adventure,* he gives a unique example of the amount of the world's scattered experience that may gather in the orbit of one small, human life.

Frederic Villiers talked with the king of the *Tziganes,* in the gypsy monarch's raggedy court; he rode with a sack of human skulls for his burden along a treacherous Balkan road; with an illicit passport as his only protection, he changed from the ranks of the Serbians to the Turks in the midst of a bloody war, and heard a Turkish general tell of the gruesome things he would do to the correspondent of the London *Graphic* if that author of disturbing pictures and stories ever fell into his hands. He served in campaigns where the death toll among correspondents ran higher than that in the ranks, and made comrades in strange places, to share his good cheer with them just once, and pass on. After swimming free from a boat that was driven on the rocks by a treacherous pilot, and losing all his belongings in Egypt, some thousands of miles from where they could be replaced, he learned to travel light. The quick death of a fellow-correspondent, who went into skirmish wearing a red jacket, taught him caution. But there is one thing that apparently no amount of experience, where strange sights were to be seen, could teach a Frederic Villiers, and that thing is to be *blasé.* He stands out at the end of his amazing story the same wondering, eager, ever-curious seeker of the elusive fact who went forth boyishly with the telegram ordering him to his first assignment, still folded in his fingers.

Journalism remains the one profession that will never be standardized, the one gateway to adventure that will never be closed by factory chimneys, machinery, and the progress of the humdrum trappings of civilization—and no, not even by schools of journalism! Also, it is about the one opportunity left in a world of increasing artificiality for a glimpse behind the scenes. Who but a newspaper man, for instance, would have seen this side of the life of Queen Victoria?

"I recall a wedding at the chapel royal in Windsor Castle, at which I was present. The German Emperor, with the Kaiserin, and many foreign princes who had arrived from the Continent specially to attend the nuptials, had already marched to their respective places in the chapel. Then there was a slight wait. I had seen the Queen after her afternoon drive the day before, carried by her Indian servants from the carriage up the palace steps, evidently crippled with pain, and I thought the pause in the proceeding was owing to her decision not to attend. But in this I was mistaken, for she turned up just in time for the ceremony and passed down the aisle to the altar without assistance, bowing to her regal guests, the most imperial and stately figure of them all."

Few writers of fiction have, in the creations of their minds so completely covered the range of personal adventure as this veteran war correspondent and artist in his sober tales of actual happenings afield. For Frederic Villiers is one of those fortunate men who have neither read nor written their romance, but lived it.

THE SECRET SPRINGS

"What are the secret springs of health? What are the roots of happiness?" These are the questions that Harvey O'Higgins put to his friend, Dr. X, an eminent diagnostician.

"His answer," says Mr. O'Higgins, "grew and lengthened, until it spread itself over as many nights as the stories that Scheherazade told the Sultan. It seemed to me more interesting, too, than the Arabian tales. It was not merely fantastic, incredible, miraculous. It was scientific and convincing also. It was a new department of human knowledge as astonishing to me as the modern wonders of electricity might be to a man of the Middle Ages."

Being a writer by profession, Mr. O'Higgins saw in the doctor's answer to his ques-

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tions a story that the world ought to know. And the result is *The Secret Springs*.

The "Doctor X" who conducted Mr. O'Higgins on his journey through the subliminal reaches of human nature, and who for professional reasons prefers not to be identified, is not entirely a Freudian—for one thing, he does not stand with that scientist in his emphasis on sex. He is convinced, however, that the so-called imaginary ailments are among the most important subjects for doctors' diagnosis, that a mental image carried over from childhood can wreck a marriage as surely as "incompatibility of temperament," and that almost unbearable physical pain may be traced at times to nothing more tangible than the nonattainment of an ideal.

"Doctor X" gives an abundance of startling stories taken from his clinical experience to prove his theories. One of the most remarkable of these is a proof of how, in one case, the sins of the father were visited upon—not the son, but the son-in-law. It happened, he tells, by the gradual transference of a woman's childhood image of her father to her husband, so that a trivial lapse in courtesy, which touched off the whole train of memories, brought about a nervous explosion entirely unaccountable by the simple surface facts.

Mr. O'Higgins has already shown himself a student of human nature in that remarkable series of short stories *From the Life*. The fact-story of *The Secret Springs* that he tells, now shows that it may be indeed an adventure—though not necessarily a fearsome one—to follow the old commandment to "know thyself."

THE AMERICANIZATION PROBLEM

In his "Advancement of Learning," Francis Bacon set out by giving the world a composite array of all its knowledge in the sciences, to build up a machine that would push the regions of the unknown always farther back on the borderland. It is an enterprise worthy of Baconian magnitude that the Carnegie Corporation has undertaken now, in its inquiry into the problems of Americanization, the findings of which are to be given to America in a series of ten volumes.

In *Schooling the Immigrant*, the initial volume of the Americanization Series, Frank V. Thompson, Superintendent of Schools of Boston, presents the first formidable array of facts. There is much in *Schooling the Immigrant* that will be disquieting to the citizen whose knowledge of the Americanization issue is limited by newspaper headlines and the pleasant platitudes of an occasional public speaker. That only one city in five has public provision for teaching the foreigner; that such evening schools as are available are quite inadequate; and that in the most important part of our Americanization machinery—the training of teachers for the work—we are weakest, are some of Mr. Thompson's findings. His expressed dissatisfaction with the parochial schools in this situation is sure to be the nucleus of controversy, but there are other conclusions, not so sweeping, that are more disquieting. It is now, of course, well known that of the huge draft army raised for the nation's recent emergency, 24.9 per cent of the men were unable to read a newspaper or write a letter home. How adequate our present plans are for meeting this situation remains to be seen. In the meantime, the series of which *Schooling the Immigrant* is the opening volume will come as a particularly timely contribution.

IS DEMOCRACY SUCCESSFUL?

It is a stimulating question that Carl Becker propounds in his scholarly appraisal of the American spirit as evolved in one hundred and forty-four years of crowded history—*The United States: An Experiment in Democracy*. Reduced to its lowest terms, the question is—has America's great trial of democracy proven itself a success? In selecting the salient facts to tell their own story and answer the question, Professor Becker affords an unusually vivid panorama of American history and brings us back to fundamentals with something of a start.

We who have always taken the word democracy as part of the very air we breathed are apt to be shocked when it is brought before the court of political analysis and made to answer for itself like any new theory of yesterday's upbringing. But the intellectual journey is one well worth making, if only because it affords us the realization of why we believe as we do.

Professor Becker, approaching his problem with the spirit of impersonal inquiry that has marked his work in the chair of modern European history at Cornell University, has succeeded in etching in some vivid backgrounds for the high spots of American progress. What he has to say about the actual attitude of the Colonists toward the

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The United States: An Experiment in Democracy is a book calculated to make any American think, whether he be a democrat by conviction or force of habit.

No end of interesting things are to be found among the late autumn books, both in fiction and in other fields. Margaret Deland's *An Old Chester Secret*, and Alice Duer Miller's *The Beauty and the Bolshevist*, will be in the shops in a few days. Clarence Budington Kelland has a new novel called *Youth Challenges*, the study of a young man's revolt against family, wealth, and the power which is to be his as head of a great industry. For sheer entertainment, Philip Curtiss's story, *Wanted: A Fool*, is all that one could demand—and more than one usually gets in stories of this kind, for it is a cleverly wrought, well balanced novel as well as an exciting series of events. Those who have followed the Peace Treaty closely, will find Bernard M. Baruch's *The Making of the Reparation and Economic Sections of the Treaty*, a a source of new information on the treaty's most mooted phrase. For as head of the American Economic Delegation, Mr. Baruch speaks with authority, and from an exact knowledge of what took place in the deliberations. THEODORE BROOKES.

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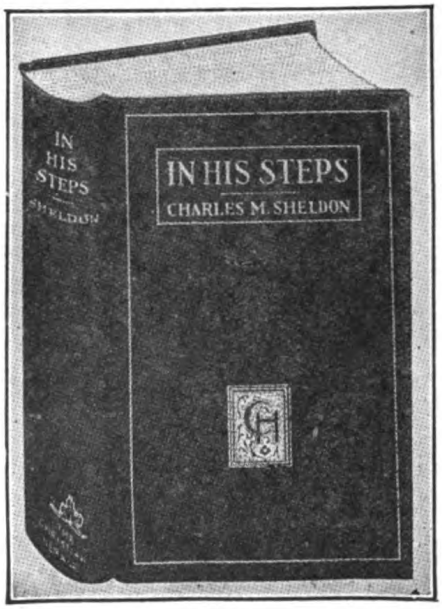
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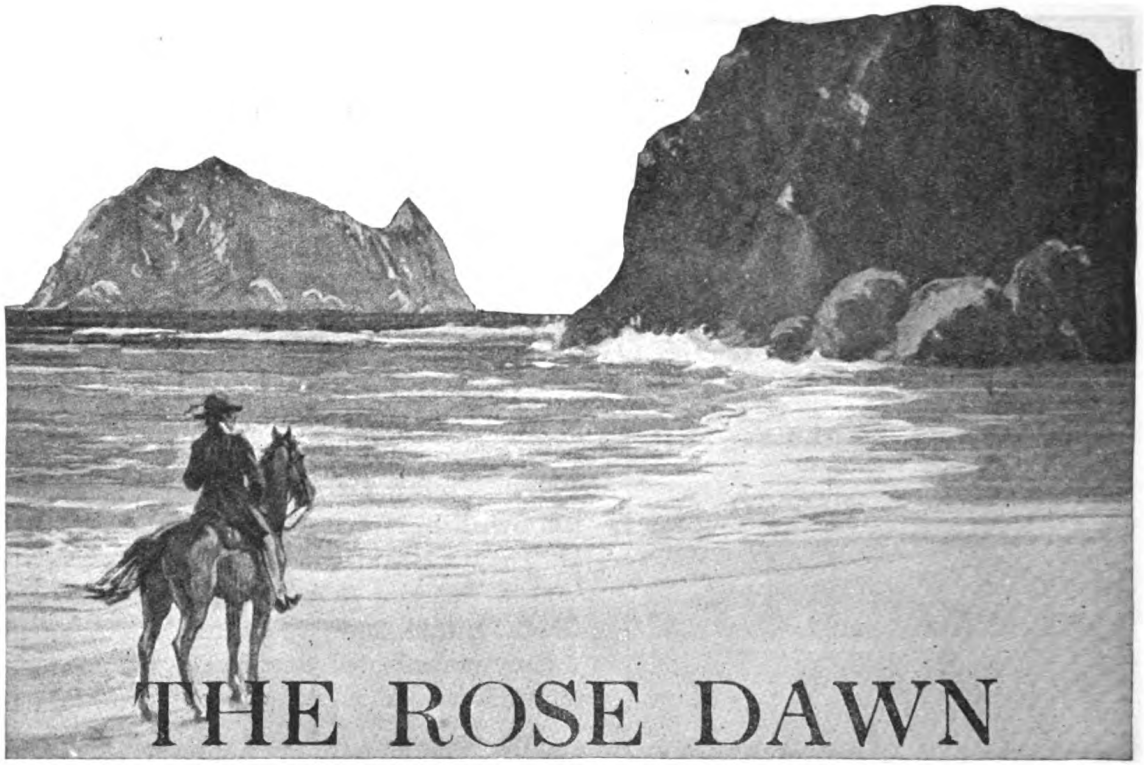
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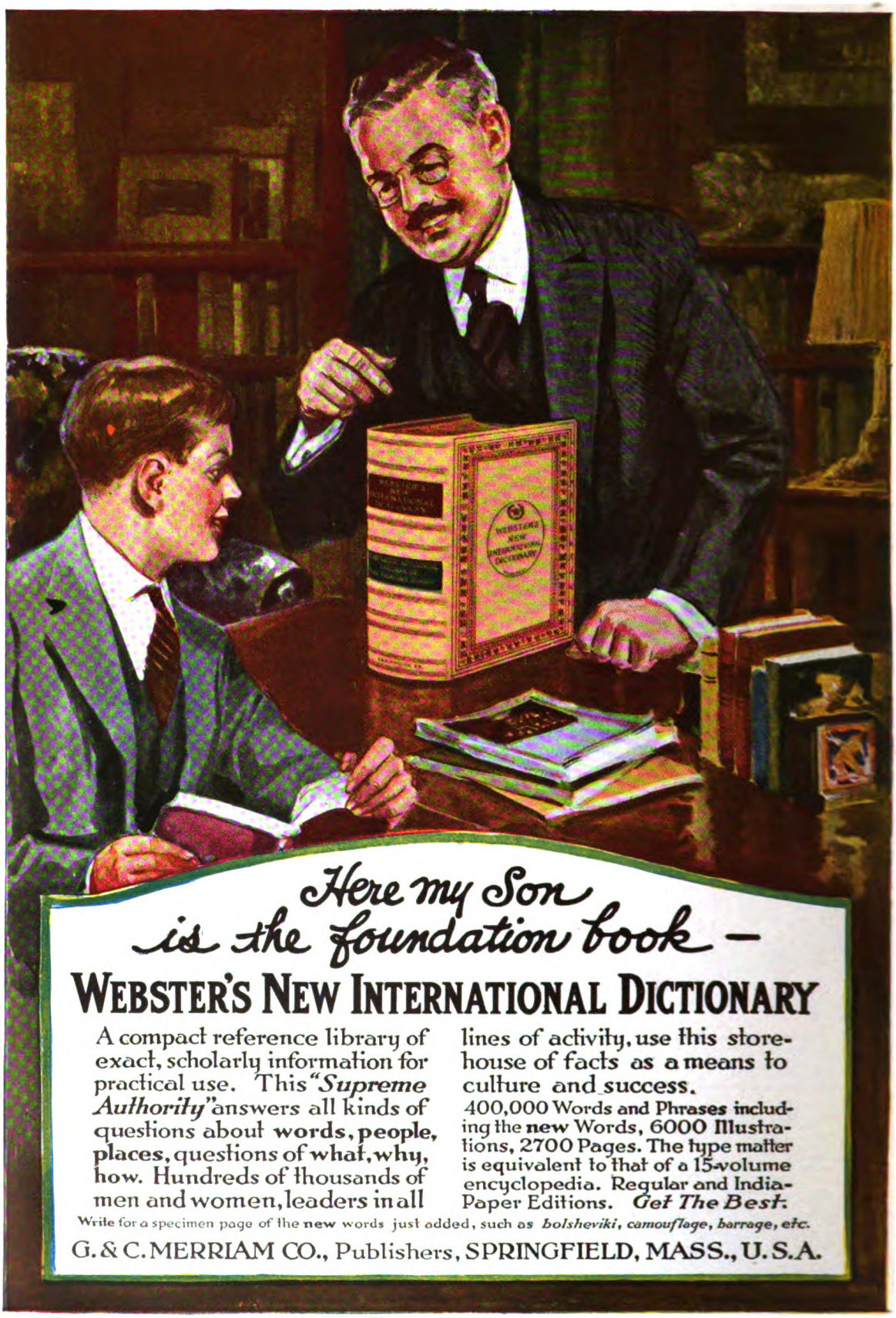


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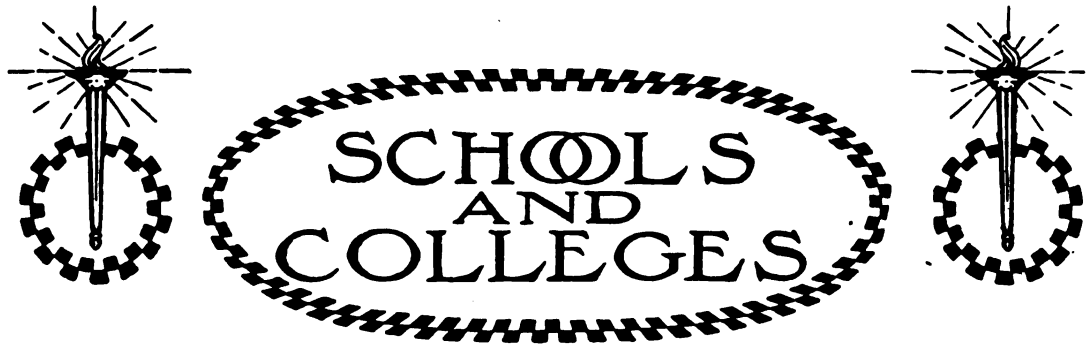
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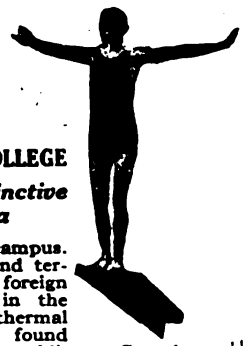
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Harper's Magazine for 1921

IN the pages of Harper's Magazine the American people have read Thackeray, Dickens' George Eliot, Mark Twain, Thomas Hardy, and William Dean Howells. Great writers have succeeded great writers, but in none of them has the Magazine seemed to reach its culmination. Always it has been growing, always we have tried to keep it open to the new vision, especially now, in these times of great crises—in this dramatic age when it is a thrilling thing just to be alive. And somehow as we look over what we have to give you in 1921 it seems to us that this is, after seventy years of high accomplishment, a year of fulfillment. You know what to expect in the way of beautiful art work in Harper's Magazine. We can give you here only intimations of a few outstanding literary features you will find in 1921.



The Letters of Grover Cleveland

It has been said that Grover Cleveland was the last of our Presidents who fulfilled the great democratic tradition. Starting as a newsboy without education, without help of any kind, this man rose through sheer strength of character and impressed the whole world of older civilization with his sanity, his dignity, and his power. Here, for the first time, you can read his views frankly expressed in his letters to his friends on such subjects as Labor, Tammany Hall, Bryan, Party Politics, fishing and shooting, and many other questions, including the innermost side of a President's life. The letters are intimate and human, and they are edited by his authorized biographer, PROF. ROBERT M. MCELROY of Princeton.

Unpublished Chapters from Mark Twain's Autobiography

Written at the height of his fame



Mark Twain

Mark Twain was never so completely and delightfully himself as in his drawlingly reminiscent moods. For years he was in the habit of dictating and writing when in these moods, and much of the amazing material thus set down was withheld from publication. It is now ten years since Mark Twain died, and today it is possible to give to the public the most important chapters of this delightful autobiography. No more fascinating material has ever been offered to Magazine readers.

W. L. George Views America



W. L. George

To those of us who have wondered at the insight of *Caliban* and the *Second Blooming* there comes a great curiosity as to what W. L. GEORGE has to say about America and England. They call him an iconoclast, but he looks the idols over carefully before smashing them. Especially curious are we to know what this man will say about the American woman, because it is of him that millions of women have said, "How does he know so much about us?"

Without losing his sense of humor he will deal seriously with serious subjects. Of the literary quality of these articles all lovers of W. L. GEORGE need no further assurance. They will be illustrated by GEORGE WRIGHT.

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Harper's Magazine for 1921

W. D. Steele on African Trails



From skies that are "gray and old" WILBUR DANIEL STEELE, one of the most brilliant of younger American writers, has gone into that "heart of darkness" that flourishes under the blazing sun of Africa. You, who have for years enjoyed his vivid sea-sprayed stories of the New England coast, or of the more romantic life of the West Indies—will turn eagerly to his new tales, both true and fancied, of the African trails Mr. STEELE will write exclusively for HARPER'S.

Chemistry in Business and Industry

No American writer of to-day has the happy faculty of dealing with scientific themes with such clearness and grace as ELLWOOD HENDRICK. In the months to come, MR. HENDRICK will set forth for the general reader, who makes no pretense to chemical scholarship, the importance of chemistry in the great industries and in everyday life.

He will explain not only what has been done and is doing, but what men of science hope to do in the great fields of iron and steel, leather, medicines, cellulose and the paper industry, the potter's wheel and its development, the waste pipe and the rubbish heap, electric juice, and other related subjects.

New Trails and Old

When we look "beyond the sky line where the gray roads go down," you cannot always pack up your bags and go. For those with rich memories of lands seen, for those with the restless unfulfilled desire to wander more, HARPER'S stories of travel have always been a delight.

Those in 1921 will offer, perhaps more of adventure and freshness than any you have had before. FRANCIS HACKETT, of the New Republic, is now writing from Scandinavia and from Ireland; HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS, whose household gods are a parcel of oriental rugs and a few copper pots, will write of the famous French seaport towns, which W. J. AYLWARD will illuminate by fascinating pictures in color. ARNOLD BENNETT, E. ALEXANDER POWELL, HERBERT SELIGMAN, ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS, SARAH COMSTOCK and HARRISON RHODES will write articles in HARPER'S—half travel, half studies of post-war conditions in all parts of the world.

Essays in Many Fields

There has been no more encouraging tendency in the recent progress of both English and American writing than the revival of that most charming of literary forms —the essay. This is a field in which HARPER'S had led the way, and in which it has richly provided, for the new year.

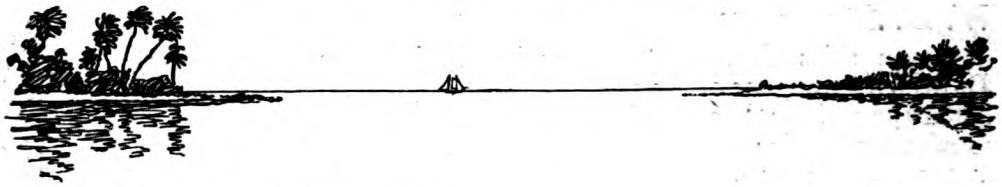
E. V. LUCAS, that most charming and graceful English essayist, is now at work on a number of papers for HARPER'S. HENRY VAN DYKE, F. M. COLBY, BROOKS SHEPARD, C. E. BENNETT, CLARENCE DAY, JR., LAURA SPENCER PORTOR, BURGES JOHNSON, FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER and SIMEON STRUNSKY will come to you in HARPER'S for 1921.



Laura Spencer Portor

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Harper's Magazine for 1921



Faery Lands of the Sea

JAMES NORMAN HALL and CHARLES NORDHOFF are well under way on their new adventure. HALL, you will remember, was with the British, French, and American Armies, was given up for lost, was a prisoner in Germany. Nordhoff, too, had a brilliant military record. These men, coming safely out of that great adventure have gone out on a new expedition to the islands of the South Seas. Traveling in strange ways—in coasting ships and native boats—they have seen this fascinating corner of the world as probably no other men have seen it. Only recently have they come near enough to civilization to send back what they have written. Their colorful stories will form a notable series in HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

A New World of Thought by Sir WILLIAM BARRETT

The foremost writer on the subject of psychical research to-day is SIR WILLIAM BARRETT of London. His paper *Science and Superstition*, which will appear shortly, will treat this subject in a new way, showing how, in the matter of fair treatment of spiritualism, scientific men have, up to the present, been superstitious, and the spiritualists, so far as they keep to actual facts, and not inference from facts, have had the true courage of scientific pioneers and have opened up a new world of thought.



"The Lady of the Decoration" Writes from Japan Again

Everyone who laughed and cried over that bit of pure charm, *The Lady of the Decoration*, will rejoice in the news that the writer of those letters, FRANCES LITTLE, has returned once more to the land of cherry blossoms and has written from there a new series of letters, soon to appear in HARPER'S—a series as fresh and delightfully full of romance and beauty as the original "Lady of the Decoration."

Standards of Illustration

HARPER'S MAGAZINE in its illustrations during the coming year, will maintain the standards worthy of its famous past. In order to be able to do this, it has retained a number of America's most distinguished artists—among them, C. E. CHAMBERS and F. WALTER TAYLOR, whose work is already well known to the readers of the Magazine. W. J. AYLWARD, perhaps the most famous of our marine illustrators, will be frequently represented with more of his delightful pictures in color. And among others whose work will beautify the pages of HARPER'S will be GEORGE WRIGHT, JOHN A. WILLIAMS, W. H. D. KOERNER, P. A. CARTER, W. HATHERELL, PETER NEWELL, F. STROTHMANN, R. M. CROSBY, T. K. HANNA, and WALTER BIGGS. The MAGAZINE, we hope, will be more beautiful than ever before.

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Harper's Magazine for 1921

The New Occupant of "The Easy Chair"



Edward S. Martin

The higher a tradition, the harder it is to perpetuate. It is no easy task to find a worthy successor to GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS and WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, the two most distinguished essayists of their day.

We have welcomed to this chair of opportunity MR. EDWARD S. MARTIN whose editorials in *Life*, and whose essays in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, the *Atlantic* and elsewhere have delighted you. It is a foregone conclusion that the first of American living essayists will abundantly fulfill the time-honored requirements of this famous HARPER department.

Co-operation in Buying and Housing. Is It a Success?

To many people it seems as though through certain methods of co-operation our economic problem may be solved. Only those who go "where angels fear to tread" would dare to state definitely one way or the other. But what co-operation has done in this country (everybody knows its huge success in England and Belgium) is to be told in a series of articles by MRS. GERTRUDE MATHEWS SHELBY. She has been making a country-wide study of everything that has been done in this field and she will tell about the efforts of organized workers to shop collectively, to establish co-operative stores to bring consumer and producer more closely together. She will give you facts about the all-important question of co-operative housing.



Alice Duer Miller

Short Stories That Are Worth While

Whenever any man or group of men set out to select the short stories of real distinction that have been published during the year, the stories of HARPER'S MAGAZINE are always recognized as embodying more of that quality and more of both human and literary interest than any others. And HARPER'S stories are not stories of any one sort. They are stories of every sort that is really worth while. They may be the work of writers of the greatest distinction or they may, and often do, come from writers whose names you have never heard. But always you will discern in them something that sets them apart from the common-place short story.

Among the short stories soon to appear are tales by ALICE DUER MILLER, W. D. STEELE, MARY E. WILKINS, EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK, GORDON ARTHUR SMITH, ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY, JULIET WILBUR TOMPKINS, J. D. BERESFORD, MARY HEATON VORSE, G. K. CHESTERTON, ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE, STEPHEN LEACOCK, LAURA SPENCER PORTOR, BEATRICE RAVENEL, KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD, FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER, RICHARD PRYCE, STEPHEN FRENCH WHITMAN, CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE, and many others whose names will soon be equally famous.

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Into New Worlds With the Story-Tellers



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By MARIE CONWAY OEMLER
Author of "Slippy McGee," etc.

ONCE more this author takes the reader to one of those old, old little Southern towns steeped in tradition, romance, and a very special kind of human drama. Then she transfers the reader to New York, to Paris, and back home again. It is a love story, clean, fine, and refreshing; rich in laughter and tears, rich in a radiant and inspiriting vitality. (***$2.00***)

MAC OF PLACID

By T. M. Longstreth
Author of "The Adirondacks," etc.

A thrilling story of love and lumberjacks set amid the snows and pine forests of the Adirondacks Mountain country. As invigorating as a breeze from snow-fed lakes on a hot, stuffy day. (***$1.90***)

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Ten unusual stories by the famous author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," and her talented husband. Each in turn tells a tale that will linger in the memory long after the book is finished. (***$1.90***)

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An exciting love and mystery story set in one of the large cities of the West. A baffling situation of absorbing interest holds the reader to the last word. (***$1.90***)

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By Arthur Crabb

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HERE are the West Indies—Cuba, Porto Rico, Martinique, Barbadoes, our own Virgin Islands, Guadeloupe, St. Vincent, Dominica, and some others the names of which most Americans do not hear once a year. And yet they are almost on our doorstep and we ought to know them. Mr. Franck presents them with that extraordinary fidelity and that vivifying style which has made his travel books famous. There are over 100 illustrations from photographs. (*$5.00*)

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A good magazine is actually much *more than your money's worth*, you will not think "Oh, Buncombe!"

It's this way: The advertisers who pay for the privilege of speaking to you and giving you the news of their goods, almost pay for your magazine. So . . .

JUST A FEW OF THEM: 1920-21

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Phyllis Bottome
George Moore
St. John Ervine
Zoë Akins
Achmed Abdullah
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The Blackest Blots on Modern Civilization

They were the deeds of the Russian nobility in the heydey of the Czar autocracy. The one man who could tell about them best has done it—***Count Witte, for many years Prime Minister of Russia.*** This fact-story, written by his own hand, is so revealing of outrageous crime—of the scandals of the Rasputins and other social monsters—the Czar ordered its destruction. It is perhaps the most powerful story of modern times. Every installment is a remarkable revelation in itself. Start this series in the November WORLD'S WORK.

The Sein Fein Troubles of Ireland

A Clear, Understandable Statement

The hunger-strikers, the police murders, the riots, the presence of De Valera in America, have kept the Irish question on the front page for several months. Edward Raymond Turner states the situation from the British viewpoint, as well as from the Sein Fein and the Unionist viewpoints. Don't miss this important article in November WORLD'S WORK.

Harding vs. Cox

Both write for the November World's Work

"More business in government and less government in business" says Harding, and presents the "how" and "why" of his plan for accomplishing it.

"Progress, not re-action," is the keynote of Cox's article. Then he sets forth what constitutes progress, and wherein we profit by his programme. No matter what your politics, you will be keenly interested in these important statements of the Presidential candidates.

THE WORLD'S WORK

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He was found in Central Java in 1891 by a Dutch army surgeon, Eugen Dubois

The Oldest Man in the World!

JUST part of a skull, two molar teeth and a thigh bone! Pieced together, he propounded one of the most perplexing conundrums in the study of human ancestry. Were these the remains of an ape-man who lived 500,000 years ago? Since Darwin's theory, no such engrossing conjecture had come to us. The evolution of the human race —what did primitive man look like?—was Asia the cradle of mankind?—these were some of the things men pondered. And science was not satisfied.

Now a great Expedition is planned to search for the ancestors of this ape-man and all other proof of earliest life—an Expedition which promises to exceed in romance and adventure, in interest and in scientific achievement, the discoveries of the North and of the South Poles. In the NOVEMBER number of

ASIA

The American MAGAZINE on the Orient

More than 60 Illustrations—8-page Art Insert

is told the fascinating story of this Expedition to be conducted by the American Museum of Natural History, in coöperation with the American Asiatic Association and ASIA. The Expedition will be led by Roy Chapman Andrews. The story of its achievement, amazing in its possibilities, covering a period of at least five years—will be told exclusively in ASIA. Mr. Andrews outlines the far-reaching plan—"A New Search for the Oldest Man," in the November number.

"CIVIL WAR AS A PROFESSION IN CHINA." John O. P. Bland, one of the most expert writers on the Far East, tells the tragic and humorous elements of the disruption of China's government under the plundering Tuchuns—the counterparts of the robber barons of the Middle Ages.

"WILLARD STRAIGHT, WAR CORRESPONDENT." A Japanese boy of twelve, a naked knife in his own hand at his vitals, did he dare kill himself?—the Samurai test of a warrior's nerve! Willard Straight's own diary as war correspondent tells this and many other stories of what the Russians faced when they fought Japan.

"JUNGLE STRATAGEMS AND SPOILS." Charles Mayer spent a lifetime catching alive great pythons, lions, tigers, elephants and monkeys in the jungles of the East. How he did it, and is still alive, he is telling in ASIA.

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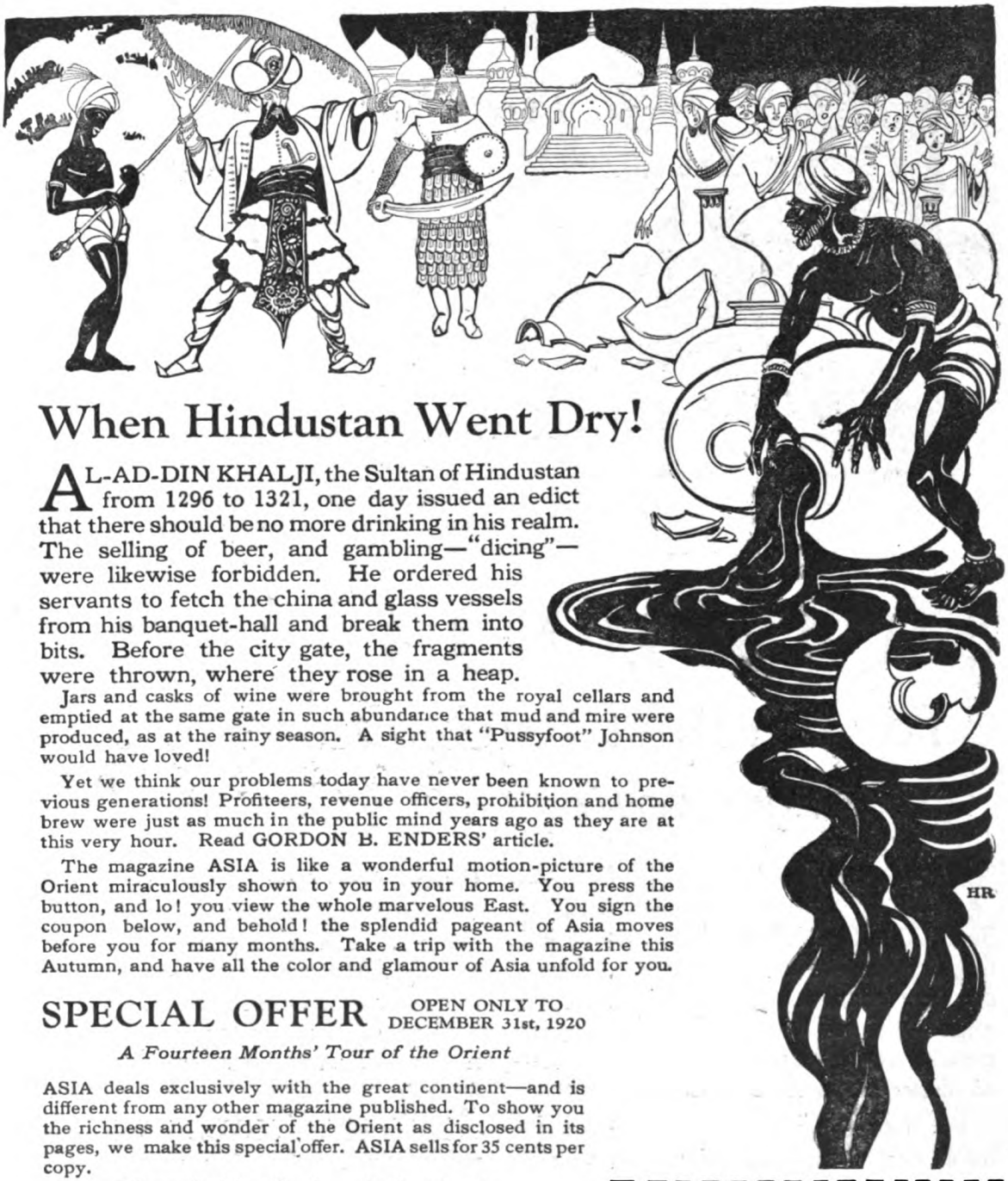
Prohibition in Old India
Gordon B. Enders

Asiatic Bookshelf

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When Hindustan Went Dry!

AL-AD-DIN KHALJI, the Sultan of Hindustan from 1296 to 1321, one day issued an edict that there should be no more drinking in his realm. The selling of beer, and gambling—"dicing"—were likewise forbidden. He ordered his servants to fetch the china and glass vessels from his banquet-hall and break them into bits. Before the city gate, the fragments were thrown, where they rose in a heap.

Jars and casks of wine were brought from the royal cellars and emptied at the same gate in such abundance that mud and mire were produced, as at the rainy season. A sight that "Pussyfoot" Johnson would have loved!

Yet we think our problems today have never been known to previous generations! Profiteers, revenue officers, prohibition and home brew were just as much in the public mind years ago as they are at this very hour. Read GORDON B. ENDERS' article.

The magazine ASIA is like a wonderful motion-picture of the Orient miraculously shown to you in your home. You press the button, and lo! you view the whole marvelous East. You sign the coupon below, and behold! the splendid pageant of Asia moves before you for many months. Take a trip with the magazine this Autumn, and have all the color and glamour of Asia unfold for you.

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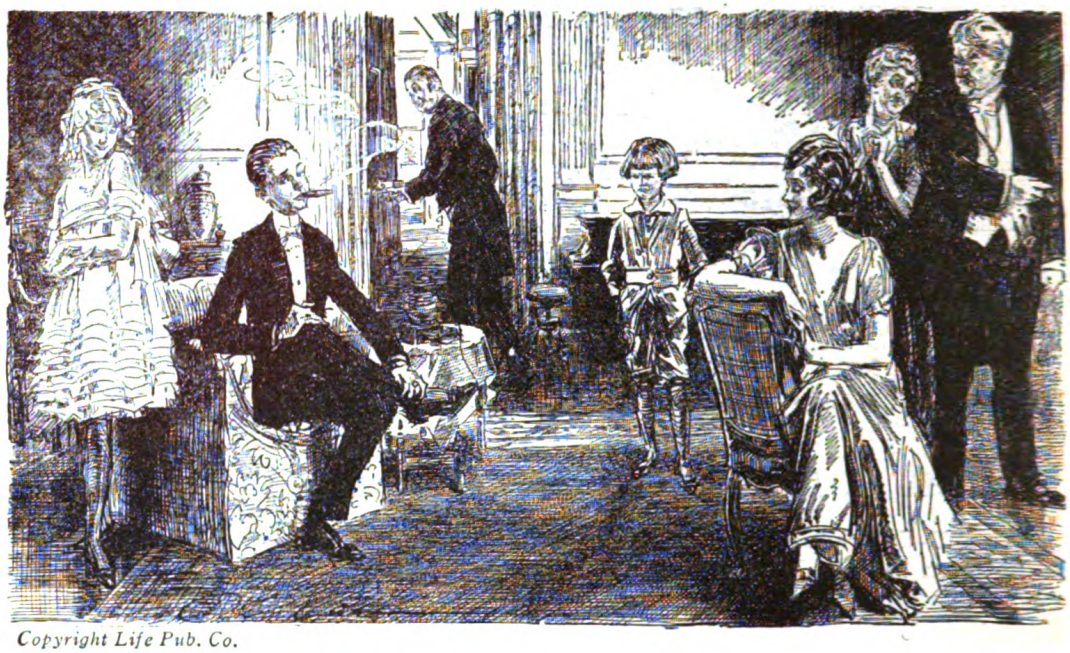
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$1000.00 in Prizes

For the Best Title to this Picture

By Charles Dana Gibson

YES, one thousand dollars given away—1st prize, $500.00; 2nd prize, $300.00; 3rd, $200.00—and the best part of it is that everyone has an equal chance. Democrat or Republican, pro or anti, married or single—it doesn't make a bit of difference. Perhaps you have never even seen LIFE—no matter, this is for everybody.

For twenty-two years readers of LIFE have been winning prizes by giving titles for pictures. And they've had so much fun out of it, in addition to the money they've received, that this time it has been decided to let the other people who haven't yet *had* any fun out of LIFE, try a hand. You don't have to be a subscriber or even a reader of LIFE to win this contest.

And the reason for selecting the picture shown above is this. Mr. Charles Dana Gibson, who drew it, had one idea for a title, and the Managing Editor of LIFE had another. Still other persons had good but entirely different ideas. So, as this happens to be one of Mr. Gibson's best pictures, and we wanted to secure the best title possible, it was decided to give the public a chance to make suggestions.

Think of it! $500.00 in cold cash for writing from one to ten words? Isn't it worth trying? Your idea may be the very one that will strike the judges as being of the best. Even if you get the very smallest prize offered—that alone amounts to $200.00. So you can readily see this is a mighty big reward for writing from one to ten words.

Some very simple title such as you have in mind right now may possibly win

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$200,00, $300.00 or even $500.00 for you.

Rules of Contest

The contest is open to everyone. All that is necessary is to send in your titles before the closing date. The titles are limited to ten words—but if you can put your title in five or even three words, do so. Brevity is usually the soul of wit.

Send in as many titles as you want. Send in the first one that occurs to you. Perhaps you have thought of one already. If so, send it in to-day. First thoughts often are best. Later you can send in others. Jot down your title or titles on any sheet of paper, sign your name, and mail to the Contest Editor of LIFE, Box 262, G. P. O., New York, N. Y.

Titles may be original or quotations from well-known authors. All answers must be addressed to the Contest Editor of LIFE, Box 262, G. P. O., New York City. Titles will be judged by a committee of three from the staff of LIFE, and their decision is final.

The final award will be announced in LIFE as early as possible after the close of the contest. Checks will be sent simultaneously with the announcement. In case of ties, $500.00 ($300.00 or $200.00) will be awarded each winning contestant. No entry shall be considered a tie unless consisting of the same words and arrangement of words as some other entry.

The contest is now open. It will close at noon on November 30th, 1920. Remember, all you have to do is to write your title on a piece of paper and mail it to Box 262, G. P. O., New York, N. Y. Send in a title to-day—then others, if you think of better ones.

$1000.00

For the best titles to the Gibson picture, LIFE will award prizes as follows:

First Prize $500.00

(Also the original of the drawing, autographed by Mr. Gibson)

Second Prize . . . $300.00

Third Prize . . . $200.00

Special Offer

To enter this LIFE Contest, you have no entrance fee to pay whatsoever. And LIFE will co-operate with you in making it easy for you to land one of these big prizes, by reprinting in its pages for the next few issues the pictures and winning titles of previous contests. In addition to this there will be several articles on how to choose a title by T. L. Masson, the man who has written 20,000 jokes.

LIFE, the famous magazine of humor, sells for 15c. on the newsstand, but to co-operate with contestants in this special contest, it is offering twelve big issues for only $1. To accept this offer, just use the handy coupon. It is not *necessary* to take LIFE to win the $500.00, or other prizes, but if you want to take advantage of this special arrangement, send the coupon right away. The offer has to be limited. Act at once.

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LIFE, 20 West 31st Street, New York, N. Y.

I accept your special offer. Send me LIFE for three months (12 issues). A dollar bill is enclosed.

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Glance Through This List of Questions

What is the pressure per square inch of the gas mixture in a gasoline engine where the piston is going over the top center?

Is it possible to manufacture a curved gasoline cylinder?

We have perfected a (name of device held in confidence). Will you put us in touch with manufacturers whom you would recommend as responsible?

We should be glad to have figures showing the comparative cost of oil and anthracite coal, as we are figuring on the advisability of installing crude-oil burners in our furnaces. Can you help us?

Has any manufacturer of gas appliances a gas boiler which will heat water and generate steam?

My wife is anxious to purchase a washing machine. It is a large investment for us. Will you tell me something about them—particularly about the (name of brand)?

Can you give me any information about an electric air-dry device to be used in a public wash room?

I am figuring on installing several automatic typewriters in my office. The (name of company) salesman claims that (a number of sales arguments). Would these results be possible in my business?

I am interested in an isolated electric-lighting system for use on a farm, and will appreciate any information you can give me about the (name of a well-known light and power plant)?

We want to get a vacuum cleaner. Our three-story house is wired on only two floors. Would it be better for us to wire the third floor and buy an electric cleaner, or leave the house as it is and get a hand cleaner?

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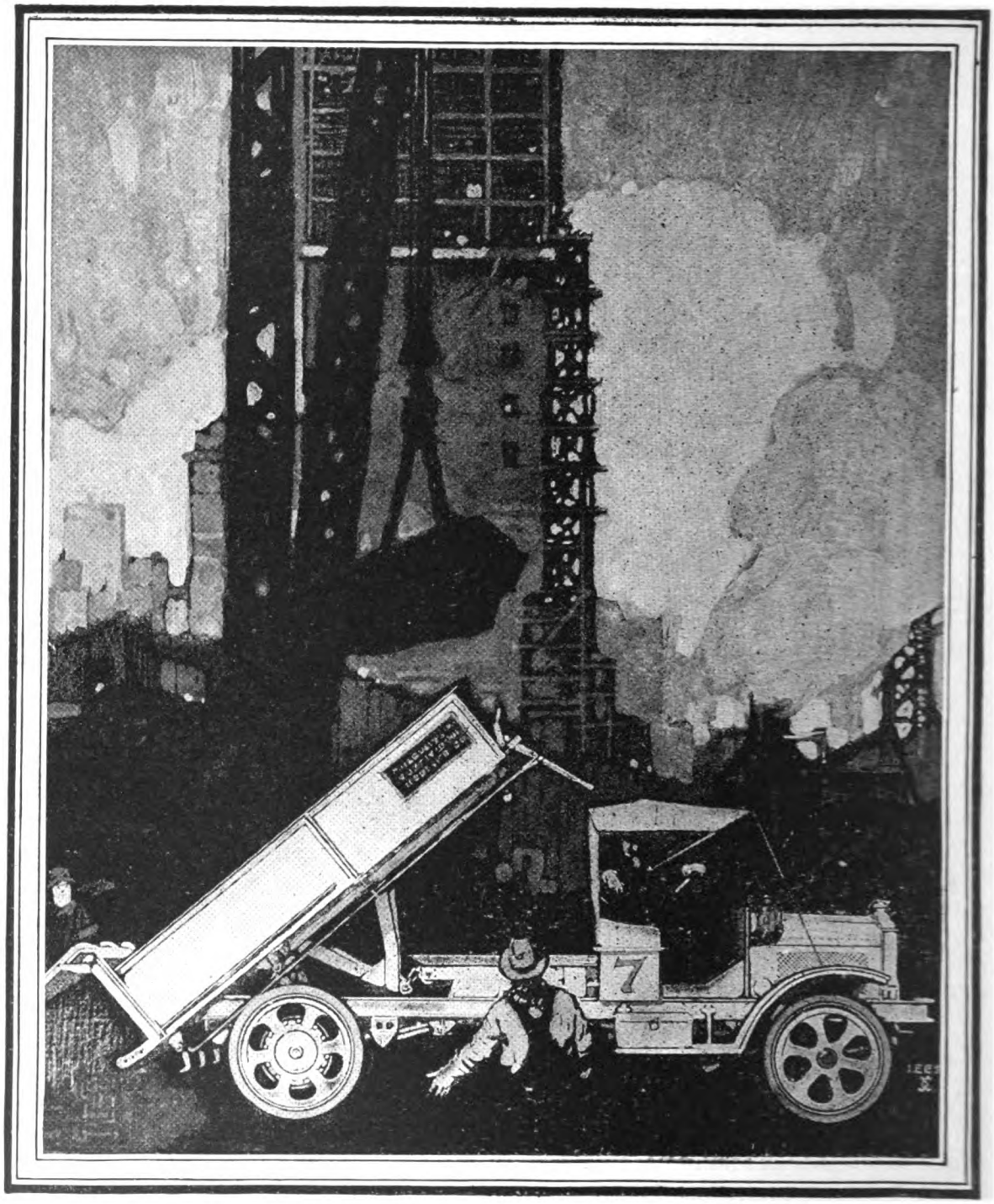
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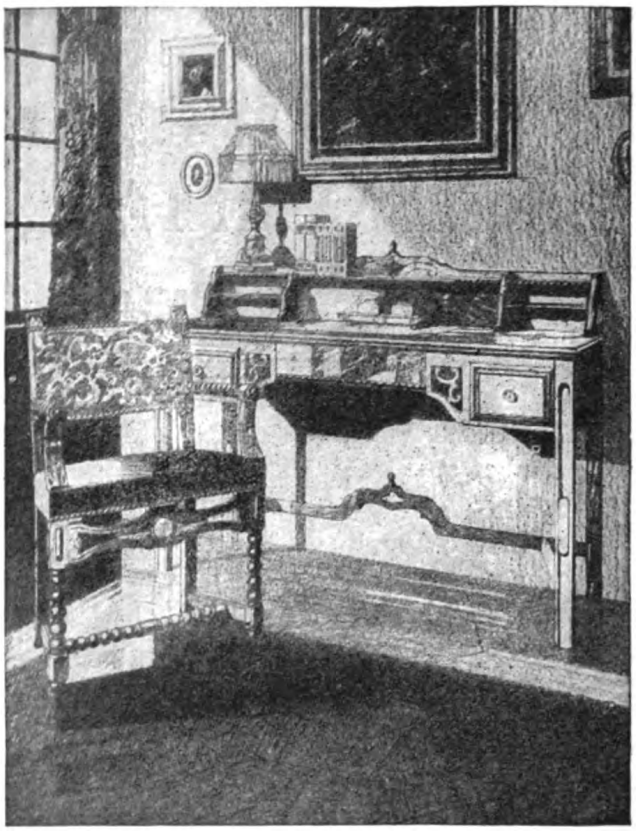
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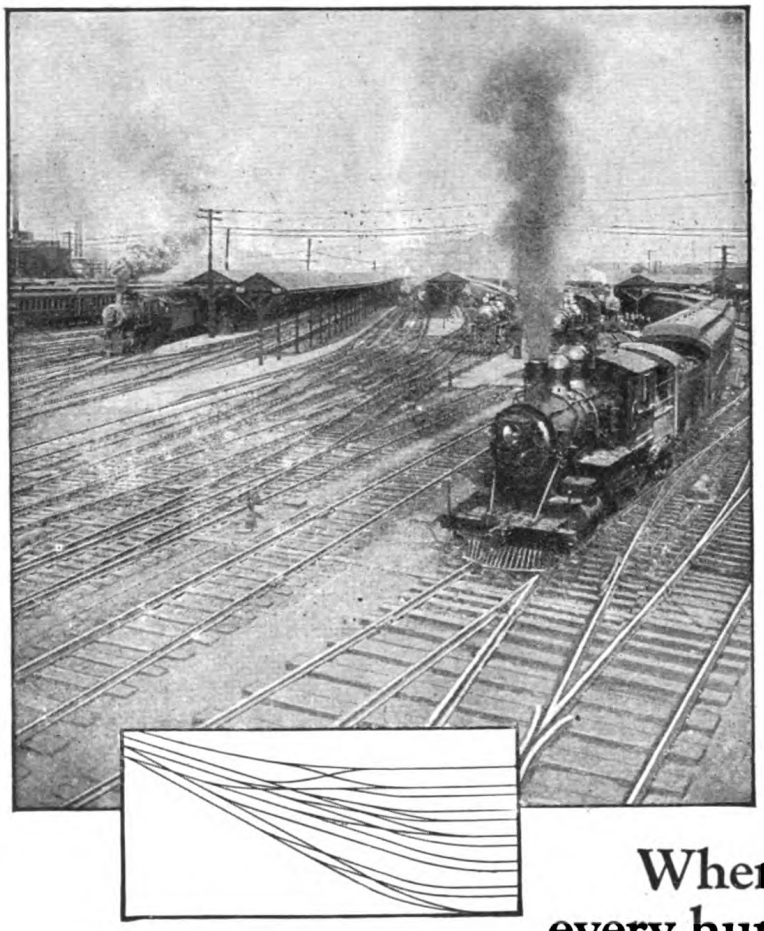
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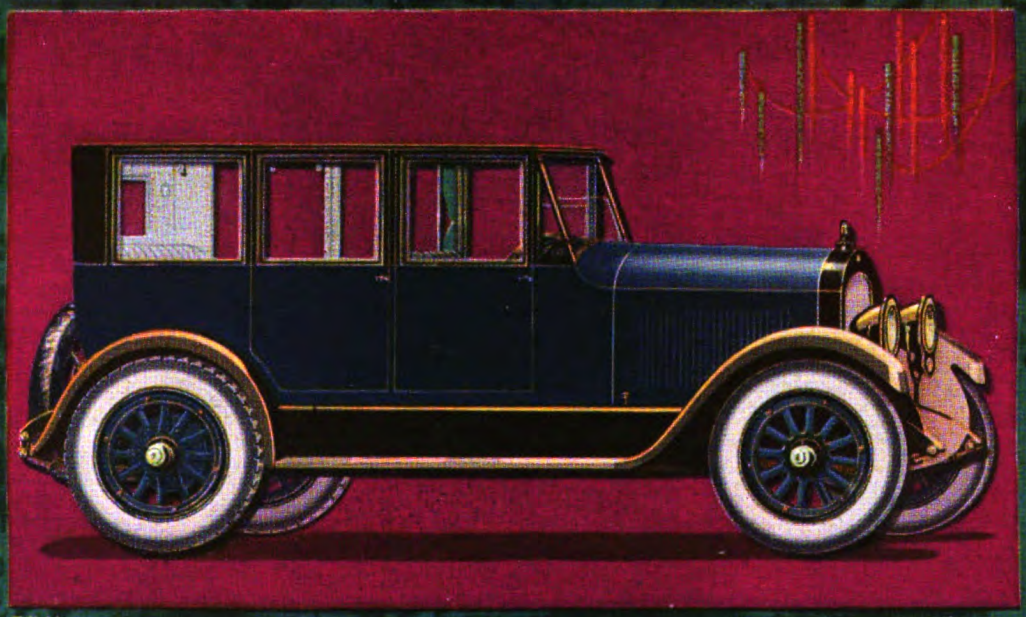
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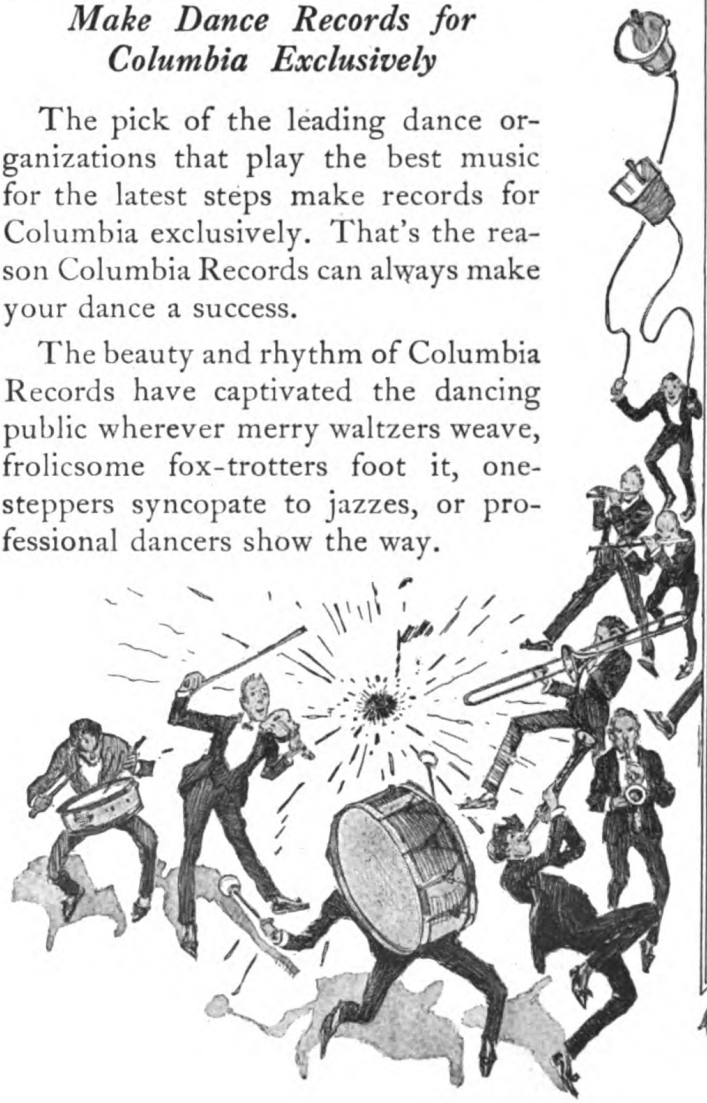
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The pick of the leading dance organizations that play the best music for the latest steps make records for Columbia exclusively. That's the reason Columbia Records can always make your dance a success.

The beauty and rhythm of Columbia Records have captivated the dancing public wherever merry waltzers weave, frolicsome fox-trotters foot it, one-steppers syncopate to jazzes, or professional dancers show the way.



Columbia Grafonola

Columbia Orchestra

The Happy Six

Art Hickman's Orchestra

Ted Lewis' Jazz Band

Columbia Saxophone Sextette

Prince's Dance Orchestra

Louisiana Five Jazz Orchestra

Sweatman's Jazz Band

Sherbo's Orchestra

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY
New York

Canadian Factory
Toronto

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UNSUNG MAGIC



EVERY child has been thrilled by the fairy tale wherein some magician waved his wand and marvels happened. But none of the poets has ever woven a spell around that Chinaman of long ago who first worked the momentous transformation of cellulose into paper.

Not knowing exactly what he did, this obscure wonder-worker had stumbled upon Nature's favorite substance, cellulose, which had been lying for milleniums hidden like the Genie in the bottle, awaiting his call to man's service. Cellulose fibre serves as beam and stanchion in the upgrowing of all plant life. The releasing of cellulose made possible our own era of books for all men.

The papermaker's duty is to purify cellulose from salts, minerals, and resin. When so purified, cellulose lends its permanent, unchanging character to fine book paper, to such papers as the S. D. Warren Company has standardized for the exacting requirements of modern printing.

Waley's "Translations of 170 Chinese Poems" (Alfred A. Knopf, New York) is printed on Warren's Olde Style, a paper and a use thereof which would have delighted the nameless magician of dim Cathay.

Warren's STANDARD Printing Papers

S. D. WARREN COMPANY

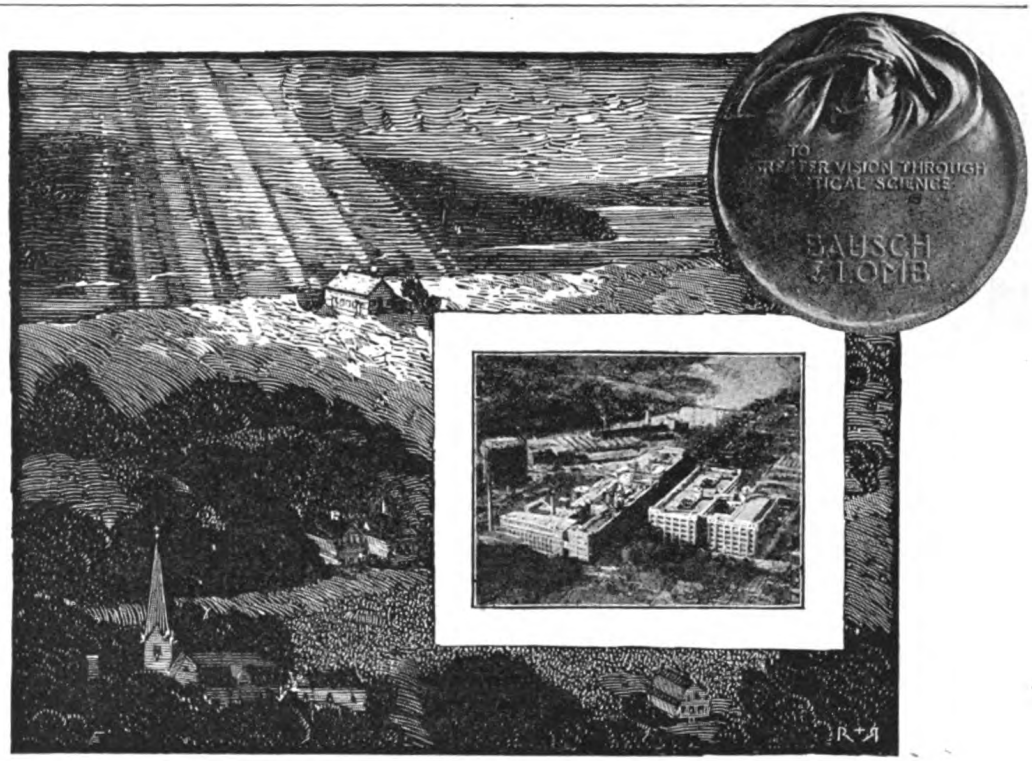
BOSTON, MASS.

Better Paper *Better Printing*

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Grown Great Through Service to Mankind

FROM a tiny room to the titan plant pictured above—that is a far, far span. This is the story of the house of Bausch & Lomb, the story of great growth through great service.

Nearly seventy years ago John J. Bausch dedicated himself to the task of making glasses "that human eyes might see better and farther." Obscure, maimed, in debt, he struggled through long, unrewarded years, upborne alone by his undeviating resolution to succeed through work done worthily.

Today, through the house he founded, the activities of Bausch & Lomb cover the world-wide field of optics.

Through their Microscopical Apparatus, Science discovers atomic, destructive myriads, and devises means for man's protection; through their Ophthalmic (eye) Lenses is done mankind's service in preserving man's most precious sense; through their photographic and photomicrographic lenses world and atom, nature and man are unerringly recorded; through their projection lenses and apparatus the wonders of the earth are vividly portrayed on countless screens, while their giant light reflectors flash wide assurance across the deep.

It is with a frank humility that Bausch & Lomb speak of these achievements in the field of optics. We recognize that such growth has been permitted us only by reason of that spirit of service through faithful, worthy work and the helpful co-operation of our scientific friends in the professions and trades which has tirelessly continued since John J. Bausch toiled in his little shop. That spirit is today our most greatly prized possession; and it is a spirit which we pledge ourselves to maintain in that wide field of optics where our leadership has been won.

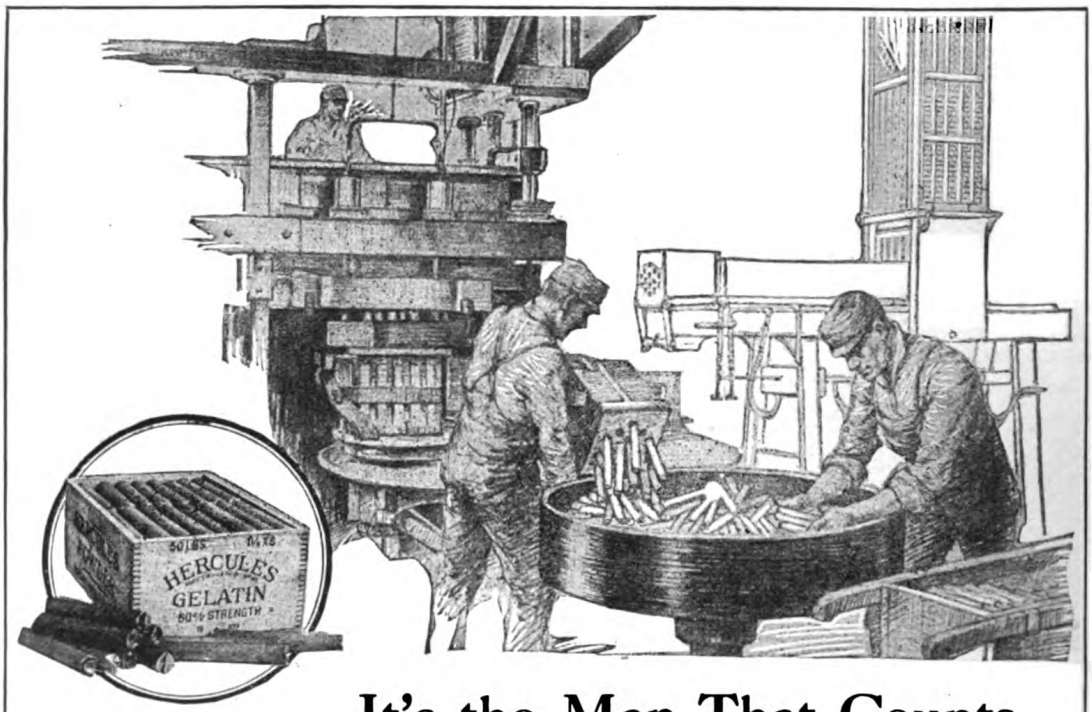
Write for literature on any optical product in which you are interested

BAUSCH & LOMB OPTICAL COMPANY . . . ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Makers of Eyeglass and Spectacle Lenses, Photographic Lenses, Microscopes, Balopticons, Binoculars and other Optical Instruments.



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It's the Man That Counts

The human element probably plays a more important part in the making of explosives than in any other manufacturing process conducted on a large scale. There are no machines in the twelve great Hercules plants that need only to be started at the beginning of a day, stopped at the end, and which in the meantime carry out their tasks without attention.

Every machine used in the making of Hercules Explosives has a man for its master. Every motion it makes is watched. The results of its work are carefully checked. Nothing is ever taken for granted. No machine is looked upon as infallible.

In the gelatin packing house, for example, is a large machine which fills paper cartridges with *Hercules Gelatin Dynamite. Although this machine works with almost positive precision and accuracy, every cartridge which comes from it is inspected *twice* to make certain that it is properly packed. One inspection takes place immediately after the cartridge leaves the machine. Another before it is finally boxed for shipment.

The men who use Hercules Explosives know how dependable are the men who *make* Hercules Explosives. The Explosives themselves tell the story. Their power never fails those who seek its aid. In metal mine and stone quarry, at the bottoms of deep rivers and in the hearts of great mountains, where the engineer builds a city skyscraper and where the farmer blasts a ditch, Hercules Explosives live up to the name they bear.

HERCULES POWDER CO.

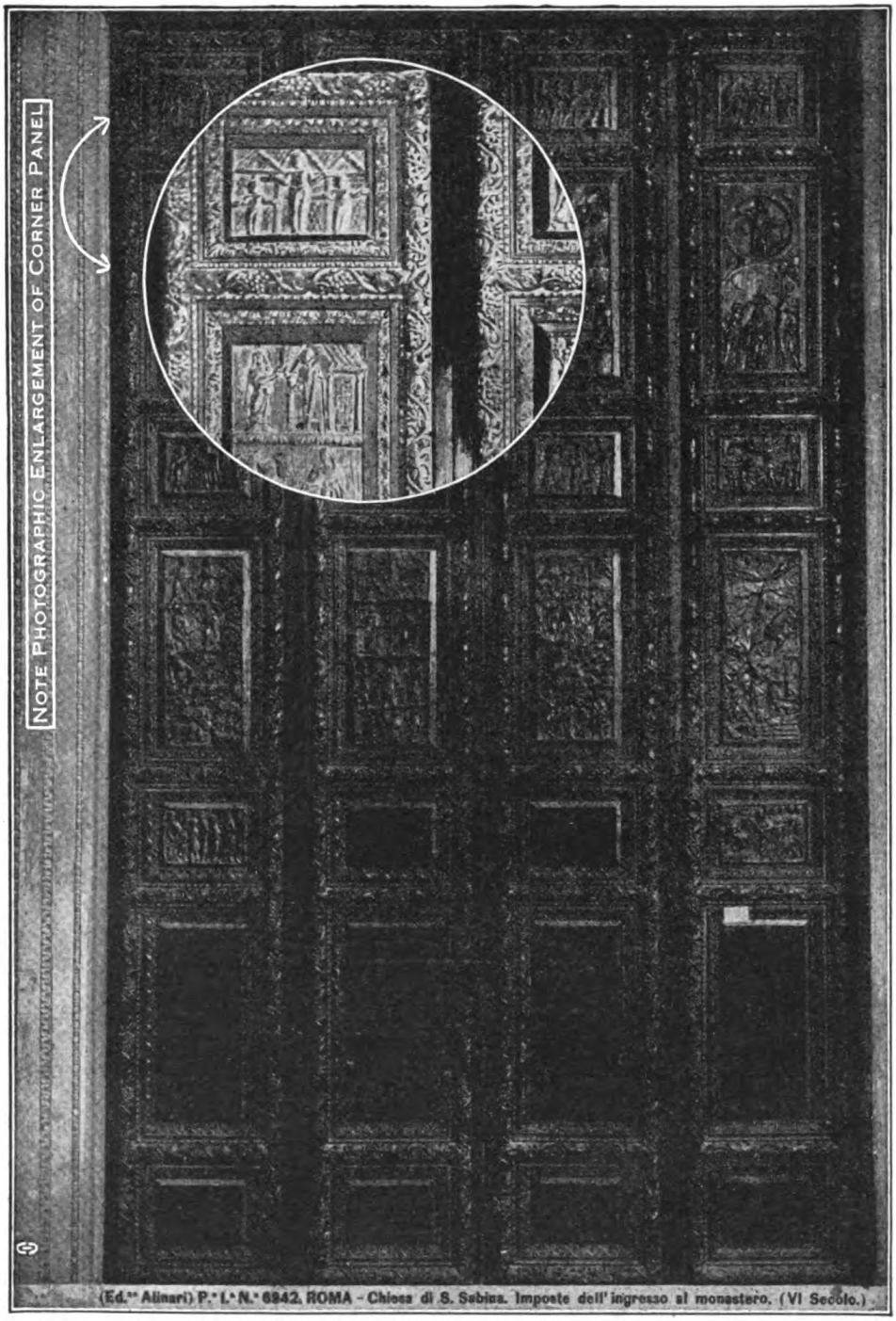
Chicago	St. Louis	New York
Pittsburg, Kan.	Denver	Hazleton, Pa.
San Francisco	Salt Lake City	Joplin
Chattanooga	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Wilmington, Del.

** As its name suggests, Gelatin Dynamite is plastic. It is made by dissolving gun cotton in nitroglycerin and combining with certain other materials called "dopes." It is used principally for shooting in hard rock.*

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"THE OLDEST DOOR IN THE WORLD."

It may be seen in the Church of Santa Sabina, on the Aventine Hill in Rome. "This door is of Cypress and is adorned with carvings, mostly of the 5th Century. The upper carving at the left is said to be the oldest representation of the crucifixion." Another archaeological authority (in Princeton, New Jersey) writes, "Opinions vary as to the dates of these doors, but the weight of opinion puts them as early as the 5th or 6th Century, A.D." (DOES CYPRESS, "The Wood Eternal," LAST?)



BUY YOUR CYPRESS BY THE CYPRESS ARROW



If a Cypress door continues in daily use for over 1400 years, and you build your new home of Cypress, all or in part, how much will you and your posterity save in repair bills if put out at compound interest? The same logic applies to present repairs or additions on structures built by people who did not learn about "The Wood Eternal" soon enough. Mansion, cottage, back fence or pergola—it's all the same.

The photograph above (much larger) on India Tint paper, is the "art supplement" to Volume 38 of the internationally famous Cypress Pocket Library. This vol. is about "home-grown" furniture and contains full sized detail plans and complete specifications for seven different furniture designs. 52 pages. 12 illustrations. 2 supplements. It is yours on request, with our compliments. The sooner the better. (Also ask for Vol. 1.)

Southern Cypress Mfrs. Association, 1299 Perdido Building, New Orleans, La., or 1299 Heard National Bank Building, Jacksonville, Fla.

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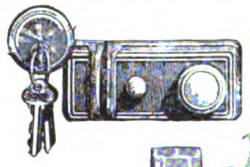
Your home—and its hardware

IN planning that new home, are you giving the thought to hardware which it should have? You are building for permanence, your hardware should be durable—possessing built-in wearing quality. You are building with an eye for beauty, your hardware should be pleasing and in accord with its surroundings.

In Sargent Locks and Hardware you find all this—security, permanence, ease of operation, and a choice of design which fits in exactly with your scheme of architecture.

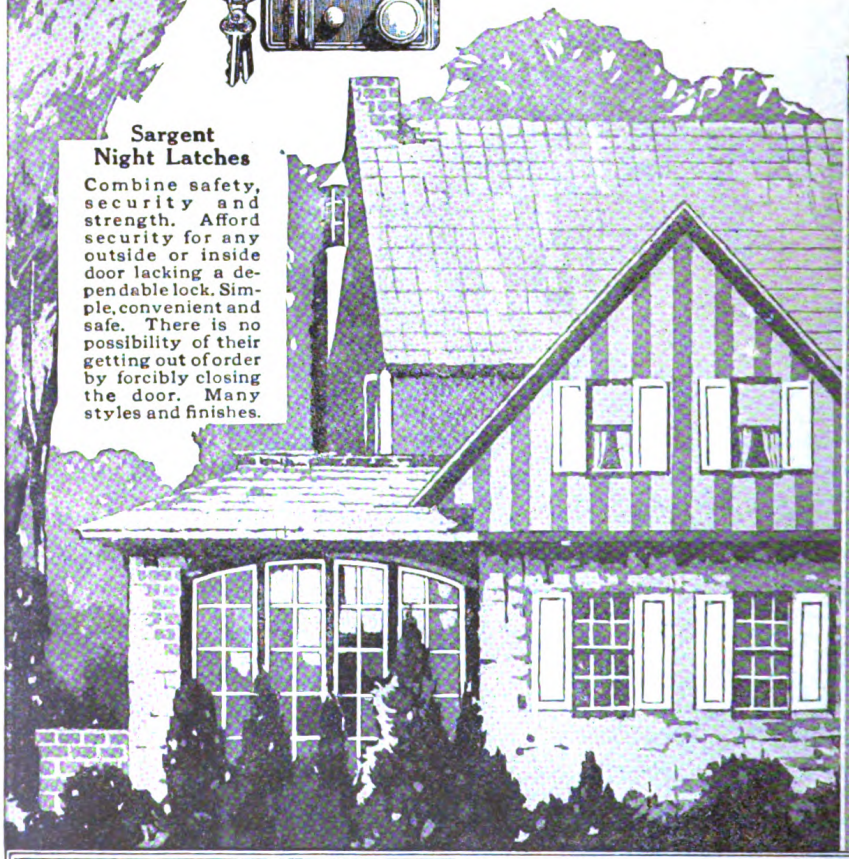
Send for the Sargent Book of Designs and go over it with your architect

SARGENT & COMPANY, Hardware Manufacturers
30 Water Street
New Haven, Conn.



Sargent Night Latches

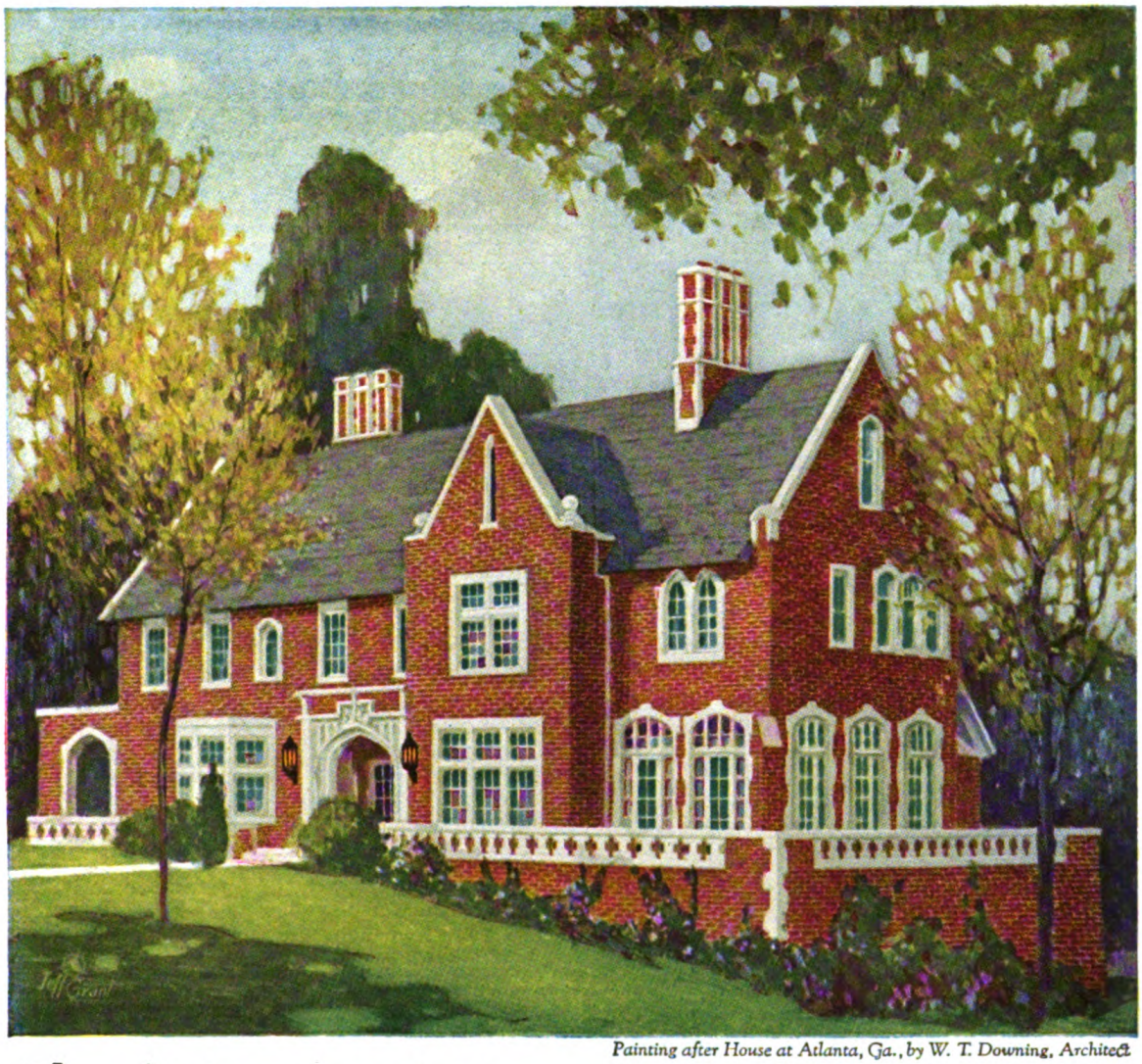
Combine safety, security and strength. Afford security for any outside or inside door lacking a dependable lock. Simple, convenient and safe. There is no possibility of their getting out of order by forcibly closing the door. Many styles and finishes.





SARGENT
LOCKS AND HARDWARE

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Painting after House at Atlanta, Ga., by W. T. Downing, Architect

The Abiding Satisfaction of the HOUSE *of* BRICK

THE thoughtful builder knows that he cannot get real satisfaction in building his home, unless he combines the artistic with the durable. Face Brick, in its wide range of color tones and textures, and in the artistic effects possible through the architect's handling of bonds and mortar joints, offers an appeal to the most diverse tastes. Besides, there is the solid satisfaction of knowing that for structural strength, fire-safety, and economy in the long run no other material surpasses Face Brick. Even if you are not ready to build now, now is the time to think the matter over and formulate your plans. "The Story of Brick" will help you at a decision.

A·F·B·A
USE FACE BRICK
—it Pays

"The Story of Brick"

An artistic booklet with attractive illustrations and useful information for all who intend to build. The Romance of Brick, Extravagance of Cheapness, Comparative Costs, How to Finance the Building of a Home, are a few of the subjects treated. Your copy is awaiting your request. Send today.

The American Face Brick Association

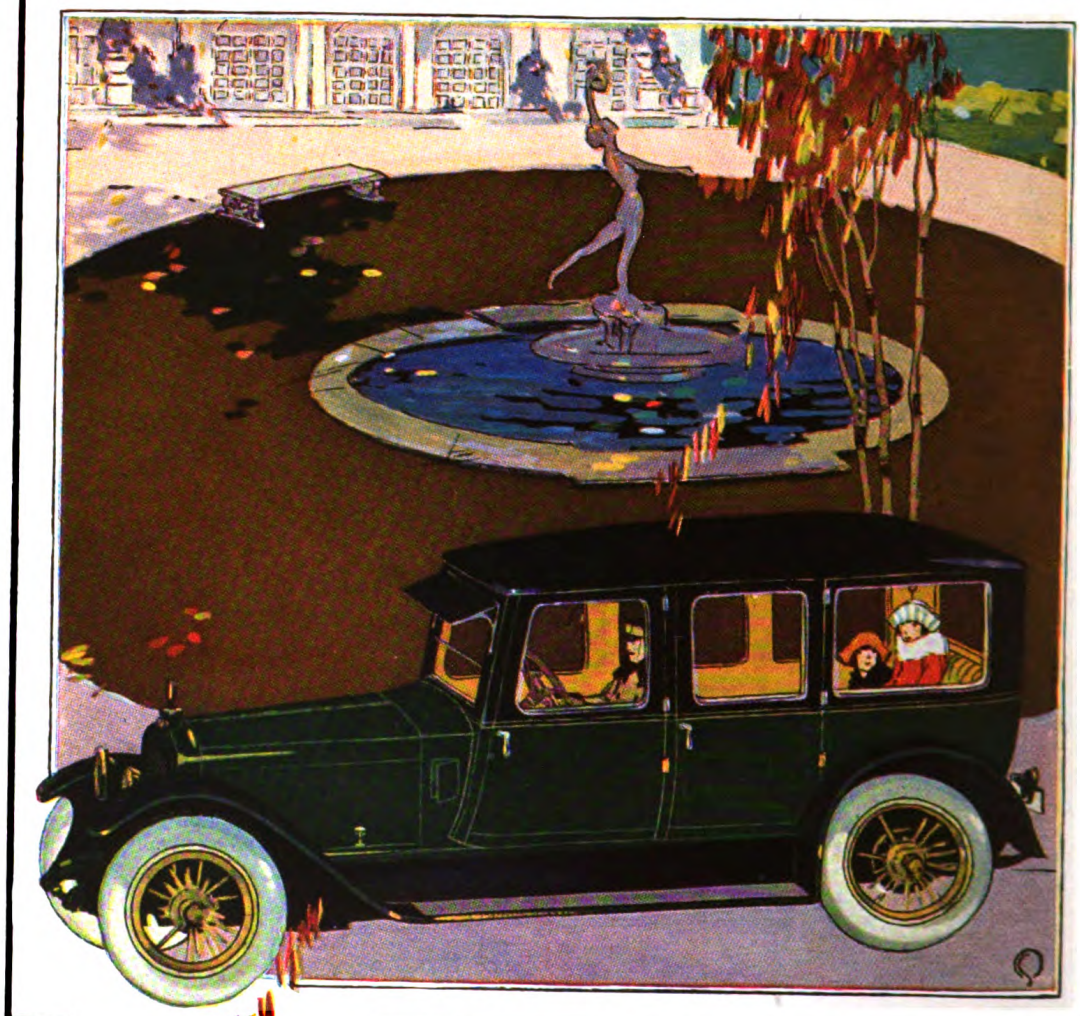
1140 *Westminster Building, Chicago*

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The Pioneer Builder of Quality Small Cars

Templar

The Superfine Small Car



Templar Records—elapsed time

New York-Chicago	*26 hrs., 50 min.*
New York-Philadelphia	*2 hrs., 00 min.*
New York-Indianapolis	*19 hrs., 55 min.*
New York-Los Angeles	*6 days, 17 hrs., 33 min.*

Five-Passenger Touring	$2885
Four-Passenger Sportette	2885
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Five-Passenger Sedan	3785
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Prices f. o. b. Cleveland

JUST as we are proud to see skilled engineering and fine materials give form and life to our ideal of a superfine small car—

So Templar owners find the utmost of comfort, surpassing beauty of design, and a flood of silent power, giving them a new ideal of motor-car performance.

*The motor car, essential for recreation, **vital** for business*

***The* TEMPLAR MOTORS COMPANY**

4000 HALSTED STREET LAKEWOOD, CLEVELAND

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Doubly Distinctive—

a rare union of music and craftsmanship

AUTHORITATIVE experts design these Brunswick period cabinets—men who know the finest in furniture and have a sympathetic understanding of the great works of the foremost period furniture creators of history. All who seek true art will find complete satisfaction in these beautiful cabinets.

Housed in them are Brunswick Phonographs, with all their superiorities of reproduction, all their betterments in tone. Finer phonographs are unknown.

The Brunswick De Luxe cabinets can be seen at all Brunswick dealers.

Upon request we will be glad to mail you a handsomely illustrated brochure, describing the Brunswick De Luxe.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.
General Offices: 623-633 Wabash Ave., Chicago

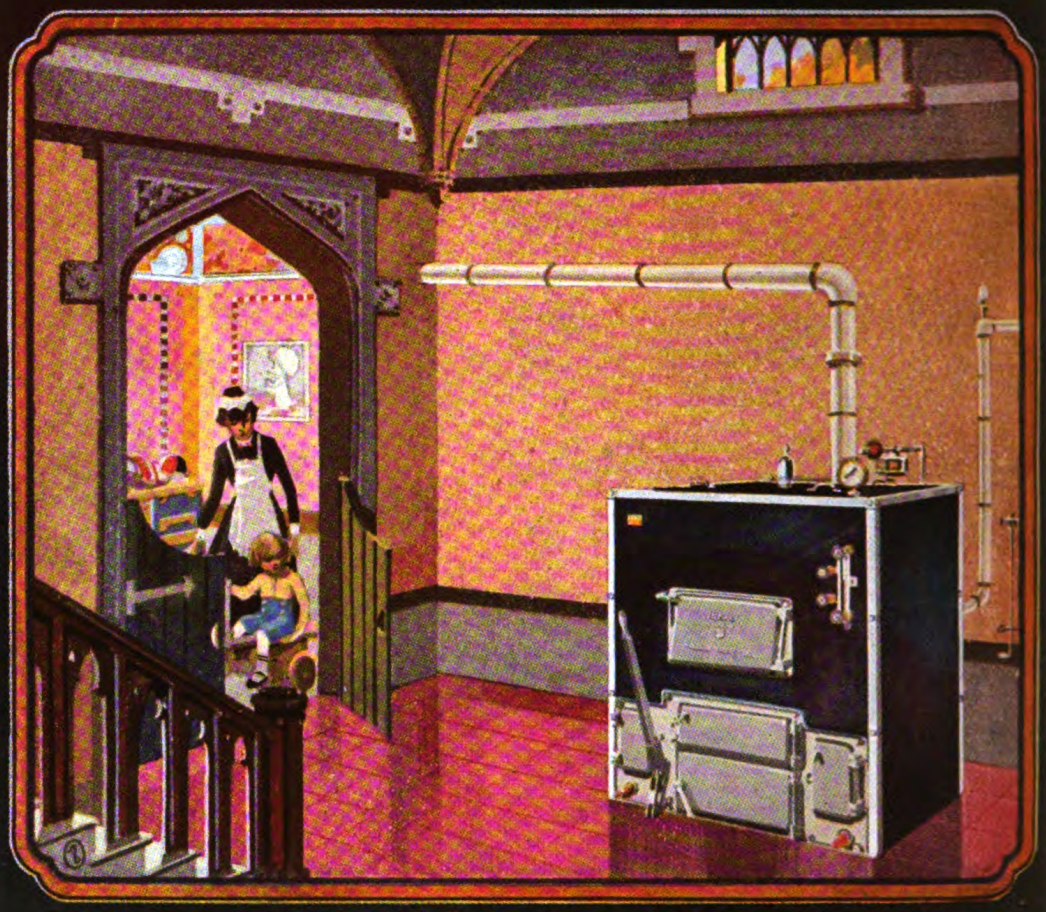
Branch Houses in Principal Cities of United States, Mexico and Canada
Canadian Distributors: Musical Merchandise Sales Co.
79 Wellington St., West, Toronto, Ont.

Brunswick
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All De Luxe Brunswicks are electrically operated. They open from the front so that the top is available for permanent ornamentation.

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THE IDEAL TYPE "A" HEAT MACHINE

MORE commodious living quarters may be secured by remodeling the basement. Conversion of the usual damp and dirty cellar into warm and recreational rooms is now the vogue, through use of the new "IDEAL TYPE 'A' HEAT MACHINE."

Its trim insulated jacket makes the Type "A" Boiler dust-free and gas-tight. Its heating service is automatic and constant.

Records of installations through severe winter use show savings of 30% in fuel, with decided relief in caretaking. Send for Catalog.

Write to Dept. Q-50, Chicago

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Showrooms in all large Cities

Makers of the world-famous IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators

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Coal



Don't Waste It!

COAL will be higher than ever this winter. You'll have to use less of it if you want to keep the coal bill down to anywhere near normal.

Coal *can be saved,* and without sacrificing comfort either. Make every lump of coal give full value. Equip your heating plant with

The "MINNEAPOLIS" HEAT REGULATOR

"The Heart of the Heating Plant"

It prevents the costly, wasteful "ups and downs" of your furnace fire and maintains an even heat thruout the house by automatically operating the dampers. Your fire cannot go on a rampage, neither can it get so low as to require forced firing to bring it up again. No fuel is wasted. Not a pound of coal is burned unnecessarily.



Those who have used a Minneapolis Heat Regulator for years tell us that they save on the average three shovelfuls of coal a day thruout the winter.

The "Minneapolis" has been used successfully for 35 years on any type of heating plant burning coal, gas or oil—lasts a lifetime.

Write us for complete information—illustrated booklet, and name of nearest dealer.

Minneapolis Heat Regulator Co.

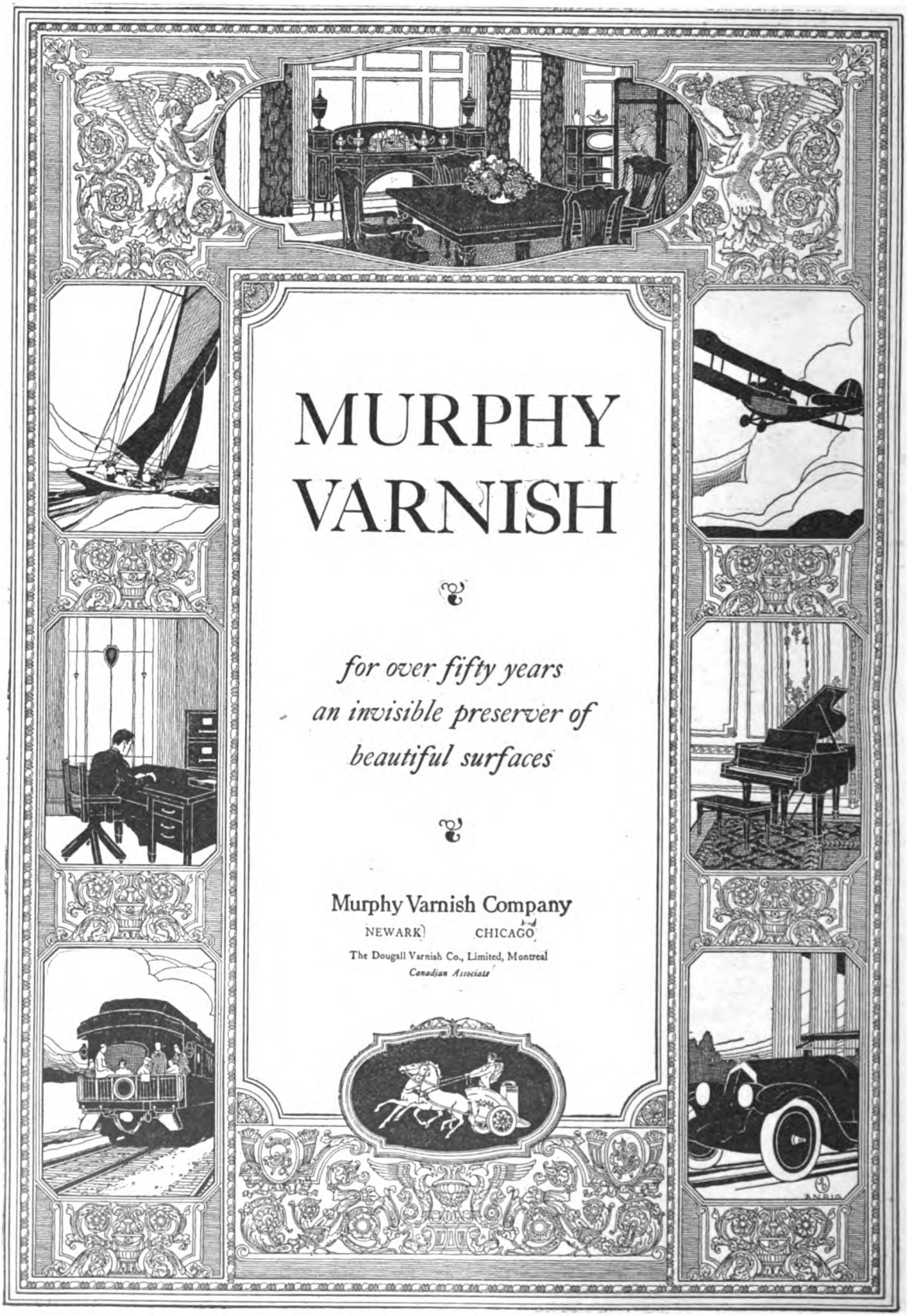
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BALTIMORE 709 North Howard Street	KANSAS CITY Fifth and Broadway	MILWAUKEE 38 Loan and Trust Bldg.	ST. PAUL 140 Endicott Bldg.

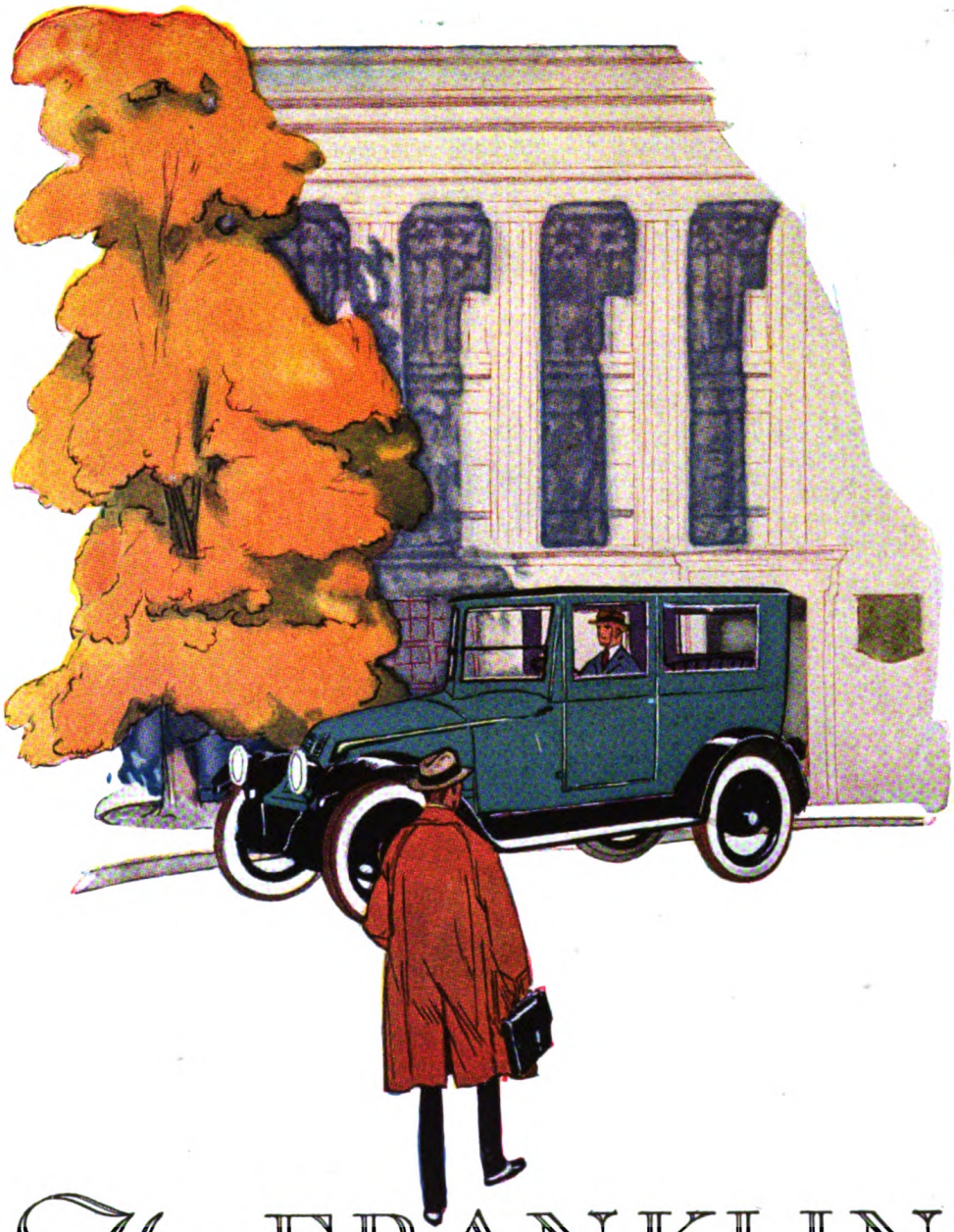
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The FRANKLIN

20 miles to the gallon of gasoline
12,500 miles to the set of tires
50% slower yearly depreciation
(*National Averages*)

COMFORT over all roads, ease of control, freedom from most tire troubles and all cooling troubles, ability to cover longer distances in a day than most open cars—these qualities make the Franklin Sedan unequaled for year-round use.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

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HANDEL *Lamps*

RICHNESS of color, grace of form, and beauty of design are embodied in every Handel Lamp. And the delight which the possession of one brings, is a lasting one; for a Handel Lamp becomes a permanent part of your home—treasured as your oriental rugs and first editions.

The lamp shown is No. 6852. Look for Handel name on every lamp. Write for booklet of "Suggestions".

THE HANDEL COMPANY, Meriden, Conn.

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The hostess heightens the delight of a charming afternoon tea when she shows her interested friends the newest labor-saving addition to her already well-equipped and modern home, namely, The Electric Sweeper-Vac, *with motor-driven brush,* which is the accepted standard of mechanical vacuum cleaner. Really *two Vacuum Cleaners in one,* as with one turn of "THAT LEVER" you get Powerful Suction *only,* and with another turn the same Suction and Motor-Driven Brush *combined.*

Write for the most elaborate Vacuum Cleaner catalog ever issued.

PNEUVAC COMPANY - - 166 Fremont Street, Worcester, Mass.

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STEGER

The most valuable piano in the world.

EVENING, with its freedom from activity, is something to look forward to if the golden hours of happy companionship are enlivened by good music. Favorite selections are given individual interpretation, speaking the language of all emotions, when played on the superb Steger Grand Piano. Its beautiful, rich tone, its sympathetic response, make the Steger an enduring source of inspiration, whether you are playing or listening to the art of others.

STEGER & SONS PIANO MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Factories at Steger, Illinois Founded by John V. Steger, 1879 Steger Building, Chicago, Illinois

If it's a Steger—it's the finest reproducing phonograph in the world.

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Ivory Pyralin

EVERY WOMAN LOVES IVORY PYRALIN more, year after year. For its designs are exquisite, it always retains its mellow lustre of old ivory, and it gives life-long service.

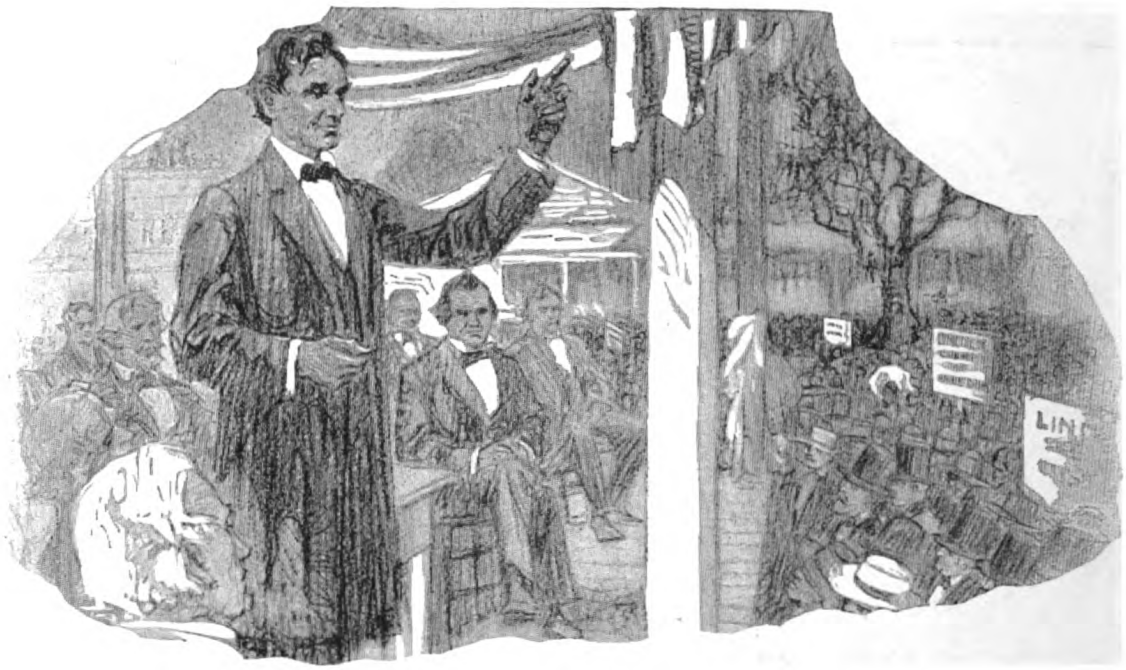
Ivory Pyralin comes in complete sets, including every accessory for the dressing table—decorated in colors or plain, as you prefer. All designs are standard, so that, if desired, one may obtain a few pieces and add to the set later.

Look for the name *"Ivory Pyralin"* on every piece—your assurance that the article will never tarnish, chip or break and is the finest that can be obtained.

One cannot appreciate the full beauty of Ivory Pyralin without seeing it. On display at the leading stores.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., Inc., Sales Dept., Pyralin Division, Wilmington, Delaware

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The Lincoln-Douglas Debate

The famous debate between Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas, both campaigning for the United States Senatorship from Illinois, made the year 1858 ever memorable. It brought to a focus the varying views on sectional questions which the Civil War ultimately settled.

The Luxeberry Painter Says-

"1858 is a memorable date for the painting craft, too. For it was then that Berry Brothers first began the manufacture of those varnish products which have since become the world's standard of quality. And my granddad tells me they gave the same satisfaction then as now."

Berry Brothers made the first Hard Oil Finish—now known as LUXEBERRY WOOD FINISH. And the line developed until it includes a varnish for every household and industrial use—each the best of its kind. Perhaps most famous of all is LIQUID GRANITE, which is covering floors the world around. It's water-proof, of course; but its *durability* is a marvel to home-builders and home-owners.

Then there's LUXEBERRY WHITE ENAMEL made in pure white and the newer shades of gray and old ivory.



Send for our free color booklet, "Beautiful Homes."

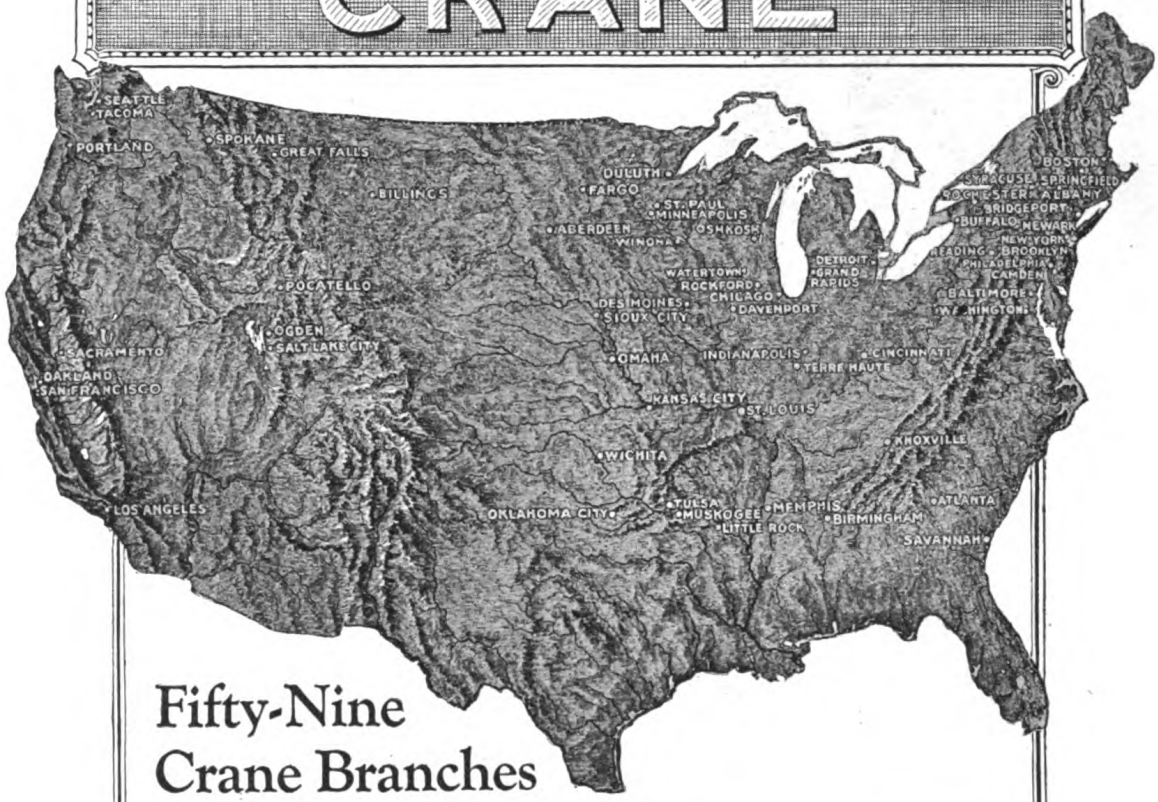


For every varnish need there's a Berry Brothers product. The label is your guaranty of quality.

BERRY BROTHERS INC.
World's Largest Makers
Varnishes and Paint Specialties
Detroit, Michigan — Walkerville, Ontario

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CRANE



Fifty-Nine Crane Branches

in principal cities throughout the country back up the Crane Service which is available through the plumbing and heating trade with direct and intensive factory co-operation.

These branches display broad assortments of the products supplied by the Crane Co. and can thus give thorough and practical aid in the selection of heating, plumbing and sanitary equipment for buildings of any size or character. Whole-hearted co-operation based on long experience awaits you at any Crane branch.



As indicated by the accompanying photo, Crane Service in the industrial field covers a wide range of special work for pipelines as well as the customary standardized requirements. At left, a Crane 42-inch cast iron special base elbow, weighing about 6200 pounds. At right, the first section of a suction line to a circulating pump; inside dimensions, 3 feet 6 inches by 4 feet 6 inches; 8 feet from face to end. Weight, about 10,375 pounds.

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BUSINESS AND FINANCIAL

Progress of Price Reductions and Industrial Readjustment

By JOHN GRANT DATER

IN so far as experienced observers of financial and business phenomena in this country are concerned, it was the expected which happened in the closing days of September when one automobile manufacturer after another announced a reduction in the price of his product. The movement, which has been of far-reaching application and which may prove to be something in the nature of a turning point in the general industrial situation, was inaugurated in a drastic cut in the price of a low-grade car of extensive general use. Out of this action there developed a downward revision in the prices of very many makes of automobiles of medium cost in the country; and not alone that, but a reduction also in the prices of numerous commodities and accessories which enter into the construction or operation of motor cars, trucks, and tractors.

SENSING THE SITUATION

EVEN iron and steel, which resisted the forces of contraction for a long time, and which actually advanced in the face of declining prices elsewhere, have felt some of the effects of the development which may be said to have injected a new element into the situation and to have accelerated the readjustments now in progress. That a reduction in automobile prices should have exerted a greater influence upon public sentiment and upon the related industries than the cuts which have been announced in numerous other manufactures and commodities is due, no doubt, to a variety of causes. The psychology of the situation, the antagonism of the consumers to further extortion, the hesitating tone of general business, and the expectation of further declines played an important part in the matter. And the statement issued by Mr. Henry Ford, setting forth the reasons for the reductions, was in itself a powerful influence. Its force centered in the fact that it prescribed a heroic remedy, well within the comprehension of the humblest intelligence, for the correction of an intolerable situation.

THERE was nothing novel in the statement; it enunciated no new principle of economics and stated no new facts. Everyone realizes that the war is over and that it is folly to attempt to maintain in peace an arbitrary standard of war values. Everyone of sense recognizes that inflation retards true progress, however it may stimulate an artificial and factitious prosperity for a time. And, furthermore, all persons who are able to read the commercial markets and their tendencies intelligently, and who know what is going on when sellers and buyers are "deadlocked" and trade assumes "a waiting attitude," appreciate the accuracy of the summary when Mr. Ford said:

> Raw materials are being stored; manufactured goods are being stored because the volume of consumption is growing less and less and less through the self-denial of the people, many of whom could not afford to

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pay the high prices. Others would not pay the high prices because they felt the injustice of the situation. Manufacturing plants are being shut down all over the country. Labor is being thrown out of employment; yet the cost of living has seen very little reduction.

CONSUMERS SLIGHTLY BENEFITED

IT is well within the knowledge of every householder that the latter phase of the situation as outlined is literally true. Price reductions have been in progress now for a long time—in some special lines of business for six or eight months. They have affected nearly every staple commodity—cotton, wool, and silk; hides and leather; lumber and nearly all the metals, with the notable exception, until recently, of iron and steel. Practically all the cereals and many food products; sugar, coffee, tea, and numerous other articles have fallen, but the consumer has secured little benefit from the declines. In some cases, of course, where raw material passes through various processes of manufacture, it is not to be expected that the lower costs should reflect in the finished goods until a later date; but there are very many instances where this does not apply, and the disinclination of some distributors of merchandise to pass the reductions in prices which have been made by manufacturers and converters on to the consumers has created an unfavorable impression throughout the entire community. Many observers believe that the attitude of the retailers is responsible for much of the uncertainty and hesitation which prevail in the textile industries and elsewhere.

NOTHING is more certain than this: that the ultimate consumers paid every penny of the enormous advance in prices during and since the end of the war, and the consumers are quite well aware of the fact that they have been the chief prey of the profiteers of high and low degree. They know that prices are falling everywhere, for there never has been a time, that we can recall, when an industrial reaction, which is not an unusual phenomenon of business, has been exploited to the extent of the one now in progress. And what is more natural than that the consumers should

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expect to buy at the lower level of values? Many retailers are groaning under stocks of high-cost goods and it is only human that they should try to reduce their lines and incur as little loss as possible. And so their disposition has been to confine their purchases to bare necessities, maintain prices as near the old level as possible, and not sell on the present basis of replacement values.

RETAILERS AND CONSUMERS

THIS attitude has been made clear by the Managing Director of the National Retail Dry Goods Association, who, on September 27th, in the New York *Times*, was quoted as saying that

> It is unfortunate that announcements of price reductions as they have lately appeared in the press have been calculated to create in the minds of consumers the impression that these price reductions might be expected at once in retail stores. Obviously this is not possible because all retail stores are carrying heavy stocks of merchandise purchased prior to the reductions made by the manufacturers.

In due course, according to the above authority, the retailer will follow the manufacturer and the wholesaler in reducing prices, but that work will proceed slowly. Under existing circumstances, of course, a policy such as this can have but one effect. It doubtless recalls the fact that when prices were enhancing a customer received no particular benefit from the stocks of merchandise purchased by the retailer prior to the advance; that was marked up along with the rest and increased the profits of the distributor.

FROM the consumers' standpoint it is a poor rule that won't work both ways. As he paid the exorbitant prices a year ago, he feels he is entitled to the lower prices established by manufacturers to-day. If he is unable to secure them his attitude will be to confine his purchases to bare necessities and await reductions which he knows are inevitable, and, if he stops to think of it, he will realize that by postponing his buying he may obtain not only the advantages of cheaper prices, but also of better and fresher assortments of merchandise.

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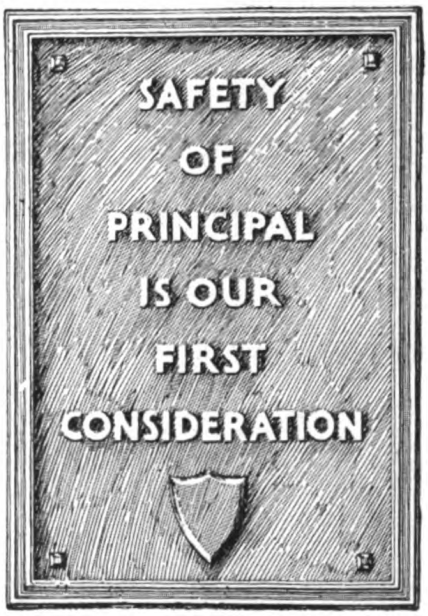
WHERE CONSUMERS PROFIT

IT has been a matter of general comment on the part of superficial observers that the drastic cuts in cotton and woolen goods and numerous staple commodities have not been followed up by large buying; that business has been as apathetic after the cuts as before, but there is little or no occasion for surprise in this if the manufacturers and the in-between retain all the benefits and give the consumers none. It will be interesting to note the results of a price reduction made directly to the consumer, as in the case of motor cars and also in dry goods and miscellaneous articles by the large mail-order houses of Chicago. By intelligent persons the automobile is no longer regarded as a toy, a plaything, or a vehicle devoted to the exclusive purpose of "joy-riding." Its function as a means of recreation and pleasurable enjoyment is well known and duly appreciated. Its value or employment does not cease there, however, for it has become an absolute essential in the country and suburban districts and on the farms.

IN many communities, particularly in the interior, the utility of the motor car is so generally recognized that the number of vehicles in use is limited only by the number of householders, each family owning at least one. What effect the downward revision of prices may have upon the vast number of automobile owners and upon the even more numer-

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ous company who would like to become automobile owners, remains to be seen; but it is not impossible that it will stimulate buying. This because the individual consumer is directly benefited by the cut, which is not the case as yet in connection with so many other commodities and utilities which have been revised. While it may be doubted if the reduction in the price of automobiles will result in the establishment of a pre-war basis of values for all commodities, it is a step in the right direction. It has forced revisions already in the prices of many accessories and commodities, including iron and steel, and it may force many more, but a further deflation of artificial war values is an essential to continued prosperity in any event. If the cuts will break the existing deadlock and stimulate buying they will prove a blessing rather than a misfortune.

POST-WAR READJUSTMENT

IN looking back over September it appears as though the month marked a final abandonment of the attempt to maintain industry in times of peace upon the false, fraudulent, and inflated basis of war. That this effort was seemingly successful for a time—for a longer interval than the great majority of economic observers at home and abroad believed possible, is unquestionably true, but that does not alter the fact that a readjustment was necessary. The country set about making such a rearrangement of its affairs following the armistice, but the readjustment then was checked before it had passed beyond an incipient stage by a wild orgy of extravagant buying. Whether as a nation we are better off or worse off for having postponed the corrective processes is a matter which the economist who reviews this era twenty-five years hence will be better able to determine than we are. We are too close to the event now to see the matter in the true perspective, and we can determine little or nothing beyond the fact that the country appears at last to have embarked upon the great post-war readjustment that everyone has known must come.

UP to a short time ago, relatively, there were many persons who doubted if the revision in prices, which

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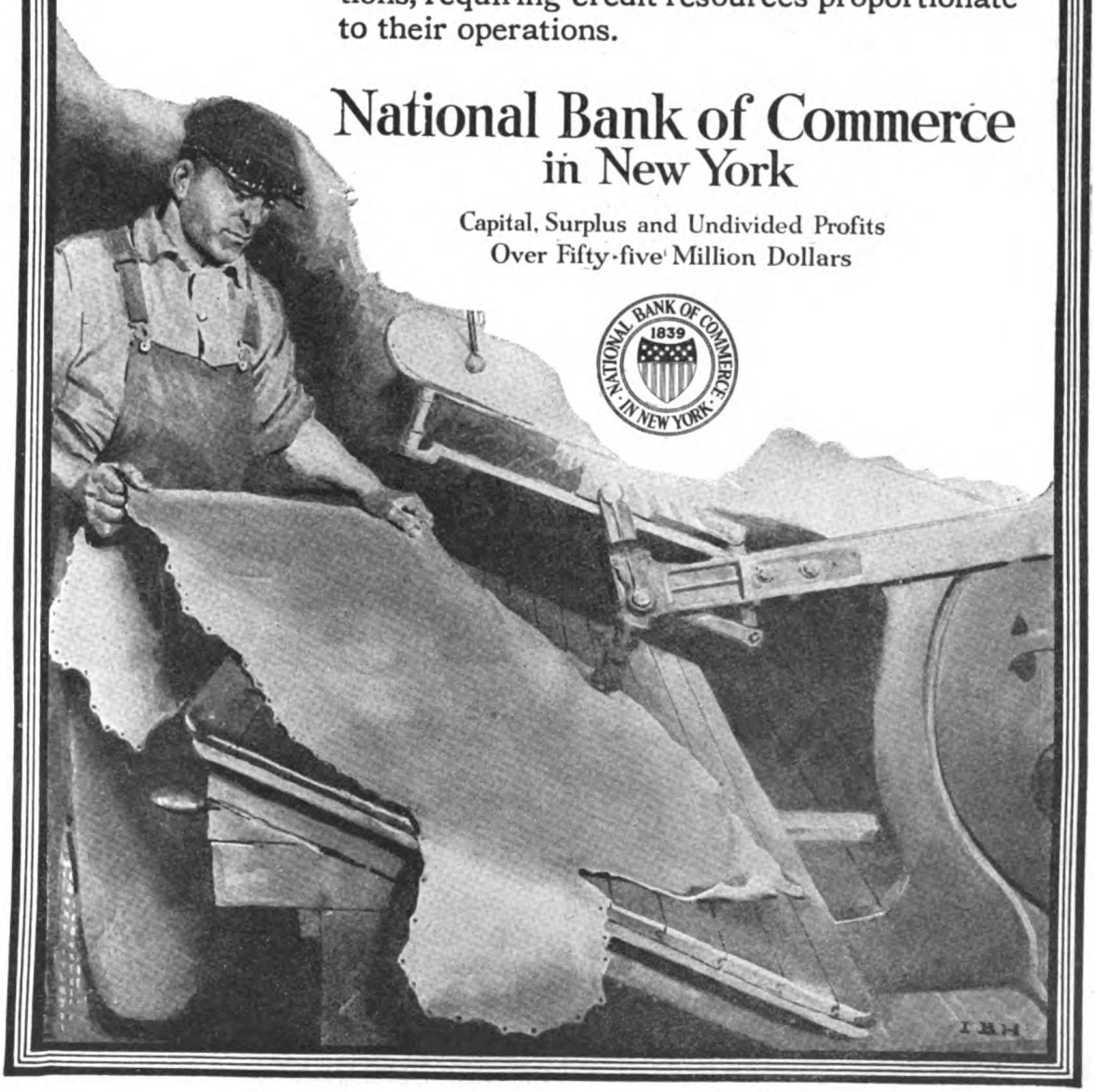
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were confined to a large extent to the textiles, would attain any very considerable proportions, and no doubt there are some now who believe the reaction will be but a temporary affair. But close students of the situation are inclined to a different opinion. This does not imply a belief on their part of a perpendicular decline in prices or a general collapse in industry, but, to the contrary, they feel that some values have fallen as far as they should, under prevailing circumstances, and they would not be surprised if certain commodity prices should rally. But they do not believe that any recovery will be very extensive or long continued. Prices, they think, will mushroom at the top on any advance, and then react to as low a level or possibly to a lower one, than before simply because loans are enormously expanded and there is a necessity for their further deflation, and because inventories and stocks of staple commodities and manufactured goods, acquired at high prices, are very large and they must be liquidated.

RECESSION MAY CONTINUE

THE continuity of the advance in the prices of all goods and wares has been broken and the psychology of the situation has changed. Although sentiment is an intangible thing and shifts from the pole of pessimism to the pole of optimism, or the reverse, rapidly and without much warning, it is difficult to see the prospect of an early change in industrial tendencies now. The memory of the witches' dance of extravagance is still too keen upon the part of those who engaged in its whirling movements to expect an early repetition of that performance. The spirit of economy, the insistence upon lower prices, the demand that value shall be returned for value given, pervades the entire community. We are dealing with a condition of mind rather than with a state of fact, perhaps, but the mental attitude is an all-powerful influence at times, and upon this occasion it is clearly arrayed against undue activity or overaction. Under such conditions it is difficult to see the promise of an early revival in industrial activities, though the reaction itself may be stayed.

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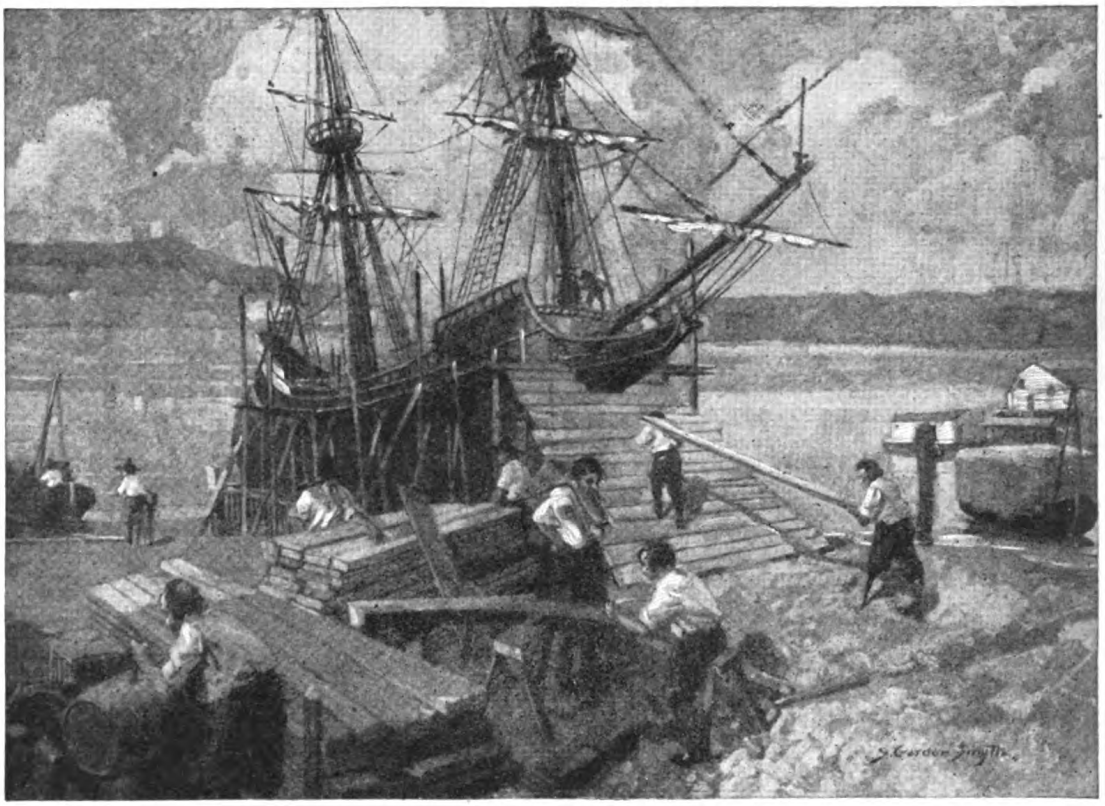
of Harper's Magazine will supply upon request booklets on Investments in Stocks and Bonds, Insurance, Banking and Trust Company service—see list on second page following.

WHEN a recession in general business gets fairly in motion no one can tell how far it may run, but its duration and severity bear some relation to the impelling cause. That the source of the present unsettlement centers in inflation and the overburdening of credit as a result of extravagant promotion, overtrading, and the like, admits of little or no doubt. Other factors, such as excessive taxation, heavy borrowing by the government, which has resulted in the withdrawal of large amounts of money from the customary channels of business, and social and political unrest, both here and abroad, have played a part, no doubt, but the credit strain has been and is at the seat of the difficulty. This appears clearer as one feature after another which was held responsible for the reaction at its inception resolves itself into impotency or passes entirely away. At the outset, for instance, many persons attributed the setback to the congested condition of the railways, and the difficulty of obtaining fuel and moving freight.

MISREADING A SITUATION

THAT this was but a slight contributing influence is clearly enough demonstrated now by the fact that the most acute phase of the reaction thus far developed coincidentally with the announcement that the freight congestion had virtually passed away and that the railways were operating at the highest state of efficiency in years. It is peculiar also that many factors and elements in the situation, which were relied upon to check or prevent the forces of contraction, have had no appreciable influence whatsoever in that direction. It was held that there could be no severe or long-continued recession, for example, because there was no large accumulation of merchandise anywhere, and because raw material and labor were scarce and high, and that recessions would be impossible under conditions which made for a maintenance of high production costs. It was argued also that the necessities of Europe and our abundant crops would act as a great sustaining force and prevent any serious contraction.

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Answering the call to broader markets

Within a year of the founding of Boston, the colonists under Governor Winthrop launched a 30-ton vessel, *The Blessing of the Bay*. The maiden voyage of this tiny bark, in 1631, established trading connections with the Dutch settlers on Long Island.

Fired with the spirit of daring progressiveness that inspired these pioneers, their descendants and successors carried our flag to the farthest ports of the world. When swift ships were needed to hold leadership in distant markets, New England built the fleetest sailing vessels ever known.

In 1836, while clipper ships were racing for golden prizes, the institution now entitled The NATIONAL SHAWMUT BANK of Boston was established. Mercantile and shipping interests were well represented in the first directorate, as in the present board.

This bank has been an active factor in the development of foreign commerce for 84 years. The SHAWMUT CORPORATION, an affiliation, now broadens the scope of service, giving facilities to handle every form of financial transaction affecting international trade and commerce.



We will be pleased to send our booklets on the development of foreign trade. Write for copies.

THE NATIONAL SHAWMUT BANK *of* BOSTON

Capital, surplus and undivided profits over $22,000,000

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The great extension of America's commercial and industrial relations has made necessary to American business a wider and more comprehensive banking service than at any time before in history.

Enlarged facilities, comprising separate Banking ~ Foreign ~ Trust ~ and Investment Departments, supported by an organization and connections which date back for more than one hundred years, enable The Mechanics & Metals National Bank to render to its clients that banking service which is a fundamental necessity, if the opportunities of today are to be realized.

We invite correspondence or a call.

Established 1810

THE MECHANICS & METALS NATIONAL BANK

of the City of New York

20 NASSAU STREET

BRANCHES

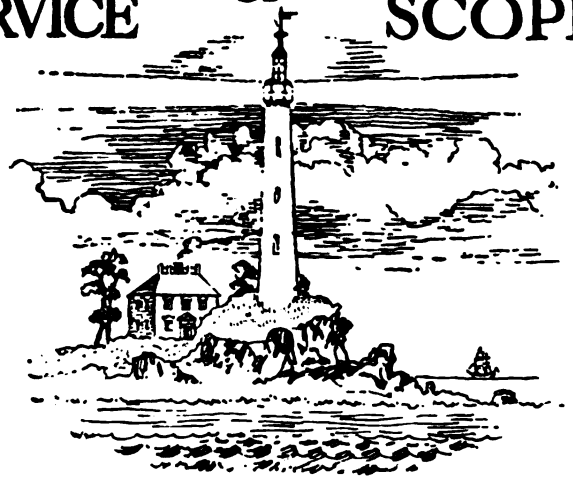
10 Broadway

Columbus Avenue and 93rd Street	First Avenue and 103rd Street
Madison Avenue and 60th Street	Broadway and 86th Street
Seventh Avenue and 58th Street	Amsterdam Ave. & Manhattan St.
Third Avenue and 116th Street	Second Avenue and 14th Street

Capital ~ Surplus ~ Profits ~ $25,000,000

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DEFINITE SERVICE OF WORLD-WIDE SCOPE



TO AMERICA'S industrial and commercial interests The Philadelphia National Bank is well equipped to render definite and constructive banking service designed to handle with intelligence and dispatch both foreign and domestic transactions.

Progressive business requires progressive banking, reliable business requires a reliable bank, world-wide business requires the services of a bank possessing the connections, facilities and experience to advance its interests in foreign markets.

A connection with this bank will bring to your business the close co-operation of such an institution—a bank built on the bed-rock of experience, possessing both the knowledge and resources to serve with the distinction and capacity of an old and well seasoned organization.

THE
PHILADELPHIA NATIONAL BANK
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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¶ For the benefit of our readers we give below a list of some of the special booklets on financial subjects issued by firms of established reputation:

INVESTMENT RECOMMENDATIONS. Guaranty Trust Co., 140 Broadway, New York.

SAFETY AND 6%. S. W. Straus & Co., 150 Broadway, N. Y., or Straus Building, Chicago.

GETTING THE MOST OUT OF YOUR MONEY. Babson's Statistical Organization, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

LET'S CHOOSE EXECUTORS AND TALK OF WILLS. Bankers Trust Co., 16 Wall Street, New York.

MEN AND BONDS. National City Co., 55 Wall Street, New York.

DO I NEED LIFE INSURANCE? Postal Life Insurance Co., 511 Fifth Avenue, New York.

THE PREMIER INVESTMENT. William R. Compton Co., 408 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

CREATING GOOD INVESTMENTS. G. L. Miller & Co., Hurt Building, Atlanta, Ga.

CONCERNING TRUSTS AND WILLS. Old Colony Trust Co., Boston, Mass.

ACCEPTANCES. National Shawmut Bank, Boston, Mass.

HOW FARM MORTGAGES ARE MADE. George M. Forman & Co., 11 South La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

THE INVESTOR'S GUIDE. Greenebaum Sons Bank and Trust Co., La Salle and Madison Streets, Chicago, Ill.

6% AND SAFETY. Calvert Mortgage Co., 865 Calvert Building, Baltimore, Md.

INVESTMENT ITEMS. Royal Securities Corporation, 165 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

BONDS—5% TO 7.85%. Mercantile Trust Co., St. Louis, Mo.

LOOSE-LEAF SECURITY RECORD. Halsey, Stuart & Co., 209 South La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

NORTHWESTERN MUNICIPAL BONDS. Seattle National Bank, Seattle, Wash.

THE MAIL ORDER BUSINESS. H. M. Byllesby & Co., 208 South La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

THE INVESTMENT—THE HOUSE BACKING IT. Investors Securities Corporation, 3131 West Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

Copies of the above will be supplied upon request by addressing Financial Department, Harper's Magazine, Franklin Square, New York

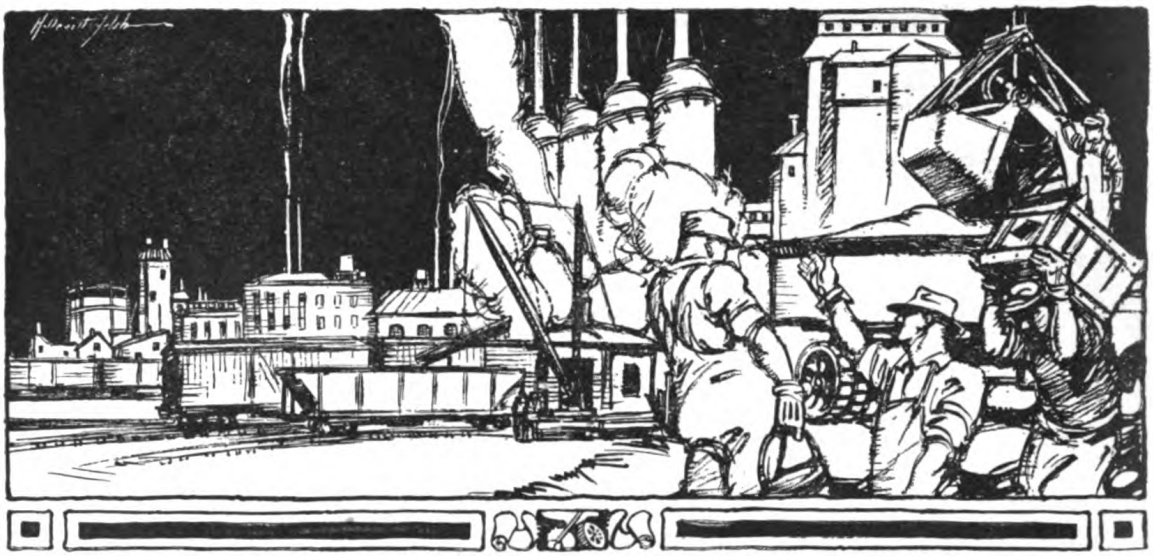
HOW woefully the situation was misread is indicated in part by the fact that of the three factors conducive to high production costs, but one, the high cost of labor, remains as it was. Manufactured goods have accumulated largely in many lines, or are in excess of the present diminished demand, in most instances. As a broad general characterization there is no great dearth of raw material now, with the possible exception of coal and oil. Wool and silk and tobacco and sugar are in superabundant supply, and there appears to be a sufficiency of cotton for all legitimate needs. If the huge inventories of leading industrial corporations are any index of conditions, there is no scarcity of hides and leather or rubber, and price tendencies would point to the same conclusion in the case of copper and the minor metals; of tea and coffee; of lumber and various building materials; and of many chemicals and dyestuffs, the latter being affected directly by the conditions in the textile industries.

SHRINKAGE IN VALUES

INSTEAD of preventing reaction the abundant harvests appear actually to have accentuated it the more. Thus wheat, which sold at $3.25 a bushel in May, ruled at $2.17 a bushel at the beginning of October, at which time it was selling at Chicago for the December delivery at $1.86 a bushel. At the same time corn, which sold as high as $2.31 a bushel in May, had fallen to $1.17 a bushel, and was selling for the December delivery at Chicago at 84 cents a bushel. Similarly cotton, which touched the high point of 43¾ cents a pound as recently as July last, sold at 22¼ cents early in October, with the December option a full cent a pound lower. Despite the enormous declines which have already taken place in these great staples they are selling for remote delivery now at figures well below the current cash quotations, and the question which naturally suggests itself is, does this indicate a belief on the part of business men that the trade reaction will continue? Time alone can give the answer.

HOWEVER desirable a reduction in breadstuffs, food products, and clothing may be for the ultimate con-

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Back of Your Bonds are the Necessities for the Advancement of Civilization

BONDS AND BUSINESS

CAPITAL is Industry's life blood

War and its aftermath — higher costs, larger output and the necessity for expanded facilities, have resulted in largely increased capital demands on the part of business.

Halsey, Stuart & Co., through the outright purchase of the bond and note issues of essential industries, have supplied this needed capital, and through distribution of the securities so purchased have provided investors with safe and remunerative opportunities for employing their surplus funds.

Industrial bonds handled by *Halsey, Stuart & Co.* are the safeguarded obligations of established concerns, supplying essential commodities, enjoying experienced management and having a record of satisfactory earnings over a period of years.

Representative of the Industrial bonds and notes sponsored and offered by *Halsey, Stuart & Co.*, are the following:

Armour & Company 7% Convertible Gold Notes, 1930
Associated Simmons Hardware Companies 7% Secured Notes, 1925
Continental Motors Corporation 7% Notes, 1925
Cuba Cane Sugar Corporation 7% Convertible Debentures, 1930
Utah-Idaho Sugar Company First Mortgage 7% Bonds, 1921-1930

Circular HM2, descriptive of these and a wide variety of other safe investments, will be sent upon request.

A convenient method for recording your investments is furnished by our Loose-Leaf Security Record. A copy will be sent you without cost or obligation upon request for Book No. HM3

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Incorporated—Successors to N. W. Halsey & Co., Chicago

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Books to Help and Inspire Business Men

RETAIL SELLING. JAMES W. FISKE..$1.75
(Harper's Retail Business Series edited by John B. Swinney)

RETAIL BUYING. CLIFTON C. FIELD.. 1.75
(Harper's Retail Business Series edited by John B. Swinney)

RETAIL CREDITS AND COLLECTIONS. DWIGHT E. BEEBE..... 1.75
(Harper's Retail Business Series)

HOW TO SELL MORE GOODS
H. J. BARRETT..... 1.75

COMMON SENSE IN LABOR MANAGEMENT. NEIL M. CLARK..... 4.00
Managing Editor of "System"

PROFIT SHARING
A symposium by the heads of large plants in which the system is in operation.... 3.50

NEWSPAPER BUILDING
JASON ROGERS..... 5.00
Publisher of the New York Globe

BUILDING NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING. JASON ROGERS.....10.00
Publisher of the New York Globe

BUSINESS EDUCATION AND ACCOUNTANCY. CHARLES W. HASKINS. 2.50

PRESENT AND PAST BANKING IN MEXICO. WALTER F. MCCALEB..... 2.00

OBVIOUS ADAMS
ROBERT R. UPDEGRAFF..... .75

ACRES OF DIAMONDS
RUSSELL H. CONWELL..... 1.35

WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH YOUR WILL POWER. RUSSELL H. CONWELL .75

IMAGINATION IN BUSINESS
LORIN F. DELAND..... .75

PRINCIPLES OF SCIENTIFIC MANAGEMENT. FREDERICK W. TAYLOR.. 2.50

PRINCIPLES OF SHOP MANAGEMENT. FREDERICK W. TAYLOR..... 2.50

PRINCIPLES OF BANKING
CHARLES A. CONANT..... 3.50

HARPER & BROTHERS

sumer, no one can blink the fact that the agricultural interests have sustained a very serious money loss in the shrinkage of commodity prices. The purchasing power of the farmer, which was such an important factor during the era of high prices, will be materially curtailed as a result of the decline in cereals and other farm products. This in itself is adverse to the theory of an early industrial revival, and the same is true of the tendencies of foreign trade. While the volume of our overseas business is still very large, exports are showing a tendency to decrease and imports to expand. The excess of exports over imports for August, for instance, was but $65,000,000 compared with an export balance of $338,269,000 last year. For the eight months of the year to August the excess of exports was $1,480,300,000 which contrasts with $3,012,198,000 in 1919. Obviously the outside world is less dependent upon the United States than in the past.

IMPROVING BOND MARKET

CREDIT conditions have shown little actual improvement of late, as is indicated by the fact that during September appeals for assistance were made to the Federal Reserve Board by the cotton, wool, and tobacco growers; the live-stock industry and various other farming interests, all of which have experienced difficulty in financing their operation. But the financial markets are looking for easier money after the turn of the year, as a result of the slowing down of business, and in anticipation of this, a very much better bond and investment market has developed. This has been influenced in part also by the low figures at which bonds have been selling and by a widespread belief that the railways are destined to do far better in the future than in the past. Industrial stocks, on the other hand, have declined severely as a result of the commercial reaction which is reflecting in greatly diminished earnings, necessitating a reduction or passing of dividends by several conspicuous corporations. The decline in prices has added seriously to difficulties of all companies, which are under the necessity of financing large inventories acquired at high cost.

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8%

Safe Investments at 8% will not be obtainable when money rates become more normal

Columbia Graphophone Factories Corporation of Maryland

8% Cumulative Preferred Stock

Dividend checks mailed quarterly, February 1, May 1, August 1, November 1

Free of all present normal Federal Income Taxes

The payment of the dividend and Sinking Fund on this stock is secured by an irrevocable lease to the Columbia Graphophone Manufacturing Company and is payable out of the net earnings of the Manufacturing Company ahead of dividends on its own Preferred and Common Stocks.

The Columbia Graphophone Manufacturing Company was the pioneer in the industry and is now one of the largest manufacturers of graphophones and records in the country. The growth of its business is shown in this company's net earnings, after allowance for depreciation and all taxes:

Average for three years ended December 31, 1919, -	$2,087,493
Year ended December 31, 1919, - - - - - - - -	3,887,162
For the first six months of 1920, approximately - -	2,800,000

The Columbia Graphophone Factories Corporation is the owner of plants in Baltimore and Toronto, which are being built for, and have been leased to, the Columbia Graphophone Manufacturing Company, to take care of the parent company's tremendous growth. They will represent an outlay of nearly $5,000,000 and will together employ over eight thousand persons.

These plants were financed through issuance of $1,750,000 Serial Bonds and the above $1,925,000, 8% Preferred Stock. A cash equity of $1,225,000 was supplied through the purchase by the Columbia Graphophone Manufacturing Company of Common Stock at $100 a share.

We offer this stock, subject to prior sale, in blocks of from one share up, at $100 per share and accrued dividend

To Yield 8%

Write for circular giving complete details

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Baltimore, Md.

Baker, Watts & Company
S. W. Cor. Calvert & Redwood Sts.
Baltimore, Md.

Mercantile Trust & Deposit Company
N. E. Cor. Calvert & Redwood Sts.
Baltimore, Md.

Robert Garrett & Sons
Garrett Building
Baltimore, Md.

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J. P. MORGAN & CO.

Wall Street, Corner of Broad

NEW YORK

DREXEL & CO., PHILADELPHIA

Corner of 5th and Chestnut Streets

MORGAN, GRENFELL & CO., LONDON

No. 22 Old Broad Street

MORGAN, HARJES & CO., PARIS

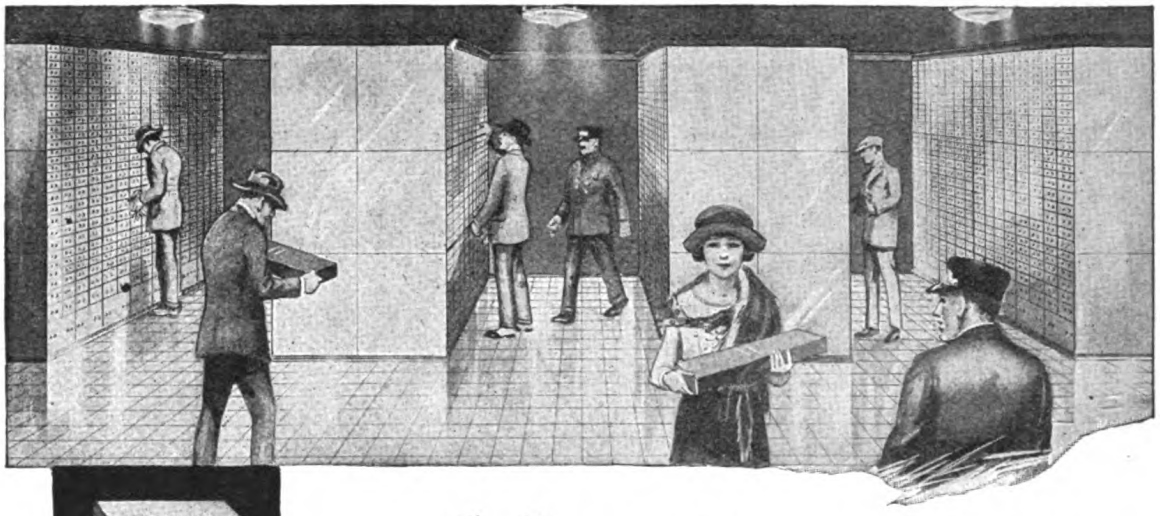
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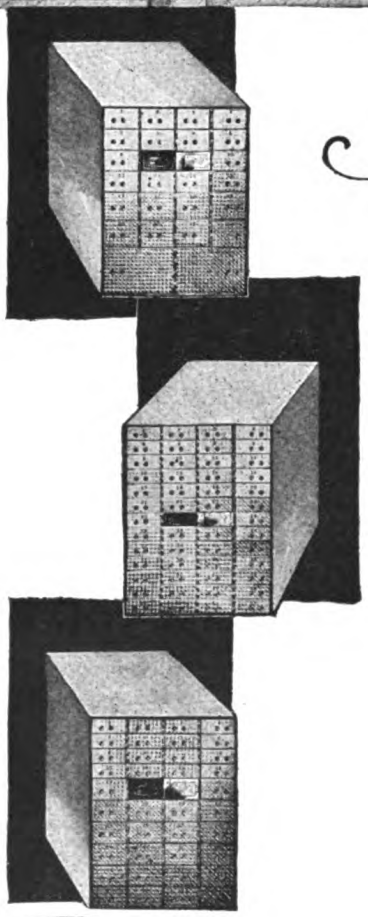
Securities bought and sold on Commission.
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Circular Letters for Travelers, available in all parts of the world.

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Is Your Safety Deposit Box Department Profitable?

Or are you losing money by having a large number of vacant boxes?

With CARY 20th Century Safety Deposit Box Units, your Department can grow as the business increases. At no time need there be a large number of unused boxes—or a volume of business without accommodations. The even balance between volume of business and Safety Deposit Box equipment is always maintained when CARY UNITS are a part of the equipment.

CARY Safety Deposit Boxes are STANDARDIZED AND INTERCHANGEABLE. New units are ordered as needed, —and each unit is a counterpart of previous CARY installations. Large quantities of CARY Safety Deposit Box Units are constantly being manufactured to insure prompt shipment.

These conveniences will enable a deposit department to produce the greatest possible revenue. Every inch of space will bring a profit, where CARY equipment is installed.

Another convenience is found in the fact that in CARY Units boxes are furnished in various sizes. You can secure units of small boxes or units containing an assortment of sizes. This feature makes it possible to meet the requirements of each individual customer.

Our folder "CARY 20th Century Safety Deposit Box Units" tells all about the CARY Unit System—its economy —its convenience. Send for this folder. You'll find it interesting and instructive in planning or rearranging your Safety Deposit Box Department.

Vaults
Cabinets
Deposit
Boxes

CARY SAFE COMPANY

Buffalo, N. Y., U. S. A.

CARY SAFES *"The Safe Investment"*

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THE GIFT OF GIFTS

Don't send your friends the usual stereotyped Christmas gifts—

Send them a gift *they will* enjoy because it is different—that *will come* to them twelve times during the year.

Send them that gift of gifts—

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The one periodical that is not duplicated by any other magazine—the fascinating magazine of the Stage and the Drama.

In Each Issue:

Over 100 exquisite illustrations

Reviews of all the new plays

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And send a Christmas card announcing that the gift comes from me.

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Why Women Are Buyers of Pyrene

Pyrene
KILLS FIRE
SAVES LIFE

THE reason is simple: It is woman's ancient instinct to defend home and children. Her modern judgment selects the Pyrene Fire Extinguisher as the best defense against fire.

Woman's intuitive trend toward Pyrene is confirmed by facts: 73 per cent of preventable fires are caused by stoves, furnaces, boilers and pipes. And 12 per cent of preventable fires are caused by defective flues and chimneys.

How often have you shuddered at the thought of fire in your home! But is Pyrene on hand to fight it?

Fire is always unexpected. Each year it destroys thousands of homes. Yearly it claims 15,000 lives—mostly women and children.

Install Pyrene now. Know the security of providing a permanent safeguard against fire. Price $10. Pyrene saves 15% on automobile fire insurance premiums.



Pyrene FIREKLOK—Placed at home danger spots, near the furnace or in the kitchen, Fireklok gives instant warning of fire. A hand extinguisher can then be used immediately and the fire put out before it can grow large and cause damage.

PYRENE MANUFACTURING CO., Inc., 17 East 49th St., New York
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Pyrene Manufacturing Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal, P. Q.

Pyrene and Fireklok are sold by hardware and electrical supply dealers and garages

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MARCY

ARROW COLLARS

The introduction for Fall wear is a rather small collar with close front spacing & moderate points. It meets perfectly the demand for a collar that will go well with the tight little cravat knots of the season

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., *Makers*, Troy, N.Y.

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In Baltimore, the City of Monuments, the FASHION SHOP *has won a place of high esteem among men who are particular about their clothing.*

These Baltimoreans select the latest models of ADLER-ROCHESTER *Clothes confident that their choice is correct.*

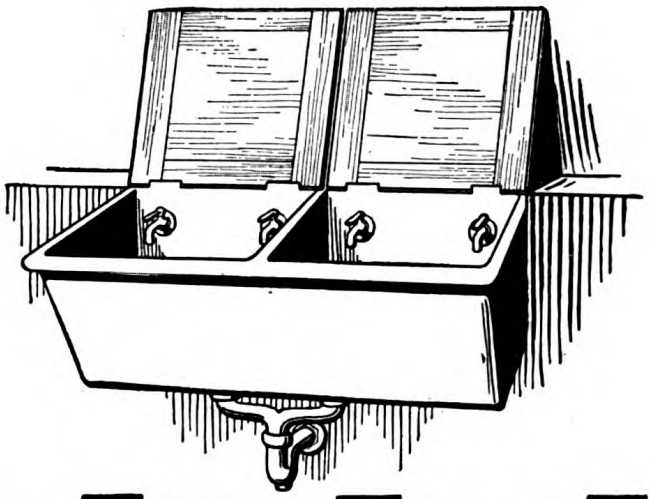
So you may choose ADLER-ROCHESTER *Suits and Overcoats at the better shops in your locality with every assurance of long-lasting satisfaction.*

Write for Style Book. L. ADLER, BROS. & CO., *Rochester, N. Y.*

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CLOTHES

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THE TELL-TALE TUB

THE wash tub tells its tale. It tells you truthfully of what your underwear is made. Cheap cotton or shoddy wool garments shrink, lose their lustre, their strength, their softness, in the tub.

AMHO isn't afraid of the wash tub. The Australian lamb's wool in it is so fine, the Peruvian cotton in it so choice, that AMHO emerges from the tub with all its original downy softness, its sheer white lustre, its steadfast strength. And it doesn't shrink a bit.

And there's a way of their own which our special machines have of knitting the yarns into a fabric so warm you're protected on the coldest days; so light that the garment never burdens with its weight. Obtainable in union suits and shirts and drawers for men, women and children.

For warmth without weight the long cold winter through — wear AMHO No. 1726, knitted with Duplex thread.

AMHO
Body Clothing
TRADE MARK REGISTRATION APPLIED FOR

Means Better Underwear

AMERICAN HOSIERY COMPANY
NEW BRITAIN (Established 1868) CONNECTICUT
Makers of fine knitted underwear for men, women and children

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FOR MEN AND WOMEN

YOU CAN SAVE MONEY BY WEARING W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES



BOYS' SHOES
$4.50 $5.00 and $5.50



The best known shoes in the world. They are sold in 107 W. L. Douglas stores, direct from the factory to you at only one profit, which guarantees to you the best shoes that can be produced, at the lowest possible cost. W. L. Douglas name and the retail price are stamped on the bottom of all shoes before they leave the factory, which is your protection against unreasonable profits.

W. L. Douglas $9.00 and $10.00 shoes are absolutely the best shoe values for the money in this country. They are made of the best and finest leathers that money can buy. They combine quality, style, workmanship and wearing qualities equal to other makes selling at higher prices. They are the leaders in the fashion centers of America. The stamped price is W.L. Douglas personal guarantee that the shoes are always worth the price paid for them. The prices are the same everywhere; they cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York.

W. L. Douglas shoes are made by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.

W. L. Douglas shoes are for sale by over 9000 shoe dealers besides our own stores. If your local dealer cannot supply you, take no other make. Order direct from factory. Send for booklet telling how to order shoes by mail, postage free.

CAUTION.—Insist upon having W.L.Douglas shoes. The name and price is plainly stamped on the sole. Be careful to see that it has not been changed or mutilated.

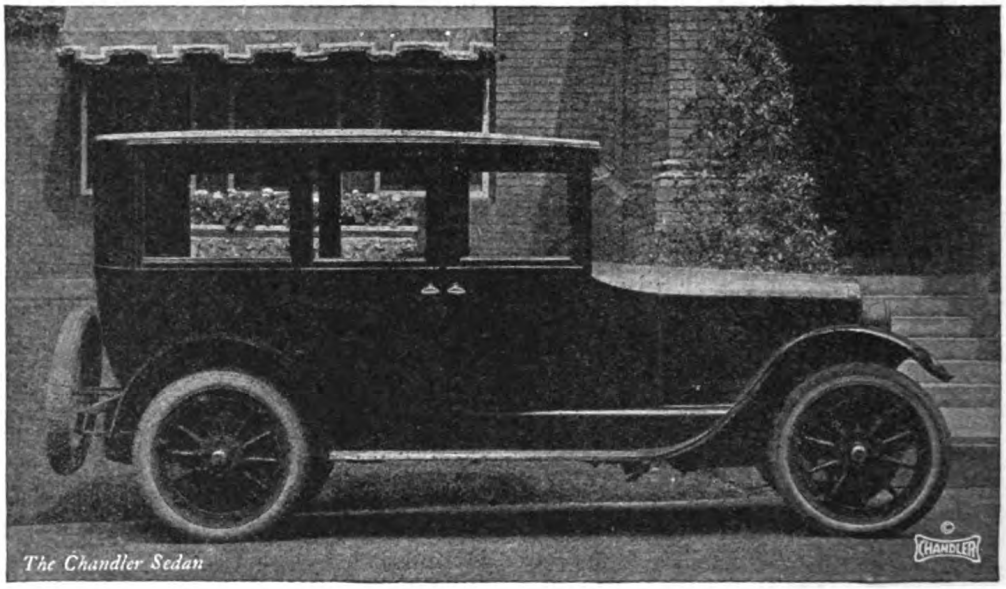
W. L. Douglas

President
W.L.Douglas Shoe Co.,
134 Spark Street,
Brockton, Mass.

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CHANDLER SIX

Famous For Its Marvelous Motor



The Chandler Sedan

The Highest Degree of Comfort with Mechanical Excellence

THE Chandler Sedan appeals to discriminating persons seeking the most comfortable form of transportation for their daily requirements in any season and any weather, coupled with assured mechanical excellence in their car. It is a first preferred car among such buyers.

Substantial and durable in its splendid construction, handsome in design, lustrous in its deep finish and attractively upholstered, it seats five persons in real comfort, or seven when the well-cushioned auxiliary chairs are in use. The entire furnishing of the interior is of highest quality.

Mounted on the one standard Chandler chassis, famous and favored for its marvelous motor, the Chandler Sedan offers exceptional value.



Interior of the Chandler
Seven-Passenger Sedan

See the Chandler Sedan Before You Choose Any Other

SIX SPLENDID BODY TYPES

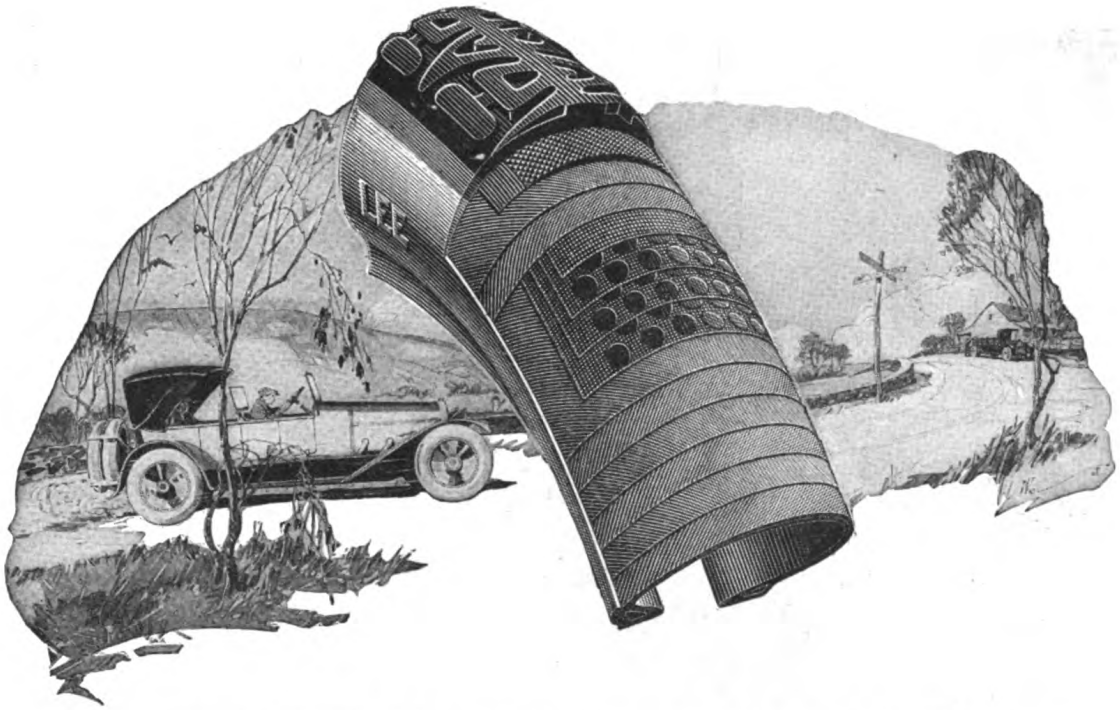
Seven-Passenger Touring, $1895 *Four-Passenger Roadster, $1895*
Four-Passenger Dispatch Car, $1975
Seven-Passenger Sedan, $2995 *Four-Passenger Coupe, $2895*
Limousine, $3395
(All prices f. o. b. Cleveland, Ohio)

There are Chandler dealers in more than a thousand towns and cities

THE CHANDLER MOTOR CAR COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Export Department: 5 Columbus Circle, New York Cable Address: "CHANMOTOR"

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LEE *Puncture Proof Tires*

LEE



LEE tires
smile
at miles

THOSE little, case-hardened *steel discs* that make Lee tires *puncture-proof,* are individually embedded in pure rubber.

Three layers of them, separated by heavy, rubberized fabric are built into every Lee Puncture-proof tire, whether "Cord" or "Fabric", *protecting* the carcass, as well as the tube, against *perforation.*

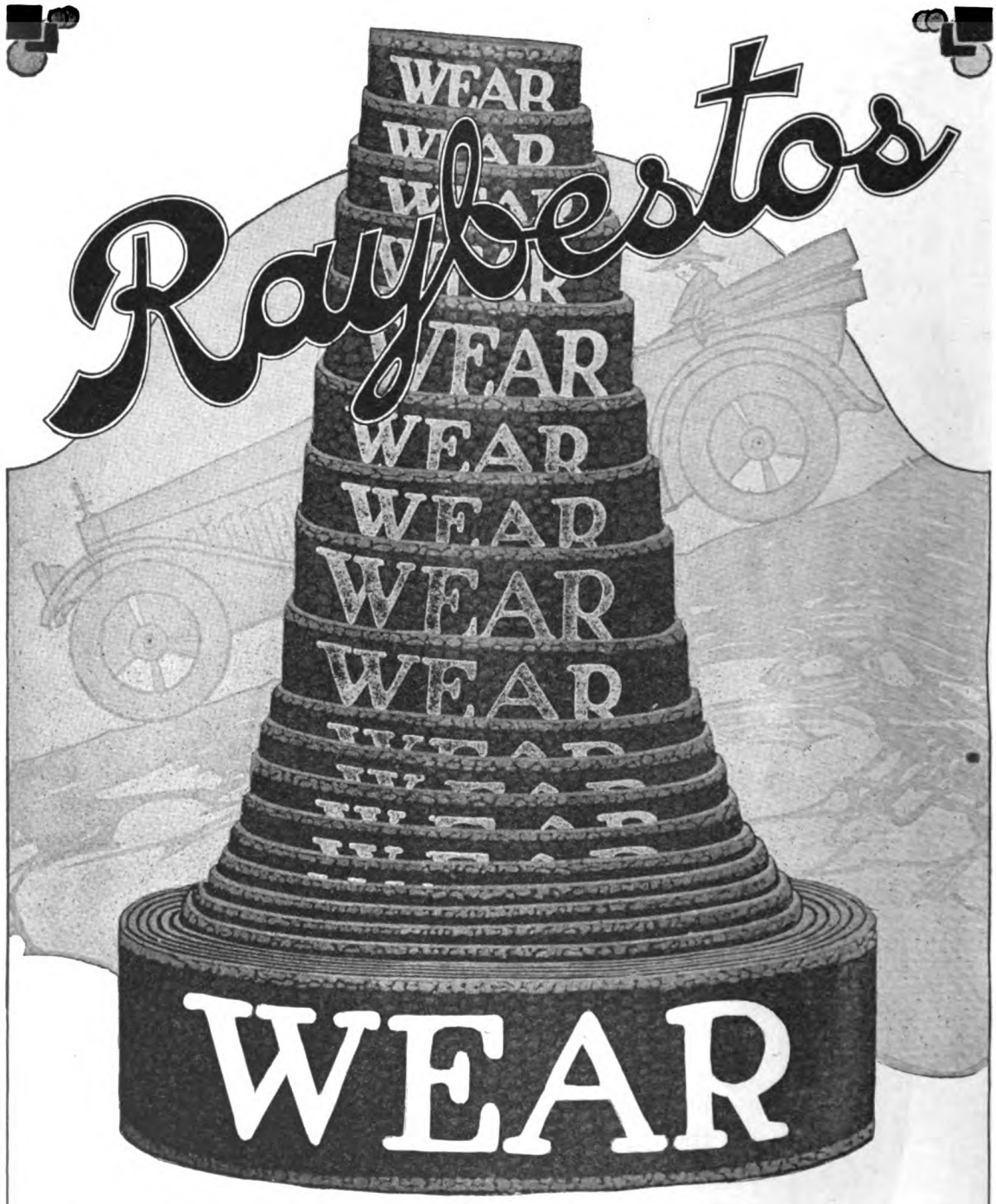
Here, then, to the limit of *mileage* is added the limit of *protection.* The peer of every tire in the one, the superior of all in the other.

Any Lee dealer—and there are Lee representatives everywhere—will fit your car with the Lee tires best calculated to give you greatest satisfaction.

Look for the "Lee" name in your telephone book

LEE TIRE & RUBBER CO.
Executive Offices **— 245 West 55th Street**
NEW YORK CITY
FACTORIES CONSHOHOCKEN PA.

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We could cheapen Raybestos in many ways, but then it would be merely "brake lining" and not Raybestos. We create brake lining service by building WEAR into every foot of Raybestos.

It is this sturdy, dependable quality that enables us to guarantee Raybestos to WEAR one year. When you need new lining for your car be sure to look for the Silver Edge.

THE RAYBESTOS COMPANY

Factories: BRIDGEPORT, CONN. PETERBOROUGH, CANADA

Branches: Detroit, 979 Woodward Avenue
Chicago, 1402 South Michigan Avenue
San Francisco, 1403 Chronicle Building
Washington, D. C., 107 Columbian Building

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CHALMERS

WITH HOT SPOT AND RAM'S-HORN

Wherever groups of automobiles assemble, the beautiful and graceful lines of the Chalmers Sport Model arouse admiration, while the owner is conscious that his car possesses distinct mechanical advantages because of the Hot Spot and Ram's-horn, exclusive features of the Chalmers automobile.

CHALMERS MOTOR CAR CO., DETROIT, MICH.
CHALMERS MOTOR CO. OF CANADA, LTD., WINDSOR, ONTARIO

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Camel Cigarettes

—*their quality*

IN long-continued experiments leading up to the perfecting of Camel cigarettes first consideration was given the quality of the choice Turkish and choice Domestic tobaccos to be used in their manufacture.

Our ambition was not only to make Camels the most delightful cigarette *but the best cigarette* that money could buy!

It is our pleasure to refer you personally to the distinctive cigarette delights Camels supply so lavishly.

In points of exquisite mildness, mellow body and refreshing flavor Camels have never been equalled.

It is only fair to your own cigarette desires—and for your own satisfaction—to compare Camels with any cigarette in the world at any price!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

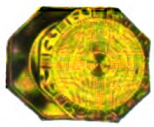
Camel

CIGARETTES



Camels are sold everywhere in scientifically sealed packages of 20 cigarettes for 20 cents.

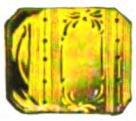
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14K Solid Gold



14K Solid Gold



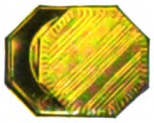
10K Solid Gold



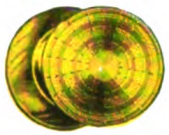
10K Solid Gold Mother of Pearl Center with genuine Oriental Pearl Insert



14K Gold Top



10K Gold Top



Gold Filled

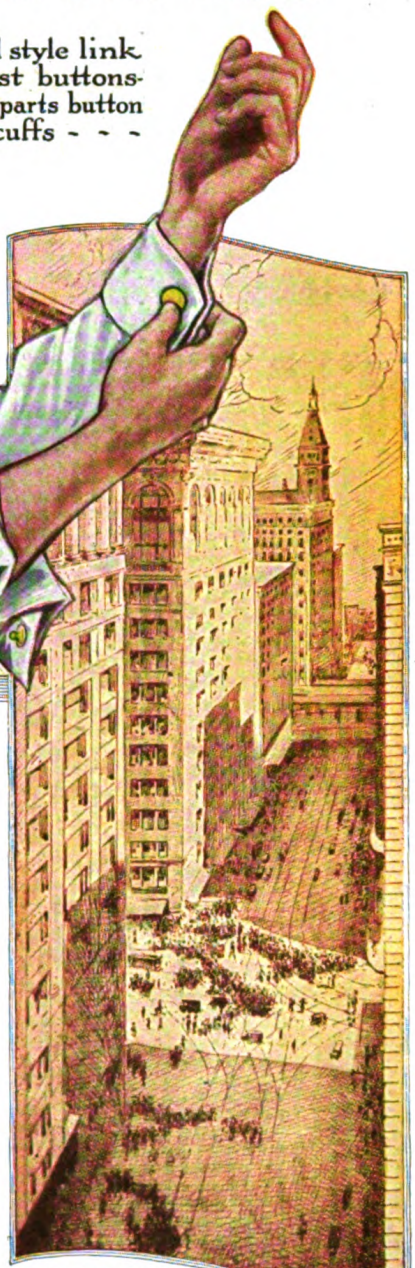


Sterling Silver Mother of Pearl Center

Here's the button for your soft cuffs

Good-bye old style link and stiff-post buttons- Today Kum-a-parts button the nations cuffs - - -





"THE BUSIEST CORNER IN THE WORLD" STATE ST & MADISON ST CHICAGO

Click- *and it's open*

permitting the easy rolling up of sleeves, avoiding the forcing of hands through buttoned cuffs when dressing - - -

Snap- *and it's closed*

holding the soft cuff snugly in graceful lines about the wrist; adding the final touch of beauty and convenience to your comfortable soft cuffs - - - - - -

In hundreds of patterns and qualities $2.50 to $30 the pair at Jewelers and Haberdashers

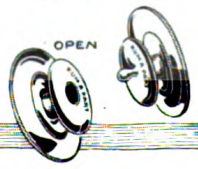
The Baer & Wilde Co.
IN THE CITY OF ATTLEBORO STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS

Send for Booklet - A Snap to Button"

KUM-A-PART
UFF BUTTON

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

-a snap to button

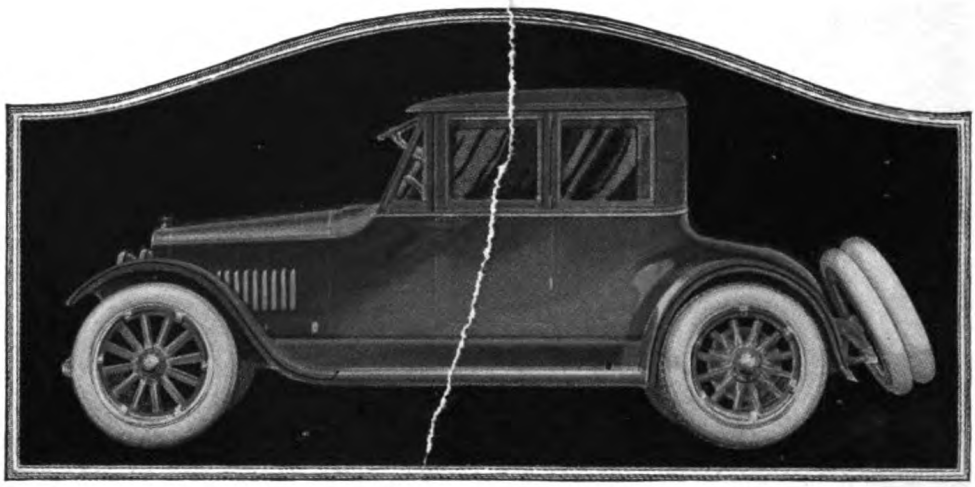






INSIST ON SEEING THE NAME KUM-A-PART ON THE BACK OF THE BUTTONS YOU BUY. IT'S YOUR PROTECTION AGAINST IMITATIONS.

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STANDARD EIGHT

A Powerful Car

IN a man, knowledge is power. In a motor car, power is knowledge.

The knowledge that you have plenty of power is like the knowledge that you have plenty of health, plenty of time, plenty of courage, plenty of *anything*.

The power of the Standard Eight is all the power you want, plus a little more than you may possibly ever use.

In addition to all the other satisfying features of the Standard Eight, there is an extra satisfaction in the plenteousness of its power.

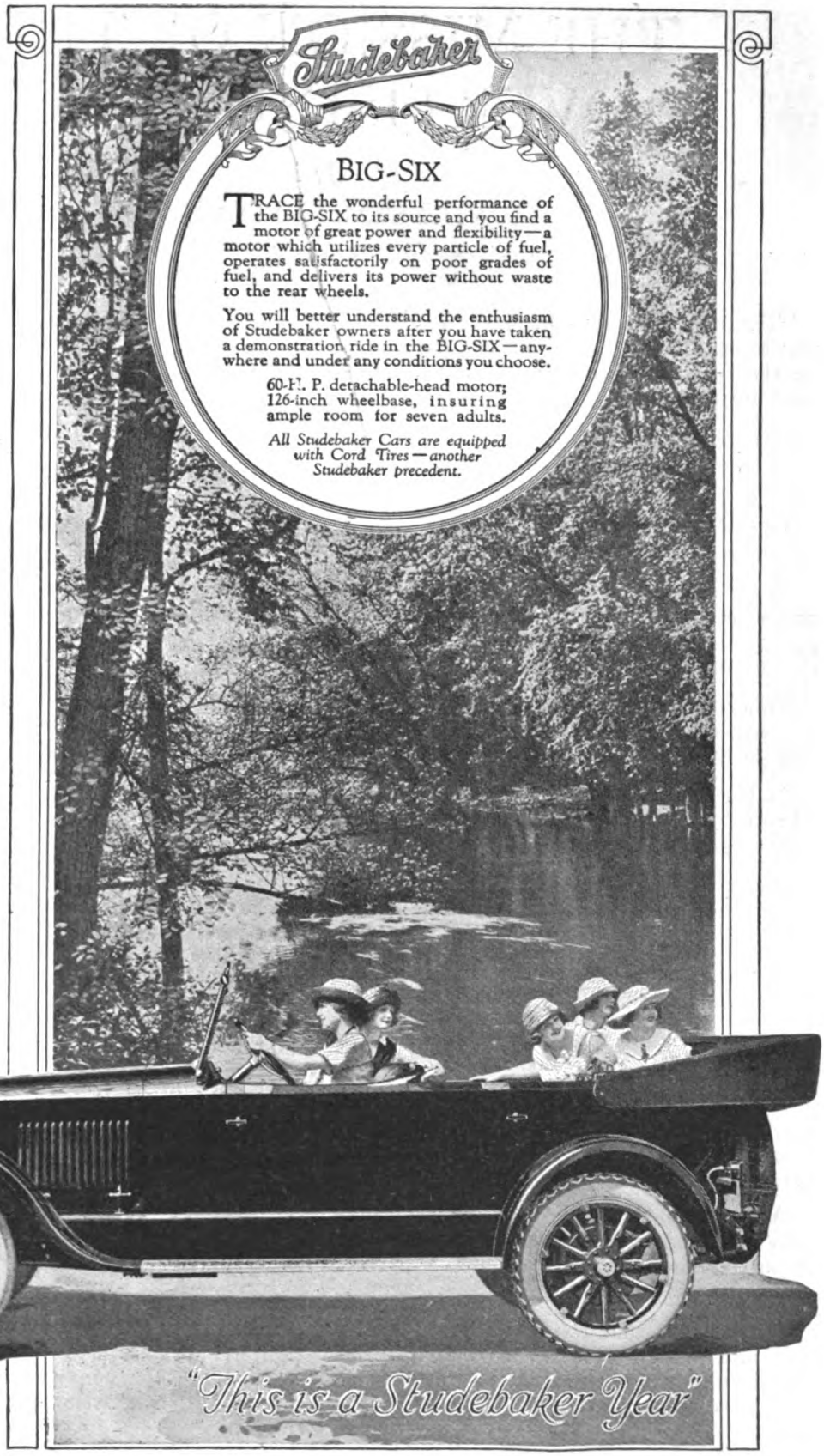
STANDARD STEEL CAR COMPANY
Automotive Department ***Pittsburgh, Pa.***

Vestibule Sedan, $5000.
Sedan, $4800.
Sedanette, $4500.
Coupé, $4500. (above)
Touring Car, $3400.
Roadster, $3400.
Chassis, $3150.

Above prices f. o. b. Butler, Pa.



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LIGHT-SIX

Touring Car	$1485
Landau-Roadster	1850
Sedan	2450

F. O. B. South Bend

SPECIAL-SIX

Touring Car	$1750
2-Pass. Roadster	1750
4-Pass. Roadster	1750
Coupe	2650
Sedan	2750

F. O. B. Detroit

BIG-SIX

Touring Car	$2150

F. O. B. Detroit

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THE MISSION OF THE ADVERTISING PAGES

By
WILLIAM S. POWER
President, Power, Alexander & Jenkins Company, Detroit

"The man who says he never reads advertisements, either is a proper candidate for the Ananias Club or is lacking in common business sense."

That is the way a big business man, the head of a successful corporation, put it in talking to his Selling force a few days ago.

The advertising pages of the big National magazines are a barometer of business.

They are consulted by practical men and women just as the financial and social pages of the newspapers are consulted for the information they contain.

Time was, and not so very long ago, when the advertising pages were merely a directory of things for sale.

Today they rank side by side with the editorial pages in the vital interest of the messages that they carry.

One does not often hear a slurring remark these days as to the unreliability of an advertising message.

Advertisements as a class have ceased to be unreliable.

Superlative and exaggerated claims have lost favor with advertisers.

No part of a magazine today is more carefully edited and more ruthlessly purged of unreliable statements than the pages that carry the advertising messages.

Advertisers have discovered that frankness and conservatism and truth are the strongest allies that they can have in their efforts to win public confidence.

And so it is that today, as never before, men and women scan the advertising pages as carefully and with as deep an interest as they give to any other part of the magazines.

The advertising pages reach out to you in a spirit of friendship and co-operation.

That is their mission—to make a friend of you and to win your good will.

To be sure they have something to sell you—but that is rather a secondary consideration, a by-product of advertising, if you please.

The big elemental aim is to win your good will—when that is accomplished, the selling will follow as a perfectly natural result.

Look through the advertising pages of this magazine—note the carefulness with which the messages have been prepared—feast your eyes on the art that has been used in illustrating them—sense the friendly hand-clasp that they seem to extend toward you.

Then analyze them for yourself.

You will find that the products that are most persistently and effectively advertised are almost universally, the best and most dependable products.

That is a perfectly natural illustration of the law of cause and effect.

An advertisement is a pledge. The man who issues it puts himself on record. The public expects more of him—and almost invariably he measures up to expectations.

The development of advertising has put business on a higher plane. It has created a finer code of business ethics. It has made possible better products and lower prices. It has immeasurably increased the comforts of life by bringing within the reach of all the conveniences and luxuries that would otherwise be enjoyed only by the few.

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She Keeps Her Hold on Youth

INTO the noonday of life she has carried the glory of her youth. The leaping pulse of perfect health, the beauty of yesteryear, still are hers.

Pyorrhea, which afflicts so many over forty, has passed her by. In its blighting touch, Pyorrhea is akin to age. Its infecting germs deplete vitality. They cause the gums to recede, the lips to lose their contour, the teeth to loosen and decay.

Take care that this enemy of health and beauty does not become established in *your* mouth. Watch for it. Visit your dentist often for tooth and gum inspection.

If you have tender or bleeding gums (the first symptom of Pyorrhea) use Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's keeps the gums firm and healthy—the teeth white and clean.

How to Use Forhan's

Use it twice daily, year in and year out. Wet your brush in cold water, place a half-inch of the refreshing, healing paste on it, then brush your teeth *up and down*. Use a rolling motion to clean the crevices. Brush the grinding and back surfaces of the teeth. Massage your gums with your Forhan-coated brush—gently at first until the gums harden, then more vigorously. If the gums are very tender, massage with the finger instead of the brush. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes in the United States and Canada. At all druggists.

Forhan Company, New York
Forhan's, Limited, Montreal



Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS
Checks Pyorrhea

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YOUR SON

THE OPEN ROAD

The Magazine for Young Men

This magazine is the medium through which hundreds of America's most successful men are lending a hand to young men everywhere. With this splendid co-operation of influential men, The Open Road is constantly putting young men in touch with the work for which they are best fitted by personal aptitude and education. In many cases it is actually placing them in those positions for which they are best qualified. The Open Road has the unqualified and unsolicited endorsement of the most important educators in America. And, because it hits the mark so well, those who are most enthusiastic in their appreciation of its service are the young men themselves. The work is new—less than a year old—but already it has reached a position of national prominence. It is now serving thousands of young men in all parts of the country and is adding more daily. Has your son learned of this? Is he getting his share of this service?

3 Dollars Yearly **25 Cents a Copy**

"The Open Road is a genuine inspiration for courageous living. You are performing a real service to America when you prepare in such an interesting way literature that provides such direct stimulus to real Americanism."—*Calvin Coolidge*

HIS OPPORTUNITY

Mail to The Open Road, 248 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

I want the undersigned to have all the vocational aid and other help which The Open Road can give him. **$3.00—1 year / $1.00—4 mos.** **enclosed.**

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Why Teeth Stain

You leave a film-coat on them

Most teeth are dimmed more or less by a film. Smokers' teeth often become darkly coated.

The film makes teeth look dingy, and most tooth troubles are now traced to it.

Millions now combat that film in a new, scientific way. This is to offer a test to you, to show the unique results.

You must end film

The film is viscous — you can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

Ordinary brushing methods leave much of this film intact. So millions find that well-brushed teeth discolor and decay. You must attack film in a better way, else you will suffer from it.

It is the film-coat that discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Efficient ways

Dental science, after painstaking research, has developed effective ways to fight film. The world's highest authorities now approve them, after careful tests.

These ways are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And leading dentists everywhere now advise its daily use. A ten-day tube is being sent to everyone who asks.

Watch these new effects

One ingredient is pepsin. One multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva to dissolve the starch deposits that cling. One multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva to neutralize mouth acids as they form.

Two factors directly attack the film. One keeps the teeth so highly polished that film cannot easily cling.

Pepsodent has brought a new era in teeth cleaning. It fights the tooth destroyers as was never done before.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

You will always brush teeth in this new way when you watch the results for a week. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U. S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant combined with two other modern requisites. Now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by all druggists in large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free 478

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 947, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

Only one tube to a family.

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Gas is high; motor travel expensive.

You cannot reduce the cost of fuel — but you ***can*** bring about a decided saving by increasing fuel mileage.

The New Stromberg Carburetor does it. Effects a positive reduction in fuel costs by adding mileage — producing power plus and assuring additional speed wherever and whenever desired.

Write for complete facts. Be sure to state name, year and model of your motor car.

Stromberg Motor Devices Company
Dept. 1152
64 E. 25th Street, Chicago, Illinois



New STROMBERG CARBURETOR Does it!



He's Worth It—

Little Tim—counterpart of thousands of helpless little children, rich and poor alike—struggling to live against the savage attacks which tuberculosis makes upon his frail little body. If we fail him—but we MUST NOT fail. He's Worth Saving.

Buy Tuberculosis  **Use Christmas Seals**

Each penny Christmas Seal you buy provides added strength to your local and national tuberculosis associations in their fight against this preventable and curable disease.

NATIONAL TUBERCULOSIS ASSOCIATION
381 Fourth Avenue, New York



SYCO-GRAF
U. S. and Foreign Patents Pending
A Micro-Psychic Machine

Amazingly increases the strength of the feeblest psychic impressions. A mechanical ouija. Operates for one person. Prepaid $5.00. Free booklet. "Psychics and the Syco-Graf."

THE AUBURN COMPANY
64 North Main Street, Providence, R. I.

ARE YOU SEEKING A SCHOOL?
The SPECIAL SCHOOL SECTION in the front part of this issue offers a real help

Keep His Cuffs Clean

Pohlson GIFTS
Look for this seal



"MY SLEEVE BANDS"

Sleeves won't stay in place, elastic bands wear out and really are not nice or sanitary. These bands, made of "*Celluloid*," are *easy to slipon*, do not stop circulation and *will not wear out*. They are most handy for the man who works at the desk. A simple but pleasing man's gift well worth sending for. Will be sent together with our *year book*, full of "*out-of-the-ordinary things*." Just the right gifts to send, each with suitable sentiment, and the **Pohlson package** is always welcome because it is complete. For sale at **Pohlson** Dealers who display our seal. Is there one in your town?

POHLSON GIFT SHOPS **Pawtucket, R. I.**

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MERCER





THE rugged splendor of the mountains in fall color furnishes the inspiration for much that is best in man's constructive effort.

Ruggedness without beauty is repulsive—but that is never nature's way. And just as the rugged immensities of nature can become objects of surpassing beauty so can the rugged utilities of human life.

MERCER engineers built first for strength—for all the practical qualities that are essential to safe, comfortable and economical transportation. Then they saw to it that their sound and sturdy product should also delight the eye.

MERCER truly follows nature's model. The Hare's Motors policy demands a standard, in its products and its men, in harmony with the great eternal truths that nature typifies.

MERCER MOTORS COMPANY
operated by
HARE'S MOTORS, INC.
16 West 61st Street
New York City

We · Shall · Keep · Faith

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THESE tempting morsels of delicious Southern candy create an atmosphere all their own. They make a place for themselves, distinct and personal.

In case your regular dealer cannot supply you with Nunnally's we will send you postpaid, on receipt of $3.00 a two-pound "Box Bountiful" containing the same feature assortment of delicious flavours for which Nunnally's has become famous as "*The Candy of the South.*"

NUNNALLY'S, ATLANTA



Let *Your* Thanksgiving Gift be

Nunnally's

THE CANDY OF THE SOUTH

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Parfum "*Un Air Embaumé*"



The exclusive perfume with a touch of the Orient

Rouge
Sachet
Extract
Vanity Case
Face Powder
Toilet Water
Talcum Powder
Solid Face Powder

Rigaud
16 Rue de la Paix
·PARIS·



GEO. BORGFELDT & CO., SOLE DISTRIBUTORS · NEW YORK

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STEINWAY

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS



Richard Wagner at his Steinway

TO own a piano is one thing—to own the Instrument of the Immortals is another. The Steinway is the piano over whose keyboard Richard Wagner dreamed his visions and enriched the world. It is the Voice with which Liszt, Gounod, Rubinstein and their immortal fellows spoke to mankind. It is the piano of Paderewski—and the piano upon which Hofmann and Rachmaninoff are playing their way to immortality today. It is and has always been the chosen instrument of the masters and the lovers of immortal music.

STEINWAY & SONS, Steinway Hall, 107-109 E. 14th St., New York

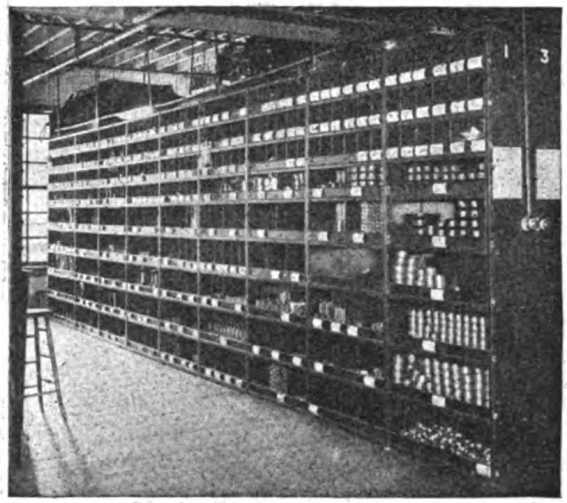
Subway Express Stations at the Door

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DURAND
STEEL RACKS



DURAND Steel Racks are the product of engineering forethought and skill.

The skill has gone into the strength and rigidity of their construction, and the accurate fitting of every part.

The forethought has gone into their design—their adaptability to every storage purpose—and the careful selection of material.

Consult us about Steel Racks and Bins or about Steel Lockers

DURAND STEEL LOCKER CO.

1531 Ft. Dearborn Bank Bldg. Chicago

531 Park Row Bldg. New York City

SETH THOMAS

FIVE generations have marked their time by clocks bearing this time-honored name.

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White House COFFEE



"A White House" Class in Domestic Economy.

is a common topic of interest in the intimacy of thousands upon thousands of homes where its deliciousness, uniformity and altogether high character are recognized and thoroughly appreciated.

"WHITE HOUSE COFFEE" should easily enlist *your* interest. Your grocer has it or can easily procure it for you.

1-3-5 lb. Packages Only

NEVER SOLD IN BULK.

DWINELL-WRIGHT CO.
Principal Coffee Roasters
BOSTON ——— CHICAGO

To the Good Drinker

there is unalloyed pleasure in that "Subtle Something" in

Checona Evans' Beverage

FORMERLY KNOWN AS CHECONA EVANS' ALE

which clings to the Evans' products and "memory dear." It is made on the banks of the Hudson in the good old way and has the same good old flavor and aftersmack that made and kept the Evans' beverages popular for 134 years.

It is a substantial food product that brings variety, zest and benefit to a meal — in the good old Evans' way.

Try it at Leading Hotels, Clubs, Restaurants
Supplied in cases by Progressive Dealers or write to
C. H. Evans & Sons, Estab. 1786, Hudson, N. Y.

Harper's Aircraft Book for Boys

By ALPHEUS HYATT VERRILL

All about aircraft, little and big. This book explains in a simple, lucid manner the principles and mechanisms involved in human flight and tells boys how to design and construct model aeroplanes, gliders and man-carrying machines.

Many Illustrations. $1.35

HARPER & BROTHERS
Franklin Square Established 1817 New York

President Suspenders

for comfort

Every pair guaranteed

MADE AT SHIRLEY MASSACHUSETTS

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Cresca Delicacies



Food Artistry and Distinction

MORE than a hundred rare dainties for the dining table of folks who wish to accentuate in the menu an atmosphere of subtle food discernment.

Let our recipe booklet "Where Epicurus Reigns" post you; sent on request with name of your nearest Cresca distributor.

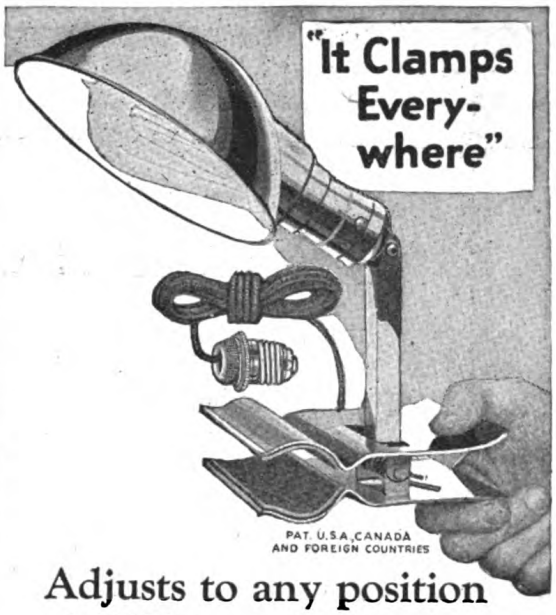
CRESCA COMPANY, INC.
361 Greenwich Street, New York



The Proper Private School

for your children is perhaps the most important choice you have to make. If you have difficulty in making a selection from among the large number of schools advertised in this issue, feel perfectly free to write us for information and suggestions, stating the kind of school wanted, the locality preferred, and the age of the student for whom assistance is required.

School Information Bureau
HARPER'S MAGAZINE
Franklin Square **New York**



Adjusts to any position

A NEW wonderful invention—ADJUSTO-LITE, a lamp that you can attach anywhere—to bed, shaving mirror, table, desk or chair. Throws the light exactly where you need it most. Prevents eye-strain. Cuts lighting cost.

Gripping clamp is felt-faced and cannot scratch. Compact. Durable. Solid brass. Ask at the store where you usually trade for Adjusto-Lite. If they don't carry it, order direct. Guaranteed for five years—price, **$5.75.**

S. W. FARBER
141-151 So. FIFTH ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Prices in U. S. A., complete with 8-foot cord, plug and socket, Brush brass finish. ***$5.75;*** *Statuary Bronze or Nickel finish,* ***$6.25.*** *Pacific Coast prices, 25c per lamp higher*



Dealers: Write for particulars of this fast selling specialty.

Adjusto-Lite
A FARBERWARE PRODUCT

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Four Times the Value!

Other things being approximately equal, an advertisement in a high-grade monthly magazine is worth four times as much as the same advertisement in a weekly publication of similar appeal. For assuredly the life of "a piece of copy" can be no longer than the life of the medium that contains it. And on its life must its value in large measure depend.

❦ ❦ ❦ ❦

This month's magazine becomes "old" only when next month's appears. This week's magazine expects to be superseded in its reader's interest seven days hence, when the following issue bids for his favor. And each type of publication is built up editorially with these facts in mind.

❦ ❦ ❦

Another point: With a page universally considered the dominating unit of advertising space, mark the advantage of the monthly periodical over the weekly. Note how radically the problem of satisfactory year-round representation simplifies itself in the former. Twelve pages against fifty-two! An equally impressive showing — at considerably less than one-fourth the cost!

❦ ❦ ❦

There are countless ways of judging advertising value, however.

❦ ❦ ❦

Some choose solely on a "rate-per-line-per-thousand" basis. Others have products the very nature of which demands a "strictly class" selection. Occasionally personal bias enters in. Then an individual's own preferences become determining factors.

❦ ❦ ❦

The magazines comprising The Quality Group make a distinct appeal to all *thoughtful* buyers of advertising space, just as they do to all thoughtful buyers of advertised goods. Better-type readers — over three-quarters of a million of them — are more than ordinarily worth while reaching.

❦ ❦ ❦

Do they know your product? Of their ability to buy it there can be no question.

❦ ❦ ❦

Here's Entrée to 750,000 Quality Homes:

ATLANTIC MONTHLY
CENTURY MAGAZINE
HARPER'S MAGAZINE



REVIEW OF REVIEWS
SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE
WORLD'S WORK

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Jeanneret



A WATCH that every woman will find a delight. Dainty, yet substantial and accurate, it makes a gift that will long be remembered. Beautifully cased in platinum, white gold, green gold, silver and gold filled.

Every shape, every style. Moderately priced.

If your jeweler does not carry Jeanneret watches, write to us and we will tell you where you may obtain them.

MANASSEH LEVY & CO.
24 West 36th St.
New York

Books by

Kate Dickinson Sweetser

BOOK OF INDIAN BRAVES.
Illustrated. *$1.75*

BOYS AND GIRLS FROM GEORGE ELIOT.
Illustrated. *$1.75*

BOYS AND GIRLS FROM THACKERAY.
Illustrated. *$1.75*

TEN BOYS FROM DICKENS.
Illustrated. *$1.75*

TEN BOYS FROM HISTORY.
Illustrated. *$1.75*

TEN GIRLS FROM DICKENS.
Illustrated. *$1.75*

TEN GIRLS FROM HISTORY.
Illustrated. *$1.75*

TEN AMERICAN GIRLS FROM HISTORY
Illustrated. *$1.75*

TEN GREAT ADVENTURERS.
Illustrated. *$1.75*

HARPER & BROTHERS
FRANKLIN SQUARE NEW YORK

The way of the wise

IF you had the key to a door would you use it, or try to pick the lock, or break the door down?

We'll give you the right key to solving life's problems today. Ask us to send you, free, a copy of the fervent book, "*The City of Happiness.*" That's the Key. It's yours for the asking. Stop worrying, and straining, and doubting, and grouching. Read the book.

BEN. H. JANSSEN
Piano Manufacturer
New York, U. S. A.

JANSSEN



We believe the Janssen is as good a piano as anyone can make

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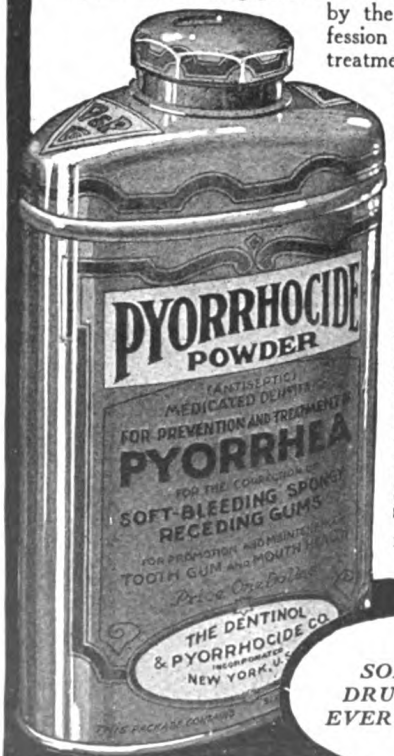
PYORRHOCIDE
POWDER
ANTISEPTIC
for Pyorrhea prevention



Gums that bleed easily—

that are soft and sensitive—warn you that pyorrhea is developing. Loss of teeth will surely follow unless pyorrhea is checked or prevented.

Dental clinics, devoted exclusively to pyorrhea research and oral prophylaxis, have *proved* the specific value of Pyorrhocide Powder for restoring and maintaining gum health. It is endorsed by the dental profession for pyorrhea treatment and prevention. It keeps the gums healthy and the teeth clean.



Pyorrhocide Powder is economical because a dollar package contains six months' supply. Sold by leading druggists and dental supply houses.

Free Sample
Write for free sample and our booklet on Prevention and Treatment of Pyorrhea.

The Dentinol & Pyorrhocide Co., Inc.
Sole Distributors
Dept. K
1480 Broadway
New York

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

Our research work and our clinical and laboratory facilities enable us to disseminate information that is authoritative on pyorrhea treatment and prevention.

L. V. Slaught
Pres.



The Inhalation Treatment for Whooping-Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, Influenza, Coughs, Bronchitis.

"Used while you sleep."

Simple, safe and effective, avoiding internal drugs.

Vaporized Cresolene relieves the paroxysms of Whooping-Cough and Spasmodic Croup at once; it nips the common cold before it has a chance of developing into something worse, and experience shows that *a neglected cold is a dangerous cold.*

Mrs. Ballington Booth says: **"No family, where there are young children, should be without this lamp."**

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy and relieves the congestion, assuring restful nights.

It is called a ***boon*** by Asthma sufferers.

Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria.

It is a protection to those exposed.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 40 years of successful use.

Sold by Druggists. Send for descriptive booklet D

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10c. in stamps.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., N. Y.
or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada

Thin-Paper Edition of
THOMAS HARDY

DESPERATE REMEDIES
FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD
A GROUP OF NOBLE DAMES
THE HAND OF ETHELBERTA
JUDE THE OBSCURE
A LAODICEAN
LIFE'S LITTLE IRONIES
THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE
A PAIR OF BLUE EYES
THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE
TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES
THE TRUMPET MAJOR
TWO ON A TOWER
UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE
THE WELL-BELOVED
WESSEX TALES
THE WOODLANDERS

Illustrated. 16mo. Leather, $3.00

HARPER & BROTHERS
Established 1817

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GENUINE ASPIRIN

Name "Bayer" identifies genuine Aspirin introduced to physicians in 1900. Insist on unbroken packages

BAYER-TABLETS of ASPIRIN

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

Stories of Patriotism for Boys and Girls

By JAMES BARNES

FOR KING OR COUNTRY. *Illustrated.* $1.60
A LOYAL TRAITOR..... *Illustrated.* $1.60
THE BLOCKADERS.... *Illustrated.* 90 cents

By GEN. CHARLES KING

CADET DAYS..... *Illustrated.* $1.60
TO THE FRONT..... *Illustrated.* $1.60

By CHARLES C. COFFIN

THE BOYS OF '76..... *Illustrated.* $2.50

By DONAL H. HAINES

THE LAST INVASION.. *Illustrated.* $1.60
CLEARING THE SEAS... *Illustrated.* $1.60

HARPER & BROTHERS [ESTABLISHED 1817]

Girls! Girls!! Save Your Hair With Cuticura

Soap and Ointment to clear dandruff and itching, 25c. each. Samples free of Cuticura, Dept. D, Malden, Mass.



For a Gargle

or a mouth wash, put a few drops of Absorbine, Jr. in a little water. It is an herbal antiseptic and germicide remarkably effective for—

Checking sore throat in its incipient stage.
Reducing the swelling and taking out the soreness.
Cleansing the mouth and arresting infection.

Absorbine Jr
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

has a pleasant, pungent taste and smell that makes it pleasant to use, either as a liniment or a gargle.
As a mouth wash it is extensively used and highly recommended by dentists. It leaves the mouth cool and clean.

$1.25 a bottle at your druggist or postpaid. A Liberal Trial Bottle sent for 10 cents in stamps.

W. F. YOUNG, Inc.
432 Temple Street, Springfield, Mass.

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"When Mother Lets Us Play Bubble Books"

"We never have to ask Mother what to do any more, 'cause we've got a wonderful new toy. It's called a BUBBLE BOOK. Uncle Billy gave us our first one last Christmas, and now Daddy and everybody has given us one for Easter and birthday's 'n everything, and we just love them. Whenever we are tired of our other toys, we just play BUBBLE BOOKS. We never get tired of them. They are just the loveliest things we ever had to play with."

Peggy and Bobby say they're "the most wonderfulest, beautifulest toys in the world." Dolls and tops and balls and marbles are soon forgotten, but BUBBLE BOOKS never fail to make them shout with delight. They play with them for hours at a time. So will your children. And you'll know why when you see how charming they are.

There's a whole series of them, each one so different in subject and each such a delight in itself.

Bubble Books "that Sing"

by Ralph Mayhew and Burges Johnson

Your children have had stories—they've had pictures—and music. But never before have they had all three together in one delightful toy.



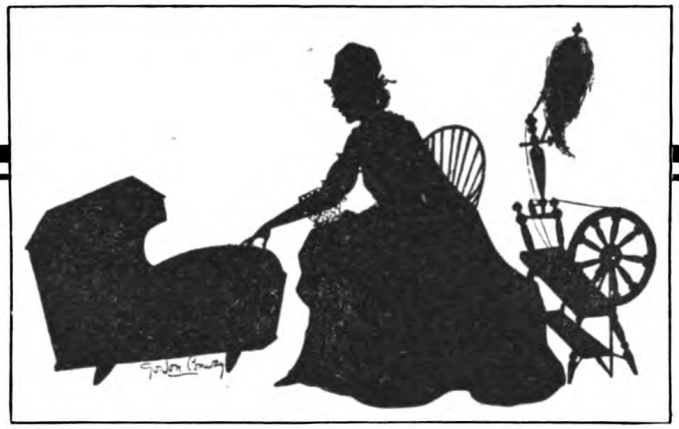
Songs Your Child Can Play On Any Phonograph

In these magic Bubble Books they read the familiar story, then look at the rainbow-colored pictures of fairies and dancing elves and wonderful animals and very human, happy little boys and girls, and then—best of all—they take out one of the real Columbia phonograph records (there are three in each book) and listen to a real voice singing the song they've been reading about.

If your child has a small phonograph of his own, he can play his Bubble Book records on it to his heart's content. If he hasn't, he can play them on your big machine, for any phonograph will play them.

Harper & Brothers **Established 1817** **New York**

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"The Frog Who Would A-wooing Go"

In the olden days of crinoline and hoops, the young mother who was your great-grandmother sang her wee ones to sleep to the tune of "The Frog Who Would A-wooing Go," or some other one of the well-loved lilting Mother Goose melodies.

When your grandmother was a child, she loved those songs, and she, in turn, rocked your mother's wooden cradle gently to the same quaint, old nursery rhymes. And your mother loved them and sang them, just as you love them.

Only you don't have to sing them to your children. They can listen to them to their heart's content as they are sung by the BUBBLE BOOKS. For the pictures in the BUBBLE BOOKS are new and charming—lovelier than any you could get when you were a little girl—and the stories are dressed up in fascinating new verses. But the songs themselves—the songs that the BUBBLE BOOKS actually sing on real, sure enough phonograph records—are not only the songs your grandmother sang—not only the ones your mother knew and you loved—but *all* the dear, familiar rhymes and melodies that all children have loved from time immemorial and will go on loving to the end of time.

That is why there is no surer way to the hearts of little children than to give them the

Bubble Books "that Sing"

Pictures by Rhoda Chase

Go today to any phonograph, toy, book or gift shop, stationery or department store—and other stores everywhere—and get Bubble Books to make a child happy. Price $1.50 each.

A Glimpse of What's In Them

No. 1. The Bubble Book—Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son; Jack and Jill; Mary and Her Little Lamb.

No. 2. The Second Bubble Book—Simple Simon; Little Bo-Peep; Old King Cole.

No. 3. The Third Bubble Book—Miss Jennia Jones; The Farmer in the Dell; Lazy Mary.

No. 4. The Animal Bubble Book—The Three Little Kittens; The Three Little Piggies; The Three Blind Mice.

No. 5. The Pie Party Bubble Book—Little Jack Horner; The Queen of Hearts; Good King Arthur.

No. 6. The Pet Bubble Book—Little Pussy; Little Doggy; Cock-a-Doodle-Doo.

No. 7. The Funny Froggy Bubble Book—The Frog Who Would A-wooing Go; The Frog and the Crow; The Carrion Crow.

No. 8. The Happy-Go-Lucky Bubble Book—The Milk Maid; The Plough Boy; The Jolly Miller.

No. 9. The Merry Midgets Bubble Book—Daddy Long-Legs and Floppy Fly; The Fly and the Bumble Bee; The Spider and the Fly.

No. 10. The Little Mischief Bubble Book—The Little Girl Who Had a Little Curl; Oh, Dear, What Can the Matter Be? Bobby Shaftoe's Gone to Sea.

No. 11. The Tippy-Toe Bubble Book—The City Mouse and the Country Mouse; Tabbyskins; Old Mother Hubbard.

Many More in Preparation

Harper & Brothers **Established 1817** **New York**

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WHERE-TO-GO

HOTEL·RESORT·&·TRAVEL·DEPARTMENT
— EVERY MONTH IN 7 MAGAZINES —

Atlantic Monthly Century Harper's Review of Reviews Scribner's World's Work and The Canadian Magazine. 13th YEAR
Write our advertisers and refer to WHERE-TO-GO BUREAU, 8 Beacon St., Boston 9, Mass. Ask us for travel advice. Enclose postage
1907 **Where-to-go Bureau forms for December close November 1st at noon.** 1920

NORTH CAROLINA

Pinehurst
NORTH CAROLINA
CAROLINA HOTEL OPENS
Informally Nov. 8. Formally Nov. 20
GOLF—RIDING—MOTORING—TENNIS
DRIVING—POLO—SHOOTING—RACING
For Reservations or Information address
General Office, Pinehurst, North Carolina, or
LEONARD TUFTS, 282 Congress Street, Boston

OAK HALL
TRYON, NORTH CAROLINA
GOLF Tennis. Horseback riding. Mountain climbing. Mild climate. Booklets.

GALVESTON TEXAS



HOTEL GALVEZ GALVESTON TEXAS
New $1,000,000. Hotel on Gulf of Mexico-Atlantic City of the South.
Boating-Bathing-Fishing
Tennis-Golf-Motoring—
Write P. L. Sanders, Mgr. Booklet

TENNESSEE



WHITTLE SPRINGS HOTEL
Tennessee's Finest Health and Pleasure Resort. Ideally located in a seventy-five acre park, near Knoxville. Trolley car connection. Thoroughly modern, refined, comfortable and luxurious. Excellent Cuisine, Famous Mineral Waters, Golf, Swimming, Dancing, Splendid Orchestra. American Plan. Attractive weekly rates. Write for descriptive booklet to Manager, Whittle Springs Hotel, Knoxville, Tenn.

NEW YORK

Kew Gardens Inn
KEW GARDENS, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK
A residential hotel run entirely on the American Plan. Within 20 minutes from the heart of New York's shopping and theatrical district via the Long Island Railroad to Pennsylvania Station, 33d Street and 7th Avenue. 35 trains each way daily. Knott Management. George H. Wartman, Manager.

TOURS

INTERCOLLEGIATE TOURS TO EUROPE
Sail in April, May and June. Churches, Galleries, Alpine Summits, Italian Hill Towns. Superb routes, splendid leaders.
Art, Music, Literature, History, French, Spanish
65 B FRANKLIN STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

BENNETT'S TRAVEL BUREAU
(Representing H. W. Dunning Co.)
California — Bermuda — West Indies
Japan — China — Egypt — Palestine
SOUTH AMERICA
506 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

EUROPE 1921
Parties enrolling now. Moderate prices. Most interesting routes. Great success 1920.
Temple Tours 65 B Franklin St. Boston, Mass.

FLORIDA

The Monson On the Water Front ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA.
New. Modern. Fireproof. 100 Cheerful Rooms. 60 Baths. Open all year.

HORNELL N. Y.

WHEN ILL or in need of complete rest or recreation investigate **Steuben Sanitarium,** Hornell, N. Y. Everything at command to restore health. Physical and hydrotherapeutic treatments. Beautiful surroundings, golf, etc. Moderate rates.

Where-To-Go reaches 4,000,000 readers monthly

United States Shipping Board Offers Three Hundred and Seventy-Seven Ships for Sale

Bids will be received on a private competitive basis from now on in accordance with the Merchant Marine Act at the office of the United States Shipping Board, 1319 F Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

The three hundred and seventy-seven ships offered for sale consist of ninety-two steel ships and two hundred and eighty-five wooden steamers.

The steel steamers are both oil and coal burners. The Board has established a minimum price on these vessels.

TERMS ON STEEL STEAMERS

10% of the purchase price in cash upon delivery of the vessel; 5% in 6 months thereafter; 5% in 12 months thereafter; 5% in 18 months thereafter; 5% in 24 months thereafter; the balance of 70% in equal semi-annual installments over a period of ten years; deferred payments to carry interest at the rate of 5% per annum.

The two hundred and eighty-five wooden steamers for sale consist of ten different types as follows: Nine Daugherty Type; Seventeen Ballin Type; Ten Peninsula Type; Six Pacific American Fisheries Type; One Allen Type; One Lake and Ocean Navigation Company Type; Thirteen McClelland Type; One Hundred and Eighty-Six Ferris Type; Thirty-One Hough Type; Eleven Grays Harbor Type.

10% cash on delivery. Balance in semi-annual installments over a period of three years.

TERMS ON WOODEN STEAMERS

Bids may be submitted for one or more vessels or for any combination of above vessels, and must be accompanied by certified check made payable to the U. S. Shipping Board for 2½% of amount of the bid.

Bids should be submitted on the basis of purchase "as is and where is."

Further information may be obtained by request sent to the Ships Sales Division, 1319 F Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

The Board reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

Bids should be addressed to the UNITED STATES SHIPPING BOARD, WASHINGTON, D. C., and indorsed "BID FOR STEAMSHIP (Name of Ship)."

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COOK'S
Travel Service



THE
LURE OF THE FAR EAST

SIX ESCORTED TOURS will leave from Pacific coast Jan. 24, Feb. 5, 19, March 5, 16, April 2. Each one offers a rare opportunity to see in comfort and with leisure the large cities of China and their ancient civilization —to spend Springtime in Japan, when Nature showers her most glorious gifts —and last but not least, to see the Philippine Islands and cruise among them.

Itineraries include all points of interest in

HONOLULU—JAPAN
MANCHURIA—KOREA
NORTH CHINA—MIDDLE CHINA
SOUTH CHINA—PHILIPPINES

Other Tours to

SOUTH AMERICA WEST INDIES
ANTIPODES EUROPE, ETC.

Further Details on Request

THOS. COOK & SON

Boston Chicago New York Philadelphia
San Francisco Los Angeles Montreal Toronto

The Ether of Space

By SIR OLIVER LODGE

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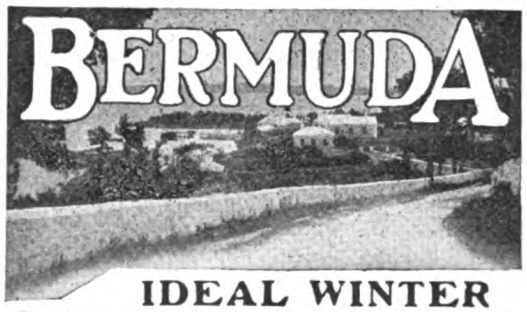
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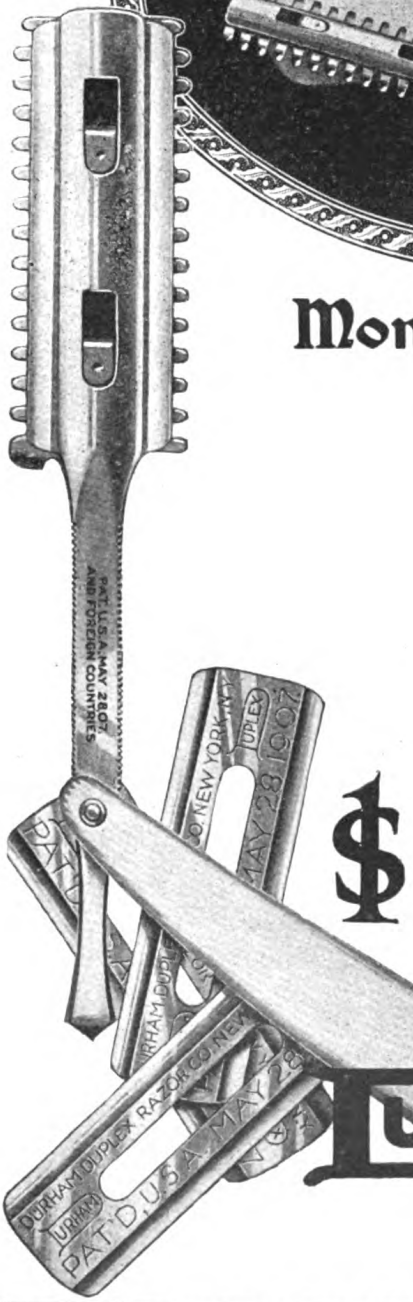
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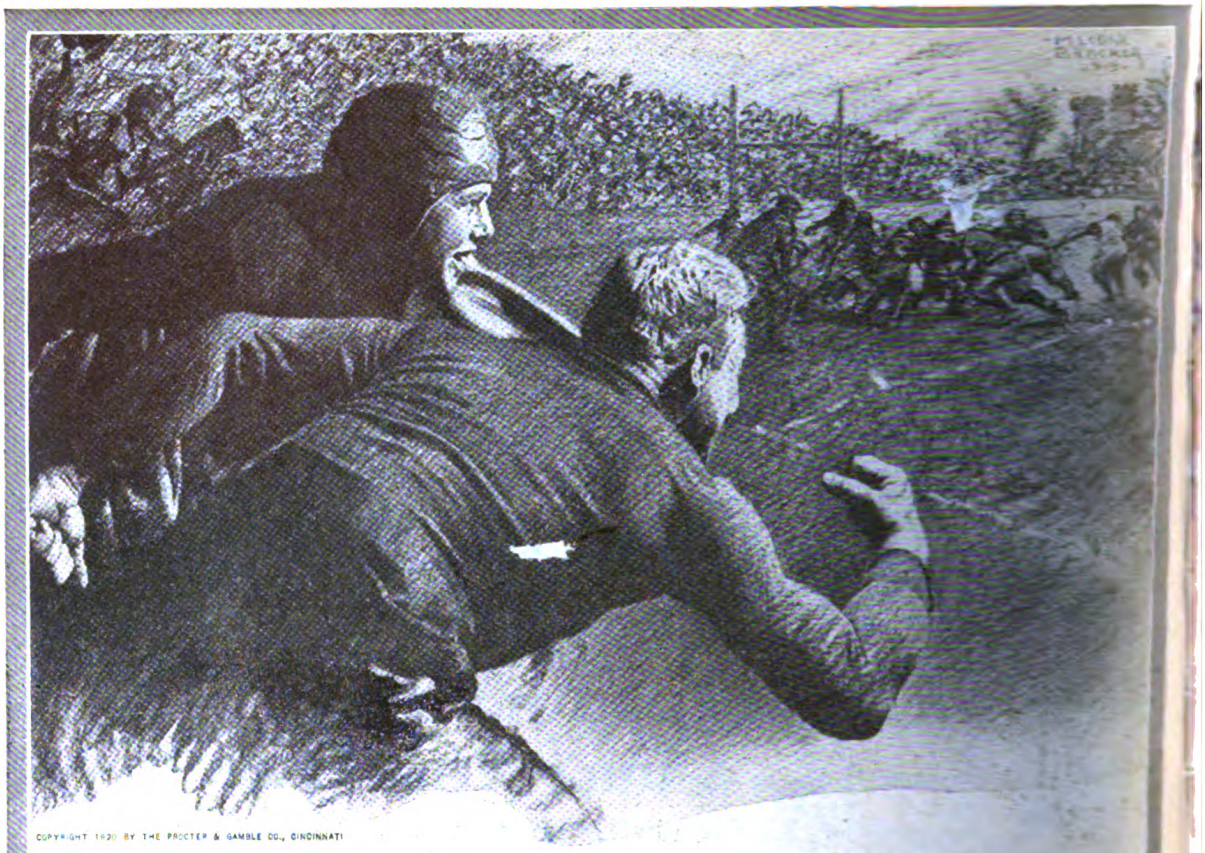


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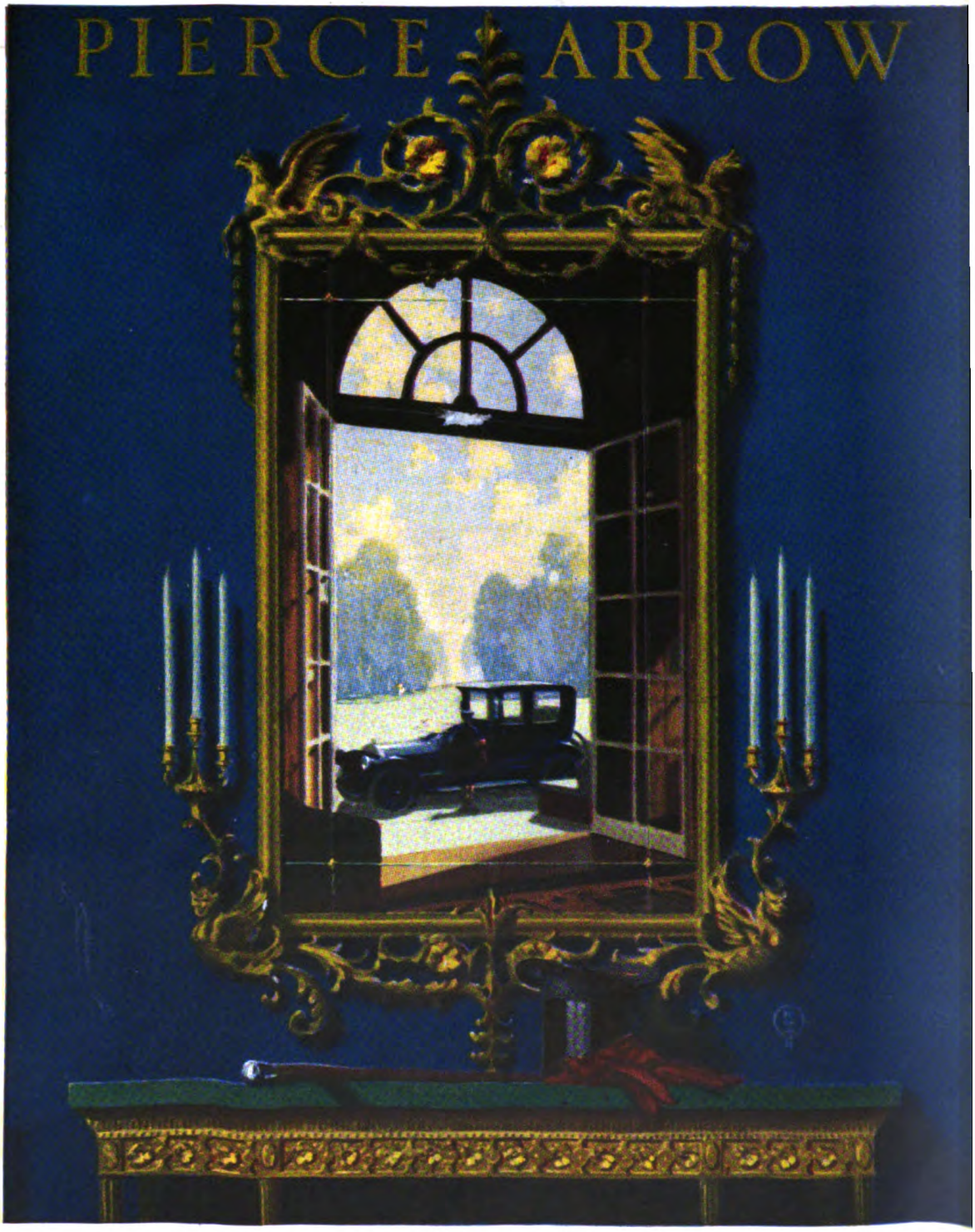


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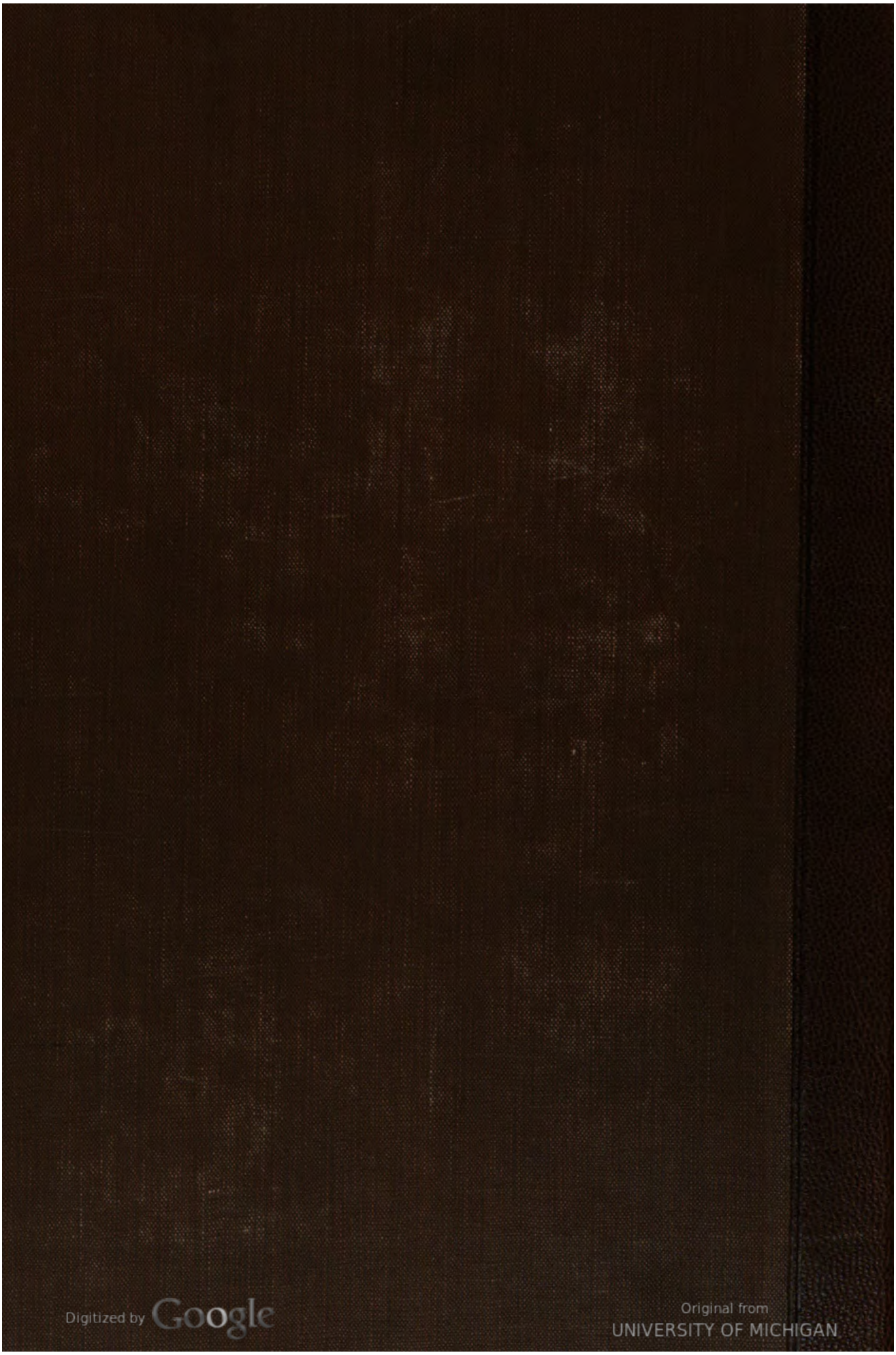
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